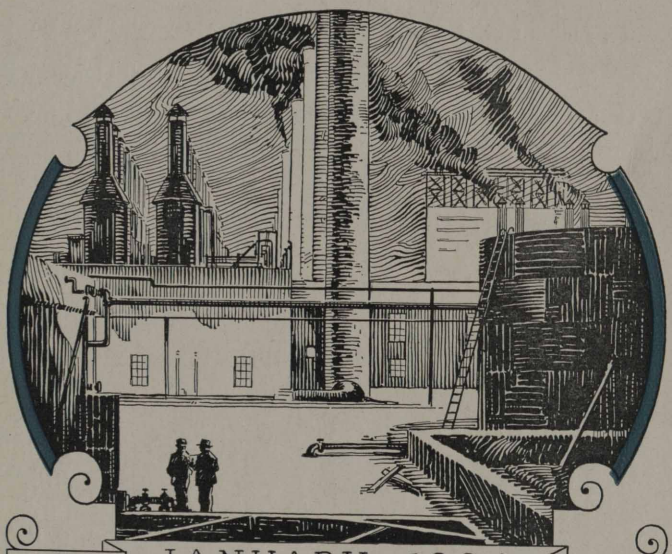
STANOLIND RECORD



VOL. 5 JANUARY 1924 NO. 3

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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WHITING COMMUNITY SERVICE MEMBERSHIP REACHES 3,000

Daily Attendance at Building Averages Between 500 and 600—Free Memberships Given to All Boys and Girls Less Than 12 Years

BY A. J. PARKIN
Manager, Community Service, Whiting

November 12, 1923 has been written large in the history of Whiting. Many have called it "Whiting's greatest day". The Memorial Community House, erected in memory of those who served our country in the World War and dedicated to the perpetuation of the principles for which they fought, was opened to the public with impressive exercises which lasted through the day and evening.

The building is a gift to the people of the community by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), John D. Rockefeller Sr. and John D. Rockefeller Jr.

During the week of November 9-15 a campaign for members was conducted by Community Service which resulted in returns far beyond the anticipations of the most optimistic. More than 2,700 registered and at this writing the total has reached 3,000. This includes 1,220 men at $10 a year, 393 boys 16-21 years of age at $6 a year, 267 boys 12-16 years of age at $2 a year, 520 women at $8, 253 girls 16-21 years of age at $5 and 261 girls 12-16 years of age at $2 a year. All boys and girls below twelve years of age are admitted to membership without charge.

The daily attendance at the building is sufficient evidence of the people's appreciation of the gift and the opportunity it affords for the enrichment of both individual and communal life. According to the records between five and six hundred people are using the building daily, which will mean, at a conservative estimate, at least the equal of the city's population, 12,000 people, using the building each month.

A city founded upon wholesome recreation, friendship, staunch character and good citizenship is the goal which Community Service has announced and the people have accepted.

They are not merely using the Community House for the purpose of filling in their leisure time. Far more than that, they are using their leisure time in a constructive way, looking to the attainment of high ends, making the physical man more fit, laying foundations which will make for strong boyhood and girlhood, calling forth qualities which will count toward strong, high-minded men and women in the community. The most obvious value to an individual of the proper use of leisure time through the various forms of recreation is the preservation of health, yet this is only one return to the individual or community from the proper use of leisure time. The possibilities of character development and educational training for old and young are equally as important.

We are living in a day when our occupations tend to become more and more specialized and one-sided with the result that in the individual we may find a one-sided, lop-sided product. And certainly a community, or nation, composed of such individuals is not to be desired. In the use of the building and its facilities in Whiting, Community Service is stressing the need of

(Continued on page 27)

THREE FORCES OF NATURE AT DETROIT

Detroit—No. 1—The first force is Power, as exemplified by Red Crown gasoline and Perfection kerosene. Agent Andrew Jackson, Webberville, shown at right with two cans in his hands, was caught by the photog as he was filling this fleet of Fordsons with Perfection. No. 2—The second force is Wind, as exemplified by Fred Westbe and Horace R. Sculthorpe, drivers at the West Detroit plant. Fellow workmen at Detroit say they are full of it. No. 3—The third force is—well, anybody who has a young son the age of this one knows that he is in possession of a real force of nature. The young man is wearing his daddy's hat and his name is Robert Burns. He is the son of O. Burns, tank wagon driver at the Clay avenue plant.

PEP, PLEATS AND PARADES

Des Moines, Iowa—No. 1—This good looking gang is part of the warehouse force here. Left to right, they are M. C. Cave, Forest Pratt, Paul Jones, George Knapp and William Ostberg. No. 2—M. C. Cook, agent at Manilla, Iowa, is one of the hustlers of this division. In sending this photo to the STANOLIND RECORD he declared that he had to make a country delivery and dress up his truck before 9 a. m. when a parade started. Mrs. Cook is at the front of the truck. Mr. Cook and the family bulldog are at the rear end. No. 3—We have it on good authority that members of this bevy are as good stenogs as they are good looking. They are (left to right) top row, Misses Stigney, Stafford, Hunting and Brothers; bottom row, Misses Press, Hubbell, Moor, Snow and Soward.

UNIQUE FLOATING PUMP HOUSE AT WOOD RIVER

For the following article, the STANOLIND RECORD *is indebted to A. P. McCormick, chief engineer of the Wood River Works, and Loyal Palmer, staff correspondent for the* STANOLIND RECORD *at Wood River.*—EDITOR.

We have a Pump House at Wood River that is so light it floats. When Wood River is up the Pump House is up and when the River is only half way up, so is the Pump House.

In the new Pump House, by pressing the right button, huge valves are opened, powerful pumps started and that is all. You may lock the door and go home. Being connected with the shore by a bridge which is so arranged that it will accommodate any rise or fall of the river or other movement of the water, the Pump House is not affected by changing conditions and the water keeps coming into the plant. It is a marvel compared to the ponderous equipment in the old water station and the much larger amount of water it will supply.

The original equipment for supplying the Wood River Refinery with water was installed in 1907 and consisted of three 25x23x24 outside center packed piston pumps connected to an intake on the south bank of Wood River by a suction line 40 inches in diameter and approximately 2,000 feet long.

The rapid growth of the refinery and the diversion of the channel of Wood River made it necessary to supplement this supply by sinking a number of deep wells.

The stream of Wood River drains quite a large area of land and up to the year 1917 all of this water passed the refinery intake, assuring a constant supply. At this time the Wood River Drainage Commission diverted the channel over a more direct route to the

Mississippi, a levee being thrown across the old channel some distance above the intake. This reduced the source to a small watershed, a few springs, and back water from the Mississippi.

After a careful survey of the above conditions two things were decided on: first, the dredging of the abandoned channel of Wood River from the intake to the Mississippi, and second, the building of a new pump house on Wood River.

After a constant supply of water had been assured at the old intake, the next problem was the construction of a new pump house on Wood River. For economical reasons it was finally decided to build a floating pump house.

The hull consists of six 10x30 ft. dismantled pressure stills, each divided into three equal compartments by two steel bulk-heads. The end compartments of each still are connected to the pumps with a suction and discharge line for water ballast.

The deck beams are bolted to this hull and are of sufficient strength to permit the removal of any one still without interrupting service. Brackets are bolted to the front manholes of the four inside stills to support the pump house end of the bridge. The shore end of the bridge is supported on six reinforced concrete piles capped with concrete. The ends of the bridge trusses are pin connected to bolsters pivoted at the center, which permits the pump house to move horizontally and vertically. This bridge was built primarily to carry the discharge line, but is also used to get to the pump house.

The pipe is supported on spring rollers welded to the bottom of the pipe to compensate for the change of position of the bottom of the pipe relative to the floor of the bridge due to the rise and fall of the river.

The discharge line is equipped with flexible joints at both ends of the bridge. These joints have sufficient range for any necessary movement of the pump house and are considered one of the features of this installation.

Two 18-inch single stage double suction centrifugal pumps, each with a capacity of 12,000 gallons per minute against a total gage head, including suction lift of 150 feet when operating at a speed of 900 revolutions per minute, are direct connected to two 600 horsepower, 900 R. P. M., 40 deg., 80 per cent power factor, 2200 volt, 3-phase, 60-cycle, synchronous motors with 9 K. W. direct connected exciters and mounted on concrete foundations on the main deck.

The upper deck over the suction and discharge lines forms a balcony around the pump. The switchboard with the remote control for the motor operated suction and discharge valves is located on the west end of this balcony. Upon this upper deck a frame house is built affording excellent light and ventilation.

The pumps are primed with air ejectors and requires less than one minute.

The discharge from these pumps delivers into the old 40-inch suction line to the Refinery and is by-passed into the Refinery main at the old pump house. This leaves the old system for "stand-by" service if, for any reason, it becomes necessary to discontinue pumping at the new station.

This pumping station was designed by the Engineering Staff at Wood River and constructed under their supervision.

* * *

Nervous Lady. "Careful, driver, not so fast, this is my first ride in a taxi."
Taxi Driver: "Mine, too."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Teacher of Hygiene: "Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?"
Little Girl: "Because company may walk in at any moment."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Wife: "How many fish was it you caught on Saturday, George?"
Husband: "Six, darling; all beauties."
Wife: "I thought so. The fish market has made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Customer: "I would like to see a pair of shoes that would fit my feet."
Salesman: "So would I."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Lady: "Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife got a divorce."
Tobe: "Yessum; she done gone back to Alabama."
Lady: "Who will do my washing now?"
Tobe: "Well, mum, I'se co'tin' again, I co'ts rapid."—*Exchange.*

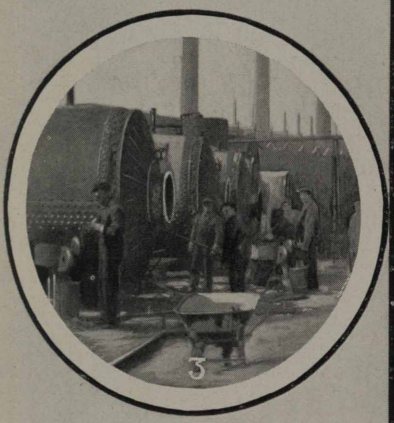
SUGAR CREEK *and* GREYBULL J.G.C.'S

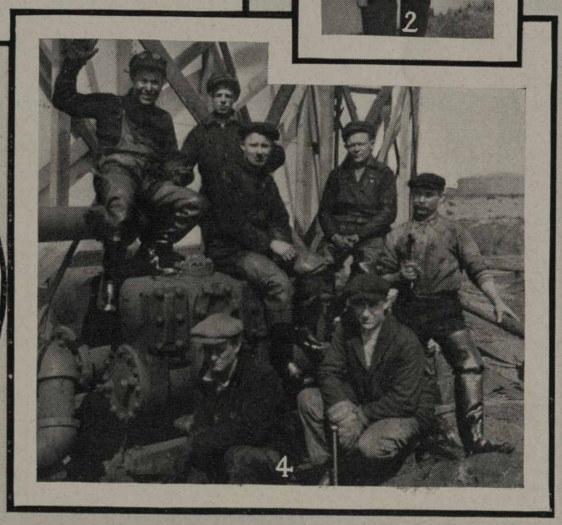
1

2

No. 1—Sugar Creek employees named for the Joint General Committee at that refinery are as follows: Back row (left to right), J. W. Easterwood, A. O. Hodges, Max Duckworth, F. G. Lee, L. C. Howard, G. V. Hackett and Luther Lee; front row, G. W. Thompson, J. E. Morgan, George Gibbons, Earl Moore and Joe Bostian. No. 2—Greybull employees named for the Joint General Committee at that refinery are as follows: Standing (left to right), B. C. Godbold, W. T. Hughes, S. E. Crawford; sitting, Glen L. Shepardson, E. C. Starks and F. N. Sanford.

WOOD RIVER REFINERY IN PICTURES



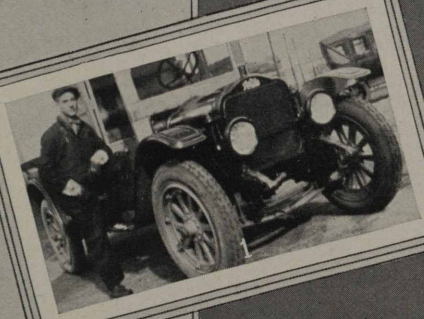


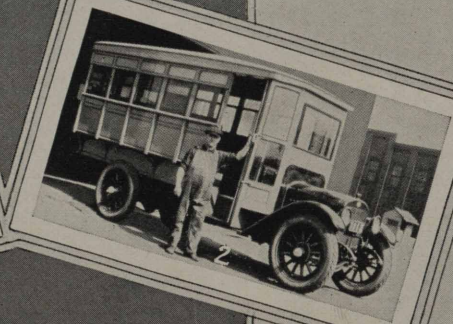
No. 1—These men keep the tubes clean and the shells shined at No. 4, tube still battery. They are (left to right) Rex Craddock, J. Feezel, N. Green, J. Hutchinson, F Green, C. Lenhardt, E. Ohley, H. Fessler, E Fulkerson and on the steps are Paul Franzi, Mike Smith and Mr. Jackson. No. 2—William ("Pop") Mars keeps the boys in order at the North gate. No. 3—This is a gang who are putting in new bottoms in the pressure stills. See the new rivets shine? No. 4—Top row (left to right) are V. Piscoieta, M. Calcarra, H. Harrington, J Smook and J Maguranyi and (bottom row) Edgar ("Whity") Hannold, foreman, and Don Waggoner, pressure still pump house helper. The top row men took a moment off from cleaning the bottom of No. 232 tank to pose for this photo

SOME *of* MILWAUKEE'S PRIZED YOUNGSTERS

Milwaukee Division—No. 1—This is the big boy of C. Lindergren, special heat treating and cutting oil salesman, and the fish his daddy caught. The correspondent acts cynical by asking, "How much did you pay for it, Cal?" No. 2—You'll like this baby. She's Jane Barbara Mantz, aged 8 months. Little Miss Mantz is the daughter of Station Examiner A. E. Mantz, Milwaukee. No wonder A. E. is a speed merchant! No. 3—Twins! They are Henrietta and Henry, children of Henry Opferman, agent at New Glarus, Wis. A fine pair, eh? No. 4—Jack Winn, son of the Fond du Lac agent, believes it pays to advertise. It's Semdac, he's backing.

SOME WHITING CELEBRITIES





Whiting, Ind.—That S. O. Co. service exists outside of the sales department is the subject of this picture. When a rush welding job was being done at Muskegon, Mich., more gas tanks were needed. Within half an hour after the S. O. S. call was received, Adrian H. Matthews and the truck shown had started on the 172 mile trip. No. 2—Jerry Cahill, Whiting works, and his "West Madison Street Special." No. 3—Nathan Shockey is the driver of this new Ford tractor. Notice the cab. No. 4—Miss Julia Vargo, of the can house, and Alex Yuhasz. The can house employees want to know when it is coming off.

"LOOK AT THIS S. S.," SAYS KANSAS CITY FIELD

Kansas City Division—To A. R. Zinn, attendant at this Independence, Kans., S. S., goes the credit for the gardening that makes this station one of the most beautiful in that division of beautiful service stations. Incidentally, this station is out for the honor of being the "most beautiful service station of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana)."

THE CAPITALIST—WHO IS HE?

Comic artists used to picture the capitalist as a fat man with side whiskers, wearing a suit with large checks ornamented with dollar signs, and with a massive watch chain stretched across his waistcoat. It was meant to be understood that he was very wealthy.

The capitalist in real life may or may not be corpulent; he does not always wear checked clothing and a heavy chain; he is not always rich. He may be a banker, a doctor or a laborer; "he" may even be a widow with a little life insurance money to invest.

The capitalist is in fact anyone who advances money for the financing of industry. The man who buys a share of stock or a single bond is a capitalist, although he may not be wealthy. The miser who hides his money in an old stocking may be very rich, but he is not a capitalist. The man who saves his money and puts it in a bank is a capitalist in an indirect way, for much of the money deposited in banks is loaned to business men and industrial organizations. During the World War, several millions of people loaned money to the United States through the purchase of Liberty Bonds, thus becoming capitalists and helping to finance the government.

In earlier days, most business enterprises were small, and the capital was likely to be furnished by the man or men directly interested in the management. Modern large industry, with the corporation as its favorite plan of organization, has brought profound changes in the ownership of business. Now, a single company may have thousands of stockholders, each having a part in the ownership of the business corresponding to his holdings of stock. Some of the larger corporations have each several hundreds of thousands of stockholders. Often many of

the workmen employed by a company are also stockholders, thus being both employees and owners.

One of the noteworthy facts of American industrial history is that since the Civil War the amount of capital invested in business enterprises has increased much faster than has the number of men employed. At the same time, the output of the farms and factories and mines, in proportion to the number of workmen, has made large gains. This means that the worker, aided by a large investment of capital—mainly in the form of buildings, machines and tools—can produce much more than he could in the small shop and with the few crude tools which could be supplied by a small amount of capital. It also means that with increasing capital there has been an increase in the production of real wealth—not money but goods—out of which labor, capital and management receive their pay.

All of us can become capitalists, if only we are able and willing to exercise self-denial enough to save a part of our income and invest it so that it helps build up the fund which supports the nation's industry. Sometimes this can be done most wisely by purchasing the stock of the company by which we are employed. Sometimes it is better to buy government bonds or start a savings account in a bank.

There is no reason for letting the fat man with the side whiskers and the checked suit have all the advantages that come with the ownership of capital. There is room for all of us in the capitalist class.

CASPER FOREMEN HEAR A. W. PEAKE

Casper—The Casper Foreman's Club met in the auditorium of the Industrial Relations Building at 8 P. M., December 4, 1923. A. V. Forbes, President, called the meeting to order. This being ladies' night and a special program in order, the roll call was dispensed with. The orchestra opened the program with a march, "Four In Hand."

A. W. Peake of the Midwest Refining Company delivered an address on "Producing and Storing Crude, and Pipeline Transportation." Mr. Peake held his audience's attention. He gave all a better idea of the amount of work necessary and the difficulties to overcome in getting oil to our refineries.

Don J. Smith followed with an interesting address on "Gasoline and Lubricating Oils for Motor Vehicles." Mr. Smith told how to choose lubricating oils for automobiles, besides explaining in detail what constitutes good gasoline and good lubricating oil and what precautions should be used to get the greatest efficiency out of our gas and oil.

Mrs. Berta Smith pleased her audience greatly, with her interpretation of Bishop's "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark." She was accompanied by Mrs. Cree on the piano and David Foote on the flute.

Mr. Foote also gave a beautiful flute solo.

Our sales and service committee had on hand a wonderful display of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) candles made at Whiting, Ind. Dr. Diggs of the research department delivered an address on the history and making of candles, using the display for exhibits. He followed the lowly candle down to the Whiting factory and told us more interesting facts than we ever thought could be connected with candles.

The Orchestra then gave "Love Is Just a Flower," while we all inspected the candles.

ADVERTISEMENT

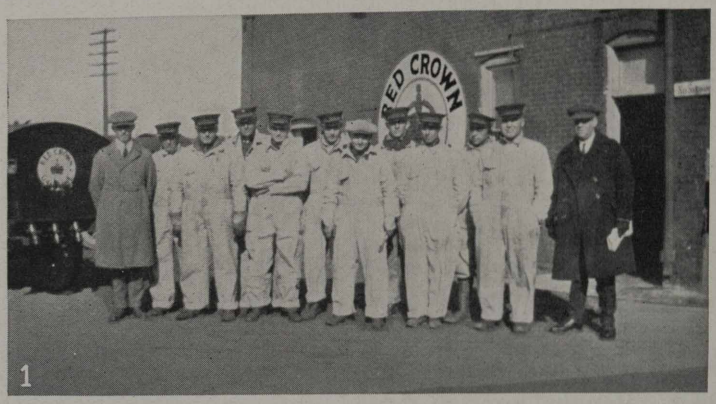
Thomas Baird, editor and owner of the Winter Garden Herald, Florida, recently praised the STANDOLIND RECORD in the columns of the Herald as follows:

"One of the most attractive house organs that comes to our desk is the Standolind Record, published for the employees of the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana and issued in Chicago. While the business activities of the big corporation are duly chronicled, it is the recreational privileges enjoyed by the workers that give the real human touch to the publication. Looks as if the Standard Oil crowd was just one big, happy family."

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

"IMMACULACY" IS HOOSIER WATCHWORD



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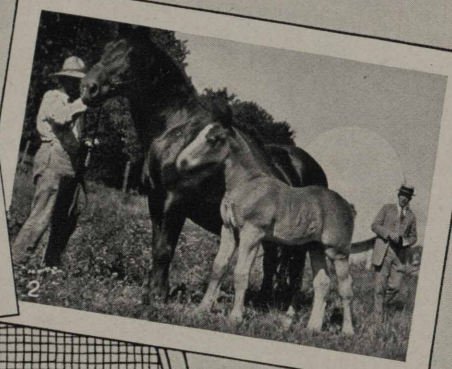
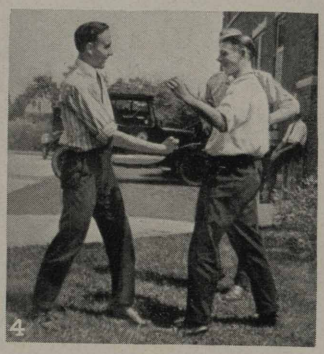
Indianapolis Division—No. 1—This, according to "Harsh," is Muncie's idea of "immaculacy". Left to right, this group of Muncie stars are Frank Wyne, salesman; William Herbert, driver; Carlton Puckett, driver; Leslie Kirkpatrick, driver: Leonard Haynes, warehouseman; O. L. Lanning, driver; Ralph Matson, mechanic; H. O. Lacy, driver; O. S. Dodd, driver; C. C. Stringer, driver; Edward Fifer, driver, and J. J. Miller, agent. No. 2—Driver J. C. Johnson of Richmond is rather puffed up with his super-truck, No. 15533. The photo was taken by Manager J. C. Marshall.

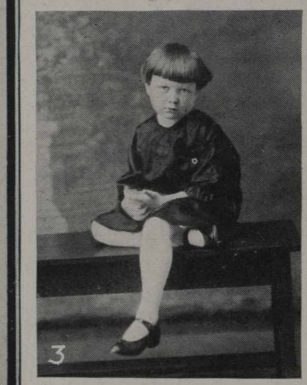
SOME JULIET-LESS PICTURES *from* JOLIET

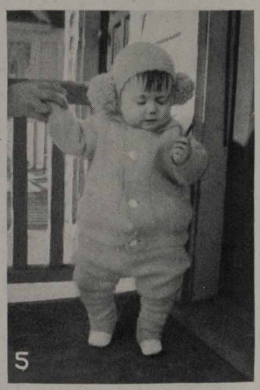




Joliet Division—No. 1—Terre Haute and Indianapolis, who are always scrapping about the early risers in their ranks, should take a long look at this sales squad from this division. The pix was taken at 5:30 a. m. prior to a trip in the country. The men are (left to right) Mr. Adams, agent at Lanark; Mr. Wohlford, Freeport; Mr. Buzard, salesman; Mr. Greb, agent at Freeport; F. Heinen, chief clerk at the Joliet office; Mr. Motherwell, superintendent of equipment, and D. R. Smith, agent at Sterling. No. 2—Carl Monson, assistant manager, is shown stalking an order. Mr. Jones (left) is shown exhibiting his largest and smallest prize winners. No. 3—Bow-ooh! The fotog chanced along when the Harmony Trio of Elgin, Ill., was practicing some barbershop blues. He asked them politely to refrain from singing while he took their picture. They asked why and he declared that the lens of his camera was easily shattered. Anyway, the trio is composed of (left to right) M. Liesberg, Matt Harmon and George Otis, a more or less recent bridegroom. No. 4—Go on and fight! W. Ziek and H. Hartley may be future featherweight champions of the Joliet office, but now they are waiting for the click of the camera.

A BUNCH OF SWEET BABIES





Fargo Division.—No. 1—Mrs. F. I. Packard, wife of Manager, is shown with her first granddaughter We don't know the young lady's real name but bet she's called "Smiley." No. 2—Hey, Andy, Bud's in your chawing terbacco. Bud's the son of Warehouse Foreman Freeman at Devil's Lake. No. 3—Gosh, but it's lonely! Anyway, this daughter of Agent John Stevenson of Flasher, N. D , looks as if she is a million miles from home No. 4—One's company, here. The young lady is Elsie E. Edgar, daughter of our salesman at New Rockford, N. D. No. 5—If we were inclined to pun, we'd say Vivian Joyce Schneider is a credit to her dad, Jack, of the Credit department. But we won't, 'tho 'twould be the truth.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

Des Moines—This is a copy of a snapshot that appeared in a Clarinda High School publication. In the foreground are Romel and Velma Jones, children of District Superintendent E. B. Jones of Clarinda, Iowa. The boy and girl are very prominent in athletic and dramatic affairs of the high school.

WHITING FOREMEN ELECT OFFICERS

Whiting—The Foreman's Fellowship Club of the Whiting Works met in the Community House, November 23, for the election of officers for the year of 1923-1924. The slate offered by the nominating committee did not limit the number of candidates for the three offices. Nominations were made for each office from the floor. After spirited contests the following officers were selected to guide the destinies of the Club for the ensuing year:

President, G. E. Moffett; vice president, Wm. Haman, and secretary-treasurer, Ray Walker.

The newly elected president expressed his willingness to do all in his power to make the coming year a successful one. (Hop to do it, George—the results will never be in doubt!)

His first duty was to recognize a motion extending the club's appreciation and thanks to the retiring officers and the committee on arrangements. Dr. R. T. Myrick, the retiring president, in a neat little speech (one of the shortest he has ever made) thanked the club on behalf of the other retiring officers and himself and then heartily endorsed the new president. It is a matter of special note that due to Mike's continued interest and enthusiasm the Club's membership has increased from 150 to 200. (Carry on, George carry on).

During the evening a quarteet composed of Harry Glair, G. Calder, W. F. Graf and J. R. Gambril made its initial appearance, rendering several numbers which were warmly received. Billy Wilson "tickled the ivories" of the new baby grand and kept the quartette members from going astray. It was real music through and through.

Since the meeting President Moffett has announced the following excellent Committee on Arrangements for the year 1923-1924: W. N. Bercaw, D. T. Daegling, P. O. Vandeveer, J. R. Gambril, A. F. Trebs and E. C. Harman.

* * *

A man is paid not for having brains, but for using them.

CELEBRITIES OF PEORIA FIELD

Peoria Division—No. 1—These nine compose the Peoria machine shop force. They are (left to right) J. Pesch, D. R. Thompson, Leon West, Brook Stone, A. E. Davidson, Bob Spitler, E. A. Eberle, Tom Johnson and J. W. Veeder. No. 2—Very few fields can boast a trio like this one. The men divide 101 years of service as follows: Chris Ludwig, warehouse foreman, 31 years, left; Chris Wyss, filler lubricating oils, 38 years, center; and Tom Johnson, warehouse superintendent, 32 years. No. 3—Fern (not Ann) Pennington and Marguerite Hanson commandeered a flivver in response to our fotog's S. O. S. No. 4—Agent R. O. McKee, Waverly, has been a hard man for our pix taker to snap. R. O. seems always to be on the go.

ADDING FUEL WHILE THE FIRE BURNS

Detroit—J. T. Clark, agent at Birmingham, was Johnnie-on-the-spot during a recent fire in Birmingham. J. T. is shown supplying gasoline to two motor fire engines. Real Standard Oil Service, what?

FOREMEN'S MEETING

By J. E. Morgan

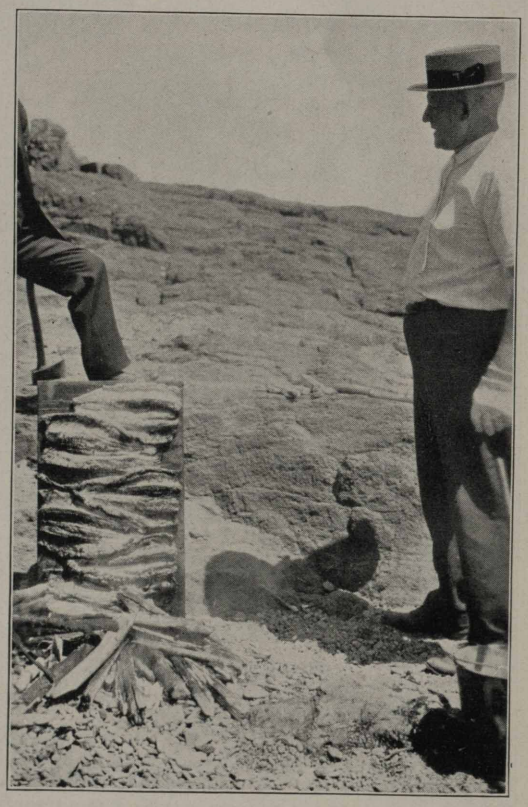
The Sugar Creek Foremen's Club gave its first program this fall in the Industrial Relations Building, November 27. It was well attended by its membership and had as guests Messrs. Moffett, Boehmer, Bruckmiller, Kelly and Hurt.

Mr. Bruckmiller gave a very interesting non-technical lecture on oil refining. This is but one of a series of lectures which it is planned to give this winter on the subject of oil refining. Mr. Bruckmiller began with crude oil and carried his listeners through the processes of refining straight run gasoline and kerosene. He illustrated the various products with samples taken from this tills. After the lecture a discussion followed.

Mr. Frisby stampeded the meeting by hollowing "eats" and running for the dining room, where a sumptuous meal was served. Just as Mr. Moffett was spearing his last bite of pie the light fuses burned out (some hinted darkly that it was prearranged). Old fashioned kerosene lights were brought from the inspection department and pressed into use. The effect was weird and inspired many "ghost" stories. George Hackett and J. W. Easterwood easily won the honors in this line of sport.

The meeting was voted a great success by all present.

PLANKED WHITEFISH



Duluth, Minn.—John M. Nelson, lubricating engineer of the Duluth division, is seen at his favorite hobby, "planking whitefish." The catch was made a few miles north of Duluth. Anyone wishing directions as to the locality, should write John direct.

BIG STARS AND LITTLE STARS

Davenport, Iowa—No. 1—This is Theodore Roberts, who our correspondent says is a star salesman. The dictionary defines "star" as a heavenly body. Maybe that is why Mr. Roberts is shown in a bathing suit! No. 2—Here is Victor Szidon, son of the assistant tank car order clerk at the Davenport office. Cute baby, eh! No. 3—Some people have all the luck! Here are Messrs. Sergeant and Bowlby surrounded by a group of their feminine admirers. No. 4—J. P. Meyer, agent at Dyersville, Iowa, is the Polarine king of the Davenport division. He's big enough to be a king, but why doesn't he smile as he wants to? No. 5—G. H. Raisch of Dumont, Iowa, sent in this photo of his youngster with a remittance. A husky boy, we'll say!

A TRIO OF NEWS PICTURES *from* DULUTH

Duluth—No. 1—George Madsen, agent at Moose Lake, and a couple of pals, Vic Olson and Fred Berquist, were snapped by our fotog after a fine catch. No. 2—John Myre, superintendent at the Duluth warehouse, believes in telling the rising generation of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) quality products. Here is one class. No. 3—Salesman H. C. Anderson, Marquette, was travelling along the road during a severe wind and rain storm when the tree toppled over just as Mr. Anderson was passing in the coupe. The tree hit only the radiator and hood, ruining both. Mr. Anderson was not injured.

Some Chicago Beauties

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Not much comment is necessary with these pictures. No. 1—Introducing the Radcliffe twins, Betty Jane (left) and Beryl Mae. They are the 4½-month-old daughters of Fred Radcliffe, salesman of the lubricating department. We thought you'd think they were cute. No. 2—Here is Ella Sells. Maybe she's getting in training to wear the trousers on the troubled seas. No. 3—According to inside information, direct from the feed box, Ingrid Rummelhoff is the knife and fork queen of the auditing department. Ingie holds all records for eating. Fame enough! No. 4—Evelyn Swenson—Oh, write your own caption!

MR. AND MRS. W. H. LEONARD CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING

On December 10, 1923, Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton Leonard celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. To commemorate the occasion their daughter, Mrs. Frank James O'Brien, 6741 Euclid Avenue, tendered them a reception which was attended by 100 of their old friends, many of them Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees. The reception followed an anniversary dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard at their home, 6415 University Avenue.

Mr. Leonard will be remembered as the Manager of the Asphalt and Fuel Oil Department, from which position he retired on April 1, 1919, after serving the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for forty-two years and eight months.

Beginning his career as a clerk in the Crude Oil Department of the Standard Oil Company at Parkersburg, West Virginia, he passed through practically every Department before he was moved to Chicago and put in charge of the Asphalt and Fuel Oil Department. Throughout his career, Mr. Leonard's record was one of consistent achievement.

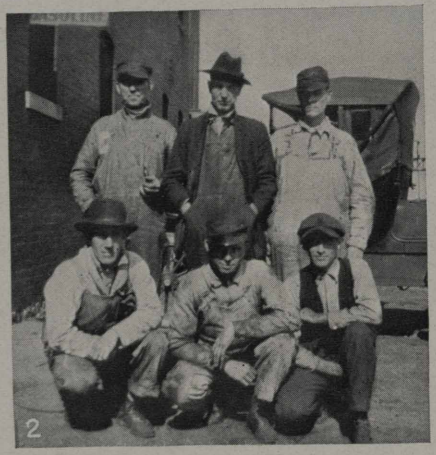
Members of the immediate family present were Miss Orma and Miss Mary Leonard, Mrs. Frank J. O'Brien, Helen Grace O'Brien, J. Leonard O'Brien and Frank O'Brien, Jr., Mrs. Leonard's brother, Mr. Robert Shaw of Huntington, Indiana, and Mr. Leonard's sister, Mrs. Edward Fraker of Norwalk, Ohio.

In commenting on the occasion of their golden wedding, Mr. Leonard said that it was more or less a habit in his family, as his father and mother, a brother and a sister had also observed their golden weddings.

Mr. Leonard is 75 years of age, two years older than his wife.

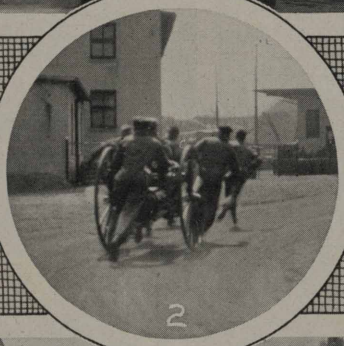
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leonard, who celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Photograph by courtesy of Chicago Evening American.

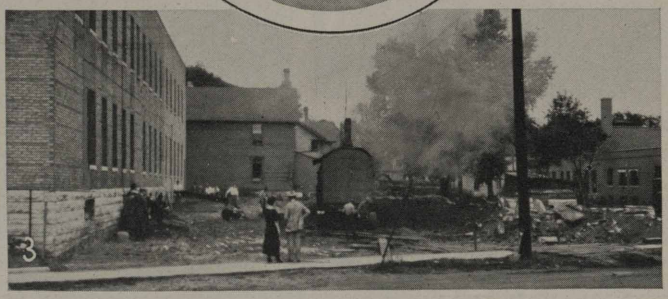
THEY CATER TO HARD WORK AT DECATUR



Decatur, Ill.—No. 1—This trio of go-getters (left to right), Roscoe Stewart, agent at Westfield; W. O. Hoagland, general salesman, and H. J. Osborn, agent instructor, not only bring home the bacon, says the correspondent, but also the empty barrels. No. 2—This husky sextette from East St. Louis keeps this going. Others in the photo are (top row) Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Adam, (bottom row) Mr. Canfield, Mr. Burrier and Mr. Complon. No. 3—Up in the clouds is little Miss Petersen, daughter of A. Petersen, agent at Bement, Ill. Lest there be some misunderstanding, it should be said that the man playing horse is not Mr. Petersen, but Salesman J. C. Schadow of Bement. Polarine king.

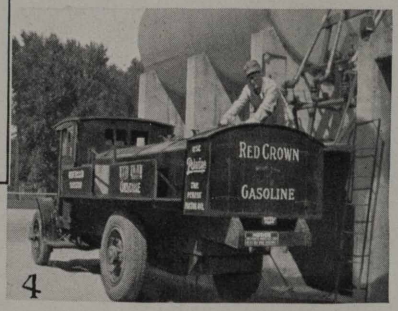
WHAT'S NEW *in* MINNEAPOLIS FIELD?





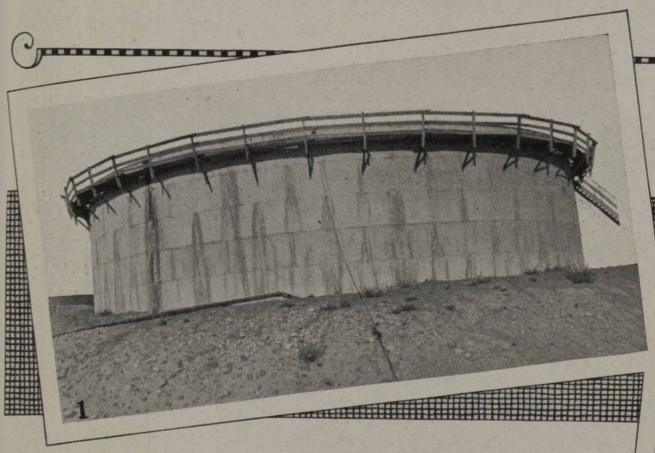
Minneapolis Division—No. 1—C. O. Wolfgang and Francis Paquin must be credited with this automatic grounding device. They made the contrivance in the Minneapolis shops. The device becomes attached when the truck drives up to the loading rack. No. 3—The back yard of the Minneapolis office has become the scene of great activity. Here the new garage building to house the SOCO motor equipment is being erected. No. 2—Fire! Fire! A fire hasn't a chance when the Minneapolis Shop fire department swings into action. The brave fire laddies are as follows: J. C. Chevalier, chief, R. H. Howe, valve man, H. A. Christenson, hoseman, Roy Woodward, hoseman, J. F. Jurgunson, pole man, Ernest Hanson, rope man, and Andy Field, rope man.

SAFETY FIRST! *The Right Way, The Wrong Way.*



No. 1—The driver is demonstrating what every driver (commission agents included) must do before crossing any railroad tracks. This is the Right Way. No. 2—Your failure to stop and the sudden realization that a train is approaching might cause you to jam the brakes or kill the engine. What then? This is the Wrong Way. No. 3—How often do you mount the tank truck like this man is doing? Suppose the wrench should slip? Note also the "stop sign" on the cab. That's wrong, too. This is the Wrong Way. No. 4—This is the correct position for the man to be in while taking off the dome cover of the truck. Note the "stop sign" on the rear bumper. This is the Right Way. The above illustrations and data were furnished by Mr. B. F. Webster of the Sioux City office.—F C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Division.

Brought to Light—Safety First



No. 1—Tank scaffold at Greybull. Note the wide working platform with handrails and toeboards. No. 2—Tank scaffold. This tank and scaffold was not erected by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Note the one plank working platform, no handrails or toeboards. Note the bracing and the chicken ladder at the right.

The scaffold in picture No. 1 is a much better scaffold than the one in picture No. 2. The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) will not permit the construction of any scaffold that will endanger the lives of its employees. Its charge to the Safety Department and to the foremen is to protect the employees from injury. Life and limb cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It is the intent of this great humane organization to make your working place absolutely safe. You are a member of that organization. Are you helping to make your working place safe? By your suggestions, by your own actions, by your strict obedience to safety rules, you can help to entirely eliminate personal injuries.

C. W. SMITH
Director Safety Division,
Industrial Relations Department

and

GEO. W. SNYDER
Safety Director, Greybull, Wyoming.

DR. HUMPHREYS LEADS MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

Whiting—If Dr. Humphreys had been running for the presidency, he couldn't have been more active than he was in the drive for members for the Community Service House. He made eleven speeches in one day. With Dr. Cash and Mr. Glair he led a parade that started at 9 a. m. and covered the entire plant, finishing at a late hour in the afternoon. Speeches were made wherever it was possible to assemble employees. Almost 3,000 members have been secured. No. 1—This is the parade that toured the refinery. No. 2—Dr. Humphreys is shown making one of his eleven speeches here.

WHITING COMMUNITY SERVICE MEMBERSHIP REACHES 3,000

(*Continued from page 1*)

a program of leisure-time activities which will afford opportunities for developing those faculties and talents which remain inactive during the working hours of the day and in this way build up a more all-around individual.

What leisure we have is just so much opportunity to study music or art, to sing, dance, debate, participate in dramatics, etc. Everyone is urged to engage actively in something—some part of the program where there is a chance for self-expression and self-development. It has well been said that most of us waste enough leisure time to make ourselves musicians, artists, scholars, poets—in this way depriving ourselves of the most complete development, and our community of the benefit of our abilities. In the use of the Community House Community Service is calling attention to this great mistake, and over against it, the possibility of developing men and women who will be able to take their places in society and fulfil the requirements which society demands of them. Physical strength, stronger moral character, a larger variety of interests and acomplishments, greater civic and industrial efficiency are worthy goals to hold aloft. Games teach the subordination of the individual to the common good and develop that admirable spirit of co-operation so much desired in any community.

The Community Idea

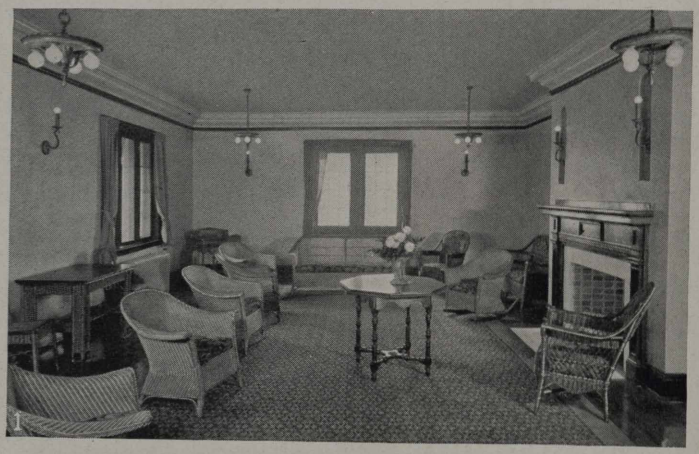
We, the representatives of the residents of Whiting and vicinity, in meeting assembled, in order to do honor to those members of our community who served in the Great War, to commemorate the names of those who died for the cause of Democracy, and to promote that enhanced spirit of public service which has been the chief compensation for sacrifices made, do hereby form ourselves into an organization whose principal object shall be: To receive from the donors the Whiting Memorial Community House and to maintain such house as gathering place, open to all the people of the community, which shall provide facilities and activities for mental, moral and physical growth, for fellowship and recreation, for civic service and for enjoyment of the arts. We pledge that this organization, while affording a hearing to all, will not attempt by formal action to bind its members to advocacy of, or opposition to, any measure, but shall interest itself at all times only in those matters which are of social and civic interest and pertain to the common good.—Preamble to constitution and by-laws of Whiting Community Service.

Learning to keep the rules of the game trains the individual citizen to obey law and have a respect for the rights of his fellows. Recreation, properly directed, not only equips men for more useful and loyal citizenship, but fits them for a larger degree of democracy. The most striking characteristic of our time is the tendency on the part of people everywhere to get together, to cooperate. This is shown in municipal movements, national and international programs, labor unions, associations of employers and employees, etc.

Community Service aims to promote this spirit. The urge is for people to come together. The program is one which calls into action qualities which prepare the individual to play his part with others, to give all that he has that is worth while for the common good, to be a real, up-standing, helpful citizen in his community—and to help others to be the same.

This is the value Community Service finds in leisure time spent by the people of Whiting in the Community House. Working together on such a program over a period of years should, and most certainly will result in the enrichment of any community's life, for when people talk together, sing together, play and plan together the ideals of brotherhood and of real American citizenship and life are being realized.

WOMEN NOT FORGOTTEN *in* SOCIAL HOUSE

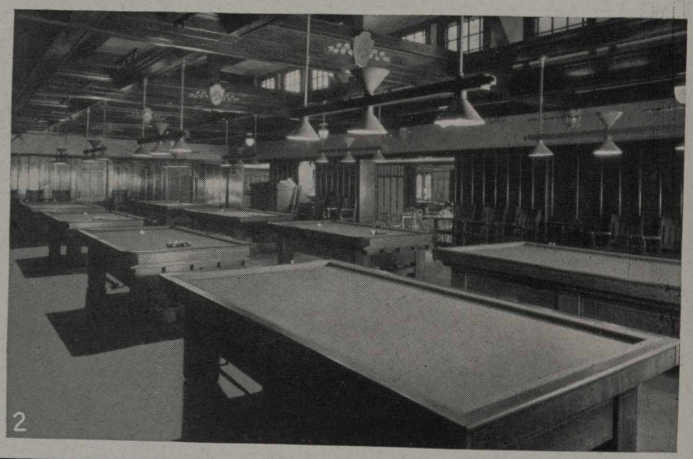


Whiting—Two fine rooms that have been given over to women's activities in the Community Service House are the Woman's Club and Committee Room and the Ladies' Parlor. No. 1—The club room is shown here. It has already become one of the centers of Whiting women's activities. No. 2—The Parlor vies with the best in the building and is one of the show places of Whiting.

MEMORIAL HALL *and* LEGION'S CLUB ROOMS

Whiting—No. 1—Two of the finest rooms of the new Community Service house at Whiting were given over to the American Legion Post No. 80. This is the lounging room and administration office of the Legion. No. 2—The Memorial Hall is dedicated to the heroes of the World War.

AUDITORIUM *and* BILLIARD ROOM *of new House*



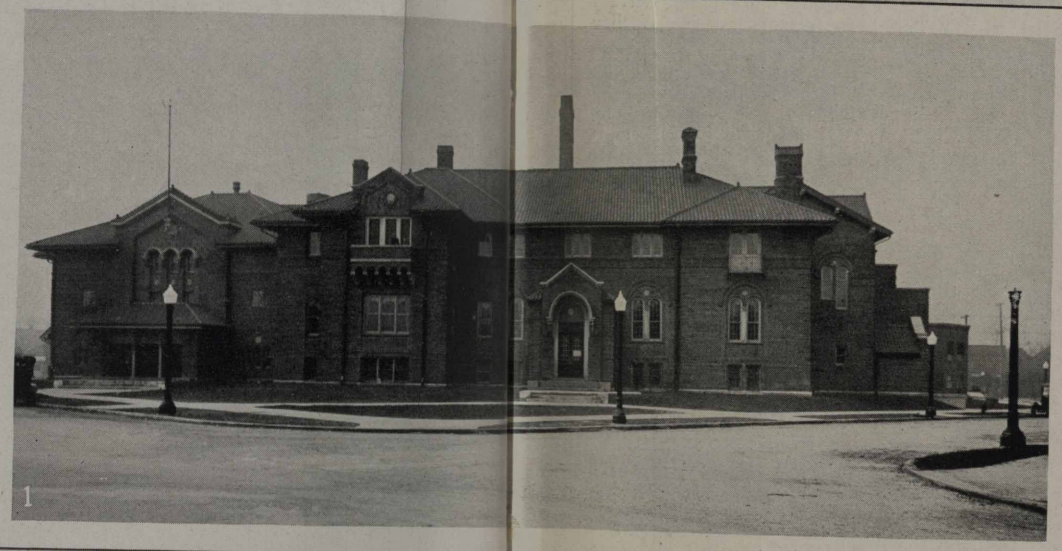
Whiting—No. 1—Seating 1,000, the auditorium of the new Community Center Building is one of the finest in Whiting. Many of the town's activities will be held in this hall. No. 2—The billiard room was fitted up with the best of everything, including five pool and three billiard tables. This is the finest billiard room in Whiting.

LOBBY *and* SOCIAL ROOM *of* CUMMUNITY HOUSE

Whiting—No. 1—This picture shows the main desk and administration offices at the Community Service house at Whiting. The first impression is that of a big hotel lobby. No. 2—This social room is used for chess, checkers and cards. The room is supplied with good books, leading magazines and newspapers, making it one of the most popular in the building.

WHITING'S DREAM OF CUMMUNTY SOCIAL CENTER COMES TRUE

No. 1—The Memorial Building as it appears from the front. This was the gift of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Mr. John D. Rockefeller and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who gave $375,000, $100,000 and $75,000, respectively, to the people of Whiting. Almost 3,000 members have been enrolled. Photo by Whiting Studio. No. 2—A part of the crowd who witnessed the dedication day ceremonies. The American Legion Post No. 80 had charge of the program dedicating the building to the heroes of the World War. A parade, stunt aviation flights and impressive services completed the program in which Whiting showed it had not forgotten. Photo by Pacific & Atlantic. No. 3—This score board shows how the Community Service idea went over from the start. In the seven days listed, 2,741 persons were enrolled. This total has now been raised to about 3,000.



	DIVISION 1 CAPTAIN O.E. MEEK	DIVISION 2 CAPTAIN W. JENNINGS	DIVISION 3 CAPTAIN M. KOZACIK	DIVISION 4 CAPTAIN D. PASKWEITZ	DIVISION 5 CAPTAIN J.B. KYLE	DIVISION 6 CAPTAIN R.E. HUMPHREYS	DAILY TOTAL
FRI	23	13	12	26	18	520	612
SAT	31	15	14	29	16	514	619
SUN	5	7	10	8	10	38	78
MON	18	16	15	20	14	415	498
TUE	13	21	29	50	17	281	411
WED	18	14	38	18	20	155	258
THU	25	23	42	27	22	146	265

No. 2 boiler house has been ordered to go on oil, which will send most of its operating force back to the clean up department.

The men in the steam department are getting ready for a hard Winter's grind. With the coming on of cold weather the steam demand increases and this keeps everyone on his toes.

Don Parks and Paton Richardson are a pair of heavy plungers and hold the record in this department for their many and costly bets. Don bet Rich that Illinois would beat Chicago and the wager was a good cigar. Don won this bet and then made the same wager that Wisconsin would trim Illinois and he lost. Result: no one smokes.

The men in the steam department are highly pleased with the Community Center building and its ample facilities and gorgeous furnishings for the use of the people of this community. The success of this project now rests squarely upon the shoulders of the people of this community and as time goes on it will reflect the attitude and minds of the people who form its membership.

Paraffine Department

The paraffine department grieves over the loss of an old comrade, George Winslow, an employee of the company for twenty-eight years, who passed away at his home, November 18, after an illness of three months. Mr. Winslow is survived by a wife and an aged mother. Services were held at the home of the deceased and the remains were taken to South Bend where services were held at the St. James Episcopal church. The remains were interred at the City cemetery at South Bend. This department extends heartfelt condolences to the widow and mother of the deceased.

Mrs. Winslow, widow of George Winslow, wishes to thank all those who were so thoughtful and kind during the illness of her late husband and in his death.

Dick Evans of the electrical department took those fatal vows October 20, 1923. Thanks for the smokes, old boy! Hughes did not seem to enjoy his cigar though, for he tossed it to one side. Better luck next time, Ed.

Ralph Eberly is back with us again—feeling pretty peppy, too. Now he claims he's going to put on some weight. No one can find any cause to discourage him in that respect.

And, say, do you know that our former office boy, "Tim" Ryan, has been promoted to the position of second assistant chief clerk of the paraffine office? You're coming right along, "Tim"—keep up the good work.

That 5 p. m. gym class at our new Community House is sure putting the kink in some folks' necks, by heck! "Cras" could only turn his head one way after his first attendance; Ed Wonnacott had the "sort of sore all over" feeling, y'know, and Doc. Bransky—well, we've come to the conclusion that they must have used him for the medicine ball down there. He's been down and out for a week! Gee, you play too rough, Harry—even "Rex" can't be persuaded to join the forces, since he has observed the results on the aforementioned victims. Must be sumpin' awful down there!

Not so long ago "Suds" came to work limping, and blamed the limp on a football game. Now the gang is doubtful. 'Fess up, "Suds," was it the game or maybe the result of chasing the last Whiting and East Chicago street car from South Park the other night?

"Hank" Haman Jr. has donned the overalls. We miss him, but hope he likes his new job at the paraffine machine shop.

Frank Lauer sure is a nice boy, ain't he, girls? He cuts quite a figure at the Community House. How does it seem to be so popular, Frank?

Arthur Wampler of the Carbinol department has been ill for the past few days, suffering from an attack of tonsilitis.

Gee whiz! Gosh! Have you seen the snappy new gray vest C. C. Craswell has been flashing around in lately? He looks mighty nifty in it, and it fits him to perfection—didn't buy it at Louis Baumwohl's either. And say, did you hear that the Community Service had to have some gym shoes made to order for him? He must have tiny feet, huh?

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

The newly appointed Standard Oil Athletic Association representatives, Grover Barnes, Roy Moore, Dorn Davidson, J. N. McBroom, Oliver White, Earl J. Cox, Frank Chandler, S. W. Henson, John Dooley, Frank Starkey, Homer Cabness and Blandford Evans, held their first meeting November 14 and elected officers and appointed committees for the following year. Those elected to direct the destiny of the Association were: Frank Chandler, president; Dorn Davidson, vice-president; Oliver White, secretary; and A. P. Stover, treasurer. Right away things started off with a "BOOM." A series of bi-monthly S. O. A. A. dances will be given in the Sugar Creek school, at which a good time is expected, and it is hoped the S. O. A. A. treasury will be materially enlarged by the heavy sale of tickets.

At last Arch Hicks is happy. He came down all smiles a few days ago and announced that he had Los Angeles and Washington, D. C., on his Erla Reflex radio set, which he made himself. It's funny how this radio bug effects a person. Only a few days before this Hicks made the declaration that he had decided the lay-off of radio this winter and go to bed early. Now he is up till the nighthawks sign off.

Nick Palonic reported the birth of a fine girl baby Sunday, November 25.

H. O. Eyssell has returned from a week's vacation spent at his home in Fairland Heights and entertaining his wife and daughters at Kansas City with theater and dinner parties.

Floyd Lindsay has a new Ford roadster which he exchanged for his old one and some cash.

Elmer Baker, George Hackett and Pete Akers have been making regular Saturday afternoon hunting trips and as yet have never failed to put meat on the table.

John Toth and John Yuhos are completing new homes in Sugar Creek.

Matt Mansfield recently sold his residence on Poplar and Kentucky, Sugar Creek.

Sugar Creek was well represented at the Kansas City Business Men's Bible Class Armistice day when all known records for a religious meeting were broken with a total attendance of 52,121.

Curtis Wright has decided to rid himself of his "Wonder Car" and invest in a Buick 6.

Dorn Davidson, log-rasslin' helper at the main pump house, has been making extensive improve-

ments on his one and one-half acre home place in Independence. He has built a new Missouri poultry house and fenced and cross-fenced the rear of his place with five-foot chicken wire and an iron post, salvaged from old pipe bought at the plant and painted. In the front he has a fine 120 foot lawn. Something to be proud of, he did it all himself.

Matt Kobe, veteran press cleaner, is the proud father of a baby boy.

We are sorry to hear that our old friends, Frank McInturiff and Harrison Shiffner, have contracted the radio fever.

The inspection department has hitherto been the undisputed realm of the sample boy. But not so now. Gilbert Alexander and John Olinsky were the two latest to attain their majority and the count now stands 5 to 3 in favor of the "men."

Some class to Carl Smee's Durant 4 since he bought his seat covers.

C. D. Bickley has a Black Minorca hen that lays an egg about the size of a duck egg. These eggs sometimes have one yolk and at other times two yolks and just to prove it to the boys Charlie has been bringing them in his lunch hard-boiled.

Steve Yaso reported the birth of a fine baby girl, November 17.

No. 11 truck has been overhauled, repainted and equipped with a double seat directly behind the cab leaving a short rear truck bed. The truck runs on a half hour schedule from the northeast to the southwest parts of the plant carrying passengers and picking up light loads. Kenneth Kleihauser was promoted from office boy to driver.

E. J. Cox, our band director, has sold his "Green Lizzard" and is now hoofing it. He has worn out two sets of shoes and gained fifteen pounds in weight since disposing of the nuisance.

It must pay to move to Sugar Creek. Look at Fred Bergin; he is city clerk now. Look at Emmitt Lewis; he is city treasurer now.

Karl Stinnett says the softest job he ever has is carrying ducks for F. J. Bergin and J. W. Kelley when they go out shooting on the Missouri River.

Bill Simms, premier rack man, has two dinner pails, an ordinary size one for Summer use and an oversize one for Winter use.

We extend our sympathy to Nick Goah and wife in the loss of their baby.

What the pump house gang would like to see is a handicap race between Harrison Shiffner's Bevo car and Frank McInturiff's brindle dog.

A. E. Hicks recently made a weekend visit to the old folks at Columbus, Kans., whom he surprised with a four tube radio set equipped with loud speaker and everything.

Andy Martinovich, employed at the N. B. H., was married in the Lutheran Church, Kansas City, Mo., November 17. Andy was all smiles Monday as he passed out the cigars.

George Hackett announces the arrival of a baby boy at his house, November 9.

As was predicted the bicycles proved a too strenuous mode of locomotion for A. O. Hodges and Frank Lee and said bicycles have finally fallen prey to the office boys. Now is Frank Brown's chance to rescue them for use of the main pump house helpers.

Joe Bruer recently spent the last week of his vacation in Independence, walking around the Court House Square.

Clarence Miller has been giving Earl Kresge lessons in pinochle playing and says he can now turn him loose at Grove's parlor and almost feel assured that Earl will not have to buy all the candy and cigars.

The versatile W. C. McLean, who is now climbing the ladder with the Peabody Coal Company at Kansas City, was down to see all the boys at the main office the other day.

Shorty Wright's latest attainment is producing hogs with four hams. Ask Ralph Lamar; he bought one of the front hams.

The boys that bought chances on Frank Welch's pump-gun would like to have an explanation. Walter Kabrick, barber in Independence, won the gun and Frank is now always well groomed from the neck up.

Sugar Creek now has a walk from the South city limits down Fairmount avenue, the full length of the town to the main gate at the plant.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Fay Holloway in his continued misfortune. Fay was making preparations to take a vacation when he got his leg hurt; about the time his leg was healed his father died and while they were at the funeral the roof of his mother's house burned out.

We are glad to welcome Buck Weaver back to the fold after a ten weeks' vacation spent at Elkins, W. Va., and vicinity.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Harry McAnally, son of A. L. McAnally, labor foreman.

Pete Akers is now compiling, or rather throwing together, a "Treatise on the Theory and Use of the Double-Ringer." All horse shoe pitchers please take notice.

Oliver White, chemist, and Miss Irene Songer were married at Kansas City, November 30.

The heavy, driving snow-storm that come up Thanksgiving day made traffic slow and dangerous as well as spoiling the hunting. Snow on the wires caused nine telephone poles to fall along Fairmount avenue, Sugar Creek, and first one falling about 4 P. M., and the rest falling together about 8 P. M. Bert Landfried coming to work ran into one of them with his Ford roadster, but escaped without injury and slight damage to his car.

Clarence Spitzer is the most enthusiastic rabbit hunter in the plant. The day following Armistice day he went hunting down east of Independence and took his wife and daughter along to make a visit while he hunted. But after the first kill Spitz forgot about his wife and came home and wondered where his family was and finally went to bed. Luckily George Hackett was down that way and helped Mrs. Spitzer out of the predicament.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Ollie Lamond of the tin shop was taken ill at a band rehearsal recently and his recovery is very uncertain at the time this is written. Ollie was sitting down at the time and members of the band noticed that he had been taken seriously ill but did not realize at the time that it was so serious as it has turned out to be. Ollie has been one of the most consistent reporters for the STANOLIND RECORD, a faithful and valued member of the band and an excellent employee of the company. A host of friends still hope it may

be that he will recover. Ollie and his wife certainly have our heartfelt sympathy in this illness.

The hunting season is in full bloom but we notice most of the boys are still buying their meat and the stores had their usual Thanksgiving trade for poultry and game. It's a very bad sing (we mean sign) when the boys turn so readily to talk about bowling and football after the plans that have been made for the killings.

John Adams and William Shawmaker have started correspondence with Oshkosh, it seems they have taken a sudden interest in how overalls are made. We might venture to suggest these gentlemen if you have any overall problems to discuss.

Uncle Tim Van Camp has hired a stenographer to look after his arguments with "Lad" Freeman. Her birthday is the 27th and "Uncle Tim" doesn't know what to do about a remembrance of the occasion.

C. E. Custer of the main pump house is very downhearted. He has lost the Airedale dog he purchased from Mike Skundie. When last seen, the dog was standing in the roadway watching Custer depart for town. A search of the neighborhood brings no news. Mike says the dog didn't come back to him but he has another dog just like the one Custer bought which he will sell. Custer doesn't believe all of the Holy Writ now, or, perhaps, the apparent discrepancy lies in the fact that he doesn't understand the broad application of the text. "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib."

Judge Parker has been sick again. Ninety grains of calomel and a quart of castor oil is the medicine that brought him through.

Henry Monken and George Lang are racing to find out who can blow the more heavy coils.

Ty Cobb is off duty with eye trouble. The exact particulars could not be learned. We hear he is being treated and hope to see Ty back on the job soon.

It is rumored that Hank Stormer and "Horsefly" Searcy are going to raid all the locker rooms some evening in the near future.

William Hoffman is looking for a book to complete his library, "Long Ears," by J. Rabbit.

Roy Thompson and John Robertson went hunting. John got all the rabbits and Roy all the quail and John's dog. They saw a deer also but the farmer stopped them from shooting at it.

George Claybaugh received his bonus check recently. He served 18 months in the army and waited four years to get it. He spent it in two hours.

Everyone had turkey for Thanksgiving the night before the drawing. Arthur Vineyard and three more lucky stiffs were the only ones who copped.

Jack (Noisy) White, lead burner, has returned to work after several days' illness. We are very glad to have him back again.

We would suggest, as a Safety First precaution, that all Safety First men wear rubber shoes, when gum shoeing around the acid works.

Noted in the J. G. C. report that there will be no Night High School this winter because not enough students enrolled in any single subject. The boys must think the higher they go the harder they fall.

The lunch room has been very much improved the past month or two. A new floor and porch have been added to this handsome structure. Side walks and some other concrete work have been done to improve this part of the plant, painting in the Industrial Relations Building, new roads and walks, etc., etc.

Another 100 per center: The Wood River Safety department has an examination blank on Safety rulings which is mailed to employees and when this paper is returned with all questions answered correctly, a button is issued which has "100%—Wood River" printed on it.

Just recently, about November 1, the carpenter department had 48 per cent of its number on the stock purchasing plan list and at this time, December 1, every employee in the department, who is eligible to buy stock under the stock purchasing plan, has taken advantage of the opportunity. They are a 100 per cent department so far as being stockholders is concerned.

Just as this is being written, Miss Ilah Hancock is leaving the Laboratory. We are wondering *why* but she won't tell us a thing.

Ask 'Schmitte" of the inspection department what a long distance call costs.

Miss Alma Schueler and Miss Opal Savage are our new telephone operators.

Mrs. Hugh Christy entertained recently with a shower for Mrs. R. Horstman, and while refreshments were being served, a telegram was received announcing the engagement of Mrs. Hannah Johnson to Dr. L. D. Rockefellar. Mrs. Johnson was a popular employee of the Inspection department and an excellent reporter for the STANOLIND RECORD. She resigned November 10 and was quietly married November 15. We all wish much happiness to them.

Rector Craddock, tube cleaner foreman and new representative to the Joint General Committee, is tendered the heartfelt sympathy of employees in the loss of his wife, Mrs. Lucy Craddock. Mrs. Craddock died October 17 after an illness lasting several years.

Several of the boys may have had the idea they could sing but after trying out the music presented by Prof. Osborn at the first rehearsal of the Minstrel, the idea slipped away so fast no one saw it leave and some of the boys claim now, they never had it.

Tillman Boss and Gus Dietz of the boiler department went to St. Louis to get their winter supply of clothing and planned to pay the bill with checks. They went to a well known furnishing house and picked their supplies but could not persuade the clerk that checks were as good as cash so they returned with a nice assortment of handkerchiefs and left the heavier purchases remain until a more substantial exchange could be made.

Louis Rabnick, boiler maker, who lives in East Alton, has been here many years but could not get out to see the surrounding country because his friends were too busy with their cars. Now he has a new Chevrolet and has thoroughly explored the country as far as Bethalto.

Thomas Owens furnished spectators some amusement recently when his car got stalled at the corner of Whitelaw and Ferguson avenue. He cranked and otherwise urged the car to go for about twenty minutes and finally it did what everyone but Tom thought it wouldn't do, it went.

Beiser of the boiler department made a flyer in real estate when he purchased a house in Alton from B. Halsey for something like $5500. He

spent $1,500 on it and sold the place recently for something like $12,000 and then asked the boys at the boiler shop if they would not come up some Sunday or Saturday afternoon and help him move so that he would not lose any time. When he made the sale he kept about sixty feet frontage and the boys suggest that he just move over on this and some one will very likely loan him a tent.

Like Solomon arrayed in all his glory was "Whitey" Wolf, helper on the steam stills the day he wore his new watch, chain and knife. Spiffy? Why I should remark, spiffy. To the last word in spiffiness. The tailor in measuring him for a new suit would have found an abnormal man in the regions of the chest which this chain adorned. It is a fine watch and the next number punched may be a house and lot, so as long as the boards hold out, we'll punch in hope.

Ed Fox, water drawer at the main pump house, has joined the four door sedan class. Pretty fine, claims Red, only there hai'nt no place to spit with all that glass around.

George Buck has returned from his vacation in Florida. While there he made a thorough inspection of his orange grove, and the only feature of the trip to dampen his spirits was the boat leaked.

Ed. Lasbury has been doubly blessed. He is the father of twins. That means two cigars this time, Ed.

Russel Durham, our genial timekeeper, attended a shooting match shortly before Thanksgiving and the match was conducted in an old fashioned way, i. e., two inch square wooden blocks were stood up at a certain distance and were shot at. The one putting the most shot in these blocks, won a goose. With the aid of a small lead pencil, Rusty won seven geese, Joe Perry claims they were "Swamp Geese" (whatever that is). They are of a very small species. Russell had these geese for sale at three dollars each and the buyers were sadly surprised on viewing the purchases, Joe says. Leave it to Rusty.

Why do they call Henry Tittle, "Old Lucky?" Ask any knight of the green cloth.

George Carstens, still man at the acid works, is sporting a new Red Bird car and it doesn't look like the weather bird either.

William Cook has grabbed off the Safety honors again. On a recent Sunday morning he started for Grafton and after traveling a short distance, he just missed a black cat that tried to cross the road before the speed bus. This was good luck for the cat but bad luck for anyone crossing it's path which was proven a few seconds later when a colored gentleman coming around a curve ran into the machine. After traveling some distance they came to a bad curve on a very "sideling" road and here is where all this Safety business comes in. "They turned back," not wishing to tempt fortune any further.

The first community concert of the season was given at the Community High School auditorium, November 20, before a large audience. The program was up to the usual high standard and was a sample of what can be expected this season. Anyone missing these free concerts is passing up the real thing. The program in January will consist of a variety of numbers that will please everyone. The musical part of the programs is under the direction of I. L. Stocker.

Since the last edition of the STANOLIND, November 1, the timekeepers have moved into the main office. We certainly hope they will like their new home. The office bunch extend a hearty welcome to the timekeepers.

Miss Mary Stoneham of the stationary room and her sister Grace were St. Louis shoppers recently and attended the Orpheum Theatre after the elusive search for bargains had ended.

Yenny drove to St. Louis with his good friend, Beiser, and here is the story of one of their adventures. The other adventures read too much like fiction to appear in such a truthful column as this. While crossing a street which was decorated with a traffic cop, the car stopped and the clutch is a contrary thing that only works by jumps. It was after several such jumps the car stopped again in the middle of the street so the cop said very kindly, "Now boys just let the thing have a couple more jumps and she will be across." After they were across, the cop said in tones not nearly so kindly, "Now take that blankety blank thing back to the sticks where it belongs and you two bone heads stay with it."

The boys in the old home town of Greenville always give Raymond Jenkins a great welcome when he makes his weekly visits "down on the farm with the home folks." He was given several chickens for a Sunday dinner recently but on the way home, he had to travel a lonely road where a big White Mule seems to have full possession. As he tried to pass the mule, it doubled up to kick the Chevrolet off the road which caused the parties in the machine to become excited and they ran the car into a ditch. After arriving home, Raymond discovered his chickens had died from the effect of the white mule and now he is having considerable trouble in getting his Chevrolet to pass white mule.

Mark Taylor has been transferred to the machine shop and Keith Cox has taken his place as messenger boy. Good messenger boys are certainly hard to keep.

Tom Hutchinson has returned from El Dorado, Ark., and is here to stay this time. Shuan glad to see you all Tom. (Even if the expected box of cigars were missing).

Jule Kocher has opened his new home for the bowlers and the season has been started with eight plant teams in the field. Most of the members are experienced bowlers and should make some high scores this year. Claude J. Burris is president of the Standard Oil Company Bowling League, E. R. Durham, treasurer, and Hugh Christy is secretary. Members of the teams are as follows: No. 1, Wm. Adams, captain.; Wm. Stoneham, A. Wuestenfeld, C. Bachelor and N. A. Alberts. No. 2, Ben Forsting, captain; F. N. Brett, A. L. Davis, H. Schnaufer and S. A. Montgomery. No. 3, H. Christy, captain; R. Durham, Wm. Bacheldor, L. L. Tuley and D. I. Maxwell. No. 4, J. Kocher, captain; W. A. Tipton, P. Harmon, C. Zweig and E. E. March. No. 5, J. B. Lamm, captain; J. Adams, H. Wuestenfeld, E. Hannold and Wm. Garde. No. 6, J. Wainwright, captain; C. Burris, W. Shawmaker, W. Penrose and D. Stafford. No. 7, F. Fortschneider, captain; R. Lane, C. F. Hall, J. Flanagan and H. Ash. No. 8 W. I. Jolley, captain; J. Halloran, G. Haller, C. Graves and J. Hubbard. The teams play on Thursday and Friday evenings. The

schedule started November 22 and will end April 11. Play starts at 7:30 P. M. Spectators are welcome. Prize money will be distributed at the end of the season according to the number of games won. High score so far is 225, made by Wm. Adams. Now, come on Whiting, Sugar Creek and the whole Rocky Mountain Division, the game is on at Wood River and our hat is in the ring for honors.

(On the book of rules issued to members of the bowling teams, we noticed that the first four weeks of the season will be used to ascertain the capabilities of the new members. That is three weeks and six days too much. We were present one night when Nick Alberts, Doc Flanagan and C. F. Hall were bowling and we don't claim to know a thing about capabilities. Further along in the chapter it is stated that it might be necessary to regroup the teams on a more equal basis. The boy who wrote that book certainly knew his stuff.)

CASPER, WYO.

Miss Genevieve Ellenwood, would it be asking too much of you to extend an invitation to some of the lonely boys to join your lunch parties, as you seem to be lonesome.

Mr. Roy Heap is taking bridge lessons. We have it on good feminine authority, that this is necessary.

Miss Adeline Gilbourne is enjoying her vacation in California. We are given to understand that Mack Sennet's bathing beauties are likely to gain a recruit.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Bossier of the filling house force, is sick in the hospital, but from latest reports he is getting alone finely so we all hope to see his smiling face back among us soon.

Mr. Glen Burgess of boiler house No. 3 has at last decided that two can live as cheaply as one. We hope he will give some of us boys a little dope on this subject in the near future.

Jim Wiederhold's latest words are: "Spend your vacation in Atlantic City." He says the climate is fine but, "Oh, the —— are great."

Mr. Bass still insists that Papyrus ran a good second.

J. V. Thomas, extra still foreman as No. 3 plant crude stills, is wearing a big smile since election. Jack knocked the election gamblers over for fifty cold smackers. Oh, Boy, what a grand and glorious feeling!

"Slim" Taylor, helper at No. 6 house, moved out of his room very suddenly the other night. Time—11:00 P. M. Slim had just gone to bed when an explosion of gas in the basement tore doors off and the concussion took the window and curtain out of the room. Slim says that in the excitement which followed, and having to pack and move out so quickly, he had covered half the distance to town before he notices that he was not wearing his shoes. On going back he found one out in the alley and the other up on the shelf with the alarm clock.

Doc Jenkins, stillman at No. 4 house, has been elected to serve on the Industrial Counsel. Doc is an orator of ability and comes to the point of his subject immediately. If you don't think he does, look up some of his orders in the repair book. Doc is from Colorado, and served with distinction in the A. E. F. during the World War. He was also with the expedition that went into Siberia, and says that is a wonderful place to start from.

Ray Conklin, assistant general foreman in the refinery department, has returned from a vacation enjoyably spent in the East (Noobraskee).

Jess Tulford, who has been on the swing crew at No. 3 plant, has been promoted to treater at the continuous treating plant.

Ralph ("Giant") Juza, stillman on the asphalt stills at No. 3 plant, has again broken into the glare of publicity—as a diversion from his duties he has taken to selling real estate as a side line. Giant has at one time or another sold groceries, promoted mining stock in Colorado and sold shares in a hog ranch in Oklahoma. He was observed having Slim Taylor backed up in a corner trying to interest him in a new home.

Recently Tiny Rausch of the loob stills, sent a sample of lubricating oil to the general laboratory for a routine test. The sample bottle was sent in with the usual tag filled out, but one of the chemists returned them with the notation, "insufficient information." The following day Tiney sent in a sample bottle with a tag attached that contained information ranging from the thumb prints of both the stillman and helper to the fact that Foreman J. G. Wiederhold is married and including name, address, phone number, signature and a notary public's seal. The chemist made no further complaint.

Miss Genevieve Ellenwood and Paul Marx were quietly married November 23 and left immediately in their new sport model Buick roadster for Denver, where they spent the weekend at Mr. Marx' parental home. They have now returned to their work and are busy receiving the good wishes and congratulations of their many friends.

Roger Crawford had the rear end of his Lizzie all caved in to the extent of one hundred "wagon wheels" on November 21. The damage was done while the car was parked in front of the tennis courts. Roger is hoping the possessor of a guilty conscience will some day reimburse him.

Mr. Reyneke was taking Mr. Catterall home from work November 19—hereafter there will be no hastening to get ahead of the bus. Jack looked as if he had had a fight with six cats (on account of crawling out of the top of the Ford sedan).

Dr. S. K. Loy, our chief chemist, has been elected Mayor of Casper by a large plurality. It was probably the cleanest election ever held anywhere in the country—not a speck of mud was thrown at anyone during the entire campaign. Dr. Loy, we congratulate you and promise our loyal support throughout your administration.

Glen Dines of the Main Office, No. 3 plant, went overland to Arizona to live and work where his folks live. Good luck to you, Glen.

Erickson of basketball fame has been on his vacation. He returned November 26 as fit as a top for the season.

Frank Robinson has been appointed to fill the position vacated by Glen Dines.

Floyd Michaels, steam refined treater, has had a "For Sale" sign hanging on his Essex lately. What is the matter with it, Mike?

Mrs. Paulus left November 22 for California where she will join her husband. Dr. and Mrs.

Paulus expect to be back in Casper during the holidays. Doc ought to get a hotel room in Casper and a house in Santa Maria. We are glad he is able to get back between spells anyway.

H. M. Newland, the impresario from the steam refined treating plant, has bought a new home out on Melrose street.

Casper has made a new find in one, L. G. Smith, kid brother of D. J. Smith. Lloyd has addressed two uptown meetings with great success. If the Foreman's Club doesn't do another thing, it can be proud of having made this discovery.

W. M. Thomson, estimator, spent his vacation visiting friends in Boston and his family in Toronto.

Bob Lithrage spent a few days in Denver. His only reason (he says) was to "root" for the Colorado School of Mines in a great football game.

C. P. Ames and E. W. Fassett have purchased homes in the Standard Subdivision.

A very pleasant vacation is reported by F. C. ("Pat") Patterson. Pat spent the time with his father and mother near Canon City, Colo.

GREYBULL, WYO.

H. M. Umphenour was off several days on account of sickness. We are glad to see him back on the job.

Fred Lockard and Albert Meyers spent a lot of time getting ready for the Lions Hard Time Ball, but for some reason or other they didn't get there.

The work of the new "clean up man" at No. 1 plant is appreciated very much by everyone.

A. J. Peterson, still cleaner on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, was off several days on account of sickness.

William Patterson, stillman helper at No. 1 plant, laid off to take a trip to Minnesota and from all reports he will have to buy two railroad tickets when he starts back. Well, here's luck to you, "Bill."

H. M. Lockard, superintendent at No. 1 plant, spent a day in Casper on business recently.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Basil Oakley of plant No. 2 has purchased a six acre farm near the refinery, upon which he intends to raise prairie dogs and coyotes.

Eliga Helms is building a bungalow during spare times, which of course is after dark and on Sundays.

Jay Vermilion and Al Musser went rabbit hunting recently. They got a week's supply of the little animals but Jay had also taken a shot at what he thought was a gray wolf and found it to be a gray calf. He nearly added it to the list of decoy ducks, at which he recently fired six shots.

Billie Walker, stillman of plant No. 2, sold his ranch and moved to town.

Aude Methvin, pipe fitter of plant No. 2 bought a .30 calibre rifle from I. T. O'Neal and claims to have made ten bulls-eyes in succession with it. Now he wants to challenge any one on the plant to a shooting contest—We notice he has won no turkeys.

The new oil field west of Laramie has caused a little excitement and appears to be very promising for the future.

Roy Stewart, foreman of the machine shop, has taken considerable liking to the old Tom cat. We understand that when ever he leaves the shop, he locks the cat in a drawer of his desk.

Roy Scofield, stillman helper of plant No. 2, drove into the country about ten miles one night recently and nearly collided with a deer. The animal was standing in the middle of the road and was dazzled by the bright lights of the car. Roy slowed down and only a few feet intervened before the deer took flight.

James Dolan is kicking because he cannot get enough to eat. By the way this noble watchman was playing with bullets again, and we'll take it for granted that you know what happened. Experience teaches "Bad Jimmie" nothing.

R. Butler, D. Williams, F. Brown, P. Ward and Ross Moudy went to Denver to paint the town red. We know nothing of their success.

Benty Rouse, fireman at plant No. 2, has been flourishing some geese feet about the plant and says he killed three big Canadian geese. Wonder if he got them behind some butcher shop.

Roy Schofield, stillman helper of plant No. 2, has purchased himself a new home on Fifth street.

Fred Brown continually keeps Dick Williams broke, betting on football games. Now Dick can't even buy any chewing tobacco.

"V" Knight recently reported that his wife came home and that he must stop all his young vices. The office force are thankful for that, for they think they can save up a few dimes now.

Russel Morris, warehouseman, has a new heater in his car, upon which he fries his eggs for breakfast.

Mr. Morris and Mr. Cullen visited Casper on official business, recently.

Art McAllister proved himself a social success, not only as a walker, while acting as a waiter at the Moose banquet, but he made another record while eating.

L. F. Smith is buying and selling real estate so the U. P. can build their new depot.

Kellogg made forty-seven miles an hour in his Ford. Old Lizzie registered fifteen miles while standing still.

Bessie and Winchel of plant No. 1 went hunting—struck a ditch and Bessie hunted rabbits while Winchel walked five miles for a shovel.

McClintock of plant No. 1 is still laying cement blocks for the new house.

Irving and Robay have branched out in the butchering business. Look out, mavericks.

Ferris and Brown are advertising the Studebaker and Overland, while Elliff is raving about the Jewett.

Trabing, stillcleaner, says if the stills were cool and would clean themselves he would like the job.

Houston claims that the party who named him "Tubby" did not see him after he cleaned stills for awhile.

Ivan Reed has joined the farmers' club and now lives in Colorado. Good luck, old man.

Hunton, clerk on plant No. 1, has been doing inventory work in the storehouse and claims he can see bolts, etc., even while he sleeps.

A. L. Jones, inside helper on the pressure stills, is another Weston. He walked eight blocks in one hour flat.

John Green knows where there is a good place for sage chickens.

Volz bought a motorcycle and this one makes as much noise as any of them.

Mrs. Robay made Jack repair the old Ford, so she would not have to wind Lizzie up every time she wanted to leave the house.

Weeks says he doesn't brag about his car having any speed, but he says, none of the boys pass him along the road.

The boys wish to congratulate George Goodman for the wonderful co-operation that he gives the Yellow Taxi Cab.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Fifth Floor

O'Keefe had better quit stealing Chance's raisin bread at the restaurant or there will be war.

We admit that the Honorable Albert Arnhorst is some reckless pinochle player. They don't make them any more reckless.

In the future when anyone desires to pass out some candy, they had better put fish hooks in the can when they get to Mr. Briggs. He sure has a wonderful touch.

The low shoes sure look classy, Mary.

How did you enjoy the Elk's Carnival, Bush?

When looking for second-hand cars, see Meyers of the appropriation department.

Miracles that will never happen: William Viering forgetting to say "How long?" or "What do you know?"

We sure hope Herb Modert and Geo. Chance have received their radio sets by the time this article is released.

A fair exchange is no robbery but we sure slipped one over on the General Manager's Office when we traded Gertrude Shaw for Clara Foote. We came out 100 pounds, avoirdupois, to the good.

What made Jean Stockley laugh so hard when Kelley fell off his chair?

New members admitted to the Order of The Fish, Victor Bellis and George Varnum. Their memberships were solicited by Ella Sells, the bond expert.

New members of the Radio Owl's Club: Howard Nelson, Millard (Smir) Kaesback and Fred Tamblyn.

Ida Wolf left us November 30 to keep house for her new husband.

Our newest addition to the family is Dorothy Wenneston.

Sixth Floor

Ernie Vollriede is out of the hospital again. This time he tried to carve his hand off but did not succeed. Dr. Morton got so tired of cutting him open he threatened to sew buttons and buttonholes on him next time he comes around.

Miss Weeks got jealous and had her hair bobbed at the same time.

The only holdouts in the stenographic department are Lucille, Vera and Edna. Come on kids, get in line.

Old man McGahn, better known as "Period Paragraph Pat," is evidently trying to educate the bunch in the mysteries of dictaphone transcription. His "basso profundo" rolls and rumbles in an incessant rhetorical rhythm, marred only by his occasional staccato "Period, Paragraph!"

"'Who touches a hair on yon gray head dies like a dog! March on!' he said," was murmured into the ear of the editor by E. J. Hass when he read last month's RECORD.

George Varcoe is now a privileged character. The Street Car Company put on a special car for his benefit. Poor George now rides direct from the Bad Lands at Milwaukee and Belmont avenues direct to State and Ninth streets.

Science claims man descended from the ape. Now we understand what Sandquist meant when he said he had a round trip ticket.

Miss Allen wishes to say a "THANK YOU" to the anonymous donor of the beautiful pair of decorative candles she found on her desk one morning. (Some Harold Teen in this office has his S. P.)

This should make Susie happy. L. J. Frodin just sold 2,000 shares of Bull common at a good profit.

Johnnie Wyand has quit buying chewing tobacco and has started buying candy. Now, you can see all the office fair sex around his desk.

Billy "Hey" Crothers and Miss Ross are now conversing in French. Bill studied French overseas and, of course, Miss Ross comes of an old French family.

Dick Pfeiffer from the cost department and Phylis Schraft from the transfer department seem to be getting quite chummy.

Edna and Jim Roggen are not on speaking terms because Edna said she would like to see him with his hair mussed and Jim observed that his hair was mussed only when he slept.

Ethel, let us know in advance when you feel that sneeze coming. Some of our nervous ones are tempted to dive for the fire escapes.

Boy, open the window, Lorimer is going to throw his chest out—since his promotion to the cost department as junior clerk.

Bill Wiltgen knows the flavor of a good cigar when he gets one. Some miscreants inserted three rubber bands in one of his favorite brand. He smoked it down to the last one-eighth of an inch.

Funny things happen. For instance, J. E. Schurek ran into the Rogers Park Police Station with his auto cushions under his arms and complained that his automobile was stolen.

Somebody else will be following Frodin's footsteps pretty soon and buy a ring. Jeanette LeBren is very fond of those cute little Ford Sedans and A. W. Thomas, who owns one, has found it out.

Bert Hawkins is offering a reward for the return of a certain key. He can't get into the old cellar.

E. J. Hass found he was so good with a lawn mower that he hit upon a money-saving idea. He bought a pair of hair clippers and began practicing on the young hopefuls.

Mary Jane: "They sure have their nerve, when they take out their handkerchief, wipe the rouge off your lips and then kiss you." Jule: "It's better to be kissed than missed, my dear."

George Varcoe says, "Life is all discount." Here is his definition: "You buy a cheese sandwich in a restaurant. You can't see the cheese for holes. That's *their* discount. You eat it, feel fed up and that's *your* discount."

Ali Ho-Ho Hermes is sure slipping fast. We understand he is endeavoring to get W. J. H. and E. G. V. to form a company to try to locate the wonderful Fountain of Youth that he is constantly talking about.

John Knapp is partial to red hair.

Miss Allen has created quite a "Harmony" in the office.

Oh Girls! You can now see Powers smile since he removed the fuzz from his upper lip. Yes, it was inconvenient.

Forrest E. Smith is a great Hearst fan. He takes home about sixteen *Herald and Examiners* every day after the bunch are through with them.

General Manager's Department

No parking, boys! Allow us to introduce Mrs. Shaw as head of our stenographic department. Mrs. Shaw is verv popular with all the girls, as well as the entire General Manager's Department.

Commodore W. A. Jones has just returned from a three weeks' trip to New York and New England carrying the banner of Fortnite. Mr. Jones, we are glad to see your smiling face around the office again.

Miss Alcock of our stenographic department has been transferred to the equipment department as assistant to Mr. Kluender.

Our genial junior clerk, Tom Conley, is back on the job after four weeks' absence, due to falling from a moving train. Tom is going to get in touch with Mr. Singleton and study some of his safety first suggestions.

Ed Bobleter finally quit worrying. He got his soldier's bonus. (His wife has it by this time.)

When Miss Wilkey first came to our office from Evansville she had the loveliest natural "country girl complexion." She's still got the complexion, but we'll bet she buys it at the drug store now. How about it, Billie?

Miss Burton received a telephone call the other day which seemed to leave her with a satisfied feeling. She proceeded to tell the girls that she is no more an orphan—her sister and brother-in-law are locating in Chicago.

Miss Pearson, who left here a month ago for California, hasn't dropped a line yet, and there are one or two lads we know of who just can't understand it. Maybe she met a sheik in Frisco.

They say Miss Stonehouse formerly sang for the radio in Winnipeg. Maybe someone will feed her a little birdseed so we can hear her melodious voice.

We all know Louis Schallerer is married. He now smokes a pipe.

Steve Kczinski says he does more accidentally than most of us do on purpose.

Are you in the market for an old and worn out automobile? If so, see Mr. Ralph Kluender.

"When a fellow needs a friend!" Mr. Finnegan says his private bootlegger handles the real stuff that makes you sing "Sweet Adeline" instead of "Nearer My God to Thee."

Miss Tillish now thinks she can drive her new car 100 per cent and, say, boys, is she a reckless driver? She says what's the use of having a "stand in" if you can't make use of your friends and hand them a ticket occasionally to be scratched off

Will someone please find out from Miss Sandhagen why she always makes it a point to go to the Ontra for lunch, seemingly all alone. Come on, Gladys, tell us the secret.

Mr. Longhenry has just found out that dealers sell Polarine for automobiles, and used some in his Chevrolet. Now he wants to know who makes it so he can order it in five gallon cans.

The general manager's office boosts the greatest spark plug cleaner in the business, Mr. Gutgsell.

If when you need a new cylinder for your dictaphone and cannot locate any in mail desk, see Al Fischer.

Question: Are there any new Lunch Rooms opened on State street recently? Answer: Ask Mr. Gatley.

We have been trying to get an excuse for writing up F. M. Long of our accident department, but he makes no errors, walks the straight and narrow path and thus avoids any remarks in these columns.

In the future Miss Wilkey will be our STANOLIND RECORD reporter. We want our department well represented and this can only be accomplished through co-operation. Please report all items of interest to her. Items must be in before the 28th of each month.

Jimmy Riehoff seems to be in a haze ever since Hattie left. What's the matter, Jimmy, won't the other girls buy you candy?

John A. Gutgsell's Lizzie recently passed the 5,000 mark which isn't saying very much for Mr. Longhenry's Chevrolet which has just reached the 2,000 miles.

We are wondering what Mr. Johnson would do if the office hours were changed to 7:30 a. m. He possibly would get up with the chickens and reach the office about 6:00 a. m., all of which goes to prove that he believes in the saying, "What you sow, so shall you reap."

G. L. Conley was recently transferred from the lubricating department to the general manager's office.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente, Correspondent

The Chicago office welcomes J. W. Wilson as assistant manager in our midst.

F. L. Bosworth, assistant chief clerk, Chicago, is the proud papa of an eight-pound baby boy, born on November 22. Here's wishing the family good luck, Roy.

A. Enzenbacher, who is well known in Chicago field, has been transferred to Englewood as chief clerk, replacing Mr. Schouten, who has been transferred into the Main Office.

Miss O'Brien, stenographer in the general supply department, is getting quite chummy with an unknown sheik from the sixth floor. We have it from good authority that she went to sleep on his shoulder while returning home. The young man rode three miles past his stop to avoid waking Miss O'Brien. That's true affection for you.

EXTRA! EXTRA! J. B. Tucker substitutes for Sir Walter Raleigh. On the morning of October 18, at 8:25 a. m., Mr. Tucker rescued a fair damsel who had inadvertently spread herself and her belongings all over the lobby. Mr. Tucker deserves a lot of credit inasmuch as he did not find out that the young lady was good looking until after he had picked her up. We are wondering if Mr. Tucker carries a rabbit foot in his pocket.

A. B. Markwalter, tank wagon driver at Rogers Park station, is the proud daddy of twins, a boy and girl, born August 29.

We have noticed a dashing young fellow from the fourth floor spending considerable time at

the desk of Miss M. Warner of the fifth floor. Let us in on the secret, Mae.

Chicago Division

The following article was found in the lost and found column of a Chicago paper recently: "Lost or Stolen—Newly purchased dress, while passing through department store on State street. Finder kindly return to Mrs. L. Smith, 910 South Michigan avenue, and receive liberal reward."

Thomas S. Clawson, who is now on our annuity roll, better known as "Young Tom," needs no introduction to the boys of the Chicago division. He is only 75 years old, and can pass in the 50's any day. He predicted some years ago that he was going to pass the century mark, and we are inclined to believe that he had a "Fountain of Youth" in many of the natatoriums that he has visited for his daily plunge, which keeps him in perfect physical condition. Our last report of him was in the form of a newspaper clipping from Cincinnati, showing Tom in a bathing suit at a Cincinnati natatorium.

A NICE CHAP? The girls in our office show great confidence in Mr. Bauer. He doesn't look like a sheik. On the contrary. He is the only one they go to with their secrets.

"Early to bed and early to rise" isn't bad in theory, Morrow.

Burns' mule is good, but he can't kick no worse'n Albert's Dodge.

Gladys Swensen says when she pays 50 cents for cosmetics, she wants some folks kin see.

Dere Santa: Please send Gus Wolke a bottle of heir tonic. Please send Margy Fabing a set of reducing rekords.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Myrtle M. A. Clark, Correspondent

At last a contribution for the RECORD has been received. We can't tell you the contributor's name but we will say that he hires a rotten orchestra. He was wise, though, he didn't show up at the dance. Are you all set? Well, here's the first Item of Interest (get the capitals) received by Madame La Correspondante from one of the Davenport office gang. Ye gods, here's hoping it's not the last, although it may be the last of the aforementioned gentleman who gave it to us: "John Julius Jost is sporting a sore knee which he claims he received in a football game while scoring the winning touchdown. Authentic (spelling accepted as received without referring to Webster) reports, however, show that he fell off the fence from where he was taking in the game. Admission is cheaper than doctor bills, Jack." As Tylle would say, -l-n- can't help it that he's so smart. In spite of the music the Kid Party went over all right. We are not insinuating that the orchestra couldn't play, in fact we really believe that they are capable of rendering "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," with true feeling. Didn't J. Howard look cute? We forget who it was said it, but we did hear this: "Why he doesn't look a bit fat, does, he?" Don't take it too hard, perhaps the reference was to Red Roland's figure. Writing the Davenport dope for the STANDOLIND RECORD has some good points. Yep, we got a letter from R. E. Westmeyer, formerly of the Warehouse but now of Iowa U., setting us straight on Lil's visit to Iowa City. He says: "In view of happenings in the last few weeks you need (he does not say must) not hitch up my name with Miss Holm. Ask her, yourself." (We did, but she just gave us a dirty look.)

Mr. Yonson, S. S. attendant, decided to go back to Minn-e-so-ta but made the acquaintance of a nice young lady here and decided to stay.

A plot was discovered recently to sell Bob Campbell's genuine white Mexican Meat Hound to the University. The plot, however, was nipped in the bud.

Robbie and I are wondering if Mrs. Valley Forge is any relation to our own Rudie Valentino. (At last the cruel truth is out. What will little Dorothy say?)

Mr. Stewart was a welcome visitor here at the Michigan football game.

Gosh, Westy (do you mind?) keep up the kind-deed-a-day stuff. It's good for our soul.

At the party someone asked Mr. Bragg where his costume was and he said it was in the wash. What do you mean, XYZs?

Ted Knaack has the right idea. He brings along four of the most wonderful dancers and cute, oh, boy!

It's too bad that some of the young gentlemen around here don't profit by the noble example that is set for them by Messrs. Flanagan, Sergeant (if only Florence and Tylle would let someone else dance with him once in a while) Scharnburg, Watson, Bowlby (sure, even the rest room gang at noon admit that Mr. Bowlby is some stepper) and the like when it comes to kicking a wicked heel.

The Davenport division have begun formulating plans for a new social organization, a real booster club. The only definite thing about the club as yet is that the dues are to be 50 cents a month with a dance for every 50 cents. A darn good start for any club we'll say. The committee are hard at work drafting a constitution. (That's the proper thing to say, we believe.)

Mr. Clark is especially keen about moonlight dances, we hear. We don't exactly approve of them ourselves, but Pat O'Connell didn't seem to mind. Do they have those kind down in Ottumwa?

What did you think about the doll that Bob Kibler had at the party? No, not Florence, the other one. He seemed to be able to handle it, them, since you insist.

Little Dickie from the order department wasn't at the party. Dean thinks it was because he was afraid the crowd would be too noisy.

What did you think of Mr. Flanagan's souvenirs of the affair? Not so good, huh?

Pete, when are we going to get that clothes brush? Do dreams come true? Florence Anderson believes so—she would just love to teach school.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sunday, November 11, the employees went on a big hunting trip. Mike Quinlan was captain for one team and Art Schmidt for the other. Owing to a sore arm, a game leg and a sore foot Captain Quinlan was unable to go, but his team brought home the bacon, anyhow. Art Schmidt's team consisted of some of the best marksmen and anglers in this state: Mr. McLeod, Mr. Flaherty. Captain Schmidt did the angling for the opposing team and after many hardships came home with a nice string of lake

trout. Mr. Beach, shooting under Captain Quinlan's colors, won the honors of the day, getting one rabbit in seventeen shots. Some say it died from fright! Laying all jokes aside, when the game was counted there were twenty-seven rabbits and fourteen squirrels. There is still some argument about the fish as Captain Quinlan says the anglers were caught fishing in a box containing smoked whitefish. Nevertheless the hunters, their wives and families enjoyed a fine game dinner at the Travel Inn the next evening.

Bill Hensky, one of our former S. S. attendants, is now performing his duties at the plant. He's some kid, wears a tie, army officer's shoes and is always standing at attention when the dinner bell rings.

Harry Carney is now stepping out with a kill 'em quick moustache. It has the resemblance of the old family toothbrush.

Mike Quinlan's bird dog died last week. A change of diet from quail to sparrows is said to be the cause. Anyway the gang won't have to chip in for a license tag now.

We saw in the paper where a football player died after swallowing his chewing tobacco. We sometimes wonder what would happen if Ed. Pherrin would swaller his.

Frank Ammons is our new Furnace Oil King. He says it is a good job but he can't see how it is people put their barrels out on the roof so far away from those in the cellar.

Keokuk, Iowa

Miss Vollers left the employ of the S. O. Co. November 15. We all wish her well in her new undertaking. Yes, she's somebody else's Steno. now.

Mr. Klepfer, recent Keokuk agent, underwent an operation for appendicitis on November 23. Doing fine. You just can't keep a good man down, and Nick's a GOOD man.

Agent Brunat is mating his Rhode Island Reds. He's pretty old to be fooling with "chickens" but as long as they have feathers on we suppose it is all right.

Everybody at Keokuk is planning for record sales during the year 1924. "It Can Be Done" and we "Will Do It."

Mr. Siney, our dray truck driver (yes, he's Irish) stepped out in society with a new Ford Coupe. He just called numbers until he found somebody home and away they went.

Mr. Flanagan paid us a visit a few days ago. Come again and stay longer. Keokuk needs folks like him to pay her visits and instil some real pep and ginger.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year are the wishes of the Keokuk employees to you all. (Boy, we need 'em. If only they could be utilized to pay the Christmas bills what a grand world it would be.)

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Lloyd Francis is building a home to suit himself and not his neighbors—so he states.

Homer Thompson is in very deep thought these days. He will never be the same because he will soon be working "as instructed" by his better half.

A few employees from the office were out to a house party and as the cars were leaving a sedan pulled away with a couple in the back seat, the lights of a car in the rear were suddenly turned on and caught the couple in the sedan "trading gum." Marie blames Helen and Helen blames Marie. At any rate, many witnessed the act.

Tankwagon Salesman C. A. Dietrich entertained the East St. Louis male employees with a "stag" November 10. E. R. Reiss fell in a bucket of something, but they didn't tell me what. They all reported a very hilarious time, but refused to let much information out for the RECORD.

Salesman J. A. Holmes, Tuscola, is the proud father of a new baby girl, born November 20. She has been named Marie Alice.

Carl Besalke, S. S. attendant at No. 47, Decatur, says he has been kidded a lot, but the last one almost got his "goat." A young lady recently drove into the station for some gasoline. Carl said he inquired the number of gallons. She replied: "About three gallons, I'm nearly full now."

It seems Clyde Conant has not been coming after Miss Helen Johnson for nothing as on October 27 they were married in Decatur and left that day for a short visit in Chicago. The girls in the office were entertained at the home of Marie Nalefski at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Mrs. Conant. The supper table was beautifully decorated, the color scheme being pink and white. A radio program was the main feature of the evening.

Although we have had fair warning, it was quite a surprise when Miss Carrie Delaney told us she would be leaving us the first of the year. It seems Jack has won our smiling telephone operator. Carrie has not announced the date of the wedding. Congratulations, Carrie. Our best wishes also go to Jack Milne, the bridegroom elect.

Heard in the office: "Annamary Ellis wasn't at the party on Helen Johnson Conant, due to illness." Was she homesick or "love sick"?

The Decatur division unites in welcoming J. H. Budde, new manager. Before Mr. Clifford was transferred friends in this division presented him with a diamond scarf pin in token of their esteem.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

The entire field joins in extending a hearty welcome to W. J. Riepe, formerly of Evansville, Ind., who has been appointed assistant manager at Des Moines. H. A. Monson, manager, who has been ill for the past few months, has now returned to his desk, having completely regained his health. Welcome back home, Mr. Monson.

L. J. Rowley has returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in Woodward, Iowa. He was not a patient at the Epileptic Colony—he was at his home. He reports having a fine time.

On November 15 occurred the wedding of Miss Fern Hovey of Independence, Iowa, to Glen Ozias, our genial superintendent of equipment. We wish you both a long life and lots of happiness. The cigars were fine, Glen.

A Standard Oil Company basketball team has been organized consisting of Messrs. Ted Galbraeth, Hobbs, Hubersmith, Brinkman and Ted Carlson. It was entered in the Industrial league. The boys won their first game by defeating the

strong South Side A. C. Games are held every Thursday evening on the East High School Court. Let's all go and boost.

The employees of the Des Moines field wish to extend their heartiest congratulations to R. H. Thomas, appointed manager of the Mason City field. H. E. Hanson was appointed assistant manager and William Kern was appointed chief clerk of the same division. We wish you the best of luck.

Arlis Downey, attendant at S. S. No. 59, Des Moines, is the proud father of an eight pound baby girl born on November 11. Congratulations, Mr. Downey.

Bill Yates, cashier's office, has a bad looking eye. He says a woman hit him in the eye in the church basement. We are unable to secure any further particulars.

E. G. Wright, order department, is hitting the high places in the bowling league, having an average of over 200.

The correspondent tried hard to get a picture of Dale Stumbaugh, office boy sheik, using his powder puff which he carries in a gold compact, but was unable to do so. When all powdered up Dale is a boy that any woman would be proud to call her son.

Joe P. Koscielak, man of the hour, paid 15 bucks for speeding up his car. The Judge said, "Joe, take it easy, my boy, don't step so fast in that little tinker toy." Put on a governor, Joe.

F. J. Dickinson, truck driver for his brother, K. A. Dickinson, agent at Ames, was married October 20 at Jefferson, Iowa, to Miss Leona Starkey of Ames, Iowa. Frank and his bride are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

Frank H. Raynor is wearing a broad smile since the birth of Robert Lewis Raynor, on November 1. He thinks his boy is already trying to say Polarine.

L. E. Luce, former agent at Centerville, Iowa, has moved to Shenandoah and is now on the regular sales force.

MASON CITY

Mason City is boasting of a new division office. The entire second floor, Holihan building, is being remodeled to receive the new offices, which will be around January 1.

Lyle Potter has taken charge of S. S. No. 95, succeeding Clare Pangborn, resigned.

John Janssen has been transferred to country tank truck. He is renewing old acquaintances along with selling the full line.

Vern Quinn has taken charge of S. S. No. 106. He must be rather lonesome out there these days.

Albert John Patrick (Curley) Wallace, has taken a sojourn to Council Bluffs to repaint several trucks. A. R. Maulsby knows a real painter. Better keep him away from Omaha.

John Barber, master mechanic, is instructing truck drivers each day in regard to their duties. He says all are obeying his instructions and picking and cleaning up and closing doors in proper manner. Keep the good work up, John.

Carroll

Traveling Mechanic Allgood was in Carroll during November, overhauling our trucks.

Harry Farrell, our cashier, witnessed the Ames-Nebraska football game at Ames on November 17.

"Scotty" Fiscus, cornet; W. D. Raker, saxaphone, and J. M. Pfiffner, trombone, played with the Odd Fellows' orchestra which furnished music for the Armistice day services at the M. E. church.

Anyone desiring instruction in the art of rabbit hunting call on W. H. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Pfiffner were out looking for rabbits one moonlight night. Pfiffner was driving and Sullivan was holding the gun ready for immediate action. A gray streak ran across the road; the car stopped and Sullivan stepped up with the rifle in the ready position just as a maltese house cat jumped out of the ditch.

Thomas Finnegan is sporting a brand new paint job on his Gary dray. Tom says he has to carry a club to keep the girls off as he goes down the street.

On November 17 Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sullivan celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary at their home at Carroll by a most delightful dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Pfiffner as guests.

J. N. Traner is mourning the recent deaths of two cousins, Mrs. William H. McKenney of Schaller, Iowa, and R. H. Traner of Lanesboro, Iowa.

Creston

It is with deep regret that we report the death of Mrs. T. G. Hamilton of Creston, Iowa. Mr. Hamilton was for many years connected with the Standard Oil Company at Creston and is now one of the company's annuitants and has the sympathy of the employees in his recent bereavement.

Creston now boasts of the finest tourist park and lake of any town of its size in Iowa. Last Spring a bathing beach was opened to the public which attracted the water nymphs from all parts of Southwestern Iowa. A lake of twenty acres afforded the little birch canoe a spacious haunt and this winter the lake will make it possible for the skaters to have the time of times. Even the Anglers are looking forward to the days of real sport and some big fish stories for this lake has been stocked with a liberal supply of the choicest of game fish.

Ft. Dodge

Mr. Leu, our genial agent, is conducting a series of sales meetings, one evening each week. We are all glad of the opportunity to learn the sales game. Our motto is "every man a salesman" and we believe in living up to it.

Herman ("Go-To-Work") Finck has left us to accept employment elsewhere. We were all sorry to hear that Herman had to go to work and do it.

Floyd Kays, former warehouse clerk, has accepted a position as S. S. attendant.

The contest between the Hustlers and Rustlers is getting warm as it draws to a close. Somebody is going to pay for a big feed. The hustlers are beginning to price poultry to find out which brand will be the cheapest.

A. G. Carlson, city driver, has returned to work, having recovered from an operation for appendicitis.

Henderson has turned his paint shop into a beauty parlor, his first customer being Dorothy Leu's doll, who was in need of a bob and retouching of features.

S. S. Attendant Barron failed to open his sta-

tion on time one day this week. This was the reason: The cat got into the house, knocked over the alarm clock. The clock failed to alarm and therefore Barron failed to get up on time.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Those amiable and important branches of our vast organization—garage sales and coupon book department—have fought magnificently with the "supreme heads" for a telephone "all to themselves," in order to relieve congestion on the traffic and accident lines. Our genial garage supervisor, Raymond McGauley, while on temporary office duty persuaded the Koopan Buk Manija, Edgar Brown, to again ask Mr. Ralston to obtain telephone service or O. K. a requisition calling for two pairs of roller skates in order that the telephones serving the traffic and accident departments, situated in the rural territory on the second floor, could be reached in the minimum of time. Mr. Ralston and Mr. Kirn were seen in earnest conversation a few minutes later and we have every reason to believe that the roller skates will lose out and a telephone will be installed "before the sands of the desert grow cold."

With mingled joy and regret the entire Detroit organization united during the past month in saying goodbye to our well known and beloved Floyd H. Fillingham, who has been selected by the officials of our company to fill the assistant managership at Grand Rapids.

Leo Anteau's crew is finishing the season like some football teams we know of—minus a few of the stars. Tom Mendenhall is on the hospital list with the only ailment left in the category that Tom has not already had. Howard Klinkman sustained a lacerated hand when he tackled the new ash moving device in the office building. Both men are expected to be back in the line-up for the clash with Old Man Winter's "griefs."

We understand that the Gaiety and Avenue theatres experienced a considerable increase in revenue during the time Vic Korhommel of the order department was playing bachelor.

Some of the boys in S. S. Supervisor Art Dinsmore's old east-side territory are laying a few side bets as to how long Art can stand that 144 miles to Jackson and back every week.

Any landlubber can see that Bill Coye was once a mariner. Every morning since his "boat" has been returned, after parking it he "shivers his timbers" and throws the anchor.

Andy Henderson says he almost had a chance to collect on his brand new accident insurance policy when he fell down the steps at S. S. No. 27. How come, how come?

We are pleased to introduce these new members of the S. S. department: Thomas H. Deveaux, Duncan S. Humphries, Albert L. Jarrett, Edward G. Read, Allen L. Scott and Ernest J. Zimmerman. There is another new member in the form of an eight-pound boy, John Jr., in the family of John I. Niemi, who looks after the company's interests at S. S. No. 83.

Another suprise was perpetrated on the Detroit sales organization when W. W. Jordan, our well-known east-side specialty salesman, deserted the ranks of bachelorhood and started on the happy road to matrimony with Miss Benita Bowers. Good luck to you. Jordan, but we can't help wondering what excuse a man has for being late to his own wedding.

Oliver J. Smith, S. S. No. 5, is to date the champion big game hunter of the outfit. Oliver called up to tell us of the 200-pound buck he had shot up north—had fourteen points and everything. Not having tasted any venison we are in grave doubt whether to pass the presidency of the Ananias Club on to him or to award him the ivory-handled Polarine bottle.

After five restless nights without sleep or nourishment, our shop-worn lubricating salesman, Ray Hill, arrives at the main office with the announcement that his daughter, age one, has recovered from a bad case of measles, much to the satisfaction of all.

With real joy the Detroit correspondent announces the automobile accident which Bill O'Mara and Art Bailey attended after a recent football game at Ann Arbor, not joy because the accident occurred, but because we are still able to hold conversation with both Bill and Art without consulting a spiritualist. It seems that the county road commission put a decided curve in the road during the time the game was in progress. Of course, neither Art nor Bill could be expected to know that this curve had been manufactured and consequently not being students of mathematical problems did not realize that a moving object traveling from 50 to 60 miles an hour would be unable to change its course on sudden notice without disturbing the atmosphere in the wrong direction.

Well, well, we see by the papers our old friend, Angus Ferguson, S. S. No. 98, has gone and done it. Yes, girls, he's married. We haven't tasted any of the wedding cake, either. Congratulations, anyway, Mr. Ferguson.

Ray Hendra, red-headed clerk in the S. S. department, comes across with this: "What is a zebra?" All right, we'll bite. "Sport model donkey."

With regret we announce that L. L. Judges of the city specialty force has resigned to take up other selling duties in Massachusetts. Our wishes for success go with him.

We understand that Mr. Ralston, former Record correspondent and present sales manager, has requested the services of a few Detroit policemen to be on duty at the main office at all times in order to keep peace between "Shorty" McGauley of the garage sales and "Bull Dog" Newton of the specialty sales, when they happen to meet on the second floor. The virtues of these two departments are raised and lowered to an alarming degree when these two meet.

Bill Doney, our country S. S. supervisor, was almost afraid to go on a vacation. No one knew why. Art Dinsmore went on the territory and after two weeks of traveling around reported that everything was in fine shape. Why the worry, Bill?

With the year 1924 at hand and with each department making their preparations for a successful campaign during the new year, there is only one slogan to be heard from one side of the office to the other. that being "watch the general salesmen during 1924."

The Standard Oil bowling league rolls merrily on as each week passes with a surprising degree

of close competition developing between six of the eight teams. Before the season ends a good many more surprises may be encountered. The battle has become so intense that even the hospitals have been employed to help win games. For instance, Jimmy Poulson of the specialty sales department, with an average for the first part of the season of about 101, decided to have his tonsils removed, and the first week following rolled high score of 242. His action has caused considerable comment among the other members of the league and various suggestions are being brought forward to better each average. Possibly if a doctor could be secured to amputate the gutters on either side of the alleys the success wished for might be accomplished. The standing of the different teams up to December 3 is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Check Department	27	9	.750
Order Department	23	13	.638
Accounting Department	23	13	.638
Sales Department	22	14	.611
Garage Sales	22	14	.611
Specialty Sales	17	19	.472
West Detroit	7	29	.194
River Rouge	4	32	.111

Customers of our S. S. at Cadillac and Jefferson avenues are becoming acquainted with our old friend, Walter Pierson, who has recently been transferred from the order department. Undoubtedly the specialty salesmen around this station will soon learn that another chap is spreading the Standard Oil ideas throughout the neighborhood. Good luck, Walter.

Our station at Carleton has lost a good agent and the entire Detroit division has gained an excellent "B" station instructor, as Stuart Gregory has been transferred from Carleton to the duties mentioned above.

The specialty salesmen of the east and west sides of Detroit are in a death-grip competition during December for a dinner to be served at the board of commerce and to be paid for by the losing side. One thing to be sure—the board of commerce is bound to be the loser and not the winner with the appetites most of that crowd display, unless they adopt the serve-self plan.

The Detroit division is again the proud possessor of the Red Crown Plaque by virtue of having the highest percentage of increase in Red Crown sales for October.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Mr. Graham, auditor from the Chicago office, is with us at the present time.

Some party! One Saturday afternoon Florence Lufholm invited the girls from the office to a cabin at Pike lake. They arrived at the camp at about 3 p. m. where the Scandinavians of the party at once commenced clamoring for coffee. Hiking, dancing, card playing, singing and some more hiking were some of the events that kept the girls busy during their stay at the cabin Saturday and Sunday. The girls in attendance at the party were Olive Pugh, Phronie Currier, Lill Bergstrom, Christine Larson, Eleanor Johnson, Esthyre Pomroy and Florence Lufholm.

H. E. Rassmussen of the traffic department returned recently from his vacation, which was taken during the open deer season in Wisconsin. Rasty, however, reports no deer seen.

Employees of the Duluth division sincerely regret to learn of the death of Mrs. John C. Shields, mother of I. J. Shields, manager.

Kenneth McGregor, former lubrication salesman, has been transferred to the Evansville, Ind., division as lubricating engineer. Best wishes in your new work, Ken.

Ah, another member for our sales force! We wish to report the arrival of a nine-pound baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Nicholas, our Eveleth, Minn., salesman.

Salesman H. J. Lalonde pulled a surprise on all of us by getting married September 29. Miss Della Marie Barrett was the bride. Congratulations, Harry! Mr. Lalonde has been recently transferred from Hibbing to Bemidji, Minn.

F. G. O'Connor is now agent-salesman at Ironwood, Mich. Alec Leonard, former agent at Ironwood, is now warehouse superintendent.

A. C. Cooper, former salesman at Superior, Wis., will shortly leave for Madison, Wis., to study dentistry at the University of Wisconsin. We won t forget you're "pull" when you take up your new work, Coad. Dan Dinneen, former salesman of East End in Duluth, has taken over Mr. Cooper's territory.

Mr. Larson is the new sales clerk in the accounting department. We welcome you to our crowd, Larson. Make yourself at home.

After having served our company for twenty continuous years Mr. J. H. Hardy, otherwise familiarly known as "Cap" Hardy, has been placed on the annuity roll. Mr. Hardy was presented with a pipe and enough tobacco for at least a year's smokes by the employees of the Duluth office. Mr. Hardy will make his future home with his son at Milwaukee. We hope Cap that you won't soon forget the bunch.

"Tomorrow," said Clyde Gardner, "we'll have snow on the ground a foot deep." Yes, we did—not. As a weather prophet, Clyde, you're a good story teller.

Ralph Knowlton, a former employee, dropped in to say hello to his former side kicks. Ralph is at present working on the range.

Miss Eleanor Johnson, former head of the transcribing room, is now with the credit department. Miss Clark has been appointed head of the transcribing room, succeeding Miss Johnson.

Our agent at Wakefield, Mich., purchases his material at the Quality Shop at Wakefield. A bill recently come through with the following items: 1050 pounds of hay; 22½ bushels of oats; 1 sack of bran.

Jimmy O'Niel, former clerk, has resigned.

It was about ten p. m. Everything was quiet. Suddenly the telephone bell rang noisily. Norma Patterson answered the phone. The conversation ran something like this: Norma, "Hello." Voice, "Hello, This is the Edison Electric Company. Will you please see if the light on the corner is out?" Exit Norma. Entrance Norma, "Hello, yes it's on." Voice, "Well that's too bad, when you go to bed will you kindly put it out?" Norma, "How?" Voice, "Throw rocks at it. We're having this done all over the city." Bang. Norma hangs up receiver.

Superior, Wis.

When it comes to deer hunting, most of us go up on the main street to indulge in this pleasure. However, Frank Bashaw went out in the woods to try his luck. All he got, however, was back.

Winter is on the start now and the warehouse crew has started the regular noon-hour smear playing. Soren Ossell plays a wicked hand at this game and sure can smear. He possesses that uncanny ability of giving ten-spots to the opposition.

Alden Hammerbeck, attendant at S. S. No. 39, has left the company's employee to accept a position with the Canadian Grain Company at Superior. We wish him success in his new vocation. Fred Haack has been appointed to succeed Mr. Hammerbeck.

Charles Fredenburgh, of the warehouse, reports the birth of a baby girl. Name, yet unknown.

Harold Ostlund returned recently from a trip to Curtis, Wis., where he was in attendance at the wedding of his brother-in-law. From the "haul" that he brought back with him, we'd say it was a profitable trip. Garden truck of all kinds. Having been through the performance once himself, not even a marriage can dampen Fat's good nature.

Art Hoff is again back at S. S. No. 14, after having suffered a severe case of tonsilitis. He again feels fit as a fiddle and is selling the full line with renewed vigor.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Opening of hunting season has made crack shots of the Evansville office force. One day Mr. Riepe was successful in throwing a croquet mallet through one of the basement windows; next day Mr. Blackburn threw one through the back window. Glass smashers are in rare form. Mr. Green entering the select class when he tore a bevel glass mirror from the wall of the wash room. Who brought the jinx to the Evansville office?

Helen Zachman has changed her preference for Jordan cars to Ford coupes, especially two certain ones.

The Evansville division welcomes our new lubricating engineer, K. A. MacGregor, formerly lubricating salesman at Duluth. Mr. MacGregor's family will arrive later.

J. E. Hall, auditor, is with us again after four years' absence. We are certainly glad to see you again, Mr. Hall.

H. R. Cochran, assistant general manager, was with us for two days recently.

Allan Green is still with us since the world's series. Guess Mrs. Green did not find out about hubby's heavy plunging.

W. J. Riepe, our sales manager, has been promoted to assistant manager at Des Moines, Iowa. Evansville division and the many friends of Mr. Riepe, while congratulating him upon his promotion will consider his transfer a distinct loss to this office.

A certain little blonde up stairs, whose initials are Irene Dieg, says she is going to get busy and do some fancy work for a hope chest. It takes someone with high hopes to say that. How about it, Irene? When is it all to take place and who is the lucky guy?

Girls don't you just adore Ewald Weber's marcel wave? It's a good thing it doesn't rain every day, though, or you wouldn't know he had one.

Although Harold Guthrie has made many nice remarks, there is still one remark that would please the girls very much that he has not made and that is, "I like bobbed hair."

The girls were all very much disappointed at the postponment of the Guthrie-Helfrich hike which was to be given by Mr. Guthrie with Frances' co-operation for the benefit of the girls only "in appreciation of their loyal efforts during the summer months." That was a very pretty piece of composition, Frances. Try it again and it may finally appeal to Mr. Guthrie. You know, "If at first you don't succeed—"

Anyone who hears of a new baby that needs a name we would suggest they get in touch with Marie Meyer. Marie, after writing a recent letter to service stations, has quite a new selection, as follows: Ethylizer, Amyliter, Methyliter or Centimeter.

We are curious to know why a certain young man called "Strutz," who used to walk to and from work in all kinds of weather, now uses his flivver. We heard him say once that a certain blonde in the credit department thought he was cute. Oh, well! That is what his flivver is for and that is what Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine is for, and —and!

Where was Helen Zachman November 25 that she did not hear the rain?

Where did Julian DeTreville get all the apples November 26? Look out; Police!

From whom did Verla Grant receive a long distance telephone message November 26?

Do our advertising circulars bring results? Well we should smile out loud. Just clap your peepers on this, Mr. Riepe, and note the kind of results our little telephone girl gets for the time spent in folding circulars: "Recently we received from you a little circular relative to Stanolax. After reading this circular we have come to the conclusion that we have kept all of our machinery well supplied with oil but have sadly neglected ourselves. Accordingly, will you please send us by express a gallon can of Stanolax Heavy?" Manager (of a Southern Illinois Public Utilities company.)

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

It is with regret that we see C. H. Wagner, our assistant manager, leave us, but we like to see him climb. Congratulations, manager of the St. Joseph, Mo., division.

We welcome into our midst F. H. Fillingham, from Detroit, who has succeeded Mr. Wagner as assistant manager. We hope you'll like us like we think we're going to like you.

It seems good to see B. H. Bishop back in Grand Rapids again, going in and out of the office. We like his cheery smile.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the family of James Price, whose father passed away recently.

We're convinced that Marie De Young isn't all here. She has just returned after having had her tonsils removed. She still looks the same and we understand she sings beautifully (still).

Old Doc Stork reports the following:

That on November 6 he left Rex R. Robinson, eight and one-half pounds, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donovan Robinson. Don is in the marketing department and says that Rex is some boy. We think he is going to be famous; look at his initials, R. R. R.; perhaps some railroad magnate.

That on November 11, Peace day, he left Alex

Jr. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Murison. A peaceful boy and perhaps another civil engineer for the Grand Rapids office.

Any lonesome bachelor or eligible young man, wishing buttons sewed on or mending done, kindly see Lenore Gillis at the Grand Rapids office. Lenore recently was the lucky winner of a sewing cabinet.

Louis Tomczak is a terror. He had a shirt on the other day that proved it.

Florence Baker is back with us again in the billing department, but Florence now answers to the name of Florence Afman. Glad to see you back, Florence, we missed the curly locks 'n everything.

The ediphone department is a bit upset. Christine Vehyl said she wished Ethelyn Yost would buy a lipstick of her own and stop using hers. We understand Ethelyn is waiting for the new flavored lipsticks and is debating which flavor would be the best to get.

K. C. Klapp, former correspondent for the RECORD in the G. R. office, has left us and gone back to his old love, reporting and newspaper work. We know "Casey" will be successful, it's naturual with him.

Howard Free is so young! Yet we understand he shaves twice a dav, sometimes. Sure, but it happens to be ediphone records.

Joe Hessman, ledgerman, just loves Hershey bars. He paid Jane Janereth, the telephone operator, ten cents for one and then discovered, as he bit into it, that he had got a sliver. Who "wood" have thought of that?

Roma West and Frieda Frey spent their vacation in Detroit last week. It always seems good to hear about R. F. McConnell, A. A. Kirn, etc. It's just like news from home.

Buttons, buttons, who's got the buttons, from the bottom of Ila Hyde's dress?

George Zylman of the stock department said perhaps the goat out in the field got them, but we think worrying where they went to is getting George's "goat."

L. Osborn of the S. S. department drives a Fordlet. But we know when it comes to "cars," Peggy is his favorite. Peggy Carr is of the ediphone department.

Benton Harbor responded nicely to our call for news and sent in the following:

Frank Bedunah has been appointed rural truck driver. He's out now to take honors away from Dave Cowgill, our star man.

The Benton Harbor "Finols," crack bowling team, has again been pushed in the mud of defeat. In the last two contests two of our most dependable men could not bowl into three figures, let alone come up to their presentable average. It seems that the teams played are all top-notchers and are bad business for a beginning team to practice on.

M. Clemens, salesman, seems to have gone quite mad over a pet hobby. He has what might be called a meter-epidemic, for he is attaching statistical meters on everything in his home. His lights, gas, water, etc., are metered and he claims that he should know about other things also, and he's going to or know the reason why.

Perhaps M. Clemens feels like the G. R. editor about that: There's meter in music, there's meter in tone, but the best place to "meter" is to meet 'er alone.

Fred Laurie, warehouse man, has entered a contest of some kind in St. Joseph. We don't know the gist of it, but it seems that he goes over to this place about every other day and eats candy and ice cream.

John Whitney, mechanic, has been boasting his claims as a mighty hunter. His stories of his monstrous killings have leaked into doubtful ears and an investigation resulted. It seems that during the day John shot forty-six shells and here is his string: one English sparrow, three tomato cans and one crow.

Frank Hyland just got back from Chicago and Madison, Wis. "Frank" says he saw many a fair damsel, but still maintains "Grand Rapids is a good place to live." Evidently he didn't keep his mind on tank cars—much.

HURON, S. D.

H. F. Lutgen, Correspondent

We wonder why assistant manager Bailey has two new fenders and a new radiator on his Dodge. It must be that he never received a copy of the new traffic rules or else he did not read them.

On November 4, a new daughter arrived at the home of Ed. Folner, agent at Frankfort. Ed states that it's up to him to bring home extra bacon from now on. No doubt, Semdac sales will be on the increase in the Frankfort circuit.

Dave Wistrom, agent at Doland, believes that of all games, more satisfaction can be secured "beating" Form No. 301.

Anna went into the meat market and told the clerk to give just enough for *two*. How about it, Anna? We just got over the effects of the last cigar and cannot stand another one now.

Martin Smith is now city tank truck driver at the Aberdeen "A" Station succeeding Art Logan, resigned.

If you want to know anything about hunting prairie chickens, just get in touch with Don Snyder or Al Geske of the Aberdeen "A" Station. We understand they are about to market a correspondence course on hunting.

O. E. Olson, salesman-agent at Aberdeen, is back to work after spending a week's vacation in Wisconsin.

W. V. Rathburn is the new attendant at S. S. No. 5, Groton, S. D. We are looking forward to a nice increase in sales at this station.

Local Agent George Kent of Florence is called upon to occasionally wear the "Star of Authority" and at such times the motorist who is found to be using other than Red Crown and Polarine is pinched for careless driving.

A new Standard Oiler put in an appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Smith of the Watertown "A" Station. It's a girl. They didn't tell us her name.

Everything sure has been quiet around the office lately. Just think, there hasn't been anyone married during the whole month!

O. W. Ice, formerly station examiner, is back with us working in the stock department. Glad to see you, Orval.

Anyone wanting to know how to kill pheasants, just ask R. L. Walsh. He has a way of getting close enough to them to club them to death.

Agent Reidel of Redfield says that "it's a grand and glorious feeling to have 800 pounds of Mica on the truck ready for delivery when the manager unexpectedly drives up."

Announcing the arrival of a son at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mycue. Mike is in the cashier's department, Main station office. Mrs. Mycue was formerly Miss Edna Phillips of the credit department.

Ten girls from the office hiked to Cavour last week, a distance of nine miles, and returned to Huron in *first class* condition. They were to have a two pound box of chocolates awarded them by Chauncey Smith who willingly promised the same the day before the hike. This was such an unusual performance that Chauncey backed out, demanding a sworn affadavit stating that the girls had walked that distance.

Ed Giziewski and Claire Snyder, who both thought they were Germans and when asked to translate the letter received from one of Anna Schmidt's friends in Germany, volunteered without hesitation. When Anna opened the letter and they saw a billion marks enclosed with the letter they lost all knowledge of foreign translation at sight of the currency.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Miss Agnes Hanlon and Miss Henriette Goldberger were hostesses at the latter's home Monday night, November 12, to the surprise farewell party given by the S. O. girls for Miss Helen Cates, who is leaving us for the Detroit office. (Don't know what the attraction could be, the new building is the only thing Detroit has on us.) Well, before Helen arrived, the girls staged a Style Show and Lucile Ltd., or any of the other Fifth Avenue shops are hereby challenged to produce prettier models or better looking "glad rags." Most of the girls oh'd and ah'd over one dress in particular—the owner showed her same old line by declaring it was just a "cheap affair that she had made herself." From the skill displayed in galloping the dice in the bunco game and repeated cries of "Tennessee" it's evident that most of the girls "roll their own." (This is not a joke of the correspondent's either.) Pauline Kline displayed a fast game but was finally ousted by Mrs. Thompson and Florence Chadwick, who tied for first place. Mrs. Diehm did not win the booby prize this trip—there was none. Too bad, as she had promised to bring it home to Cle. (No, that's her husband.) The coffee must have been "spiked," for after a cup or two, Mrs. Diehm and Miss Hanlon put on a Spanish dance that rivaled the Valentino-Hudnut combination. It sure was some party and all the girls are sorry to see Miss Cates leave them. Fashion notes follow: Mrs. C. E. Diehm was lovely, etc., in a velvet-satin frock, the first her husband has bought since the trousseau wore out; Nell Fenwick was the belle, all right, with not only a beautiful satin gown, but a fascinating metal cloth turban, absolutely the newest thing out; both of the Nelles shone forth, Sage looking stunning and Irene Castle-ish in her beaded dress, which she swears she strung herself, and Eula Craney charmingly displayed the debutante hair bandeau now so much in vogue; Mrs. G. M. Amos aroused the envy of the assemblage with a pair of unusually good-looking earrings which not only graced her shell-like ears, but likewise draped the shoulders of her gown. The hostesses felt that as "throwers of the party" they should wear their older clothes and consequently did not attempt to shine in on the splendor of the guests with the new gowns which they both agree they own.

Passing the party—L. W. ("Abey") Shewalter found a mistake on the comptometer. R. H. Benjamin has forsaken the T. W. 3's for something tough, namely the "B" ledger. Frank Stevens takes "Benny's" place on the "tank wagons." Miss Nelle French has joined the workers in the file department. Miss Elsie Fischer has taken over the office switchboard due to Miss Myrtle Clark's transfer to boss the M. T. drivers exclusively.

Introducing an old favorite in Leonard Herrell who is back after several years at raising hogs and farming in general. Chubby, as he was known in the olden days, will be connected with the S. S. department.

A. P. McCracken and Harvey Huntsinger, local S. S. attendants, had a so-so hunting trip. They were gone one day and collected three rabbits between them and the dog; the dog got two of the cotton-tails. Why not just send the dog?

Oscar Kortepeter, S. S. No. 25, went hunting, too. Casualty list follows: One wild pig, Poland-China type but very ferocious—we mean the price the farmer charged him for the dead shoat.

Drivers and warehouse slung a surprise party on Harry Orme, it being his fifty-some birthday. Harry lives out where taxes are lower and from all accounts he and his'n are entirely surrounded by mud. Aside from the small affair accounting for the disappearance of ten gallons cider and forty dozen doughnuts, about everyone returned home with a good appetite from tussling with limousines and otherwise that got stuck in Harry's surroundings." Some of these "boats" would now be well on their way through to China, but it so happened our "big horse," Tony Kirsch, held them from sinking until chains could be attached and a team put in motion.

Replying to Agent H. Harris' notation on Form 142 card that car arrived in Hillsboro after work hours, it is generally claimed that a B station agent has no work hours.

Checking up on our football experts in the office here, it is found they had the dope down as well as any of the "fortune tellers" coming under this class. Billy Reed went to the woods early in the fall but Messrs. Blue, Kan, Gasper, Fulton and Russom stayed with the sinking ship on the first floor and Harry Scully led a forlorn hope on the second floor.

M. T. Driver Harry Smith is now writing 090 tickets in the suburbs of Haughville. Circuit Driver Paul Ricker is nearing a record as a new customer "missionary." James Bennett, who has just joined the force, is acting as relief driver. John J. Logsden has just quit the taxi-cab business to sell Red Crown and Perfection. Circuit Driver George Russell intended to visit his sister, a Sunday dinner being the main inducement. After cranking about all morning he finally called his sister on the 'phone and she came and got him. He might have washed the dishes in payment for this unusual service.

Auditor Floyd Latier is among us after nine years' absence. He beat the "no lottery ban" by twenty-four hours, taking one lone chance and winning a gold-plated safety razor. Something else—there are prospects of an apple famine since this bird lit here—he sure does puf on a wicked apple appetite.

Terre Haute

The other day, a lady, driving a brand new Milburn electric, stopped on the driveway of S. S. No. 23. Attendant Buckner was much surprised to hear the lady exclaim, "Please bring out the scales." Buckner, stunned for a second, repeated, "Scales, what scales?" At this the prospective customer remarked: "Yes, the scales, as I wish to weigh my tires to determine how much air they really require." Terre huters to the number of six extend assurance to all concerned that this is a new gag fresh from the vineyard and proper affidavit has been forwarded to the Indianapolis office signed by Bill Oliver, Stanolind Record "boiler plate" reporter, C. B. Cox, agent, and witnessed by O. Lundsford, W. T. Croxton, V. E. Buckner, et al. Oscar McNutt, whose commission seems to expire November 31, 1966, was the Notary in the case and he used a perfectly good half-dollar and a No. 3 SOCOIND pencil in affixing his seal.

Since our last contribution, we have a new addition to our sales force in "Swede" Olinger. He sure is enjoying life these cool days since resurrecting his last year's overcoat and securing a Winter's supply of smokeless coal. Swede is also an authority on vaudeville if anyone wants to know it.

We understand Harvey Cochran said, "After going from Terre Haute to Evansville, I am convinced the ties between these two cities should be closer."

Trace of the elderberries which grew here in profusion this season has been located. Lester Fegely gave a Hallowe'en party where liquid refreshments were served.

Richmond, Ind.

E. W. Stout, attendant at S. S. No. 31, has got the Stanolind Record idea. He's out to make the Record really an employees' magazine by lining up all the Richmond force for news items. "Let's put Richmond on the map," he says. And will.

An invitation to the whole world is given out by Attendants Jake, Perry and Littlejohn of S. S. No. 12, Richmond. Selling Red Crown and Polarine doesn't keep this trio from remembering that Finol and five gallon lithograph cans look well on form 452. Perry is the Finol hound of No. 12.

H. E. Jahnke, attendant at S. S. No. 31, has got the trade coming to him. "Is Hiram in?" is the question frequently asked by customers. No wonder he sells so much oil!

Scotty Whitesell, attendant at S. S. No. 32, sold his month's quota of five gallon lithographed cans before the 20th, recently.

Messrs. Miller and Thorp, attendants at S. S. No. 80, are becoming favorably known throughout Richmond and vicinity by their super-service. Mr. Miller has made a hit with the housewives by his selling of Semdac Liquid Gloss.

Tubby Wright, Mr. Harper and Mr. Littlejohn are known as the "foster dads" of new attendants, aiding them in every way possible to success.

Truck Driver Markley is being watched by attendants who fear that he is seeking to solicit customers in the bailiwick of said attendants. (You've made a good start, E. W., keep it up.—Ed.)

Anderson, Ind.

Charles Brough, attendant at S. S. No. 13, had a busy hunting trip—four blowouts, ten punctures and a broken axle.

Charles Nolan, attendant at S. S. No. 50, has his ideas of an ideal isle of contentment—a land where he would be entirely surrounded by milk shakes in a glass.

A big question which has been raised here is how does Ernie Hertenstein keep his six feet two inches from becoming tangled up with his flivver's steering device.

George Lewis, attendant at S. S. No. 24, turned songbird at the Washington school meeting the other night.

Charles Norris pines for the wilds of Carthage and the customary Christmas turkey. Charley is on the seven and a half day week schedule. He will eat cold beef.

Dale Bright, attendant at S. S. No. 38, is some fast worker! He asked for two hours off to shoot his Christmas dinner.

Bloomington, Ind.

Agent Voss Cox speaking (wave length not mentioned)—"All is quiet at the center of population, the big events are memories with the pumpkins all shucked. Ivan Shake won a four-door sedan at the American Legion drawing. Ivan is not married. Girls will please write him care of the plant here. Ivan says he's awfully easily persuaded."

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

J. W. Wilson was presented with a solid silver set when he left the Kansas City division to act as assistant manager at Chicago. K. T. Wenger is the new assistant manager at Kansas City. The best wishes of the division are with these two men.

W. M. Beck is now agent at Harrisonville. Mr. Beck, we are going to watch the gains at Harrisonville in 1924. Shake. We know you're going to do it.

H. F. Fikes is now agent-salesman at Pittsburg, Kans. Harvey is one of our popular salesmen who always draws the admiring glances of the feminine employees when he drops in at the K. C. office.

Earl N. Felts, assistant cashier at the Armourdale plant, was married last week. The bride's name was Miss Jane Dryden of Independence, Mo. Earl comes from Englewood. Congratulations, Earl. Long life, and happiness.

A 10 pound girl arrived at the home of Agent H. A. Dent, Garnett, Kans., on October 25. Congratulations.

V. B. Selvey is agent at Blue Springs now and things should swing into line for 1924. Welcome, V. B.

L. J. Holmes is the new agent at Columbus, Kans. Watch Columbus.

Carl W. Nichols, former district superintendent, is now residing in Kansas City, and likes the city.

A. E. Moon is agent at Alta Vista, Kans. We thought things were humming there since November 1. Welcome.

Well, folks, it begins to look serious between Van and Nadine.

Can you get a transfer from an Independence, Mo., car to another Independence, Mo., car?

Where? At Ninth and Hardesty, ask Lonnie Williams.

Burt Hudnut has a new crystal for his radio set. Has been sitting up nights trying to get England. The closest he come to it is to get English breakfast food.

Fred Seckinger and Bill Saeger are planning on going in together; opening up a shop and catering to S. O. employees only, on 5 and 6 tube sets.

The office force extend to Walter Knopp of the stock and file department deepest sympathy on account of the loss of his father.

Can you imagine this? Ole Olson deposited his check; and came away without his change. This was a noon. Now, we know why Ole was late next morning.

The two hardest workers, in the office—Nordberg and Baughan. Jack Gephart helps them.

Eddie Lane, our congenial office boy, pulled a good one the other day. He says he drove his Dodge car on Blue Ridge boulevard the other night 20 miles an hour. He wanted to go faster but his girl wouldn't let him. And he only 17. We always knew he was fast.

Bill Spicker nearly wrecked the cashier department when he was taking Schnick and King to the bank the other day. He tried to climb a bank with his Henry.

F. Moresby is now in charge of the coupon desk. We noticed several compliments from the service stations and salesmen recently regarding the good service from that department. Must be the old S. O. service, aye Colonel?

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

J. E. Monegan and W. P. Romanowsky held agents' meetings at Austin, Red Wing and Zumbrota, recently.

We wish to express our sympathy to William Majerus, agent at Rose Creek, Minn., whose mother passed away November 8.

W. O. Dixon was a visitor at the La Crosse office two days recently.

We are glad to welcome Myrtle Robinson into the Standard Oil family. She will be found in the stenographic room.

John S. Dickens, one of our city salesmen took a couple days' vacation, and while away said the fatal words, "I DO." Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens.

Erna Gabel spent the week end at Davenport, Iowa.

Rudie says he went to Mondovi, but we think he drove to Davenport.

Station Examiner, "That Agent has 6 Maps and 24 Handles." Dump Bell Clerk, "Gee, four people can use it at the same time, can't they?"

Miss Edna Newman spent the week in Chicago.

The Social Club gave a Hallowe'en Party on November 4, which proved a big success. Much credit is due the decoration committee, for as you stepped into the hall the spirit of Hallowe'en could not but help creep through your veins. The lights were covered with orange and black lanterns with the exception of the middle chandelier which was gracefully draped with orange and black paper, from which extended streamers in all directions, giving the effect of a false ceiling. Opposite each other on two sides of the room were ghosts which were surrounded with autumn leaves giving them the appearance of stepping out of the woods. In one corner was a fire place which added warmth to the feelings of all. The orchestra was honored with a corner which was all enclosed in streamers, cut out witches and cats, with a large pumpkin surrounded by cornstalks on each side. Cornstalks and pumpkins furnished the decorations for the other corners. A card board skeleton was extended on a rubber from the middle chandelier, which, when pulled caused the form to jump about in the air, creating a weird feeling to all nearby.

F. H. Kuhns has been transferred from agent instructor to general salesman, covering the territory formerly covered by J. W. O'Donnell.

E. H. Evenson spent a few days at Austin, Minn., recently.

E. W. Lewis, general salesman, has been transferred to agent instructor.

Art Amundson, looking at his watch, "By Gosh, it's twelve minutes to." Other Guy, "Sure, what time did you think it was?" Art. "Quarter to."

We don't think that Ole will want to go to any more agents meetings with Mr. Bruce or Mr. Remp 'cause they made him work so hard he didn't have time to sleep. That is, we don't think he did, 'cause his expense book only showed expense for two meals.

Mr. Cook of the railway sales department in the Chicago office, visited the La Crosse office November 15.

The Standard Oil Co. Social Club gave a card party recently at the K. P. Hall. Mrs. H. Liso and William Schwable won first prize and the "booby" prizes were captured by Mrs. E. Evenson and Rudie Steinke.

John A. Walker, former truck driver at Rochester, Minn., has been transferred to agent at Pine Island, Minn. Lots of Luck, John.

C. B. Bullis of Eau Claire, Wis., visited the La Crosse office last week.

Lawrence Searl has been employed as S. S. attendant at Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

We were very glad to welcome W. O. Haworth, auditor, at the La Crosse office.

J. W. Wood has been transferred from agent instructor to agent at Austin, Minn. "Jack" is a go-getter and we know he is just the one to put Austin back on the map.

One of our agents reports that the safety pins in the First Aid kit are getting quite rusty. We'll wager that someone at this station is going to get the no accident pocket-piece at the end of the year.

Hubert V. Esch succeeds A. F. Thompson as agent at Caledonia, Minn.

When Bill Trapp was asked what he was going to do now, he replied, "Guess I'll walk up and down Main Street talking to myself in my Jewett." How are you going to do it, Bill?

C. W. Kolbe, agent at Kenyon, Minn., has been transferred to general salesman. Steffen Loken has been installed as agent at Kenyon.

D. J. Farley, agent at Winona, Minn., has just got his car out so wants to race. Guentz said if they got started together he could win; but McNally says he doesn't want to get hurt; Liddle says he can beat them all—going down hill; Simon can't drive fast cause when he does the baby starts crying; Brown can't go any farther than Rollingstone, and Prosser is simply out of

it because Joe Dahl put a "governor" on his car, so the race is off.

Romie said he just had to get a pair of glasses to watch Bunk.

Wm. Neisius has been employed as agent at Stanley, Wis.

After asking for the return of the No Accident Button, one of our agents wrote, "Am sorry to say by driver got mixed up with a bunch of Yellow Jackets and used his cap to fight them away and lost the Button." Some are evidently having practical experience along Safety First lines.

P. R. Degnen succeeds V. A. Randall as agent at Lewiston, Minn.

Al Scheidegger, agent at Fountain City, Wis., made a great 10 day record with a Ford one ton truck. He says another truck is on the list for next spring.

Miss Hazel Kiekbusch of the credit department spent the week at Winona, Minn.

Agents and salesman's meetings have been held at Sparta, Wis.; Rochester, Minn.; and Black River Falls, Wis., the past week.

W. P. Romanowsky, assistant sales promoter, spent Thanksgiving day at his home in Winona, Minn.

W. A. Hutchins has been installed as agent at Gays Mills, Wis., succeeding H. W. Stuckey.

N. R. Grinshaw, assistant general manager, visited the La Crosse office November 28.

As heard in the stock department: First Clerk: "What do they use Ario Grease for?" Second Clerk: "To grease aeroplane tracks, of course. It won't gum or corrode."

Dean Treat of the railway department visited the La Crosse office last week.

Miss Blanch Gayman, iron barrel department, is enjoying a few days' vacation.

A. B. Nichols and O. C. Everson were called to Chicago at attend a meeting. Mr. Evenson remained in Chicago the balance of the week.

M. J. DeBoer, agent at Galesville, Wis., was a business caller at the La Crosse office Friday, November 30th.

G. M. Rathbun, salesman at Eau Claire, Wis., is back on his territory after having been confined at the hospital for several days on account of injuries received while playing volley ball.

A. R. Barton, superintendent, has been transferred to agent instructor. A. D. Kirk, general salesman. succeeds Mr. Barton.

Miss Marguerite Shrune spent part of her vacation in a local hospital undergoing two slight operations in an endeavor to better the condition of her hearing. She is an Ediphone operator and says, "The blarney of these men is enough to stop up anyone's ears." At that, we think she likes it 'cause she seems quite happy to be "listening" again.

We are very glad to report that Mrs. George Hauswirth, wife of the S. S. attendant at La Crosse, is rapidly recovering after undergoing a serious operation. She expects to be home very soon.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

A particularly interesting session was the November 26 meeting of the Petroleum Educational Club when G. A. White, sales manager, spoke on "Internal Combustion Engines." Mr. White had his subject well in hand and carried his listeners through a careful explanation of the various types of internal combustion engines in popular use at the present time. The speaker, in his introductory remarks, invited questions and he was not disappointed because the members hurled queries from all corners of the room. At the conclusion of the meeting a rising vote of appreciation was tendered to Mr. White.

One Saturday evening (about two a. m.) Bill Schultz, Owatonna agent, was called from his slumbers and informed that the ducks had congregated on one of the nearby lakes. William grabbed his trusty "meat-getter" and repaired hastily to the scene of expected carnage. The morning sun convinced Bill that the telephone call was only a foul plot because all that appeared for slaughter were mud-hens. Don't give up, Bill, and always remember that the correspondent eats ducks. The editor doesn't care for wild fowl, however. (So? You never wonder why Mankato was practically the only sales division to get a picture on the outside cover of the STANOLIND RECORD during 1923.—Ed.)

G. M. Bergmann, order clerk, reports that a big Cadillac car, initialed "F. M. E." and bearing a Red Crown transparency upon the windshield, is parked rather regularly in front of a residence near his home on Sixth street, Mankato. In tracing this mysterious case, the office Sherlock finds that on those evenings Fred Elliott is missing from Albert Lea.

H. B. Snyder, salesman in the Tracy field, writes that his wife has left for California to spend the winter (and most of his money).

Our Lake Benton agent, C. H. Nordmeyer, is the proud father of twin boys. He says that he is going to start them in young on his two International trucks. Pictures of the twins would be interesting to readers of the RECORD, C. H.

The Balaton field will be plentifully supplied with Mica Posts as E. G. Gifford, agent, has been busying himself in setting posts and getting ready for the Mica boom which he has every reason to expect in the spring.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on October 23, when Miss Madelyn Balzer became the bride of Edward S. Hagerty, credit man of the Mankato division. Miss Balzer was for some years connected with our company in the iron barrel department of the Mankato office which position she resigned a short time ago. Both young people have hosts of friends who join with us in extending hearty congratulations and best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Hagerty are at home to their friends at 304 North Broad street, Mankato.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Jessie Lynard in the death of her father on Monday, November 19.

F. S. Jensen has been installed as agent at New Richland. Mr. Jensen is a hustler of the first water who will make things hum for the S. O. line in New Richland and vicinity.

"Service" is the slogan of Louis Johnson, agent at Ruthton. He has never been known to retire until all orders have been filled and all of his regular route customers called upon. We have it on reliable authority that Louis regularly makes fills by flashlight during the small hours of the night and morning. That service is appreciated is amply proved by the excellent business which Mr. Johnson has at Ruthton.

Andy Schmanski, attendant at S. S. No. 2,

Owatonna, says that he has lost a pair of old tonsils for which he is offering no reward. Andy is feeling better than before the operation.

Helen, nine year old daughter of Perry Harley, truck salesman at Fairmont, died November 8 following a three weeks' illness with diphtheria. Four sisters of Helen, all of whom were stricken with the disease, have recovered, as has Mrs. Harley who contracted diphtheria after caring for the children. The svmpathy of the Standard Oil family is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Harley in their bereavement.

John G. Grimes addressed the Petroleum Educational Club on November 13 on the subject, "Petroleum in the Great War." Mr. Grimes gave a very interesting and instructive talk during which he stressed the active part which our company played in furnishing petroleum products to the allied armies. Harold G. Anderson, in discussing the subject, gave first-hand information regarding the shipment and transportation of gasoline and lubricating oil on the allied front. Both of the speakers were heartily congratulated by the membership upon the earnest and forceful talks which they prepared and delivered.

By a vote of those interested it has been decided to hold meetings for the discussion of Home Office instructions immediately following the regular meetings of the Petroleum Educational Club. At the November 13 meeting the cashier's department was outlined in part by Oren Davis and the remainder of this discussion will be given at the November 26 meeting by L. J. Wilcox, cashier.

John Weeks, checking department, during his wife's absence on the evening of November 7, gave a party for a few gentlemen from the Mankato office. Mrs. Weeks had prepared an elegant luncheon before leaving which was a fitting climax to an admirable evening. John is a Chesterfieldian host who does the honors in truly courtly style.

Mrs. Harriet Kircher has returned to the office after a vacation spent at San Francisco and other points in the West. Mrs. K. was true to all vacation traditions because she sent beautiful picture postcards to the office people during her trip.

Roy Neulieb, commonly called "Doc," truck salesman at Owatonna, is endeavoring to live up to the dignity of his appellation by raising a so-called mustache. The attempted adornment is causing considerable comment in Owatonna.

Jim Murray, attendant at Mankato S. S. No. 12, has been playing a stellar game on the Mankato American Legion football team. Jim is a player of no mean ability and when he gets his Irish up, the opposition crumples up. He plays football just like he runs his station. A gain every minute!

The Mankato office acknowledges a pleasant visit on November 6 from H. L. Johnson, agent at Alden. Office people were very glad to see Mr. Johnson and hope that he will be able to repeat the visit in the very near future.

Lavinna Wachnitz, who was badly injured during October in a collision with a motorcycle, is back at work again. Although still bruised and somewhat battered up, Miss Wachnitz is wearing the same pleasant smile and we're all glad to see her at the office once more.

The equipment department has been feasting royally on choice fall apples which Miss Fitcher, stenographer, has been bringing to the office after each week-end at her home in Madison Lake. This luscious fruit of Southern Minnesota's orchards seems to be at its best on the Fitcher trees.

Harry Allen and Glenn Paulson, Mankato S. S. attendants, are securing more light in Masonry in Blue Earth Chapter No. 7, R. A. M. Harry has the distinction of being the youngest Master of a Lodge in the state, having been elected to that honor in Cleveland which was his residence prior to moving to Mankato.

The Red Crown Bowling team in the Loyola league is doing itself proud in the weekly competition held on the club alleys. Our team is leading the league at this writing and the members boast that they will soon be ready to take on the Red Crown League team which is busting pins on the Imperial alleys. 'Twould be well to arrange the match and we suggest that the losing team buy a real feed for the winners.

Henry Foster, agent, and Ralph Rettmen, S. S. attendant at No. 40, Tracy, rode the goat in the D. O. K. K. rank of the K. P.'s in Mankato in an Armistice Day initiation on November 12. Both gentlemen marched in the big parade through the business section of the city, but, judging by their resigned appearance, they were prepared for the worst. At last reports, they still survived and were back on the job at Tracy.

A severe attack of quinsy confined Frank C. Brown to his home for a few days in November.

Tony Van Provien, Ellsworth agent, was a pleasant caller at the Mankato offices on November 1. This was Tony's first visit to the office and he improved every moment of his time in making the acquaintance of the department heads. Come in again, Tony, and stay longer.

A new social body, composed entirely of certain married men of the Mankato office, has just been formed. The organizer of the new club informs us that its purpose is "to get better acquainted." A perusal of the membership roster is enlightening: Jack Krier, Frank Brown, Clarence Humm, Joe Meyer, Roman Nuebel, Bud McCarl, Ed Hagerty and Chuck Johnson. The first meeting of this august body will be held at Joe Meyer's home but no details are available.

"A noble party," was the expression of the men who attended the party given by E. L. Osten, November 15. All was serene until Earle endeavored to introduce the mysteries of Mah Jong, whereupon several otherwise peaceable persons exhibited strong anarchistic tendencies. Peace and tranquillity were restored by Mrs. Asten who appeared bearing huge and delightful quantities of food, wonderfully prepared and daintily served.

Minneapolis seems to have a strange magnetism for Mildred Sawyer of late, and then have you noticed those yearning looks as the mail is distributed?

Grace Blackmer, checking department, was the winner of a pure blooded Holstein calf during Buyer's Prize Week, held in Mankato during the week of November 12. We had hoped to have a picture of Miss Blackmer with her prize veal but the photographer was unable to get the subjects together. When we found the calf we couldn't find the lady, and when we had a strangle hold on the lady, the calf had disappeared.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Weber are the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy born on November 18. The broad smile which now illumines Mr. Webster's countenance should have a most benign influence on the smokestack trade in this division.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Otto A. Peterson, Correspondent

We recently received a letter from C. Strassburger, veteran agent at Seymour, in which he reviewed the twenty years of service with the S. O. Co.

"Twenty years ago," he writes, "I started with a little tank wagon and one team of horses. I had 22 little villages and towns to make. Some towns had only one store and some were large enough to boast of three or four stores. Competition was almost an unheard of thing, while farms and farmers were not given much attention. Today, however, my equipment consists of one 2-ton International 520-gallon tank truck and one 1-ton Ford 300-gallon tank truck. Instead of 22 little villages my territory consists of seven towns. The farmers, instead of being passed, now prove to be the best and largest consumers. Nearly all farmers own a tractor and have practical, modern and up-to-date equipment. Competition has increased to such an extent that I have now four other oil companies in this field. It keeps me going from morning till night. I am 60 years old next year, and still manage to take my daily measurements of gasoline from the top of the twenty-foot upright tank, and hope to do so for some years to come."

Even the birds are calling for Polarine at Argyle, Wis., at least so Melvin Phillipson, our agent says. Coming home late one evening, he claims he heard the call of "more Polarine" coming from a whippoorwill off in the distance. He claims that he was fully awake and swears that it sounded very much like an S. O. Co. booster, but we have our suspicions. Were you alone, Mel?

It was not the drop in price of gasoline that caused that broad smile worn by Hollie Gibson, our Montfort agent, but the fact that he was presented with an eight-pound son. Congratulations! Here's hoping that George, Junior, will be an able assistant to you.

We understand that Mrs. Jim Foley, wife of our Campbellsport, Wis., agent, introduced a new girl into the Foley household. We might mention that this girl was recommended by our old friend Mr. Stork. We do not know the name or weight but extend our congraulations.

We extend our sympathies to C. J. Noel, tank truck salesman of Neenah, who recently lost a brother-in-law. However, we are still more sorry to lose Noel, who is going to take over his relative's garage business in Minnesota. He says he will sell only S. O. Co. products, the same as he has done on the tank truck.

City Tank Truck Salesman Knaggs of Neenah, showed quick presence of mind and real S. C. Co. spirit, when he pulled a man out of a wood saw in one of the lumber yards at Neenah. It seems that just as Knaggs was driving his truck past said yard, he heard cries of agony and looking to spot where cries came from, he saw a man being badly cut up by a revolving timber saw. Everybody seemed to be lost as to just what to do, so Knaggs stopped his truck and ran to the rescue, but the man was beyond help and died a short while after.

Now that the cold wintry weather has arrived, the eskimos of the third floor are in their glory. We have been warned not to mention names but we would like to know where Miss Stiles and Miss Roesser get so much heat.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

E. H. Kellberg, Correspondent

The Red Crown Social Club gave a dancing party at the office on November 1. Business cares were set aside and thirty couples stepped off the latest dances to music furnished by the Christman Trio. The office was duly decorated for the occasion, orange and black being the color scheme, emblematic of Hallowe'en with corn stalks as an added feature. Mr Shallenberger's little boy, Martin James, was an interested spectator and helped make the party a success. Hallowe'en refreshments were served during the evening. Charley Wolfgang made the coffee and Charley brews a real cup of Java. An active social season is planned by the Red Crown Social Club, much to the delight of its members.

Vice-president Allan Jackson included Minneapolis in his recent trip. The latch string is always out, Mr. Jackson. Welcome.

E. T. Sheley, retired, was over to see us the other day. You're looking fine again and we're always glad to see you, Mr. Sheley.

Mr. Cochran sat out several dances at the Hallowe'en party. He evidently is not enjoying his past reputation of popularity among the ladies. We hope this gets up his Irish and spurs him on to greater efforts.

"Bob" Walton recently celebrated his eleventy-seventh birthday. Congratulations, Bob.

We still have hopes of getting Mr. Shallenberger to dance.

The chief topic of conversation on November 23 was the fun everybody had at the office the night before. The Red Crown Social Club gave a Hard Times party and it was a real success.

George Day, formerly our lubricating correspondent, has recently been promoted to sales manager. Watch the sales grow!

Larry Fisher is still trying to figure out Jaeger's impersonation at the Hard Times party.

H. H. Quackenbush, our S. S. superintendent, and Miss Etrula Lane, our telephone operator, were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents on November 10. In the evening a reception was given in the sun room of the Curtis hotel, about 200 guests being present. After a motor trp to Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Quackenbush are at home at 2324 Emerson avenue, North.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Robert Lovaas, whose father was accidentally killed November 19.

We are just wondering why all the smiles lately on E. J. Dick's face. Is she, Dick?

It is the custom in the paint shop that when you wish to converse with Earl "Campbell" to look under some truck where he is slinging red paint.

Have you seen Paul Peterson, "machine shop foreman"? Yes, he has moved out in the machine shop.

Why did T. R. Dawson pick out the telephone operator's room for his desk?

H. L. Steffes of the tank department bowling team rolled a total of 724 for three games. This

is a record which will stand for some time to come. Of course, Vincent is improving.

Wonder why "our Eva" is so excited. Is there a reason?

Stenning and Sire are sure trimming Pewee and Ralph in the 500 contest.

A. J. Cameron, formerly our tank wagon superintendent, has been transferred to St. Louis. Arch, we sincerely wish you the best in your new position. We certainly miss your songs at the different parties and also your bowling.

Did you notice Miss Madsen's new hose?

Our bookkeeper, George Hornzee, was seen going into several drug stores last week. We all wonder what he is trying to get. The rumor is that he was looking for Barney Google's Belgian hair tonic. George, are we right?

For Miss McCauley's sake we are all glad that the football games are over for the season.

The sweet strains of that familiar Mendelssohn marching tune have claimed another from among our ranks. This time it was Miss Frances Sickler, who has been active in promoting our gasoline and refined oil sales. The sparkling diamond which Frances has displayed was fair warning to us that the inevitable would happen and we understand the big event was to take place on Wednesday, December 5. We take this opportunity of extending our congratulations to you, Frances, with the best wishes for your future happiness.

PEORIA, ILL.

R. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Agent Ritchey says "one" of his friends in Davenport recently wrote him to the effect that it was raining violets in that part of the country.

Agent McLaughlin of Monmouth was absent from duty November 7 to 12. Reason: On the 8th he took Miss Mary Cavanaugh to be the partner of his joys and sorrows. The "newlywed" was in the Peoria office a few days later, having carefully removed all traces of rice, ribbons, old shoes, etc., before presenting himself. Congratulations, folks, and the best o' luck.

Remember Way Back When—

"Sailor" Rose opened (and closed) his sensational career with a knockout at the Majestic?

Wilbur Ewert gets Doris Blake of the Tribune to solve his problems of the heart.

Fine law-abiding bunch of salesmen we have in this division. Witness: Stevers "pinched"—parking rules. Hill—ditto. Headline in paper: "Perry Barnes found guilty at Havana." Justice compels us to add, however, that the Havana miscreant wasn't *our* Perry.

Sherwin's ducks of November 11 tasted, according to his report, like wood ducks. McCready says they must have been decoys.

Ruth and Bertha strolling down Spring street. Ruth, looking around, "You go ahead now, Bertha. Here comes Russell."

Springfield grows optimistic over possible weddings among our representatives. Charlie Nave is selected as a typical candidate. Big, strapping buck, with his share of good looks, and the price of the license always jingling in his pockets. Likewise Nick Hermanns and Rags Hanson.

November 6 was a big Standard Oil day in Springfield. The Board of Directors, with the exception of Mr. Warwick and Mr. Parks, and accompanied by Manager Coleman and Assistant Manager Phillips from Peoria, were the guests of the Mid-day Luncheon Club on that date, and every Standard employee who could possibly make arrangements was present. Colonel Stewart addressed the assemblage on relations between the company and the consumer. His remarks made a decided impression upon his Capitol City listeners.

A few notes from the Springfield plant and warehouse table, by our reporter: Bill Bowers: "I got one on you fellers. I et a beef sandwidge before I come up." Heavy Smith: "This soup needs some pepper or salt or something; shoot 'er over." Jack Constant: "Mine needs some beans and peas and potatoes, or something like that in it." Oscar Lemon: "What are these handles for? If I pick up this bowl and drink with 'em, I can't keep my eye on the guy I'm using as a model." Nick Hermanns: "Tain't no science eating these peas. They got some kind of goo mixed to keep 'em from rolling." Mike Hunt: "Well, there ain't no danger of cutting your mouth with the knife I got." Charlie Nave: "Gosh this ain't like no threshers' dinner I was ever at. Hope the Colonel makes me think enough to keep my mind off my stomach." (Reporter states that he himself didn't have much to say, having burned his thumb in the first act.)

Springfield employees, bubbling with "pep," as usual, put over a "stag" theater box party, at the Majestic on November 21, with Oscar Lemon in charge. Those attending were: Agent Eberle, W. D. Stacy, William Webb, C. E. Winslow, John Wilson, William Bowers, J. E. Constant, Nick Hermanns, Russel Smith, A. Hanson, Oscar Lemon, W. E. Baker, Eugene Gwalthey, William Hunt, Carl Piper, C. Nave, Sales Manager Caldwell and one P. R. Hinds, who also joined the party, which proved most enjoyable. Charley enjoyed the Algerian act, while Rainey was heart and soul with Margaret Young and her songs.

Salesman Stacy recently celebrated his birthday (?) and from all indications, hopes to see several more. We remember slightly of a similar occasion in May. Explanation, Bill?

Joe Woods, junior salesman at the 24-hour S. S., Springfield, has resigned to enter the coal business. Here's luck, Joe.

H. C. Gorley is Joe's successor. Welcome, old man, and the same good wishes.

With bated breath we await news of the first clash of the two bowling teams recently organized by Springfield's "Irrepressibles." Reports are that said pin topplers would like to corral some of Peoria's money. How about it, W. I. W., P. B. B., G. H., et al?

Agent Eberle was placed in a painful situation while attending Springfield's theater party. It seems he was acquainted with one of the show girls, because she came right out with a joke about him, called him Charlie, etc.

Dudley Chittenden's two gallon top piece now has competition. Evidence: Jim Flanigan, all prettied up for the Manual "homecoming."

Howard Bowen, from being a "model young man," is getting quite devilish. He plays "Bunco" every noon with the young ladies in the stenos' room.

Organization of the Peoria Standard Oil Social Club, recently effected, largely through the efforts of Mr. Phillips, has been attended with great success. A board of directors, twenty-eight in number, has been appointed, representing

the following divisions of service: Peoria office, Peoria plant, Peoria S. S. attendants, traveling representatives and "A" station agents and salesmen. Officers elected for the ensuing year are: W. H. Caldwell. president; P. B. Bornholdt, vice-president; Margaret Hanson, secretary, and F. Lindenfelser, treasurer. The membership is already nearly a 100 per cent proposition as concerns those eligible and enthusiasm is running high. Dues have been placed at 50 cents a month, funds to be used for the financing of the Club's various social events and the defraying of floral expenses for sick rooms and funerals, wedding presents, etc. From all indications, a lively Winter is in store for the club members.

This month's issue is absolutely bare of news from the field except for the reliable Wilson at Springfield. Bloomington and Galesburg might as well be off the map, as far as concerns the RECORD. As for the other stations, and the traveling representatives—we pass. Exhortations, invitations, condemnations, lurid profanity, all have been used, and to no purpose. Guess we'll have to adopt Wilson's motto: "If there isn't any news—make some."

Salesman Glen Cole, famed Red Crown backstop, dashed next year's prospects when he left the service November 24. The stocky maskman will seek his fortune elsewhere, and we wish him luck, and all the trimmings.

Bernice Moran and Jim Flanigan exchanged condolences, the day after Thanksgiving. Manual's defeat was a bitter pill.

Tom Strawn, strenuous tank wagon instructor, recently encountered a day more tempestuous than enjoyable. Breaking in a new driver, Tom's truck tangled with a farmer's clothes line, knocked over a small building, and broke the line. Tom had to buy a new line for the farmer's wife. He put the expenditure on his 028, remarking that it wasn't the first time such a charge had appeared there.

Sales Manager Caldwell narrowly escaped drowning a few Sundays ago, while returning from Chillicothe with Mr. Phillips, Mr. Phillips' dog, and L. M. Taylor.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Happy New Year! May the year be filled with success and happiness for every member of this big happy family!

And still the family grows! On November 6 a nine and one-half pound, blue eyed wonderful girl came to give Mr. and Mrs. George J. Sohm something to worry about. We haven't had a peek at the young lady yet but we understand she is S-O-M-E girl. The office bunch seemed almost as tickled about it as George himself, judging by the appearance of the clothes line hung over his desk and loaded with the kind of trinkets and toys that gladden a baby's heart. George retaliated with cigars and candy, and took a week off to get himself back to normal again. Congratulations!

Wade Jenkins, hustling agent of Mendon, Ill., tuned up his courage and took the fatal step the middle of November. The cigars were fine, Wade, and the office force extends their very best wishes to you and Mrs. Jenkins for a long and happy life.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Westfall are among the recent visitors to this office. Frank is our energetic agent at Perry, Mo., and is always a welcome visitor.

Rufus, we can still recall that Art Hoar, equipment juggler, and Carl Slack, the tank car man, were oft wont to act absentmindedly and strangely also. They are both married now and everything is well. Moral?

Hurlie Smith, he of the recently acquired hog-farm, had quite a set-back when he learned that his pigs carried a mortgage with them into his yard. Not so good, Hurlie, not so good. And, by the way, Hurlie, Margaret Ernst would like to know just how a pig accomplishes the gentle art of carrying a mortgage. Could you send her a snapshot, please?

Carl Bexten, stock department, made a flying trip to Peoria recently, via Jacksonville and Springfield. Len invited him to the mansion for luncheon but Bex couldn't waste the time. The "great man for hard roads" (we speak not of the governor, but of Bex), met his Waterloo in the Meredosia bottoms on his return.

Thurston Smith is spending a week at Memphis, Mo., instructing a new attendant at S. S. No. 14. We understand "T. W." is due to receive fifty thousand shekels soon, if the conversation carried on by him during his sleep can be used as a clue.

Bill Morgan is a smart boy. Knowing full well that everything he says will be used against him he will speak not one word of denial to the charge that he is married. It's cruel to keep us guessing that way.

After the second "tickling" of a live wire, Dean Thomas decided that being an amateur electrician isn't what it's cracked up to be and called in Bert Schwebel to mend the light over his desk. Each shock was worth a quarter—to us, Dean.

We've heard so many things about Herbert Edmonston Green and his myriad of lady friends that we gave up in despair and will say nothing. Aren't you glad, H. E.?

The correspondent is all fixed up in his (better mention it's partly his wife's also) new home at 620½ Madison and can wash dishes and polish silver along with the best of them. Come on in, boys, the water's fine,—even if 'tis only dish-water.

OH MILWAUKEE!

How come we are never blessed with any news or gossip about L. W. Sturhahn and M. F. Worley? What can the matter be? There are oodles of folks here who are interested in them.

Pity a poor fellow like Elmer Hand who won a dime on a bet and then had to give it back to find out how he won it.

Wanted: Someone who can explain to R. C. Boger the joke in the November issue concerning himself, Thayer, and the dumb-bell. Apply in person at the cashier's cage.

Wonder what frightened B. E. Radtke so the other morning when he came to work with his hair standing on end. Thompson suggested that it was probably only an encounter with Watkin's Cocoanut Oil.

Tom Cochran of Milan, Mo., was in the office recently making known his determination to get that banner again. Harold Gracey of Dallas City is the winner for October.

Salesman W. M. Cook had an unusual experience recently when a heavy wheel came off of a road grader and rolled into his "Henry," knocking it for a row of beehives.

M. T. W. Driver Bill Ames was also jarred recently when a speeding police-commandeered car tried to cut his Pierce-Arrow in two. It was the poor cop who suffered this time—Bill and his P-A ambling right along.

Then along comes McAdams with a broken spindle. Better cut down on your diet, Mack, or pick on something stouter than a Ford.

We are sorry to learn that Salesman L. H. Bailey's youngster was severely burned recently. We hope the young fellow will feel like new in a hurry.

Dorothy Scott of the switch board knows her stuff! But we'd like to suggest that she get a storage tank and drain her gas tank after each ride. "Scotty," you know, is not a bit stingy about taking a fellow for a ride—providing he buys the gas. How do I know?

Our newest bulk station, at Stoutsville, Mo., is going good now with Agent U. G. Dooley boosting the full line. Give us a word, U. G.

Salesman R. L. Wilson is still ahead of the crowd in the Mica campaign and going fast, too! Atta Boy! Ross.

If we can believe the reports coming in recently, Agent C. A. Pine of Baylis, Ill., is quite some pugilist and his son is even going him one better. How about it, Charlie?

E. F. Engles of the home office is among us just now, pepping up the equipment and mechanical work.

S. S. No. 20, Moberly, will no doubt be open and doing a lively business before this issue of the S. R. goes to press

We are glad to see Manager A. L. Martin feeling fine again after his brief encounter with a cold.

George Sohn extends his heartfelt thanks to the plant employees for the pretty baby dress they presented to him.

They call him Guzzlem Edwards around here. It must be the angle of his cap, or how else did he get mixed up in the firm of Guzzlem and Howdy? Anybody know?

You boys in the field now should be able to take the time to send in some of the doings out your way. Let's have it!

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

Comes the time when we are forced to ring down the asbestos curtain on the adventures of Clifton Friers and his little semi-tragedy in which he alternately supplied us with thrills, pathos and comedy not excluding the heart throbs and precipitation, with his lighter-than-air-heavier-than water craft. It had been rationed on Stanolind Aviation and a competitive lubricant which increased the motor's temperature to the point that it involuntarily swooped down into Lake Michigan for a general cooling off. The three first class passengers took an unseasonable swim and the plane made a perfect landing three miles west and one mile straight down from St. Ignace. The only thing left of the corporation is the accounts payable.

It was the correspondent's fortune to accompany the bowling team on their recent trip to Reese where they defeated the Reese Specials in a closely contested game. Our boys gallantly withstood the nerve-wrecking onslaughts which effervesced from Reese's cheer leader, in the nature of equestrian guffaws, like chromatic runs on a steam calliope under a full head of steam.

Bruce MacDonald, short stop for the Standard Oil Indoor baseball team, gave a demonstration on what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object in the last game the boys played with the News-Courier team. He was stealing second when he bumped his eye on the baseman's knee. He regained consciousness after Louis Reip fanned out seven times in succession.

Chauncey Shepherd, our Merrill agent, announces the arrival of a baby girl on October 18. Little Ardelia Grace is heartily welcomed to the Standard Oil family.

John McDonald of the order department was a member of the convention of the Michigan Council of Religious Education, which was held at Grand Rapids November 6, 7 and 8. He reports that he had the pleasure of meeting our old office associate, Miss Bessie Driscol, who was as pleasant as ever.

ANSWER TO NOVEMBER QUERY—A company car is not a company car when it doesn't stop at all railroad crossings; it's a Flirt.

Rube Kern and Leroy Younkman attended a "Keno" party just prior to Thanksgiving and watched their hard-earned cash pass the Turkey mark and still hadn't bought any numbers that were not bad news. Edward Barrenscheer and Fred Cox attended the same kind of a party in another location and had to hire a dray to deliver their turkeys. See Rube and Leroy for the details. Luck was on a detour for them.

Mr. Bomford of the Chicago office is giving our activities the eagle eye.

Well, Christmas has come and gone and, thanks to the S. O. Co. full line, many desires were satisfied and the best part of it is that as far as we are concerned, it can be a perpetual affair. Saint Nicholas showed that he is progressive and knew the people's wants and instead of giving them dynamite tack hammers and rubber stove shakers gave them something worth while. Nick looked like a duke, he had his curls and wind chimes snowy white and as luxuriant as a new lawn made possible by timely applications of Stanolax and he was so full of pep that he had to be strapped into his seat. His sleigh made the stars look like they were shining through smoked glass as it was well polished with Semdac Liquid Gloss and the nickel trimming looked like a new celluloid collar, the result of Finol. The reindeer looked like Nick had got the best of a trade but they were the same old Tom and Jerry, only they had been well conditioned with Stanolind Liquid Paraffine Heavy and been treated with Bovinol all summer, making their coats as slick as a stock salesman. The harness, while old, was never in better shape, as it had been oiled with Eureka Harness Oil. Nick was as immaculate as a dandy since Mrs. Kringle had used Stanolind Cleaners Naphtha on his tights and the old soup and fish front looked like it had just been snatched off a store dummy. In his pack he had Parawax, Coupon Books, Kalo Chrome candles and Holders, Semdac and Semdac Mops (highly indorsed by Mrs. Kringle) Polarine Oils and Greases, Yuletide candles and Finol, St. Neolite and Eureka Harness Oil, Perfection Pump Tanks and Mica Axle Grease, Superla Cream Separator Oil and Granite Harvester Oil. His sleigh skimmed over the road

with no resistance as the roadbed had received two applications of Standard Asphalt Road Oil No. 3, making it stand up under the Fall rains instead of trying to emulate the Grand Canyon. And last but not least his Service! He reflected the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service in every detail and left his beneficiaries with the same satisfaction and if he ever decides to motorize his transportation he'll use Red Crown and Polarine.

Bay City, Mich.

Mrs. Richard Burk, wife of our Coleman agent, was a caller at our station in November. She's some little business woman and by looking over the records we know where Richard gets his incentive.

In consideration of the fact that Ollie Richards shot off all the game before the other members of the hunting party could get their horse pistols out of their pants leg he put on a shindig in which he allowed them to participate in his game. E. R. Soop, we understand, was present but that isn't saying that he needed his hunting license.

The office force was startled a few days ago when John Wetters, rural tank wagon driver, came in with his eyes bulging out of their sockets and his face as red as one side of an old maid's powder puff, all of which was caused by an error in his toilet. One-half of his circulation was cut off by the boa constrictor grip of a four-in-hand necktie of red with polka dots the size of stove lids, while the other half was submissive to the hangman's noose effect of a bow tie with checker board symptoms. He's only been married a year, but, gosh, we never heard of it affecting one thusly.

Well, look us over, folks. Bay City is on the map at last. The steamers Cowan and Renown, together with Barge "C" were in town November 11 and knocked the population's eyes out with their beauty and the good natured crew who allowed the inquisitive onlookers to inspect their floating palaces from hold to topmast.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Downing announce the arrival of a little boy on October 26. Nice news from our Gagetown agent but Harold Dickinson, S. S. attendant at Cass City, tells us his wife presented him with a fine baby girl on October 29. Like our sales, our population is also growing.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

Roy Livingston is our new agent at Rexford, Kas. Welcome to the family, Roy.

Assistant Manager Orr has made a new friend at Ruleton, Kas., selling him Perfection Oil.

We can't show you any bathing girl pictures from Western Kansas. No beaches or creeks.

Salesman Waddill has moved to Oberlin, Kas., from McDonald.

One salesman in Western Kansas can eat two custard pies without batting an eye. Another can eat ice cream soda till the drug store is out.

Tell R. D. White ducks are all back now that he is away.

They tell us Doc White got lost in Western Kansas out on the prairie hunting dry ducks.

Since receiving the new candle case Bill Arensberg is using a Ford truck on the territory (but has sold very few candles to date).

All the S. O. Co. boys are talking it: Diversified farming in Western Kansas.

Agent Sutton at Menlo, Kas., is showing a fine gain over last year.

This Winter we expected to see *Coldsnow* drifting in Western Kansas but St. Louis is receiving the visit instead.

Since Zim left us we have no sheik. We need one. Won't White give us some help in Western Kansas?

Next time Crackalew O'Neil comes to Goodland we want him to visit Ruleton, Kas.

Clay Waddill has a new go away bag.

The agents, S. S. men and salesmen of Eastern Kansas have organized to bring the Red Crown Banner to St. Joseph, where it will obtain a permanent home. Anyone else in the field that wants to may get in on this, but no driving from the back seat or "feet dragging" will be permitted.

A. C. Bode recently discovered the tools from his car had been distributed around over the machine shop, but not appropriated by someone as at first thought. Everything goes in its correct place out there and the boys are no respecters of persons.

Several effusions have lately been received from ambitious or lovesick poets, but remember, please, the STANOLIND RECORD places a ban on such material.

T. V. Warren, a St. Joseph graduate, now assistant manager, Davenport, Iowa, is expected any time to spend a few days hunting ducks at the camp near Iatan.

The Barnard agent says that Sam Lloyd is going to have the scrap of his life unless Sam buys the hat promised the agent in his territory who sold the most two barrel tanks.

The "A" station at Norton, Kas., opened in November and is doing a nice business. H. M. Martin, formerly at the service station, is agent. Earl White, who formerly handled the substation agency, continues to look after the local business. Earl spent a day at the St. Joseph office recently. On the way back to Norton he visited relatives at Topeka and Clifton, Kas.

Ronald Worman is starting a menagerie. He has already acquired a "galloping goose."

"Abe" Walter recently spent a week end visiting in Kansas City.

George Ziemendorff was in the office telling all of his friends "hello." Since leaving St. Joseph earlier in the year he says he has been to Canada and Mexico, but he couldn't stay away from the old home town.

This is the time of the year when the embryo hunters around the office get busy. "Heinie" Leake was seen wolf hunting in South St. Joseph lately.

Mary Heller writes from Texas that she is working hard. What doing? I wonder if it is writing letters back to St. Joseph? How about it, Ed?

HEY, GRAND RAPIDS

You should have been here to see the expression on Mr. Wagner's face when he arrived here to assume his duties as manager and was presented with the beautiful flowers you sent him.

Bernice Davies sang in the choir during the recent Gypsy Smith revival.

When Mr. Cameron was transferred to Joliet and Mr. Coldsnow to St. Louis, a meeting was held in which they received the best wishes of the entire division. Mr. Cameron was presented with a clock and a pen knife and Mr. Coldsnow with a amethyst tie pin.

Shortly Morts, an old timer, has spent a few days around the plant lately.

Everett Davis of the stationery department, has kept his marriage to Miss Leona Elliott of St. Joseph a secret from most of us since September 29. Congratulations, Brother Davis! Next time don't wait until Christmas.

Abe Walter is sporting a new Overland sedan. Just give him time and he will be driving a Lincoln.

We have lost two of our valuable salesmen, H. G. Parkhurst, formerly on the Hiawatha territory, having been transferred to the Davenport field, and L. H. Juda, our specialty man, to the Kansas City field. It is our understanding that H. G. is headquartering at Ottumwa, Iowa, but to date none of his old friends have heard from him. Leighton also left on short notice. Here's wishing these men the best of success in their new locations. They left many friends in the St. Joseph field.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

Hard work, perseverance and loyalty were again recognized and rewarded as A. P. Robinson, formerly manager of the St. Louis division, was retired by the board of directors on an annuity.

The division also wishes C. R. Ewing, formerly assistant manager, the highest amount of success in his new duties in the St. Louis field, which he is taking up.

T. B. Clifford and G. W. Coldsnow are welcomed to the division as manager and assistant manager, respectively, and are assured of the support of the organization.

Behold the "She-Male!" Probably you do not know that Charlie DeWitt is an active member of the church he attends regularly; well, we will reveal a little secret: Charlie has just been elected president of the ladies' sewing circle; this he will gladly acknowledge. He says he will teach the ladies a few new stitches. Allow us to congratulate you, Charlie.

A very pretty double wedding took place on November 7. Driver L. Schweiger and his brother, Walter, married two sisters.

H. Kettman is sure stepping out in that new cap he is wearing. What became of the cap you stole on the waiter at Forest Park Highlands, Harry?

The sympathy of all the boys of the main plant goes out to Joe Griffith whose son was killed last week.

The hunting season opened up with a bang. Many of the boys report fine kills and say rabbits, squirrels and ducks are more plentiful this year than ever.

The employees of the St. Louis office recently formed a club for the purpose of promoting fellowship and mutual good feeling and to defray necessary expenses which may be incurred from time to time by marriage, death, illness and other causes.

A grand prize of one month's dues (25 cents) was given to the originator of the name finally selected. R. H. Jackson was the successful person receiving the prize, but declined to make a speech. The name decided upon was "The Ace of Clubs"; we also have the King, Queen, Jack and the rest of the suit. The following officers were elected: A. W. Riechers, president; W. Y. McBurney, first vice-president; Jonquil Schell, second vice-president; Katherine Armstrong, secretary; Charles DeSitt, treasurer, and Dallas Felts, assistant treasurer.

The first meeting of the Club was held at the office November 19. After a short business meeting, dancing was the main feature, the strains being so haunting that even our old friend Harrison stepped out for a waltz and Ed. Wittmond and Blanche Duddy led with the latest social dance. During the intermission we were entertained with vocal selections by Joseph Burke, A. J. Cameron and E. P. Snider. A. P. R. still maintains he cannot dance, but hasn't proved it. However, Miss Gallagher states she is still hopeful. We all had such a good time that there is no doubt but what the next meeting will have 100 per cent attendance. Ice cream and cakes were served at the party in such abundance that many cakes were left in the file room, and a few of the more fortunate ones who knew of this, felt the need for "tickets" the next day and consequently made frequent trips to the room.

Efficiency Deans, the stock department cookie pusher, reported to Lubhead Joe Fritz at the plant with two different kinds of socks. He says he gets more wear out of them by showing his artistic temperament.

SIOUX CITY, IA.

C. J. Van Hatten, Correspondent

Agent Jay Coates of Yankton received numerous compliments on the S. O. Co. truck he displayed on "dress parade" during the recent Pioneer Day Celebration at Yankton.

Frank Bucholz, hardware and implement dealer at Melvin, Iowa, recently took a few of his friends on a rabbit hunt on the river bottom. Mr. Bucholz handles nothing but S. O. Co. products, and attributes Finol lubrication of his guns as a great factor in his good luck at hunting.

Somebody tell us what a "ginger buck" is. Dora Beaubine wants to know.

Laws, didn't Harrington and Link rejoice when they "struck a balance" first pop?

Remember "Bill" Townsend, veteran S. O. Co. salesman? "Bill" writes that the minnows grow "big" in his country.

Paul Gooch is the proud "Daddy" of a bouncing baby boy, Paul Lyle. Paul says he's got the brightest boy in town; why just the other morning "Daddy" stepped to the crib, looked at the boy and asked, "Is there anything you want, son?" The boy looked up at him with his big eyes wide open and said "absolutely nothing."

Ever hear of a traveling dentist? Jeanette Harrington has one come down to Sioux City about every other Sunday from Hudson, S. D. (? ? ? ? ?)

Charley: "That peculiar odor must be gas from the furnace." Dora: "Why, do they burn gasoline down there?"

Does he strut? We'll say he does! Who? Agent Weidenfeller of Merrill, of course. He is the father of a brand new baby boy, and Mer-

rill residents say there was no living around the town for a few days. Can't blame him for it, can you?

The Standard Oil Social Club recently conducted a "Hard Times Party" for employees and their friends at the main office. "Schnitzel" Zimmerman and Fritz Hagv presided at the "Hock Shop," with Abe Weidel, Kangaroo Court Judge, who adjusted fines for all those daring to appear in other than "Hard Times" apparel. The refreshment committee, Jack Carter, chairman, worked hard and the "eats" proved it. The decoration committee, Mabel Kelly, chairman, carried out Hallowe'en season to fine effect. There were corn-stalks, pumpkins and lanterns. The music was good and everyone enjoyed a wonderful evening.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

Heretofore we have always understood that agents were agents but R. W. Carrington, former district superintendent, recently appointed agent at Ft. Wayne, told one of our men that he was to be the "Manager at Ft. Wayne!" Ah ha!

'Twas a cold, shivery morning in November. George Gale, his wife and their dog were slowly but surely freezing. George had on two overcoats and was working over the engine of his 1742, "What-you-call-it," endeavoring (not very peacefully) to coax it into a rambling humor. Mr. Van Schrom and Mr. Beech came alongside in Mr. Beech's "shaker" and after a few efforts and remarks on the part of Mr. Schrom a rope was borrowed from a truck and Mr. Gale and family rode in state behind the "shaker" which, despite its wheezing and gasping, finally deposited its charge at the South Bend office.

We noticed a picture of Fred Webb in the office with the following inscription pasted thereon: "Why Girls Leave Home."

Mr. Van Schrom, of the "Safety First department," was quarantined in the house for three days recently, due to sickness in the family. Mr. Schrom fumigated himself in the attic and crawled out the attic window to the outside world and stayed out!

M. J. Cook, supervisor at Ft. Wayne, is holding two attendant schools per month assisted by E. H. Beech, S. S. superintendent. Business at his stations is showing the results!

A. A. Dodge of the stock department is back on duty after a week's vacation spent in Cleveland.

Frank Heummer advises he can receive company now that the pavement on Fourth street is finished.

Leo Paskut has purchased a new set of horseshoes. Why?

Will someone please send Mr. Ullery a map of all roads leading out of South Bend, as he is asking for new roads, having traveled all he can find since buying the new Dodge.

We find Mr. King buying meals for one of our sisters at the SOCo. boarding house. "Let's Hope."

Now that the stove is up let's vote Miss Anne Kaminski the seat at the end of the table.

Guy Call, formerly T. W. driver at Angola, Ind., has been promoted to agent at Stroh. We are expecting great things from Guy.

Merl Lauer, formerly agent at Stroh, Ind., has assumed charge of the station at Angola, Ind. Merl is a wide awake fellow and intends to place Angola station at the pinnacle, where it belongs.

Salesman A. R. Marshall says to watch the two attendants at our new S. S. Ligonier put their station on the map.

Don Golding, clerk at Kokomo, is getting four eggs a day from his hennery. Congrats, Don, the market on hen fruit is steadily increasing.

Overheard at Kokomo: Grant Maddox—"That sure is some Ford! All I have to do is to get in it, close the door, start the motor, and I get the same results as from an electric massage at a barber shop."

Frank Kerlin, S. S. tank wagon driver and the biggest little man in Kokomo, after seeing the picture of the 5-ton Macks in the November issue, says, "Boy, wouldn't I look good at the wheel of one of those babies?"

L. Blattau, sub-station cashier at Kokomo, imported from LaFayette, has appointed Don Golding to be his Social Secretary.

John Murphy, T. W. driver at Kokomo, is still the champion mica salesman in the city.

At a recent Polarine meeting in Kokomo, W. E. McGriff, agent at Marion, issued a challenge to Grant Maddox in regard to the present Semdac campaign. The challenge was accepted and the battle is on.

E. N. Frampin, attendant at S. S. No. 39, Portland, is sporting a new Baby Lincoln.

H. H. VanKirk, salesman at Portland, found a new overcoat SOME-PLACE. Emphasis on "some-place!"

In view of the enviable record our head bookkeeper, Mr. Van Arsdal, made in the front line trenches in France, we cannot understand how five ducks, seven rabbits and two squirrels ever escaped this sportsman's gun on a recent hunting trip.

J. J. Marcus says he lost ten pounds the first lesson of the dancing class. Now we wonder if he really wanted to learn to dance or is *merely* reducing?

Mrs. Roy Schall, wife of our hustling agent at Hamilton, Ind., getting the spirit of the Semdac fight and wishing to contribute all she could, took a gallon can of Semdac and sallied forth in Hamilton and in two days sold several gallon cans. Has anyone a wife to compete with Mrs. Schall in this campaign?

Just received word from Mrs. Clyde Reese at Orland, wife of our agent there, saying she would contest Mrs. Schall, or any other agent's wife, to help South Bend division retain its position as leader in the sale of Semdac Liquid Gloss.

We are anxiously awaiting reports of the sales ability of other "Fair" saleswomen. Looks like we would have to give some of these energetic ladies a position on the sales force.

Did you notice what a hit L. W. Stoffer, formerly agent at LaPorte, now salesman, made with the fair sex the second day he was in the office, being transferred? The first day was quiet, but, the second day some one let the fact be known that Mr. Stoffer was a single man. Competition is keen!

Ray Brake, clerk at Portland, is taking up a collection of apple butter.

Chester Ulrey (single), headquarters at Ft. Wayne, makes quite a few stops at Portland since

he has found a pretty face there. Watch your step, Chet, the older they get, the harder they fall, you know!

H. H. VanKirk, salesman, found the cider belonging to Mr. Walburn, agent at Portland. Of course, he didn't touch it, being unable to find a funnel.

W. S. Baer was very shamefully treated on his recent trip to Dunkirk, being compelled to push salesmen out of the mud. However, it was his suggestion that this particular road be traveled.

Agent Walburn at Portland has named his auto "Asthma."

P. A. Moulder, salesman, spent two very tedious hours the morning after Hallowe'en discovering that the gas-line on his flivver had been shut off.

"Bug" Hess, going to lunch: "See you in thirty days."

A. B. O'Brien (we call him Mike) says that by the time you read this he will be in the new plant. He is issuing invitations for all.

Charles Boveri challenges anyone in the South Bend division to a pump shining contest. If you don't think he would win, you should see the pumps at S. S. No. 16, LaFayette.

C. Balyeat, tank wagon driver, and V. T. Long, S. S. attendant of Elkhart, Ind., are erecting new homes.

Elkhart reports a Dakota farmer on the payroll, G. D. Beisel. Welcome to our midst, Mr. Beisel.

W. E. Ren, LaPorte, Ind., known among his friends and customers as "Bill," recently asked for a half day off. When asked, "What's the idea?" he replied, "a boy." This makes five boys and two girls.

What do property owners think of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Service Stations? Here's what: The owner of the property adjoining our new S. S. at Ligonier, Ind., told one of our boys that before the station was erected, he had been on the verge of a "trade" and since our station has been built he values his property at $500 additional!

Another property owner across the street from one of our service stations told her friend that there was only one location she would prefer for a residence and that was next to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service station.

It is reported that Agent R. P. Bixler of Elkhart, Ind., has reverted to childhood days and is sustaining himself via the "bottle route."

One of our "fair" employees passed Lester Hug the other day, looked closely at him, then opened up her pocketbook, handed Lester a dime, advised him to get a cake of soap and wash his upper lip! Sh! Keep it quite; it's a brand new moustache!

On November 8 our efficient credit man, A. H. Tyler, spoke at the monthly meeting of the South Bend Association of Credit Men at Elkhart, Ind.

Louise DeGroote and Mrs. Long gave a miscellaneous shower at the home of the latter for Margaret Burns, November 12. A general good time was had and everyone wants to know if Margaret will take the advice of the donor of the rolling pin. Might not be such a bad idea, Margaret, but they do say that a "Shaelie" is the Irish weapon.

Wonder why Mr. Condon, garage salesman, has acquired the name of "Cupid"?

Ed. Johnson, agent at LaPorte, has already looked over the LaPorte Country Club course. Ed. swings a wicked "driver."

R. L. Jenkins, agent at Michigan City, Ind., is still taking his morning "dip" and his daily dozen at Duneland Beach, before breakfast, but the 210 pounds are still in evidence.

J. F. Finske, attendant at S. S. No. 302, Michigan City, tells all the transients that come into his station that he will see them in "30 days"; this is one way he has to get them to stop on their way back through Michigan City.

S. A. Whitacre, T. W. driver, Portland, Ind., has a broad grin on his face nowadays. Reason? He's papa to an eight and a half pound baby boy!

Will wonders never cease? Johnnie Harringer has passed around the cigars! Miss Loretta Donnell of Pontiac, Ill., became Mrs. Harringer November 22. We wish them a life of happiness.

C. R. Burham, former attendant at S. S. No. 72, LaFayette, Ind., has been promoted to general salesman.

Mr. Fix of Boswell and Mr. Curtis of Rensselaer, Ind., spent the afternoon of November 23 in the South Bend office, becoming acquainted with their co-workers.

Friday night, November 23, was another "Joy Nite." The "Stanoco Club," South Bend's new social organization, "threw" a dance and card party that was a real affair! Dancing started promptly at 8:30 p. m. and after half an hour of tripping, Arthur Tyler, our "get acquainted" manager, got busy and soon everyone was introducing themselves. John Stiner was dancing master and had a fine program of fourteen dances arranged. Between dances several specialties were introduced. The Aeroplane ride "put on" by F. Blake and assistants was a "roar." There were ten candidates for rides and all but two got away. Miss Genevieve Murphy and Stella Kominski were successful in completing the ride. "Spot" Smith's introductory offer, "Yes, we have no Bananas," was novel. A bushel basket of nice juicy apples, sweet cider, doughnuts and candy made ideal refreshments. If you don't think everyone had a good time, just ask one of the 160 who were there and watch 'em grin and say, "I'll say we did!" It was regrettable that the entire membership could not be present, but we hope for 100 per cent turnout next month. "The more the merrier." Chas. Bailey of the membership committee for S. S.'s of the Stanoco Club, has brought in twenty-eight new members; our roll call now striking the tune of 132.

A. V. Vanderbosh of the South Bend office is off duty due to an infected foot. We expect to see "Van" back again in a few days. You can't keep a good man down!

Walter Loshbaugh of the South Bend office was injured in an automobile accident November 24. Walter is off duty for a few days, but says he'll be with us again soon.

WICHITA, KANS.

Iola Gibson, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Grant of Palco have had their home blessed with a baby boy, and we only can hope that he will become the booster for Standard oils that his father is.

Volley ball has more than started and two good teams, the Red Crowns and the Polarines, are making strong bids for leadership in both leagues. However, the season is yet young and there is

plenty of time to test out the best teams. We feel, without a doubt, that the managers of the two teams will give us the best in the city. Mr. Williams is manager of the Red Crown team and Mr. Quillen ably pilots the Polarine Club.

Basketball season opens the first of December and the Perfection tossers have some very good prospects trying for a berth with the honorary "5." Our captain, Cecil Cox, will be in a position to select an all star team out of such players as Momb, Morehead, Cook, Haughton, Day, Magee, Branaman, Keith, Hunter and Mowrer.

For some time past, judging by the letters to this office, we could not decide what was the matter with our agent at Byers. Cupid has settled the difficulty for us by giving him the correct number and Mrs. Rose Barkhurst, telephone operator, has become Mrs. Jack Frost. Congratulations and best wishes from this office inasmuch as we seldom get the right number.

What we wonder is if Mr. Van Horne and Abe Martin have any pictures of all those ducks they shot—eighteen and twenty at a shot—and do you suppose they ate all of them before they got back to town?

Amy Jewett is going about with a downcast expression. Don't know why; neither does anyone else except Dave Hayden and he says he won't tell until too late for this publication. Well, we can only hope for the best, that is, that we may again and very soon see her smiling as in other days.

Bob Rassmussen says that the only time to take the Shrine is when you are on your vacation as you need the full two weeks to recuperate, and longer than that to get the paint off your face. Crossing the "Burning Sands" is one thing you can't do without blistering your feet.

Heard in the Cafeteria: Miss Smith—"Did you ever play Concentration with cards, Mr. Van Horne?" Mr. Van Horne—"No, I don't believe I ever did." Miss Smith—"I didn't think so; you have to use your mind in that game."

We would suggest a radio for the station examiners' department. No one around this department will ever wonder why.

Our specialty salesman in Oklahoma advises us that nothing worries him when selling candles. The day Jack Walton was dethroned as governor of the state Mr. Branson made a record sale of candles in the capital city.

On November 27 the employees of this office enjoyed one moonlight evening at Sullivan's Dam by having a steak fry. The evening was spent mostly in a contest between the several members seeing who could down the most beef. About a hundred were present, and not a drone in the bunch.

The E. M. Laird Aeroplane company have established several routes around Wichita and to prove they believe in the best, are using Standard Oil Company (Indiana) gasoline in all of their motors.

Can't hardly expect Curly Talbott to do a great deal of work with a grin on his face so broad that it swells his eyes shut. Yes, it's a boy. You guessed right the first time—weighs eleven pounds. Curly thinks nothing like that ever happened before.

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him." Mr. Van Horne, our assistant manager, left us for new fields to conquer. For two years his flaming torch and cheery disposition have lightened our way. And in not a few cases has he placed his pedal extremity with neat accuracy and the proper amount of velocity where it would do the most good—thereby clearing a passage way and removing a stumbling block for some young hopeful who reached his limit. Mr. Van Horne came to us from Council Bluffs of the Des Moines division, where he was superintendent. He left us on December 4 for Milwaukee where he assumed the duties of assistant manager. In this larger field we can only wish him the success that has been his while in Wichita.

Jim Ross was promoted to the position of assistant manager for this field.

* * *

"Jack's got a new siren for his car."

"Really. What became of the blonde one?"—*Exchange.*

EGYPT'S PRIDE

Decatur, Ill.—J. B. Below, the "Beau Brummel" of Egypt. Mr. Below lives in Salem, Ill., is a salesman in the Decatur, Ill., field and had the honor of winning first place in a recent Polarine sales campaign.

CORRESPONDENTS, AHOY

Because some of the correspondents delayed in sending in their photos (some haven't been received yet), the double-page center layout of correspondents' pictures will appear in next month's issue of the STANOLIND RECORD.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*
C. C. LAKIN, *Assistant Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
J. H. BUDDE, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MASON CITY, IOWA
R. H. THOMAS, *Manager*
H. E. HANSON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Ass't Manager* (Operation)
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

MINOT, N. D.
JOHN BEATON, *Manager*
H. H. HATHAWAY, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
A. R. MAULSBY, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
C. H. WAGNER, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
G. W. COLDSNOW, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
H. J. BEMIS, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

OBSTACLES

Every person who has not made a success of life can tell you why; everything was against him, he really never had a chance.

Such statements are not true. The fact is that most of our great men and women have had to overcome tremendous difficulties. That is how they became strong. One doesn't get to be a great athlete by taking things easy. One does it by long continued and oftentimes almost heart-breaking effort.

Who are the warriors who are immortalized in song and story? Are they the fellows who won big campaigns without opposition? Not by any means. They are the men who made a last desperate stand and won against overwhelming odds.

Farmers sometimes wonder why weeds grow so much more readily than useful crops. It's because they have to fight for existence. Some one is always digging them up and they have to be strong and hardy or they would soon die out. Then again the garden vegetables and the corn and wheat are carefully nurtured and all obstacles are removed which hinder their growth. So they become weak and if they are left to fight the weeds they quickly succumb.

So it is with folks. Wise parents don't make things too easy for their children. Youngsters must learn to work hard and to overcome all kinds of difficulties if they are going far in the race of life. And it is so with most lines of business. Not many business men make a success if they have plenty of money to start with. The big business successes of the world are made by men with nothing but brains and energy. Ford and Rockefeller are the two richest men in the world because of inherent ability and because they started with nothing. It is a lot harder for a rich boy to win real success than a poor boy.

Thank God for your difficulties. When things get to coming too easy go off by yourself and think things over and see what is the matter. If you don't you will soon be slowly dying of dry rot.—*Exchange.*

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

VOL. 5 NO. 4
FEBRUARY 1924

STANOLIND RECORD

WON'T YOU BE MY VALENTINE?

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

Board of Directors

R. W. STEWART, *Chairman*

W. M. BURTON, *President*
W. E. WARWICK, *Vice-Pres., Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
B. PARKS, *Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. SEUBERT, *Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*
R. H. MCELROY, *Traffic Manager*
E. J. BULLOCK, *Director of Purchases*
T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager, Sales*
JOHN D. CLARK, *Vice-President, Assistant to Chairman*

Plant Managers and Superintendents

WHITING

R. E. HUMPHREYS, *Manager*
G. CASH, *Superintendent*
J. E. EVANS, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. GLAIR, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. MOFFETT, *Manager*
H. R. BOEHMER, *Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. MANBECK, *Manager*
W. W. HOLLAND, *Superintendent*
F. J. GAINER, *Assistant Superintendent*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION

THOMAS S. COOKE, *Manager*

Casper, Plants Nos. 1 and 2

R. M. ANDRUS, *Manager*
A. E. THOMPSON, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3

M. G. PAULUS, *Superintendent*
R. E. WOOD, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. ROUSE, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1

H. M. LOCKARD, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2

B. L. WARREN, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1

W. A. MORRIS, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2

J. F. CULLEN, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. CURRY, *Director,* Chicago, Ill.
E. H. FISHER, *Assistant Director,* Chicago, Ill.
C. W. SMITH, *Director Safety Division,* Chicago, Ill.
W. N. BECAW, *Assistant Director,* Whiting, Ind.
C. F. HALL, *Assistant Director,* Wood River, Ill.
A. S. HURT, *Assistant Director,* Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. LOBDELL, *Assistant Director,* Casper, Wyo.

Joint General Committees

WHITING, IND.

HENRY BEHRENS
J. E. BRINKER
H. J. BRODERSON
R. N. BROWN
T. J. BURKE
ANDRO CHILLA
FRANK EATON
F. EHLERS
J. H. FENICLE
C. FITZGERALD
GEORGE FORTENER
WM. FULLER
L. M. GRAHAM
BEN IMLER
LUKE KELLY
JOHN V. KIDNAY
H. KOCH
GEORGE LOCKE
W. J. LYNCH
R. T. MYRICK
CHAS. NAEF
A. J. OLSON
JOHN G. PALYO
D. J. PASKWIETZ
P. A. PETERSEN
C. A. PHELPS
JOHN PLATH
G. J. PRENTICE
W. J. REDER
H. ROLPH
M. R. SCHMIDT
NICK SCHOLL
JAMES SPANIER
C. R. STANTON
WARNER SUTHERLAND
U. G. SWARTZ
CHAS. E. THOMPSON
R. R. TILTON
P. O. VANDEVEER
ANDY VARGO
R. G. WALKER
HARRY WHEELER

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

JOE BOSTIAN
MAX DUCKWORTH
JOHN W. EASTERWOOD
GEO. GIBBONS
GEORGE V. HACKETT
A. O. HODGES
L. C. HOWARD
F. G. LEE
LUTHER LEE
EARL S. MOORE
JOSEPH E. MORGAN
G. W. THOMPSON

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

R. CRADDOCK
ARTHUR L. DAVIS
J. F. HALLORAN
EMORY L. HUNT
J. G. JONES
J. F. MCCREDIE
WASH. MCDONALD
EARL F. SCOTT
J. W. STEPHENSON
W. A. TIPTON
GEORGE H. WILKEN
W. H. WITTHOFFT

CASPER, WYO.

B. E. ANDERSON
J. H. ARBUCKLE
WM. AUGUSTINE
PAUL F. BAUER
H. E. COTTON
PITT COVERT, JR.
J. D. CRITCHFIELD
S. H. DIGGS
WM. L. EMMEL
J. E. FRISBY
J. A. HEFFERIN
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D. F. MAHONEY
W. R. C. MILLER
W. H. O'BRIEN
J. W. PHELPS
L. A. RHODES
M. H. SCOTT
L. G. SMITH
J. C. WARKLEY
J. G. WIEDERHOLD

GREYBULL, WYO.

S. E. CRAWFORD
B. C. GODBOLD
W. T. HUGHES
F. N. SANFORD
G. L. SHEPARDSON
E. C. STARKS

LARAMIE, WYO.

A. W. MCALLISTER
J. L. ROBAY
ROY T. STEWART
B. L. WALKER

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Vol. 5 FEBRUARY No. 4

BOARD MEMBERS VISIT WHITING AND WOOD RIVER

Meet Newly Elected and Appointed Representatives of Employees at Those Two Plants—Whiting Meeting Is Held in City's Fine New Community House, Which Represents One of the Many Things Industrial Relations Have Brought to the Employees

Whiting's fine new Community House, the gift to the city from the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Mr. John D. Rockefeller Sr. and Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. was the scene, December 10, of the annual meeting of the Board of Directors of this company with the management of the Whiting Works and the members of the Joint General Committee of that plant. That the meeting of management and men should be held in this fine clubhouse was most fitting, since the Community House is the offspring of Industrial Relations, in which the three donors are hearty believers.

Colonel R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board, was unable to attend, being detained by highly important business in the East. Dr. W. M. Burton was likewise unable to attend, being on company business in California, while Mr. W. E. Warwick was on company business in another part of the country. Illness prevented Mr. B. Parks from attending, while pressing matters in the sales department made it necessary for Mr. Jackson to be elsewhere.

The Board, however, was most ably represented by Mr. John D. Clark, vice-president and assistant to the chairman, who was sent by Colonel Stewart especially to represent him; Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and vice-president, who astonished everybody by blossoming out as a real orator; Mr. R. H. McElroy, traffic manager, who managed to squeak out some side-splitters in spite of his severe cold; Mr. E. J. Bullock, director of purchases, who combined fun with seriousness, and Mr. T. J. Thompson, general manager of sales, who admitted that the manufacturing department is *almost* as good as the sales department, and got away with it!

Dr. R. E. Humphreys, manager of the Whiting Works, dealt with Industrial Relations in a most effective and original manner. Part of his speech is reproduced in other columns of this issue of the STANOLIND RECORD.

Speakers representing the Joint General Committee were Mr. U. G. Swartz, Mr. C. A. Phelps, and Mr. R. R. Tilton. Several of them referred favorably to the proposal, recently submitted by the J. G. C. to the management, to make the one-year layoff ruling retroactive. Mr. C. Fitzgerald presided as toastmaster, and in him another Standard Oil genius of wit and humor was discovered.

Mr. Clark presented the regrets of Colonel Stewart.

Our Cover Girl

Did you ever see a sweeter Valentine than the little blonde bundle of smiles and dimples appearing on the outside cover of this issue of the Stanolind Record? We challenge any magazine in the world to find a cuter Valentine than little Miss Mavis Beverly Olson, daughter of Joe Olson, tank wagon superintendent at Superior, Wis., Duluth division

"When I left Colonel Stewart in the East," said Mr. Clark, "he was engaged in performing some most important business for the company, but it was not the details of that business which were troubling him the most, but the fact that he could not be with you tonight. He bade me say to you that there is no part of the company's business which he considers so highly important as Industrial Relations, and that only the fact that the matters he was engaged with required immediate attention, prevented him from being here."

Speaking of Industrial Relations, Mr. Clark said that aside from all sentimentality—which has its place in Industrial Relations—the Industrial Relations Plan is also a good, cold business proposition, both for the management and for the employees. It reacts to the benefit of both parties, and to the disadvantage of neither; otherwise it could not endure.

Mr. Clark praised other members of the Board for getting behind the Industrial Relations Plan, saying he could do so in good taste as he was not a member of the Board when the Plan was put into effect. He also spoke of the deep consideration which the Board gives to matters proposed by the Joint General Committees.

"I have known the Board to discuss and dispose of a matter involving a million dollars in ten minutes, and then to spend a half or three-quarters of an hour considering a matter submitted by a Joint General Committee under the Industrial Relations Plan," he said.

Mr. E. G. Seubert stated that because he occupies a position which brings him in contact with all departments of the company, but does not involve him in the supervising of the actual details of any of them, except the accounting, he has had little actual contact with the Joint General Committees, except when J. G. C. matters are referred to the Board of Directors, but that this does not prevent him from being entirely familiar with the committees' work or from being an enthusiastic believer in and supporter of the Industrial Relations Plan.

"The minutes of all the Joint General Committees of the various refineries come to my desk," he said, "and I wish to tell you with what close attention and interest I read them. I am perfectly familiar with the work you are doing, and I assure you that you have my sympathetic support. This is true of all members of the Board. Whether we are members of the manufacturing department or not, we follow your minutes with care, and when your proposals come before us, every man can act upon them with understanding and sympathy."

Mr. E. J. Bullock, after getting a few laughs out of his audience, said that the Industrial Relations idea accorded with a proverb which he believed was necessary to adopt as one's guide if one would be a success in life.

"It is this: 'One can not live for himself alone.' The Industrial Relations Plan is designed to overcome selfishness. In living up to its ideals, we are not living for ourselves alone."

Mr. T. J. Thompson expressed his interest in the Industrial Relations Plan, and referred to himself as the representative of the company's greatest and most important department, though he admitted that the manufacturing department was a very efficient organization. He was permitted to leave without molestation.

BOARD AT WOOD RIVER

By Loyal Palmer

All members of the Board of Directors of the company, who were able to make the visit to Wood River, December 11, came in response to an invitation of the new Joint General Committee.

A visit was made through the plant and at noon a luncheon was served at the cottage, which was followed by some interesting talks by members of the Board of Directors, members of the Joint General Committee and plant executives.

Mr. C. B. Manbeck, plant manager, was toastmaster at the luncheon. The term genial has been used very often in describing Mr. Manbeck, but we must use it again. The toastmaster was certainly genial and a most cordial feeling pervaded the meeting.

James G. Jones, member of the Joint General Committee, made what he declared to be his first speech. (It may be so; we don't know.) He will have a lot of work making any improvement on the first effort. Mr. Jones told of the old times, as was to be expected from an "Old Timer" but also told of the new times in a manner that showed he has not lost his vision or lost step with the changing methods of industry.

The speeches were so good we lost track of the order in which they were made. Talks were made by: Thomas J. Thomson, general sales manager, who made the

THESE PUT WOOD RIVER ON THE MAP

Wood River Refinery—After a long and hard struggle, we have at last been able to line up most of the Wood River STANOLIND RECORD reporters for a picture. Whether it was modesty that kept them away from the eye of the camera, or not, we don't know, but anyway they are: (Left to right) upper row—H. Ash, G. Neiderkorn, C. Burris, L. Parker, J. Lamm, C. Graves, J. Davey, H. Davis and M. Manley. Bottom row—M. Pekarik, R. Reynolds, C. Rice, J. Hubbard, Miss Laura Wilkening, L. Palmer (chief), J. Dooley and F. Robertson. Reporters absent are Claude Bachelor, James G. Jones, Jake Neuman, Joe Richardson, Steve Mikolia, Dan Halloran, Jr., Jerry Kennedy, Roscoe Williams and J. L. Forter.

generally accepted statement that we have the finest sales organization in the world; Dr. W. W. Holland, plant superintendent, spoke very kindly about what the Wood River plant is doing; Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations, spoke of the Industrial Relations Plan; Mr. E. J. Bullock, director of purchases, spoke of the work in his department and the pleasure of making the visit; Mr. C. V. Julian, editor of the STANOLIND RECORD; Mr. E. G. Seubert, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, spoke of the work being accomplished by the Industrial Relations plan; Mr. R. H. McElroy, traffic manager, told about the great amount of work involved in distributing the many products of the company, and Mr. George Cook, publicity department, expressed his delight in being able to meet the members of the Joint General Committee.

Mr. Washington McDonald of the Joint General Committee spoke to the visiting members of the board for the elected representatives. Mr. McDonald told of the work of the J. G. C., what it was doing here in Wood River and of the problems before it. He mentioned that one of the important questions, and the one about which he had decided to talk, was the feeling that the practical men did not have the future before them, so far as advancement was concerned, as men had some years ago, that promotion was a vital factor in the morale of the men and absence of it would serve to injure the working ability of the men. The subject was frankly discussed and in following speeches by members of the Board of Directors, Mr. McDonald was complimented for his frank presentation of the subject.

WHITING REFINERY JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE

Whiting—This photo shows the Joint General Committee for 1923-24 at Whiting. The men are: (First Row, left to right) J. H. Fenicle, Nick Scholl, D. J. Paskwietz, H. Wheeler, Frank Eaton, Warner Sutherland, M. R. Schmidt, John G. Palyo, Harry Rolph, G. J. Prentice, John Plath, C. A. Phelps and J. E. Brinker; (Middle Row, left to right) Wm. Fuller, Ben Imler, W. J. Reder, F. Ehlers, Geo. Locke, U. G. Swartz, Henry Behrens, Chas. Naef, R. N. Brown, A. J. Olson, John V. Kidnay, L. M. Graham, C. R. Stanton and George Fortener; (Top Row, left to right) R. R. Tilton, Luke Kelly, Andy Vargo, Andro Chilla, W. J. Lynch, H. J. Broderson, James Spanier, Chas. E. Thompson, P. O. Vandeveer, H. Koch, C. Fitzgerald and P. A. Petersen. Ray Walker, T. J. Burke and R. T. Myrick, members, were not present when the picture was taken. A. N. Beaubien succeeded J. N. Fenicle of the acid works since the photo was taken. Mr. Fenicle has left the service of the company.

Mr. John D. Clark, vice-president and assistant to the chairman, brought a personal message from Col. R. W. Stewart who desired to be present as he had been on former occasions but was detained in the east. Mr. Clark made a long journey to be present and give the message from the chairman of the board. Mr. Clark spoke to the members of the Joint General Committee of the problems before the company this year and of the great sincerity back of the Industrial Relations Plan. He spoke of the talk made by Mr. McDonald and complimented him for the frank statements that had been made, saying it was through such open dealings that problems were brought to the attention of the board for their consideration. Mr. Clark also told of Dr. W. M. Burton being engaged in important work on the west coast, making it impossible for him to have the pleasure of meeting the new Joint General Committee at Wood River this year as he had done in the past.

The meeting afforded the opportunity for the new Joint General Committee and the Board of Directors to meet face to face and discuss problems and pledge their mutual support to the work of the Industrial Relations Plan.

* * *

Caller—"Is Mrs. Brown at home?"

Bridget—"She is, but she isn't in a fit state to see anybody—she's just been givin' me notice."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"I say," said the office boy to the cashier, "I think the guv'ner ought to give me a dollar extra this week, but I suppose he won't."

"What for?" asked the cashier.

"For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about my work last night."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Guide—"This is the room in which Mary Stuart slept."

American Tourist—"Is it, now? Well, waddya think of that? Le's see—was she with Goldwyn, or Famous Players?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

First Newsboy—"Chimmie's got a job as caddie for a golf club. Is dere much money in dat?"

Second ditto—"De salary ain't much, but dey makes a lot extra backin' up fellers when dey lies about de scores dey made."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"How long did it take your wife to learn to drive?"

"It will be ten years this month."—Exch.

"WE ARE PIONEERS OF A NEW ERA"—DR. HUMPHREYS

Dr. R. E. Humphreys, manager of the Whiting Works, discussed Industrial Relations in such an able and original manner at the meeting of members of the Board of Directors, Whiting management and Whiting J. G. C., at Whiting, December 10th, that we believe all our readers will be interested in reading part of what he had to say. —EDITOR.

Declaring that all his life he had envied pioneers in the discovery of new lands, new inventions, etc., Dr. Humphreys, asserted that he suddenly awoke to find himself one of the pioneers in one of the greatest developments of the ages.

The speaker showed by a number of examples that the first announcements of great inventions were received with doubt by the people and that those who strove to place them in the possession of the masses had to overcome many difficulties. Those men pioneered for our benefit—they blazed a trail that the people of the present day are following in security and with profit.

"We who are here tonight are witnesses of and active participants in another of the greatest developments of all ages. We have heard how, from the earliest times, great struggles arose between the master and his slaves, between the employer and the employed, between capital and labor. We are now seeing the closing days of this old regime; we are beholding the birth of a new era. The spirit of a new relationship is arising in business—the spirit of hearty co-operation on the part of all engaged in industrial activities. This is not coming to pass through the machinations of wild radicals, nor through the Industrial Workers of the World, nor through any labor organization; it is a separate and distinct development caused by growing consciousness on the part of both employer and employee that they will be happier and more prosperous if their relations are harmonious rather than militant.

"I am proud of the fact that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was among the first to recognize the possibilities of this new relationship and that it established in all its plants an Industrial Relations Plan 'providing for effective communication and means of contact between the management and employees, and affording to employees a voice in matters pertaining to their employment and to their working and living conditions.' We have seen this plan in operation for some years, and I do not think there is any influence that can now defeat it. However, in the absence of a sympathetic co-operation on the part either of the management or the employees, or both, its progress will not be as rapid as it should be.

"At the introduction of the Plan into this plant there were some in the management and amongst the employees who were frankly skeptical of its value. It was a new idea to all of us, and we were all set in our old ways. We could not quite be convinced that the other side would act in good faith. We preferred to endure the ills we had rather than fly to others we knew not of. But the Plan gradually diffused peace, confidence and tranquillity amongst all the factions. It became more workable every day; its benefits appeared more and more pronounced; it was doing what it was intended it should do; and our faith in it grew and grew and is now complete. There is scarcely one left whose opinion is worth while who does not say that we have found the end of industrial conflict in this Industrial Relations Plan. And the Plan will continue to grow in influence, and enlarge its boundaries until it reigns supreme in all those relations arising between management and employee!

"Let us congratulate ourselves that we have a part in the early history of this marvelous development; that we are pioneering for the benefit of many who shall come after us; that we are blazing a trail that men will travel in ever increasing numbers; that we are opening the gates for the entrance of a new spirit into industry. Let us rejoice in this, and let us play our parts well."

* * *

She (just introduced)—"Somehow you seem familiar."

He—"Good heavens! I haven't started yet."

* * *

She—"What are you thinking about?"

He—"Just what you're thinking about."

She—"If you do I'll scream."

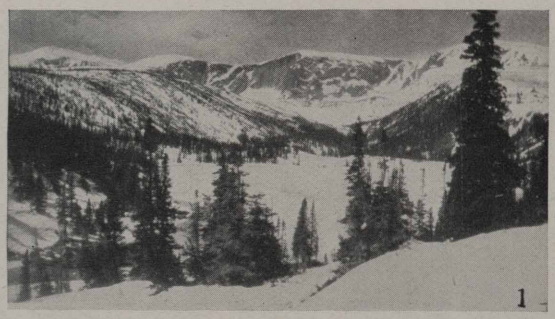
SOME of MINNEAPOLIS DIVISION'S VALENTINES

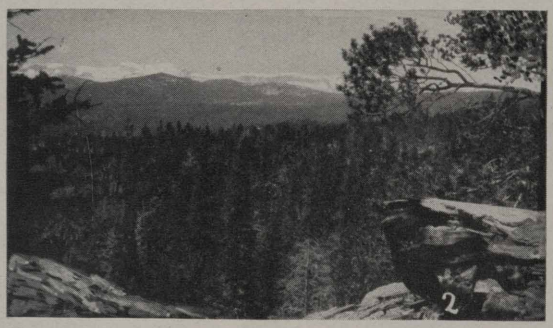
Minneapolis Division—No. 1—Real Valentines are these, says Carl J. Brown, Jr., agent at Buffalo. They are his daughters, Myrtle and Ruth. No. 2—A fitting pair to be beside the Brown sisters are the daughters of Albert Friburg, agent at Clarkfield. They are Geraldine Beatrice Dolores and Elsmore Wentworth Albertine. No. 3—Assistant Manager Shallenberger is a chesty sort of a fellow. Here's the reason, Martin James. No. 4—And District Superintendent Connors is not the least of the Chesty Club. Bobby is the reason here.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN *these* VALENTINES?

No. 1—No, not the Siamese twins, but Mrs. E. I. Bergan, Ralph Burnette and Richard Dale, wife and sons of E. I. Bergan, clerk at the Crookston "A" station, Fargo division. They comprise a trio of Valentines that E. I. wouldn't trade for all the world. Can't blame him, either, can you? No. 2—Uxtra! Uxtra! Here's Jackie Coogan Angle, ambitious son of a hustling dad, L. E. Angle, superintendent of service stations in the Grand Rapids division, who is out plugging for the special Valentine edition of the STANOLIND RECORD. No. 3—Phyllis Yelton, daughter of Roy Yelton, rural tank wagon driver, at LaFayette, Ind., South Bend division. That rag doll is her Valentine. No. 4—Elizabeth Johanna and Eric Eugene are the names of the twin children of E. M. Tornquist, agent at Monett, Mo., St. Louis division. The chicken's not afraid.

SWITZERLAND HAS NOTHING *on* WYOMING



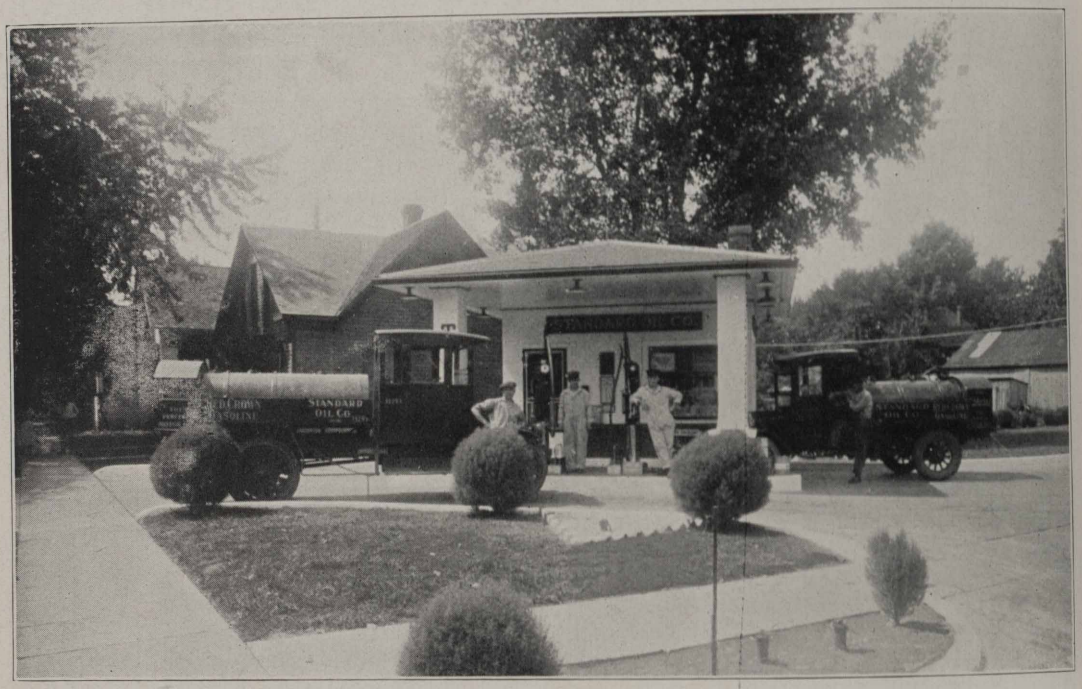


Laramie, Wyo.—Why go abroad to see fine scenery? is the question that Wyoming people ask. For instance (No. 1) this picture of a spot cut out by glaciers. It rivals anything the Alps can offer. No. 2—Anyone who has the idea that Wyoming is just a bare stretch should look at this picture of timber lands. You don't have to be a professional photographer to get good pictures in Wyoming. No. 3—Not only is this one of the countless beauty spots of Wyoming, but it also is the rendezvous of fishermen. The lake is high up in the mountains, near the timber line. Trout and other fish abound in profusion. The pictures were taken by A. G. Burckert.

SOCO TANKERS IN GRIP OF BOREAS

No. 1—With most of the other boats swept from the Great Lakes by the Wintry blasts the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) tankers, Renown and Cowan, still are fighting the cold and snow, carrying out the Standard Oil idea of "service anywhere, anytime under any conditions." On January 4, the Cowan left Whiting with a load of gasoline and other products and the Renown returned January 3 from a trip over two lakes. The Renown was preparing to make another trip. This is a photo of the Renown battling the storms on December 12 when she made a trip to Bay City, Mich. No. 2—The captain doesn't have the warmest job in the world when he paces the bridge. Another view of the Renown.

DECATUR DIVISION'S PRIDE AND JOY



Decatur Division—"The most beautiful spot in a beautiful little city" is the way the correspondent describes S. S. No. 20, Taylorville, Ill., which is this division's entry in the "most beautiful service station" contest. The gardening, which is one of the features of beautiful service stations, is somewhat hidden by the two trucks.

WHAT DOES MANAGEMENT DO?

In the early days of industry, the owner of a business usually was the manager. The man who owned a factory was likely to keep the books, market the product, hire the employees and perhaps supervise the work. There was then little or no distinction between capital—or ownership—and management.

Modern large scale industry has brought a radical change in this relationship between capital and management. It is true that the stockholders who own a corporation generally have final authority in all matters of policy, provided they choose to exercise that authority. The actual operation of the business, however, is entrusted to hired officers and sometimes to hired directors.

These officers are men selected because it is assumed that by knowledge, experience and judgment they are qualified to conduct the enterprise efficiently and profitably. They may be capitalists—that is, they may own shares of the stock of the company which they manage—but this is by no means always the case. Some officers manage corporations in which they own not a single share of stock nor a single bond. They are hired, as labor is hired, and their salaries are determined mainly by their value to the employing corporation and by the sums which other corporations would be willing to pay the same men or other men of similar qualifications.

It used to be thought that management, as one of the parties to industry, was practically a part of capital; that it represented the stockholders and invariably took their part in controversies with the other parties. It is true that officers are employed, in the last analysis, by the

INDIANAPOLIS SERVICE STATION'S BASKETEERS

Indianapolis Division—Here is the Red Crown basketball team, composed exclusively of service station men. They are (left to right): Glen Andrews, Steve Bowman, W. A. Knuth, Ray Miller, Ben Strickler, coach and captain, W. H. Gaddis, E. B. Shelby, W. C. Love and John McCallian, manager.

stockholders who own the corporation, and that they can be discharged by those same stockholders or by the directors whom they elect.

In actual practice, however, management has come to be a separate factor in the industrial partnership, and in fact an adjuster between labor, capital and the public. It does not necessarily take the part of the stockholders against the employees, nor the part of the wage-earners against the customers who buy the product. Enlightened management conceives it to be its duty to deal fairly with all parties concerned with industry without undue favor to any.

Thus it is upon management that labor, capital and the public rely for wages, profits, employment and production. The manager must determine what products to make and in what quantities; he must operate the industry at a profit to the stockholders, and at the same time he must pay fair wages to labor and sell honest goods at fair prices to the public.

That is not an easy task. Few men are qualified to manage important enterprises successfully, and of these few, probably the majority could make large earnings by going into business for themselves. That is one reason why presidents and vice presidents draw salaries higher than those paid to some of the rest of us.

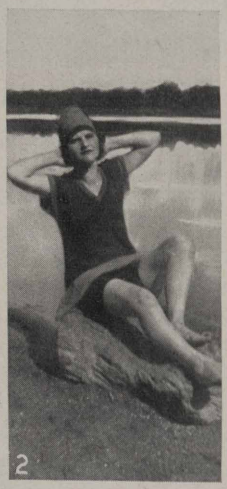
AIDS IN CAPTURE OF THREE CONVICTS

Decatur Division—W. E. Freeman, agent at Greenup, Ill., was one of a posse of four ex-service men who recently captured three escaped convicts near Casey. The convicts escaped from the State penal farm near Vandalia, held up the sheriff and deputy near Effingham, robbing them of firearms and car. Some more Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service!

* * *

Pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt, he will work.—Exch.

OH! VALENTINE DAY, HARBINGER OF SPRING!



Whiting—With the thermometer hovering around zero, could anything be more pleasing than this prophecy of warmer days to come? No. 1—Some Whiting refinery beauties who were in the swim last summer and expect to be again next summer. No. 2—From her pose, Sylvia Gize is apparently defying Cupid's arrow: "G'wan and shoot; you can't hurt me!" No. 3—If the girls were trying to duplicate this picture this month it would require a motion picture camera to get the shivers.

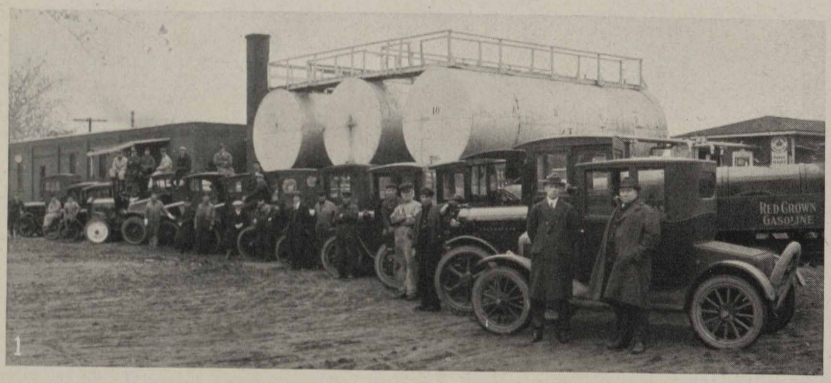
SWEETIES, SQUIRRELS AND SNOW

Mankato Division—No. 1—Bang! Bang! Thus went the report of the guns and the family larder of J. J. Meyer was increased by (well, count 'em) squirrels. The two huntsmen are sons of Mr. Meyer. No. 2—The all-seeing eye of the STANOLIND RECORD'S camera staff couldn't miss these happy victims of Cupid's bow, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. S. Haggerty. This sweet Valentine was Madelyn Balzer of Mankato. No. 3—E. S. Stadheim, agent at Clark's Grove, carries on with his deliveries despite snow and cold. And, incidentally, Medicine Hat has nothing on Clark's Grove when it comes to cold waves.

REASONS WHY DETROIT FIELD'S BOOMING

Detroit Division.—No. 1—The records read that R. A. Weed is the agent at Wayne, Mich. It's a mistake; ask Morton. (He's in the middle.) No. 2—Say, Charles Lee, you forgot to introduce your friend. We don't know whether we ought to say Mr. Charles Jr. or Miss Lee. Gosh! C. L. holds a record in picking up 46 empty irons in one trip. No. 3—Even if Nancy learns to drink out of a bottle, what good will it do her, now? Maybe Charles Jones of the S. S. department didn't think of that. 'Tis a cute picture, anyway. No. 4—Gee, don't drop him! It's a long way to the ground. These two live wires are H. L. Harkness, Sr , and Jr. While H. L. Sr thinks he's boss at Mason, he wouldn't dare to say so with Junior in hearing.

LOVEY GREEN GETS PRIZE *for* BEST KEPT TRUCK



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2

Grand Rapids Division—No. 1—When the Muskegon tank wagon and warehouse organization was lined up in a ten-day campaign to determine the cleanest and best kept motor truck at that station, the judges had the hardest time of it. All the trucks were clean. No. 2—But Lovey Green (sixth from right, front row) finally was adjudged the driver of the best truck. Messrs. Runyon, Bergklint and Press awarded the prize.

CASPER ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION PUTS ON BIG SMOKER

Casper, Wyo.—The Standard Athletic Association put on the first of a series of smokers in the Industrial Relations Building, December 20. It was free to all employees and was literally a "howling success."

The crowd started to assemble before seven o'clock and by eight the assembly room was packed. Music was furnished by the Foreman's Club orchestra and was excellent as usual.

The program consisted of three boxing matches, wrestling match, sack rushes, pillow fights, tilting contests, blind sock fights and a tug-of-war. Score was kept by points in each event, the contestants being selected from the mechanical and refinery departments. The final score was Refinery, 33; Mechanical, 13.

Andy Guimout (Mech.) and Bud Blake (Ref.) put on a fast clever bout resulting in a draw. Valdez (Mech.) won the decision over Buchley (Ref.) and Dowler (Ref.) won from Miller (Mech.) in a fast bout. Holstein (Ref.) proved too much for Turner (Mech.) in the wrestling match. Rock Perdue's Whales (Ref.) and Miller's Bull Dogs (Mech.) pulled for two long minutes in the tug-of-war and Rock's Heavies won by two inches. The sack rushes were probably the most strenuous events of the evening and almost amounted to a free-for-all. The finals were won by one of the Refinery teams composed of Cavanaugh, Borsch and Royce. The pillow fights and blind sock fights furnished the comedy for the evening. Sam Neff proved to be an efficient referee.

The committee on arrangements, to whom the success of the evening is due, was composed of John Warkley, Doc Jenkins, Bert Hamilton, R. S. Rowlands, Jack Huff, Sam Neff and Andy Guimout.

The Association is planning several similar entertainments for the future and they promise to be very popular.

WHITING DIRTY FACES

Whiting—With a balance in all funds on November 1, 1923, of $20,306.36, receipts of $566 during the month and disbursements of $867.50 during the same period, the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association had $20,004.86 on hand, December 1, 1923, according to the report of W. O. Walker, secretary.

The funds were invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	14,771.02
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	1,133.23
Checking Account	100.61

There are 1,282 members in good standing.

* * *

Jimmie Carbon says: "Women are peculiar. For instance, a man's wife will tell him that she considers him the most worthless man alive. And yet, when pay day rolls around she will, as usual, wonder why the company doesn't pay him more money.—*The Transmitter.*

WHY DIDN'T SANTA WAIT TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN?

We are greatly afraid that the Rt. Hon. Mr. Santa Claus doesn't appreciate what an honor it is to have one's photograph published in the justly famed STANOLIND RECORD. Anyhow, when he called on our Mankato folk he didn't wait to have his picture taken with the rest. Details of the big Mankato Christmas party will be found in the gossip columns.

"Pop, I got in trouble at school today, and it's all your fault."

"How's that, my son?"

"Well, you remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, teacher asked me today and 'helluva lot' isn't the right answer."—Exch.

* * *

Snobley—"Aw-aw-it must be very unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by people—aw—whom you wouldn't ask to dinner."

American Belle—"Well, not more so, perhaps, than for you in England to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner."

* * *

"Have you seen much of the pretty widow across the street lately?"

"Only a little. I'd like to see more of her, but—"

"But what?"

"She always pulls down the shade."

* * *

Boss: "Young man, do you know what they do with boys who lie?"

Willie: "When they get old enough the company sends them out as traveling salesmen."

* * *

Bob: "Is your diamond of the first water?"

Ned: "It ought to be, it has been soaked several times."

* * *

"Am yo' daughter happily married, Mandy?"

"She sho is! She done got a husband what's skeered to death of her."—Exch.

* * *

Hunt for the good in the other fellow; he has to do the same in your case.—Exch.

* * *

The fellow with an empty head has a real load to carry on his shoulders.—*Exchange.*

An Irish political club has just organized and elected a president, secretary and directors, when Mr. O'Flaherty got up and remarked: "We have elected our officers and directors. The thing we need most around here is a cuspidor—in fact we ought to have two of them."

Mr. McGinnis promptly took the floor and said: "I think Mr. O'Flaherty's suggestion 'bout thim cuspidors is in order, and I nominate him for wan av thim."—Exch.

* * *

Rastus: "Whah yo' gwin?"

Sambo: "Home."

Rastus: "Home! Ah thought you an' yo' missis had a ruckus dis mo'non'."

Sambo: "Yeah—huh. But Ah done jes' thought o' sumpin' mo' to say."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Mother (proudly): "This is my son, Freddie, Mrs. Higgins. Isn't he a bright little fellow?"

Freddie (accustomed to being shown off in public): "What was the clever thing I said yesterday, Mother?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

Father (reading a letter from his son at college to mother)—Willie says he got a beautiful lamp from boxing.

Mother—I just knew he'd win something in his athletics.—Exch.

* * *

"What has become of the tin locomotive and train of cars I gave you on your birthday?"

"All smashed up," replied the small boy. "We've been playing government ownership."—Exch.

* * *

"The Judge: "Now, are you sure you understand the nature of an oath?"

The Youth (scared stiff): "Sure ain't I yer caddy down at the links?"—*Exchange.*

HURON'S PERFECT BABY

Huron Division—To say that Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees' babies are the best in the world is so trite and well known that it is not news any longer. However, Huron, S. D., has one baby, a prize winner, who is so perfect that Sioux City newspapers gave space to tell of the charms of little Miss Natalie Van Arsdale, daughter of Robert Van Arsdale, UTL clerk in the Huron office. Following is the newspaper story:

"Natalie Van Arsdale, the 14 months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Robert Van Arsdale of 1030 Illinois avenue, Huron, S. D., is the grand champion baby of South Dakota and seems to be mightily pleased over this distinction.

"Natalie won this distinction over nearly 300 babies entered in the state contest held at the state fair this year under the auspices of the South Dakota Public Health association, collaborating with the state board of health. Her score was 99.5.

"With perfect teeth, perfect eyes, ears, nose and throat, and perfect in her physical condition, Natalie was found to be slightly over or under in some of her measurements. She lost one-tenth of one per cent on the measurement of the circumference of her head and the same amount on the measurements of her chest and in the length of her arms and her little chubby legs. Her mental development was also perfect.

"Her parents, however, declare that these minor things do not count, for they hold she is perfect in their estimation, and that is all that matters.

"Natalie's father is a native of Illinois of Dutch parentage, and moved to Huron in 1908 from Carrollton, Ill., his birthplace. He is 31 years old. The baby's mother was formerly Ellen Douglas, a native of Louisiana, of Scotch parentage, and is 30 years old. Natalie is their first child and was born July 5, 1922, at Huron. She weighed eight pounds at birth, weighs 21 pounds now, and stands 30 inches high."

QUOTAS ARE SOMETHING TO BE BEATEN

Duluth Division—Manager I. J. Shields of this division passes along a letter from Agent E. Juno of Laurium, Mich., as something that might interest other agents and men who are fighting against handicaps in making their quota. The letter in part follows:

"I beg to advise that Laurium station made its quota on gasoline for September with a gain (several hundred gallons) over the quota. This was done by hard plugging on the part of two of my drivers, Harold Fisher and Wilbur Honold.

"Mr. Fisher left Laurium early Saturday with a load for Eagle Harbor, a distance of forty-six miles round trip, unloaded at Eagle Harbor and left again at 7:05 a. m., arrived at Phoenix, a distance of thirteen miles from Laurium, where the idle gear of his truck broke and caused a bearing to burn out. Mr. Fisher pulled his truck apart, put in an idle gear and new bearing, arriving at Laurium about 2:15 p. m., made two deliveries at Calumet. He left Laurium

station at 5 p. m. for Eagle Harbor with another load, arriving at Laurium station again at 8 p. m. During the day, Mr. Fisher covered ninety-four miles, put in new bearing and idle gear.

"Mr. Honold took over a good share of Fisher's route on account of the accident to the latter's truck. Mr. Honold covered fifty-four miles. He made two trips to Mohawk and one to Highway, also taking care of his own route in Calumet and Laurium. He arrived in the warehouse at 7:45 p. m.

"Will state also that we doubled our quota on Polarine oil and Grease for September. I will say that I have two of the best truck drivers in the Duluth field and our gain on gasoline and Polarine is on account of co-operation at Laurium."

ANNUITANTS

Four more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer of the company. They are:

Robert B. Walton, 719 East Sixth street, St. Paul, Minn., formerly lubricating salesman in the Minneapolis division of the sales department; with company twenty-one years.

J. H. Hardy, 416 Belleview Place, Milwaukee, Wis., formerly record clerk in the Duluth division of the sales department; with company nineteen years and 5 months.

Peter E. Whitehill, 510 West La Salle avenue, South Bend, Ind., formerly construction man in the South Bend division; with company thirty-three years and 1 month.

Joe Ryan, 639 Schrage avenue, Whiting, formerly foreman in switching department at Whiting Refinery; with company thirty-two years and 8 months.

* * *

Mrs. Benton was walking through the park when two ragged, dirty little boys, playing nearby, stopped her, and the older one called out: "Say, lady, me kid brother does some dandy imitation stunts. Give him a dime and he'll imitate a chicken for youse."

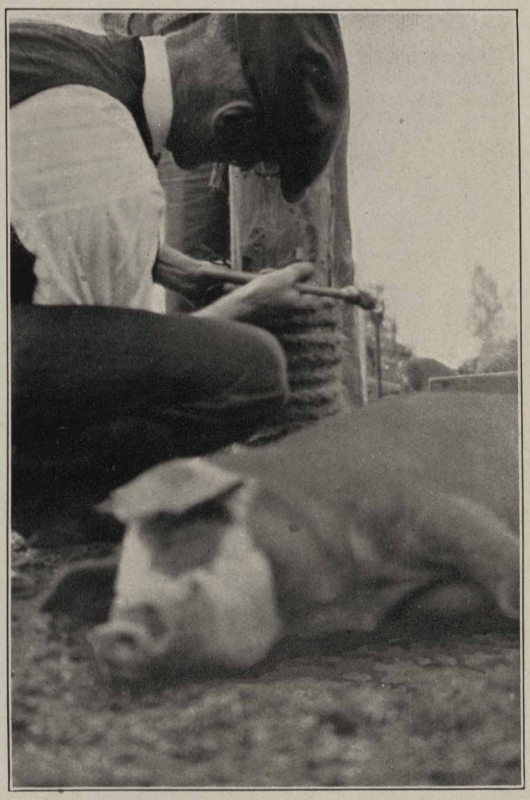
"What will he do—crow?"

"Naw! No cheap thing like that lady. He'll eat a worm."—Exch.

* * *

The employee who watches the face of the clock will always remain one of the hands.—Exch.

PIGS IS PIGS



Minneapolis Division—But no matter how pig-gy a pig can be, he can't find anything better for a general skin tonic than a good back-scratcher loaded with Mica Axle Grease. Mr. Day is putting in the finishing touches of a real scratch-fest pole. The hog seems to think that he's found a friend in Mr. Day.

CASPER ASSOCIATION

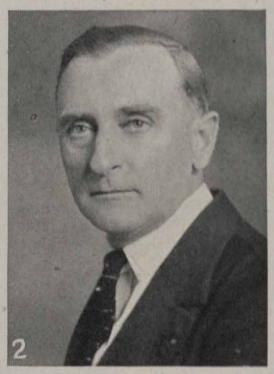
Casper—With a balance of $9,732.51 on hand November 12, receipts of $1,063.35 from November 12 to December 12, disbursements of $460 during the same period, the Casper Shiftmen's Benefit Association had $10,335.26 on hand December 12, 1923, according to the report of D. M. Lobdell, secretary.

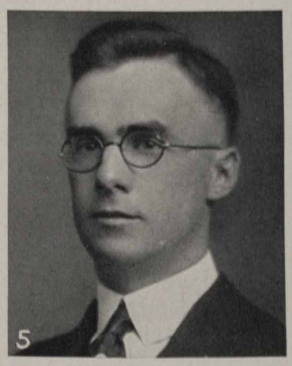
There are 711 members on the books.

The Bootery has been added to the list of stores offering a 5 per cent discount to members of the association.

A plan has been made to members to pay their dues three months in advance if possible to lessen the bookkeeping monthly payments necessitate.

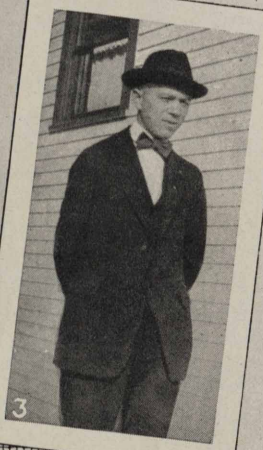
SOME OF YE EDITOR'S VALENTINES





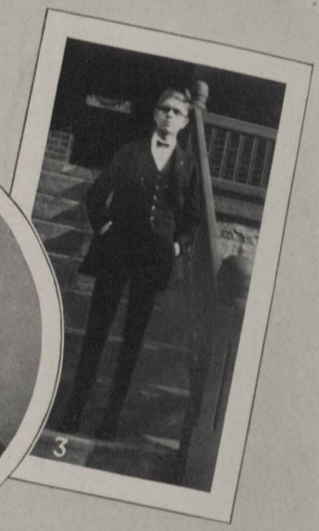
Without doubt the most modest and shy persons of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) are those who make up the staff of correspondents of the STANOLIND RECORD. For instance: No. 1—Myrtle Margaret Ann Clark of Davenport says, "This would be a good likeness if there were some eyelashes present." No. 2—W. W. Janisch of Des Moines says, "Gosh! Why spoil the RECORD with my pix?" No. 3—Covered with the blushes of startled confusion was W. P. Scherer of Mankato who admits a naturally bashful temperament. No. 4—W. W. Harshman of Indianapolis wrote in that he's having "some taken." Some, Harsh, some? No. 5—P. A. Johnston of Peoria wants this pix back. He says his wife thinks it's such an improvement on the original that she wants it to relieve the strain. Does the editor love these valentines? We'll say he does. They're the folks who do his work.

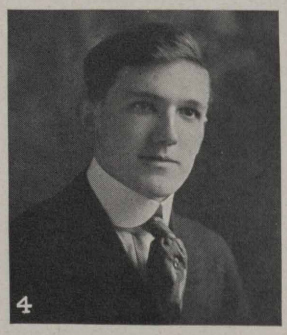
THESE VALENTINES SPEAK *for* THEMSELVES



No. 1—Henry B. Hardy of Quincy is a recent Benedict. No more need be said. No. 2—W. F. McGarry of Kansas City, who is a modest sort of fella. He wrote, "If this picture doesn't appear in the RECORD, no offense taken." No. 3—S. P. Johnston of Saginaw likes to watch good bowling, frequently going miles for a Lucky Strike. (Adv.) No. 4—If all the men who waved their right hands to make sure that the ring Miss Katherine Armstrong of St. Louis is wearing is on her RIGHT hand were herded together, they would occupy an area equal to Texas and California. (Estimate.) No. 5—The doll that Miss Iola Gibson of Wichita is hugging ought to be the object of green-eyed glances from all the single men in her division.

AMONG THOSE WHO MAKE US FAMOUS





The STANOLIND RECORD, as everyone knows, is the World's Greatest Employees' Magazine, and those who have made it so are the correspondents. For instance—No. 1—E. H. Kellberg of Minneapolis, who, despite the fact that his column is "good stuff," has little enthusiasm over this "shot." A hopeless tone to his letter explained why he sent in two pix. No. 2—H. F. Lutgen of Huron is one of the latest additions to the Order of Scribes. Sic him, girls! No. 3—J. T. Diltz of South Bend who press-agented an October picnic to a shivering success. No. 4—Otto A. Petersen of Milwaukee is one of the newer members of the Order of Scribes. He's putting Milwaukee back on the map. No. 5—If the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) started a beauty contest to see Who's Who, Miss Mabel A. Baker of LaCrosse might win the prize. But the other little girl correspondents would have something to say about it, and we would refuse to act as judges.

SOME NICE THINGS SAID ABOUT SERVICE

Unusual service is the watchword of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees and the general public now knows that "Service, anywhere, anytime" is something more than a slogan with SOCO men.

To Manager F. I. Packard of Fargo division was written a letter by Dr. H. R. Adams, government M. D. and Surgeon, Government agency, Pryor, Mont., in regard to a service extended to him by Agent C. C. Merry at Taylor, N. D. The letter follows:

"I am addressing you in order to express an appreciation of your agent, C. C. Merry, at Taylor, N. D., whose courtesy and manly conduct was of great service to me while touring across North Dakota recently.

"Mr. Merry was proceeding west in a new truck about thirty miles east of Taylor about dark, November 17. We came up to him and inquired about the Red Trail west. Our lights were dim and our engine out of tune.

"Mr. Merry preceded us on the road and where our lights and engine both refused to work, we were very much surprised and pleased, when, stalled, we saw a car coming towards us, that looked like help. It proved to be your Mr. Merry, who had noticed our poor lights and their final going out, and he had turned around and come back to us, to render us any assistance possible. And not alone *once* did he come back but a second time, coming back nearly five miles when engine troubles again stopped us and helped me and piloted us into Steele.

"This is the first time in my twenty-five years' experience in automobiling that the driver of another car, who was an absolute stranger, was so observing of the other fellow's distress as to turn around on a bad road in bad weather to lend a helping hand and I must commend Mr. Merry to you as one of the best fellows I have met in my several cross country trips.

"He surely deserves recognition from the Standard Oil Company or any employers who are fortunate enough to secure his services."

After James Lannon, cashier of the State Bank of Saunemin, had given up hope of collecting a claim against a railroad for a shortage, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) "went to bat" for him and received payment. Mr. Lannon's letter to Manager J. R. Coleman of the Peoria division follows in part:

"I want to thank you heartily. I had always held the opinion that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was so big that it did not care for us little fellows. I have made up my mind to the fact that the Peoria office, managed by yourself, is different. I was ready to give 'up the Ghost' several times on this shortage, but you kept me on the job and I have received my money. I assure you that I am thankful to you, and the State Bank of Saunemin, as well as myself, stands ready to go the limit for your office or your man here, Ellis I. Tuttle."

A WEE VALENTINE

Grand Rapids Division—The champion smiler of this field is little Miss Pauline Louise Cutler, aged 7 months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cutler. The daddy of this valentine is agent at Sparta.

WHITING PIN LEAGUE

The bowling league composed of ten departmental teams of the Whiting Standard Oil Athletic Association has completed its schedule of ten games. Intense interest was displayed in these games as is indicated by the league which has been organized for the following year.

The Bowling League was re-organized immediately following the completion of the first round, and will start play the first week in January. Almost every department in the plant has entered a team in the league, there being twenty-two teams entered.

Teams are practicing for tournament games and some new stars will surely be developed before the season ends.

Teams which are entered for the new tournament are as follows:

Acid Works, Barrel House, Crude Station, Can House, Carpenter Shop, Drafting Room, Electricians, Filter Plant, Grease Works, Industrial Relations, Laboratory, Main Office, Machine Shop, Pressure Stills, Paraffine Works, Painters, Switching department, Storehouse, Tower Stills No. 1, Welding Shop No. 1, Welding Shop No. 2, and Tower Stills No. 2.

Final standings of the first round follow:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Tower Stills	21	6	.778
Welding Shop	19	8	.704
Main Office	15	12	.556
Barrel House	14	13	.519
Machine Shop	12	12	.500
Industrial Relations	13	14	.481
Laboratory	13	14	.481
Switching	11	16	.407
Pressure Stills	9	15	.375
Electric Dept.	5	22	.185

High Team Game—Welding Shop 1003

High Individual—Single Game—Banks, Tower Stills 254

High Individual—Avg. 3 games—Silvasi, Main Office 210 2/3

High Team Average—3 Games—Welding Shop 910

Individual Averages of all bowling ten or more games:

	Games	Avg.
Electric Dept.		
Emerson	23	122
Wehmeyer	18	133
Wilson	24	146
Hack	17	118
Rocky	16	140
Laboratory		
Miller	14	158
Brown	24	147
Fortsch	27	137
Krauel	27	167
Grimm	24	140
Switching Dept.		
Barsich	21	169
Jefchak	21	159
Stross	19	138
Schnell	23	157
Duffalo	15	155
Tower Stills		
Zubay	24	172
Buchanan	12	141
Ollrich	22	155
Banks	21	181
James	21	163
Groat	11	164
Welding Shop		
Kirchoff	21	169
Lease	27	160
Elo	27	159
Samonson	24	168
Whitey	27	179
Industrial Relations		
Koch	12	136
Lau	24	171
Bercaw	21	143
Vellock	21	159
Carlson	15	125
Machine Shop		
Matis	24	153
Krieger	21	157
Sabol	21	166
Gadish	24	175
Brunner	18	144
Barrel House		
O. Canner	24	170
Jurek	10	155
Palenchor	14	155
Wilt	24	158
Radloff	20	150
M. Pataky	21	159
Main Office		
Jancosek	21	159
Germick	21	158
Cole	24	160
Liesse	24	167
Harris	12	137
Pressure Stills		
Adley	15	154
Moore	18	129
Griffith	17	145
Buckovich	18	158
Baumel	11	148
Cahill	15	175

* * *

A frigid-faced wife met a tired business man at the door one evening and silently proffered a bit of paper and on it was written: "All set for three, Lillian M."

Hubby paled and laughed nervously: "Oh yes, the boys at the office wanted me to put a little bet down on the third race, and Lillian M. was my horse."

Next evening wifey had an even stonier face. "What's wrong now?" asked Hubby.

Wifey snapped: "Your horse called you up." —Exch.

* * *

Every Employee a Salesman!

Brought to Light—Safety First

Working in a department which is considered hazardous in some industries, the Electrical Department at Whiting has proven that accidents are unnecessary. Since these twenty-five men adopted "Safety-First" principles, the Electrical Department is the "safest" place to work on earth. They went twenty-eight months without a single lost time accident and have now gone fifty months with only one lost time accident and that not a serious one. Dave Dees and Nick Wilson, foremen of this department, state that they have merely started their stride. However, several other departments are running them a close race. The other departments are listed as follows: Filtered Oils Department, eighty men working, twenty-three months without loss of time; Machine Shop, one hundred and twenty men working, thirty-one months without loss of time; Tin Shop, twenty-five men working, thirty-nine months without loss of time. Other departments are in the running. Why not all departments in all of the refineries?

C. W. SMITH,
Director, Safety Division,
Industrial Relations Department,

and

F. W. LAU,
Safety Director, Whiting, Ind.

A STANDARD OIL CHRISTMAS DISPLAY

South Bend Division—Attendants at S. S. 54, Logansport, are to be given credit for this Christmas display, exhibiting Standard Oil Company (Indiana) products. Logansport newspapers gave the display nice write-ups.

FARGO DIVISION PROUD DADDY OF MINOT

By the time the printer puts ink to this issue of the STANOLIND RECORD, the Fargo Division "as is" today will be of the past. The action of our Board of Directors whereby the Fargo division was divided and a new division, Minot, created, is a matter of business. However, the action only bears out the oft-repeated statement that there *is* a human side to business. The change has brought out highlights of gladness and sorrow—gladness that so many of our friends in this division are receiving well-earned advancement, sorrow that we are to miss the daily companionship of those who leave us.

The Fargo division as it stands at this writing has been practically intact since "The memory of this generation runneth not to the contrary." In 1893 (a date of significance to Fargo, inasmuch as in that year the city was practically wiped out by fire) the office of the Standard Oil Company was located in the Chapin Block. After the fire the office was located over the Herbst Store. A letter before me now under date of August 26, 1890, shows that H. C. Riehl was manager at Fargo on that date. The warehouse and plant at that time was located "out beyond the slough." This point was at that time quite a distance from the city but marks today the western boundary of Fargo proper. The plant and equipment which we used at that time would be considered a fair sized bulk station as we operate today.

As stated previously, our earliest information shows H. C. Riehl as manager of the Fargo division. Mr. Riehl was succeeded by S. S. Avery, who advanced from the position of salesman. Mr. Avery was succeeded by P. C. Crenshaw, who advanced from the position of bookkeeper in the Fargo office. Mr. Crenshaw, about 1902, was transferred to the Chicago office as general manager of sales, and was succeeded by W. E. Judd, who acted as manager of the Fargo division for only about three months, being in turn succeeded by J. L. Carter. Mr. Carter was manager at Fargo for a period of eleven years—in 1918 he was trans-

THREE WHO ROSE FROM THE RANKS

An executive order dated January 2, 1924, announced the promotion of General Auditor R. E. Clarke to the position of assistant secretary and assistant treasurer of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to succeed Mr. S. S. Gano, who retires on an annuity, and the promotion of Mr. C. J. Barkdull, who has been on duty at Casper, to the position of general auditor to succeed Mr Clarke. No. 1—Mr. S. S. Gano, one of the most popular men who ever held an executive position with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Mr. Gano accepts a well-earned rest, having given his best to this company since 1890, when he entered the company's employ as city order clerk, rising from that position to that of assistant secretary-treasurer, from which he now retires. No. 2—Mr. C. J. Barkdull, who entered the employ of the company as a bill clerk, becomes general auditor of the accounting department. No. 3—Mr. R. E. Clarke, who succeeds Mr. Gano. Mr. Clarke's promotion will be popular with the rank and file, for they know him as a "square shooter." His rise has been rapid, he having entered the employ of the company in 1908 as a stenographer.

ferred to the position of manager of the Milwaukee division and later assumed the position of assistant general manager of the Northern division in the Chicago office, from which position he retired after a life time spent in the oil industry. Mr. Carter was succeeded in April, 1918, as manager of the Fargo division, by F. I. Packard who is manager of the division at this time.

The growth of the division is well illustrated by the growth of the main station plant at Fargo, which grew from the small plant located on the outskirts of the city to the present location along the Great Northern Railway on Tenth street and Sixth avenue north. The office first was located in the front of the warehouse building. This was in 1902. This building was soon outgrown and has twice since been materially enlarged. It is used today as a warehouse only. In 1910 a grey brick building consisting of one story and basement was built. This building was about fifty by sixty feet in size and was built for use as an office only. In 1914 a second story was added to the office building and in 1917 the office space of the main office was doubled by adding to this building, another of the same size.

This growth of the office alone serves but to illustrate the growth throughout the entire division. No sooner was an improvement made to care for the growth than other improvements became necessary. The sales force grew from a very few to many. The conditions under which employees worked have kept abreast of the times. The feeling prevails that the creation of the new Minot division is but one of the steps in the growth already outlined, and as each step in the past has been toward betterment, so this step cannot but result in betterment for all.

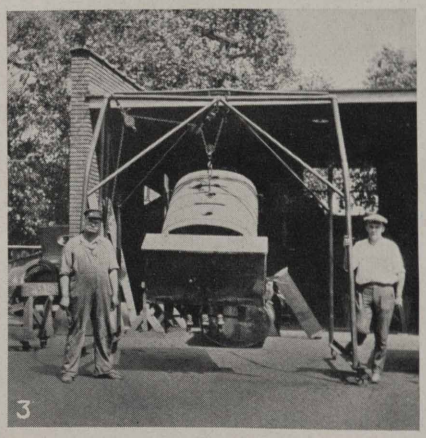
SOCO SERVICE SEEN AFTER WHITING FIRE

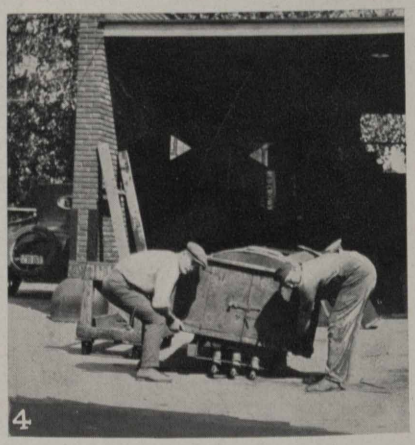
Whiting—The slogan, "Service, anywhere, anytime," was exemplified at Whiting following the fire which swept the machine, boiler and blacksmith shops New Year's day, for on Thursday ten of the lathes were in place and grouted, ready for power wiring on the first floor of the storehouse. Six machines were ready the morning after, and, with the mechanical department working fifteen hours a day, the new shop was ready for operation Saturday night Three shifts were at work until the accumulated work was disposed of. No. 1—This shows the twisted girders and how the cave-in of the roof damaged the machines. The fire lasted from 12:45 p. m. until 7 p. m. No. 2—This picture shows how the walls of the building were pulled in when the roof fell. No. 3—The greatest damage was to the building structure of the machine shop, the roof of the boiler shop and the tool rooms of these two shops.

SOME FUTURE STANDARD OILERS

No. 1—Billy Roesner, son of our salesman at Austin, Minn., is getting the old speed boat ready for Spring, Of course, he uses Polarine! No. 2—This is Willis Holmes Guynn, son of Bill Guynn, driver of Polarine route No. 1 at West Detroit, all fixed up in dad's cap and moneypouch. Bill says Willis will be ready to handle a route of his own in a few years. He's 18 months old. No. 3—Polarine makes wheels run smoother, says Betty Jane Wimmer, daughter of Elmer Wimmer, bookkeeper at Duluth. Here she is speeding up in her new two-foot power kiddy-car.

SAFETY FIRST — The Right Way, The Wrong Way





No. 1—This is the right way to "break-over" a pump crate onto a truck. In the picture both men are standing in proper position to avoid an accident should they lose their hold on the crate. No. 2—This is the wrong way. Injuries often result from handling pump crates this way. No. 3—To avoid injury in placing a tank on a truck chassis a crane should be used. Every main and "A" station is equipped with cranes similar to the one shown here. No. 4—The wrong way, which is frequently the way that is used when the job is a "hurry-up" one. The foregoing material was furnished by R. C. Muller of the Wichita division.—F. C. Singleton, Safety director, Sales division.

WHITING, IND.

Candle Shops

Everyone thought that Julia Kubeck was an experienced inspector of candles. But the other day she disproved that when she tried to match a whole cupboard full of style G with a sample of style K and was ready to throw them all away when Anna Maksimik showed her the mistake.

Emily Beckman planned to buy herself a big box of candy and have it sealed with a Christmas seal and on the outside it will read "From Your Daddy" to prevent any "forgotten" talk among the other girls.

Helen Fordyce says she isn't high-toned enough to play basket ball.

The Cupid that was hidden at the candle factory was very much frightened when Mr. Korenchuk and a friend came after Mary and Andy but he plucked up courage and they were married anyway. The whole factory wishes them the best of luck. Since then Cupid speared another victim and Florence James became a Mrs.

Mary Sotak describes her ideal sheik as a man, 21 years old, dark hair and eyes, rosy cheeks and a car. Pete does not suit the description but he keeps an eye on her, and we'd like to know when he is going to take Mary to that chicken dinner.

Rose Bakus in the last RECORD said she wished to have her eyes specialized but she selected a poor specialist when she picked out Elizabeth Halgas. Elizabeth gave her a shiner, and only one eye is specialized now.

When we heard that Madelyn Verrydt was to marry the Whiting Sheik we were all shocked. Even though the girls are all jealous it is too late. Cupid selected Madelyn for Shorty Beda and she became his dear Sheba on November 28.

It's pleasant to be born under a horse shoe as Anna Puplava was. She never has to walk home. She goes by American Express and we can't understand what she means by that.

I wonder why John Kovach hangs around the soft drink parlor on 121st street. I am afraid Mary Juriga is going to fall into a bartender's arms some day.

Anna Juriga wished she was married and didn't have to work so hard. But she seems to change her mind every time John Kozachik asks her and she is still single.

Why, Helen Dado! What do you mean by riding in Sport model Davis with Pana? What will Anna Munkaci do about it if she finds out? Watch your step, Helen.

The candle factory has the honor of putting a dancer in the movies. Miss Elizabeth Halgas was seen one afternoon practicing the butterfly dance with her favorite song, "Last Night on the Back Porch." She surely is a wonder.

Here's something that slipped our attention until a few days ago: Elizabeth Halgas entered the ball throwing contest on Labor Day. After the contest, the manager went up to congratulate her and said, "You've broken the record." Elizabeth said, "Oh! Can't they buy a new one?"

Such hard luck and so much unexpected excitement was never before seen when the Travertine basketball girls had to walk three miles and wade through mud to reach the school at Harvey. The girls say they didn't mind the walk, but how they hated to clean their clothes after getting that mud on them!

Filtering Oils Department

Dr. Schmidt: Why pick on a poor little Ford?

Russell Quinn has been chosen captain of the first filter plant bowling team. Come on now Quinn, show us your stuff.

Hear ye Chicago Scribe! That Brenner also packs a mean wallop: On Thanksgiving day last the Brenners (Mr. and Mrs.) were hosts to several friends for dinner. As per custom a turkey was in order, so the Mrs. possessed herself of a live turkey a few days before the big event. Now every one knows that a live turkey must be killed. So on the fatal morn Brenner summoning all his courage, and with the aid of an axe proceeded to the basement to do the deed. After futilely chasing the poor gobbler for half an hour it dropped from exhaustion nearly dead, but Brenner who was by now taking no chances, pounced upon it with both hands and almost both feet, choked out what little life there was left in the poor thing. To make doubly sure the axe was also brought into use and the dreadful deed was done. Brenner did not eat any turkey that day.

Another genius gone wrong, James Judson.

Things happen fast in this department. Almost in one breath Tillie Berkowitz announces that the big day is March 23. From that time on she will be Mrs. Levy. Then Dorothy Ethridge and Mary Nemez come along sporting sparklers big enough to knock your eye out.

Not to be outdone by John Kidnay, George Parker is the latest victim of the radio bug. (Neither has heard Cuba yet, so all's well.)

Zencka beats Julier by two pins, no scores were mentioned.

Pipe Shop

John Byers, who has been at Bay City, Mich., on company business, has returned. Charles Mullaney, who was Mr. Byers' right-hand man at Bay City, has also returned. Wonder why Charlie kept so quiet when he came back?

Archie Grey, who had been in a hospital in Chicago for some time taking treatment, has come back to work in the pipe shop.

Patrick Woodlock, our tool-man, has moved to his new quarters, formerly occupied by the tower still machinists.

"Noisy" Dietz of the pressure still pipe shop is still broadcasting as usual.

Alex Yackisch of the paffe pipe shop is waiting patiently, until he can see his name on the card the next time the S. O. A. A. put on a bout.

We hear that Charles Hendrickson and Mike Gadish, while returning from Chicago recently, had quite an experience. They swear they will never get on a train again, unless it has an engine attached. After sitting around for a long time, in the way of the car cleaners, they discovered they were on a siding.

The pipe shop takes great pride in its drinking fountain, kept immaculate by Mike Silvasi. We think a drink of water tastes better from a fountain such as this and it is also more sanitary. In these days of Safety First, sanitation is quite an item. For iron fountains, a little white lead does the trick.

Switching Department

Arthur E. Chase, formerly of the yard office, died at the Elgin State Hospital, December 4. Mr. Chase had been in ill health for several months.

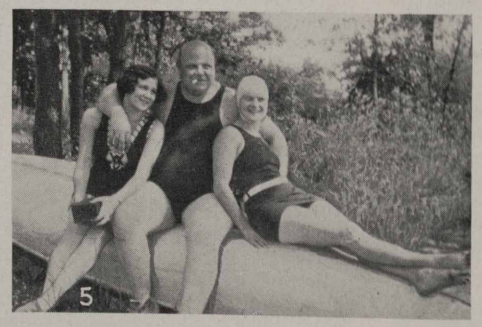
Yardmaster C. H. Brown has been making the acquaintance of the Chicago police while studying the new traffic regulations in the city. He can

(Continued on Page 34.)

"UXTRA! UXTRA! SPECIAL VALENTINE EDITION OF STANOLIND RECORD!"

(THE WORLD'S GREATEST EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE)

Featuring Cupids and Psyches, Sheiks and Shebas, Venuses and Valentines



No. 1—This little Cupid is from Wood River and his earthly name is Robert Glen Dav
say when she grows up into Miss Orpha Marie Leschinsky and discovers in what conditi
tin shop, foundry, etc., will have a lot to explain. No. 3—Two cute little Valentines are
No. 4—This little Cupid claims Kansas City as his home. His name is James Atward Ly
grown up! And they say nobody loves a fat man! "That's all bunk," says Big Bill Hay
fascinating Venuses don't belong to him. They are Mrs. "Litch" Anstess and Mrs. Al. Ba
daughter of C. Smith, and Jack, son of Frank Gainer, in the costumes in which they dan
Anna Honula, Whiting, and her sheik. You'd never believe it from this, but Anna is a
home of Edward Fagerstrom, stock department, Fargo. Her name is Donna Mae.

His daddy is Harvey Davis of the filling racks. No. 2—Ooo! What will this little Psyche
her parents once exposed her to the world! Fred J., foreman of the Casper machine shop,
abeth Ann and Martha Lorraine, daughters of F. P. Schubert, agent at Lafayette, Ind.
and though only nine months old he has already won many hearts. No. 5—At last! Cupid
of Orion, Mich., submitting this picture to prove it. But we'll have to tell on Bill. These
lovely wives of other Standard Oilers. No. 6—Very sedate are these two Valentines, Lois,
at an entertainment in the Wood River high school. No. 7—A comic Valentine this, showing
utiful Valentine when she's wearing her right face. No. 8—The little Psyche who rules the

(*Continued from Page 31.*)

now keep inside the white lines very satisfactorily. Thank you!

Extra papers were out in Whiting last night (December 11, 1923). The big excitement was that Fred Alexander became the third husband of Irene Castle. Alas! False alarm. It was only in a play given by the Congregational Church.

Ex-Safety Committeeman N. A. Emerson is busy explaining how he came to drop a piece of wood on his foot, Thanksgiving day, breaking two of his toes.

Clarence C. Kaiser, yard office, is some dancer. Oh, Girls! You will meet him at the Trianon Ball Room quite frequently. One night he carried home one of the beautiful prizes. Some luck, I'll say.

Edward Bartuska, yard office weighwaster, sailed into the matrimonial haven, November 10. He married Miss Mildred Meyer of Hammond, Ind. Congratulations, Ed. Thanks for the cigars and candy.

We learn with regret of the death of U. G. Swartz's grandson, Edward Zimmerman, who passed away at his home in Hyde Park on December 12. The switching department employees extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Swartz and family.

Welding Department

Ludwig Janos, the shoemaker tenor of the welding shop, broadcasts a vocal concert every Monday morning en route to Whiting.

Agitators

After many months of experimenting, Clarence Joost has perfected a radio that can read any station in the country. Anybody interested can obtain stock in the company now being formed by communicating with Joe Raush.

Harry Etter, manager of division No. 1 basket ball team, is so confident of winning the championship that he is willing to bet his entire holdings in "Mexican Seaboard" against a good nickel cigar.

Dave Gingler says, "Harry will have to offer better odds than those above."

John Mack, acid pumper, was a visitor at the stock show. John is a great fancier of live stock and poultry, namely, chickens.

Harry Holtz spent Thanksgiving with his folks on the farm in Michigan.

Charlie Parker says that if the boys have bean soup on Friday he is only going to furnish the water.

String Beans Smith has gained quite a reputation as a story teller in his new capacity as bottom man on the agitators.

Oren Mackey was a Hammond visitor recently.

Buck Rineman is contemplating on buying a new Essex in the Spring.

Steam Department

James F. Hughes, boiler washer foreman, is laid up account of sickness. We trust that you will soon be back on the job, Jim.

No. 4 boiler house is now on oil, leaving only No. 5 burning coal.

Quite a few phone calls have been coming in asking what has become of Whelan's white dog. I do not know, why not ask him?

Don Parks is back on the job again after a short layoff account of an operation. Glad to see you back again, Don.

Art Curtis is filling the position of boiler washer foreman during the illness of Jim Highes.

From all reports P. O. Vandeveer is getting to be some bowler. Better watch out Van or the Mrs. will beat you to it.

James Arundel, watertender at No. 1 boiler house, reported that his home was broken into and about $300 worth of clothing stolen.

Emil Stack, fireman at No. 5 boiler house, is back to work after a short sickness. Glad to see you on the job again, Emil.

Thurman Doman, flue blower at No. 5 boiler house, spent Christmas with his folks in Illinois.

Edward Serviss, formerly coal unloading foreman at No. 2 boiler house, is now working at the machine shop.

A report received from No. 6 boiler house says that George Flint, watertender at that house, is still waiting for the cigars from Harold Dunning, time keeper at the still cleaners office, which Harold lost on a bet about four months ago. Flint says that Harold is waiting for some still cleaner to donate him a cigar for that is the way that he paid a bet that he lost to John Hahn.

News from No. 5 boiler house is received with a shock! "King Benjamin" of the Benton Harbor Colony is suspected of going about under one of the following aliases: Lester Speaks, Ira Crane, Emil Stack, James Shultz, Arthur Curtis, Mike Rewalski, Albert Hanson or Arthur Glans, there having been an auxiliary to the House of David started at the above named boiler house. By-laws read as follows: "Any member shaving his upper lip before March 17, 1924, shall be fined the sum of ten dollars to be used in purchasing a feed for the remaining members. The guilty member being forbidden to eat, but has to help serve at the tables. Charter is now closed." (The reporter hopes to be able in the near future to obtain a picture of this Club for the readers of the STANOLIND RECORD.)

Boiler Shop

Mike Stofcik, one of our newlyweds, has taken up housekeeping in his new home on Schrage Avenue. Lots of luck, Mike!

We are beginning to notice a smile on Oscar Swanson's face. Who is she, Oscar?

All those wishing to know the facts about tobacco, see Edgar Aronson at the boiler shop.

We are sorry to hear that Frenchy of the boiler shop has lost his cousin, William Manieau, of South Chicago. You have our sympathy, Frenchy.

Joe Harko of South Chicago is deciding on taking a life time companion, but we have not learned when he will decide. Good luck, Joe!

Shanty Lies, better known as Papa, has just returned from his second vacation. He seems to be awful bashful in telling the boys where he has spent it.

Wilbur Gough has taken after D. A. Slatnich in coming to work with black shades below their eyes. What's the trouble, fellows, can't you make them women come to terms?

Big Fight! Jumbo, our janitor, and Shorty of the main tool room will put on a couple two minute rounds.

Ed Johnson came to work with a new cap. We are watching for ad of small boy from whom he took it in South Chicago. Cap is all right, Ed, If only you could steal another face.

Sheeney Mike now serves towels with his shower baths.

Since Harry Wheeler got to be representative of the boiler shop you cannot enter his shanty

without giving the pass word. What is it, Jim Morrison, you know!

Tower Stills

Tower stills No. 1 bowling team held its election for captain:

Gus bumped into Ted. Says Gus, "Why don't you be captain this time, I don't want it any more?" Says Ted, "Oh, Gosh! I don't want it, give it to Al." So, Al was elected.

It beats all what some fellows will do for an excuse to get off Christmas Day. Rumor has it that John Graves slept with his feet out of the window for three consecutive nights immediately preceding Christmas, trying to catch cold. But th boss reminded him that a cold on Christmas was "old stuff" so John had all his trouble for nothing.

A 9½ pound bowler arrived at the home of Gus Ollrich the other night. The father is doing as well as may be expected.

George Kollar of the rerunning stills decided to quit shift work and is now employed at the Ben Cannon print shop.

Louis Douer, stillman on the 1st and 2nd battry continuous stills, has had a siege of rheumatism that has laid him up since November 12. Skinny Shaser of "Bow-Wow-Inn" fame is substituting for Louie on the stills.

The construction gangs on the new battery of rerunning stills are taking advantage of the mild weather and are rapidly rushing the work to completion. This battery is supposed to be the "last word" in continuous still construction.

Ed Freese has become a rabid radio bug. Some of his co-workers claim that he particularly enjoys the Sunday sermons as he can now keep his whole attention on what the minister is saying and does not have to sit and figure how to dodge the collection plate. They say he estimates that this item alone will pay for his $14.98 outfit in seven years, three months and twenty-four days. We always knew Ed was progressive.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Anyone in quest of a few minutes of entertainment might drop in at the Industrial Relations Building at the noon hour, and there amid an atmosphere of solemn reverence and profound sagacity hear Clarence Spitzer hold forth on the powers of divine healing and Farmer Frisby propound his theory of mental influence. This act is very enlightening when not marred by vicious interruptions from Sally Stark, a stickler for the healing capacities of red sugar and rain water.

Pete Kobe announces the arrival of a baby boy at his house, December 7.

Our latest report indicates that Frank Welch leads the field on Christmas socks. He got a pair for each month the coming year.

George Sutherland is displaying real and unmistakable signs of prosperity. He now gallops to work in a Ford and has purchased a three acre tract south of Independence which he intends to be living on by Spring.

While Ernie King was out on one of his rabbit hunts he winged a hoot owl and succeeded in capturing him alive. Ernie kept him until he got well and began to get too intimate with his tool box; but by this time the owl had taken up his residence and could not be chased away. Finally Ernie sold him for a dollar to Al Childers who says it is a fine bird, good looking, a light eater, and would make a fine mascot. Al turned down $3 for him once and would have to have a great deal more than that for him now since he has trained him to eat raw meat.

Fritz Long of the paraffine works is the proud father of a seven pound baby boy, born December 10.

Sugar Creek's city improvements have proven a regular maelstrom for drawing good citizens. Hook Hoffman has almost succumbed; he is back in the old neighborhood on the Independence road.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Lewis E. Bartley and family in the loss of their 6 year old daughter through scarlet fever.

"Now, listen, judge, it's this way: I'm on a very important job and I just had to hit it up to get to work at 3 o'clock." "Listen to me now, Mr. Roe Perry, after you have enriched the treasury $10 you can be on your way." Such was the substance of a little confab in the Kansas City police court.

Bill Waymier has returned from his fourth annual Christmas vacation spent about seventy-five miles down south entertaining the natives with tales of the Big Town.

The boys on the filling racks report the death of Albert Stark's barber about three months ago.

Charley Bickley underwent a successful operation at the Research hospital for removal of cataracts.

Bert Hafer is completing a nice home finely located on North Delaware street, Independence.

Jesse Reader's Ozark vacation proved such a good renovator that all the main pump house boys are planning on a like trip next Summer.

Ed Lynn has bought at last. It's a Hupmobile.

Dorn Davidson is the proud father of a ten-pound baby boy born December 21. Dorn says he will be another ball player. However Dorn's son, Charles, says if necessary he will stand on his seniority rights to succeed to Daddy's catching job and the newcomer will have to be content with a fielding position.

Orin Meyers, jitney driver, regaled all his patrons Christmas with cigars and candy and was himself made happy by the gift of a windshield wiper from his patrons.

The quality of the Saturday afternoon hunting trips put on by Elmer Baker, George Hackett and Pete Akers have deteriorated to such an extent that Hackett will shoot at nothing but rabbit heads and Akers gets his nose down on the ground and flops his arms every time a rooster crows in the vicinity. Spitzer is completely barred from these trips since he shot Hackett in the leg.

Somebody started a rumor about Maynard Sands being married and *it* sounded so good to Maynard that he acknowledged same and had most of the plant really believing he was married.

Floyd Lindsay spent an unhappy Christmas week contending with the mumps.

Eddie Webb, a ten year man, has quit in order to devote his time to the electric business. We hate to see you go, Eddie, but wish you the best of success.

We regret to hear of the death of Steve Yaso's six weeks' old baby, Christmas Eve.

Pete Akers, tinner, announces the arrival of a ten-pound baby boy at his home, Dec. 28.

Lete Hite comes through Sugar Creek in his Chambers Sedan with all doors locked to keep the girls out.

Marion Kier, formerly of the switchboard, is back with us in the Main Office.

Just when Frank Soapes had grudgingly relinquished his scepter to Frank Hook, along comes Dutch Valentine with a tale of 198 rabbits killed on one hunting trip down by Lone Jack.

With the aid of aspirin tablets, John Wolfe easily bested Joe Bostian in a tobacco-chewing boycott.

Werner Donaldson is building a nice home on North Main street, Independence.

Fred Puckett and Clarence McMechan recently betook themselves to the banks of Little Blue on a coon hunt, and, in the course of the frolic got into a heated argument as to the depth of said stream. When opportunity presented itself, McMechan proved his point by measurement. It came up to his chin.

Frank Desco announces the birth of a baby boy, December 13.

Shorty Wright, pressure still fireman, is building a new home on West White Oak street, Independence. Shorty is saving the labor costs by doing all the work himself.

Talk about something tingling! Those S. O. A. A. dances! 'Nough said!

Won't somebody please tell Bill Beatty a new story? Six years of "The Jenny" and "The Chickens" is about all we can stand.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Santa Claus made a generous remembrance of about fifty Wood River Children on Christmas Eve in the Standard lunch room. It was his third visit to the Kiddies in this manner. The walls and ceiling of the lunch room were trimmed with Christmas decorations and the North end of the room had a wonderful Christmas tree in it, also treats for the guests, and the tables were loaded with a Christmas feast. After dinner the Kiddies were lined up and marched to the tree where they were given a box of candy, an orange, an apple and cookies by C. B. Manbeck, Santa Claus (Earl Scott) and his son (Sam Williams). Doc Flanagan led the children in playing "Musical Chair." Mrs. E. E. Endicott told the children bed time stories and led the children in singing Christmas carols. Music was furnished by a string orchestra composed of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mareing and Mr. Deen of Alton. Mr. and Mrs. Winkleman had charge of serving the dinner and were assisted by Miss Laura Wilkening and Miss Clara Cunningham. Among the others who were present as guests and assisting in giving the kiddies Christmas cheer were Mrs. C. B. Manbeck, Mrs. J. Halloran, John Halloran, C. F. Hall, Mrs. J. Flanagan and E. E. Endicott.

Pressure Stills

Chas. Beasley spent Christmas at the old Soldiers' Home in Lincoln, and Earl Lenhardt spent it listening to the radio.

Did you ever see Jake Tremble, Chas. Wilder, Jackie Crow, Larry Hunt or Bill Cook? No! But we did see Ed Stamper and see Rich Dawson buy a big Marmon. Rich says he had to get a big one because he had promised to take Pete Corrigan and his family out for a ride.

Another interesting story is written into the history of Alton traffic cops. George Buck of Wood River disagreed with a traffic cop about a one-way street. The cop told George to "drive on," but George was in the mood to stay awhile and relieve his mind of some weighty thoughts about traffic cops and one-way streets. We understand that nowadays when Buck goes to Alton, he does just as the cop directs.

Steam Stills and Main Pump House

William Hoffman of the pump house has this motto over his locker: "No Horseplay With Automobiles." The value of following this motto was rather rudely forced on Bill. He was discussing plans for buying a garage and three blocks of Maplewood property and had a very businesslike pose. A friend drove in with an automobile and a desire to make Bill jump, so he headed straight for the King of Maplewood, but a few feet away he applied the brakes. It is an old story, the brakes didn't work and the car struck Bill between the gasoline pump and the side walk. Several bad scratches and a swollen ankle are the results, and hence the new motto.

Evryone will be pleased to know that Earl Custer has acquired another Buick car. "Seven passenger, paint fine, good tires, run a little, a fine bargain, with lights a little dim." That's a complete description according to Custer. The only thing that troubles Ding now is which one to drive, the roadster or the touring car. One is just as poor as the other, beg pardon, we should have said "as good as the other."

Harold Blackburn, water drawer at the Main Pump House, reports a Ghost at No. 21 receiver.

Roy Fredrickson can be found in a deep study most any time now, due to the recent election in a local lodge.

Harry Camfield, the Barney Oldfield, the Ralph DePalma and Gaston Chevrolet of Wood River, reports 45 per from the Lincoln, Jr., substantiated by Custer, Buick specialist.

George Harr is again at the steam stills after having spent several weeks at home due to a burn.

J. G. Carstens is not "quality folks," congesting traffic with a Chevrolet coupe.

Since Christmas, Dick Thompson is wearing silk socks. Working in them. They are most conspicuous, most of his dress and most beautiful.

General News

Horse shoe pitching is holding its own pretty well these Winter days. The shoes are in the air about 12:30 P. M. every day on the court at the Industrial Relations Building. It has been suggested that the Athletic Association add it to the list of Winter sports.

P. J. Monks, water tender helper at No. 2 boiler house, has resigned and accepted a position as chemist for Swift and Company in East St. Louis. Mr. Monks was at one time a member of the Joint General Committee and chairman for one year. Good luck to you "Paddy" and don't forget the old timers back here in Wood River.

D. McConnell, water tender helper at No. 1 boiler house, has been called to his home at Lexington, Ill., on account of the death of his father.

Mike Waymore, fireman at No. 1 boiler house, is on the sick list.

J. E. Forrest has left the service of the company as agent at Wood River. His place is being

filled by Clifford Manlove. Manlove is a former employee of the company. He worked on the stills for several years helping to make Red Crown and is now selling it. Welcome, Manlove. Good luck to you, Mr. Forrest. That's the pump house's regards.

W. Woods sold his house on Humbert street, Alton, and purchased a fine house on Sanford avenue, one of Alton's best looking streets.

Christmas charity in Wood River, Hartford and East Alton was provided this year by an entertainment given by the Community Concert Club, December 19. The entertainment consisted of a minstrel followed by a short Playlet, "Across the Continent in the Stationary Express," which made an excellent program. Prof. L. G. Osborn was musical director, I. L. Stocker, orchestra leader, and Val E. Reis had charge of properties and advertising. Forty-five persons took part in the entertainment and of this number, a large majority were employees of the Standard. Practice for the minstrel was started three weeks before it was to be given and a very busy time was had in the short time allotted for getting the show lined up. The jokes were largely directed to local persons and conditions and were well received. The end men were dressed in typical minstrel fashion with a great variety of color. The chorus men wore white suits trimmed in black which made a fine stage appearance. The show was not filled with novelties, but was the old time minstrel stuff that had to be put over with good music, snappy dancing and catchy jokes. It certainly was a hit. In the second part, the Stationary Express, which was solidly stationary, furnished the amusement with wrecks, Indians and robbers and music. H. Davis as Conny, W. I. Jolley as the Englishman, Jim Dooley as Dutch from Cincinnati, News Butch, Tom Point, Robber Wainright and other popular characters with good singing from books with magazine covers made the fun. Fun makers, we hope you put on another storm next Christmas.

Louis Koenneker and Tom Hutchinson are back with us again in time to enjoy Christmas in Wood River. Koenneker spent his last days at Eldorado hunting deer down in Texas. He reports having killed several.

Early December 26, Charles Rickering and Charles Burris were riding to their work at the Laclede Steel Plant, and, as they crossed the tracks of the C. & A. Railroad at Washington Street, a train hit the machine and both men were killed. Charles Burris was a brother to H. Burris of the carpenter department and an uncle to Claude Burris of the carpenter department and to Charles Bussie of the Pressure Stills. We wish to sympathize with the family in their sadness.

Lubricating Plant

In the first news item last month, it was stated that Wash McDonald was the youngest member ever elected to the Joint General Committee. This is incorrect. The youngest member ever elected was H. R. Davis. McDonald is the youngest member of the present Joint General Committee.

Mechanical Departments

Joe Schenck of the machine shop has been away from work on account of illness since December 3. He had an operation and at the time this is written is making a fine recovery. We hope he will soon be able to be with us.

John Maurice of the machine shop and Miss Victorine Comment of Edgmont, Ill., were married December 28 and departed for a honeymoon at Vincennes, Ind. Upon John's return to work, a clothes line which was stretched across his machine, was loaded with shoes and socks. John did not forget the cigars and all the boys are wishing all his troubles will be little ones.

George Veach of the machine shop has not slept the past few nights as some kind person took his hunting hound into lodge, but the detectives were successful and now there will be some hunting done.

The rumor floats around Wood River that Carol Bandy is leaving the machine shop to go on the stage as a chorus girl. But this rumor is all bunk. Carol just helped out in the last Minstrel.

Rex Craddock spent Christmas in Louisville at the home of his parents. L. Kitter spent the holidays in Calhoun County at the home of his father-in-law, and Charlie Cason spent New Year's in his cellar.

Santa Claus sent Jack Maloney a new Buick.

Tate Colbert, the speed demon, got fined $9.60 for rushing the can in East Alton.

Bill Meisner and Bill Redmond drove to St. Louis in a little Ford coupe and spent the rest of Christmas Day at the Gaiety.

The tube cleaners of Nos. 4, 5 and 6 Houses presented Past Scout Master Bass Miller with a New Year's turkey. Bass has a chubby roadster. He says it goes Chub, Chub.

There is much joy in the Boilermaking Department these days. Lee Squires and Ed Blumm are all smiles. All day long this pair is remembering that at home far away from the noise and bristle of the plant, a new baby daughter awaits each of them. No wonder all is happiness and the work seems mere play.

Laboratory

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Buck are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby daughter. They have named the young lady Betty Jane. Ray was very liberal with the candy and cigars.

Everybody is wondering why things are so quiet at the laboratory now. The Lab. bunch knows. "Hanner" is gone.

Stolen: Homer's tank car number sheets. Should be returned to owner.

Miss Edna Dietz has returned after having been with her mother who was in the hospital undergoing an operation.

At last everything is quiet in the inspection department. Kathleen has her machine repaired. We are glad.

Stephen Kelly was married recently and came back with a beautiful box of candy for the force. We all join in wishing them much happiness in life.

December 20th: Loyd is learning to smoke and it has taken him all day to finish one cigar. December 21: Loyd isn't here to-day. He said he went to the city to shop, but we know it was yesterday he tried to smoke.

"You balled it up." "Didn't blow it hard enough." "Must have been something in the line." Don can't help it, neither can Ray, but it all happened over the color of oil. "Well, it's all I can make of it." "But we'll get another sample."

Paraffine and Acid Works

F. Johnson, formerly with the welder, has taken a job with the lead burners at the acid works.

Sam Montgomery has made a trip to Whiting, Ind., and has returned in time to spend the holidays at home.

E. Martin, E. Brooks, A. Steenhoft and J. Martens of the Carlinville coal mines have taken positions at the paraffine works. Mr. Martin was safety director at the Carlinville mines before the mines were closed. We crtainly welcome these men and others who have come from the mines during the shut-down.

A. Maiko has decided that he will not speak while going through East Alton.

The daughter of Chas. Haven, pumper at the bleacher pump house, was operated on for appendicitis. The operation proved to be serious. We hope she will have a good recovery.

Tobias Poeling has been confined to his home on account of rheumatism. The boys in the press house hope he will be back with them soon.

Main Office

Walt says "real home brew" and the dentist chair do not mix well, and between the two, they're about to get him down. However, he is about through with the dentist chair now. (Of course, we mean Mr. Blakely.)

F. Stratton ("Cake Eater") White is thinking seriously of relinquishing his hold on the medical profession and becoming the dancing partner of Pavlowa. Nuff sed.

The expressions of open-mouthed wonder that greeted us December 24 when Miss Brown and Miss Stoheham found the big boxes of candy on their desks with small cards conspicuously signed, "The Office Gang," were a delight to behold.

Since the community charities minstrel we have been wondering what is keeping our Irish office manager, John Halloran, off the stage. He's the struttenest cullud man yo uevah hea'd and our department felt well represented. In this connection, we might add that Johnnie has always been a strong believer in the STANOLIND RECORD, but since they overlooked (?) his he-man mustache when announcing the picture of Wood River's new Joint General Committee in the December issue of the RECORD, he is wondering if the editor of the STANOLIND RECORD is bigger than he is.

Fred Sims says that Johnnie isn't the only one that will have a real soup strainer in about six months, more or less.

Say, Fellers, what's Mac going to do when the little store across the street runs out of crackerjack?

Johnnie to Dr.: "This watch is gold plate, is it not?" Dr. (absentmindedly): No, Suh, Tube and Plate."

All the folks in the office feel like better men and women since their liberal contributions for a Christmas gift for their much loved friend, Kenneth Hull, who has been bedridden for some years.

Barney Google's brown-eyed baby, the inveterate Spark Plug, has nothing on Earl Robinson of the office force when it comes to having periodical attacks of heebie-jeebies. Watch him, fellows.

Les Geltz sent a letter to Santa Claus asking for a penny that would stay put. Wonder what he meant by that? P. S.—What would the fond mothers of our boys think if they knew that these boys spend their fifteen-minute noon hour every day pitching pennies in the basement. Tommy says it's an expensive pastime—he lost thirteen cents one day, though he did manage to slip one with a hole in it. (He said he would be ahead of the game if there weren't so many "ties.")

Crude Stills

Judge Parker is in a rage. In an emergency he was supplied with what he terms "two Sears & Roebuck firemen"—and the Judge raved. He had to show them how to put on rubber shoes, how to shovel in the coal and pull the ashes and even then one of them said, "This firing isn't a bad job, how is it to be a stillman?" The judge recalls many pleasant days he has spent at Goose Neck Bend and Mulberg, Ky., but no matter to what degree of ecstasy he rises, one can always find out how much profanity there really is in the judge by simply insinuating that he doesn't understand just what is meant by a "Sears & Roebuck" fireman.

Emery Hunt is passing out the praises of Mr. Martin. You ask for the gentleman's first name, but we give you the choice of "Breezy," "Cyclone" or "Tornado." Mr. Martin, same man, began as the Philippine Islands and he was there driven into the sea. At that time it was a long swim, but he arrived safely in San Francisco. A trip into the North where all but he and five others of the expedition were frozen to death was the next adventure. Five months at Whiting and two shifts for months for Judge Parker at Wood River brings us down to date. Of course, the details of the good old days in the foreign lands where whisky sloshes around like water appeals to Emery and he was seen amusing the narrator for several hours with his individual attention. However, Emery believes a few of his own patented ingenuities would add to the narrator's story.

Willie Hoffman, Romeo stillman, has found a new thrill. This latest stunt is to back into an approaching Electric Limited and see how far up Wagler street he will be shoved. The impact gave his car enough momentum to more than make the hill.

Frank McCredie is the recipient of a picture of a man he much admires. Mac was very much surprised to get this fine picture—in fact he is unable to find who mailed it. Valentines are a big early this year.

George Lang spent a few days in the Ozark mountains shooting ducks. It is related that a fine big canvas-back flew over the boat and as George stood up to get a good shot, the boat did a line drive and a tail spin and George tried to walk on water for awhile.

Whitey Hannold is sporting a new Buick sedan. Look out, everybody!

J. N. has some real recipes for making wine. However, he is not passing out samples any more, owing to one man getting two samples by mistake. Jake dreads to think of meeting that man's wife.

Uncle Tim VanCamp has ham and eggs every day for breakfast. No matter how many menues come and go, what Uncle Tim likes is never scratched. Uncle Tim is also an authority on stenographers and it is the general opinion that

he will open up an employment agency for stenographers when he retires from the S. O. Co.

Matthew Freeman, late of the Webb Baptist Church, had 80c left on pay day. Matt couldn't account for the apparent discrepancy until the minister reminded him that he had missed the collection plate as it made its rounds one Sunday. Matt is now broke, but happy—his normal condition.

Lawrence Regus and Rev. Judd take frequent hunting trips to Fosterburg. We understand the squirrels have been taught to keep under cover. None have been brought to Wood River as yet.

Ed Lasbury is posing as the best man.

Chas. Wiggins is making extensive preparations to investigate the ghost stories at No. 5 crude house. He has secured the services of Walter Shampine and Lossie Pierce in the adventure. While the last two mentioned gentlemen are shaking at the knees at thoughts of entering the haunted house, the bold spirit of Captain Wig will no doubt quell the fears. It seems that at times a voice is heard in the washroom calling for help. Wig says he heard it say, "Help! Help! I broke my leg." A queer phase of the story is that the voice is heard only at night. Once while Wig was investigating, the lights in the room suddenly went out. The rapid and excited exit was made by Wiggins because it was necessary to see a man who was passing by. He was not afraid of the ghost. No doubt Wig will solve the mystery. He has had similar experiences in the Holy Lands.

Carpenter Department

Sox Parker says he's going to begin throwing rocks at "Archibald" Brown to get his arm in shape for the coming baseball season. Sox says the only thing Brown is good for is to throw rocks at.

J. Wetstein took his gun one day and went into the woods looking for a rabbit. Joe came back and told the gang he shot one rabbit when it was two shots away.

Dan Watsler decries the fact that the STANOLIND RECORD notes that two of our hunters killed five quail and five ducks in a two-day hunt. Dan is not seeking the limelight. He has cautioned all the Reporters not to mention that he and Ben Bryant went to Chesterfield and bagged forty-eight quail in two hours without a dog. This introduces another story! Bill Obermiller is a fancier of Beagle hounds and gave Dan one. He was a good dog, too; his only fault being that he would meet you in a most playful way and the minute he had the opportunity, he would eat your leg. So, he became an outlaw and William gave him to Dan. Some one stole this leg eater from Dan. Anyone finding a well trained, thoroughbred rabbit finding, quail settin', outlaw Beagle hound may return same to Dan Watsler, care of Wm. Obermiller.

K. Tupper, millwright "pro tem," visited at Thiebes, Ill., during the holidays. Tup said he had some time but didn't like the glare of the white lights.

E. Lutz reported at Edwardsville, Ill., to do jury duty. On arrival there, the judge informed Ed that he wasn't wanted for jury service and advised him to clear out before he was wanted for bootlegging.

J. Pivoda claims he doesn't get very much sleep since "Slim" Fields bought himself a Ford. Johnnie also claims he has made the acquaintance of a very nice girl around Wood River since palling with Slim. Your name should have been "Rudolph," Johnnie.

Mr. Burgan, English "shin kicker" of the carpenter shop, drove his machine into the countryside, got stuck in the mud, lost two days work and had a H—— of a time getting his machine back. Don't expect too much, fellows. It is a Ford and an Englishman driving it.

E. Scott told us of his time in Chicago with the Industrial Relations Board. Scott said he didn't like the lemonade they served with the meals up there. That's not lemonade, Scotty, it's a finger bowl.

Sam Parker, better known as Slick, has the job of cleaning the windows at the saw filing shop. Slick cleaned some of the windows one day and the next day started on the job again but could not make out where he should start. He couldn't tell which windows he had cleaned. After some delay he took a chance and started again but decided that the best way to avoid trouble and tell which windows were cleaned, would be to mark them with chalk. If someone had marked all the windows with chalk, Slick would have been in an awful fix. Slick, you surely gave those windows a thorough scrubbing.

Dan Watsler boasts of a son who can throw a baseball equally well with either hand. Some boy, Dan! Must take an awful lot after his dad, although the stuff his daddy throws is not thrown with the hand.

W. Mathie, saw filer, claims he has a dog valued at $40. E. Scharth told Mathie to name it "Spark Plug" and feed it oats. Must be a "Hot Dog," having the epitaph of Spark Plug hung on it.

"Sleepy Burris" and Wes Mathie went out hunting a short time ago and while driving leisurely along a quiet country road noticed a dog trotting along after the machine as if it would like to make friends with them. The "dog," after trotting a short distance, turned suddenly and vanished in the underbrush at the side of the road. Sleepy and Wes then came out of their trance and made the deduction that the dog was a fox. Two automatic shot guns were close at hand and ready for business, but no attempt was made to shoot for fearing of scaring the "little dog." "Sleepy," tip us off as to where you get that stuff. We might go out in the country and see a lavender giraffe.

CASPER, WYO.

Plant No. 1

E. N. Hemley of the main office has moved into his new home in the Standard Sub-division. Glen and Wag purchased lots in the same locality and it looks as though it is going to be quite a respectable neighborhood.

A. V. Forbes is at the plant before 7:00 A. M. on paydays helping dole out the bi-monthly stipend. He must get up before 6 A. M. Ye Gods! Can you imagine it? And it's dark!

The Standard Oil Athletic Association owes considerable of the attendance at its monthly dances to the fact that Jim Lanouette is usually present with his bevy of school teachers. The pretty school marms may not always go, but some of the boys always go to find out.

George Wood, formerly of the shipping department, is now treater's helper. If George catches

onto things with his usual alacrity he'll soon be showing the treater how to treat.

E. N. Henley received his PA degree from Old Man Stork at 4 A. M., December 3. When E. N. came down to the office with a box of cigars and a proud smile nobody needed to be told that there was a new daddy around. Henley says that he was a little disappointed, because the boy set up an awful howl the minute he arrived and they had hoped he would like the place. We believe, however, that Wallace Gordon Henley, although scarcely more than a baby at the time, used good judgment in choosing his parents. The climate seems to agree with him as he is adding daily to his original eight pounds.

Glen Howland says a number of the young women who attended the Thanksgiving dance at the Industrial Relations building were more fortunate than they realize. He was called away early in the evening and was unable to return!

Johnnie Lytle reports that there was one young lady at the Thanksgiving dance who did not have the pleasure of dancing with him, but it was her fault, not his—he asked her, but she wouldn't.

Mr. Briney says he doesn't go much to dances any more because the only harmony that will set his feet in motion is the good old barber shop chord.

H. H. Shea has been transferred from the labor distribution department to the yield department. Shea is replacing George L. ("Hoot") Gibson, who has been transferred to the refining department as a pumper helper. Walter Jourgensen has come in from the timekeeper's department to help with the labor distribution.

Mrs. Glen Howland is in the East where she has gone to attend her mother's funeral and Glen is taking a post-graduate course in domestic science.

Advertisement—We would like to inform the unmarried portion of the STANOLIND Family that there remain at No. 12, pressure still receiving house, six amiable, good looking young men who wish to get married but can't find the wives—anyone desirous of entering the contest, please write E. J. Harry, fireman; Henry Lund, inside helper; S. E. Page, inside helper; Barbee, inside helper; Bill Bayton, inside helper, or Tom Suitor, top man. P. S.—Photos sent on request.

Frank Riley, Herman Smith and C. M. Compton, all of the pressure still department, have left the service of the company.

Join the Shiftmen's Benefit Association. It is not a question of "Can I afford it?", it is a question of "Can I afford to be out of it?"

Keep your eye on the sales and service committee of the J. G. C., they are going to do things this and next year.

Yes, Claude Kelsey has a new Jewett car, and if you want to know about Jewetts, ask Claude.

Pete Evert is breaking shifts at the Power House, Plant No. 1, and he should feel rather proud of the new decorations. Some place, now! It's a reflection of good judgment of the officials and Mr. Hawley's famous artists.

R. T. King of the asbestos department reports the birth of a ten pound girl. Mrs. King and daughter are doing nicely.

Pete Peterson, pipe repairer at No. 1 Plant, has been working day shift and Mike Baird is doing repairs on the dog hutch.

Tom Mullaney on the continual stills has taken ten days off to visit his parents in Butte, Mont.

R. O. Traylor of the Safety First department will make the old basketball team step on the gas to keep up with him now. With mother back home from her visit at Lawrenceville, Ill., and putting out her famous biscuits.

Ralph Steen, foreman of the asbestos department, said he shot twenty rabbits on his trip north of town, December 16. Good work, Ralph!

How did you fellows like the action of Bill Eads in the "Soc 'em" contest, December 20, at the Industrial Building? Leave it to Bill, he gets his man. Of course he still carries the old horseshoe wallop, but his opponent showed himself able to absorb great punishment.

Howard Roberts is working in the storehouse. We see lots of Speed behind the counter in this department. Yoss, Turnbull and Roberts are delivering the goods efficiently.

Jack McGrath, chief of police, Plant No. 1 and No. 2, says he enjoyed the athletic contest the S. O. C. boys put on December 20—Jack knows good stuff.

Plant No. 3

Copenhagen! 'Nuff snuff. We nominate James G. Weiderhold as head of the claims department.

Read the "Herald"! The claims department is a new organization, the purpose of which is to claim everything in sight—Wood River please note.

Howard Thompson to Bob Williams: "Butch can throw Fitzpatrick in five minutes." The witty comeback by Bob: "Well, if you really think that, I got $100.00 if I don't get writer's cramp writing a check."

The only drawback to the "smoker" was that swift action began too soon after they started passing smokes. The bulldogs must have turned to lapdogs as none of them appeared for the tug-of-war. Page, Frank Francis' "Tiney." Well, as far as that goes, we had action all the way. We imagine the "precipitants" were all fairly fagged considering smokes and everything.

One often hears Bud Capps being accused of being married, but it is the belief that if he isn't married by a Monday morning, it is not necessary to ask him again until the following Monday.

J. Catterall and Dan Beers have purchased homes in the Standard Sub-division.

Miss Jean Lown has left the service of the company.

John Kennedy Roedel spent the Christmas holidays in Cheyenne at the home of his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. McGrady journeyed to El Paso, Tex., to spend the holidays with friends and relatives.

H. R. Bates is making final proof on his homestead which adjoins the company tank farm on the north. We suspect he is hoping to sell it to the S. O. Company to enable them to increase their tank farming operations.

C. P. Ames and E. W. Fassett of the estimating department, have purchased homes in the Standard Sub-division.

The Christmas holidays were spent in Chicago by Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Smith.

The sympathy of a host of friends goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Twitchell who lost their five weeks' old son, Howard Kenneth Fradette, Jr., December 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Morrison made a very fast trip in their Star coupe to Dickinson, N. Dak., on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Morrison's father. They made the trip in twenty-five hours of steady driving, arriving twenty-four hours before Mr. Butler passed away. The sympathy of their many friends is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Morrison at this sad time.

Bob Turnbull spent the Christmas holidays with his parents in Carlinsville, Ill.

Dr. and Mrs. Paulus arrived from California, December 17, presumably to enjoy the nice Winter weather during the holidays.

The following changes in personnel have been approved to be effective January 1: C. E. Hooper, now foreman of steam refined second distillation stills and sharpless plant, to have charge of in addition to the above, the clay filter plant and the steam refined steam mills; F. C. Patterson, now foreman of barrel factory, barrel filling house, wax caking and Parowax packing, will have charge of in addition to the above, the Compounding House; and O. C. Crisman, to have charge of asphalt stills, refinery department, under Neil Thomas.

The Christmas holidays were spent by Dr. S. K. Loy, chief chemist and mayor elect, in Kansas.

All Ford owners wishing to close out might see the Utick, Bass, Fishburn company. This trio guarantees to dispose of any "Lizzie" that has four wheels and propels itself. No wrangling over commissions. These men are not of a grasping nature—they have a congenial smooth way that cannot be beat.

Jim McCullock, carpenter department, is the proud owner of an Essex, parlor car variety. With the aid of Polarine and Red Crown, Mac says he can make the speed cops feel like snails crawling over a sand pile.

The safety department has been unable as yet to figure out a scheme by which Walter Bell can attend Safety banquets, smoke cigarets and at the same time keep from setting the table cloth on fire.

Did you hear the wise bird caution Hartzell about a hand rail around the flashlight powder while Roy was doing his best to stretch the faces of several members of the Athletic Association at their meeting Dec. 20?

LARAMIE, WYO.

Phil Ward, a clerk of Plant No. 2, went to Greybull to spend the holidays with his family. The high altitude at Laramie makes it impossible for Mrs. Ward to live here and that is why she is not here with her husband.

"V" Knight, chief clerk, went to Denver on a business trip and expects to be gone several days.

"Dangerous Jimmie" Dolan, the watchman, has been having a terrible time. The night before Christmas he rode all over the country trying to find a star that had a "shine" in it and since that time he has been seen standing for hours watching, with hungry eyes, the beautiful women on the 1924 calendars.

Fred Coolidge who was injured last May is back on the job and is holding down a shift at the river pump house. Everyone is glad to see him back to work.

Al Musser, one of our highly respected foremen at Plant No. 2, was accused of beating up his wife the other morning. This was reported by one of his neighbors and the rumor spread rapidly throughout the plant and caused a great deal of excitement. Al was due for a ducking but just as the penalty was about to be inflicted, Al's neighbor appeared on the scene and informed the boys that they misinterpreted him, that he meant, Al Musser beat his wife in getting up that morning. Al got up at 7:00 A. M. and his wife at 7:30 A. M.

R. B. Miller, stillman helper, is having a ten day layoff during the Christmas Holidays. We wonder why?

Russel Morris, warehouseman, attended a dance at Bosler recently and he reports a real fine time.

John Smith, treater, took a few days off so he could fully enjoy Christmas.

Hank Hanson, the watchman, done some pretty work with his old "gat." He succeeded in killing a car load of rabbits, all of which he shot on the run.

In view of the fact that B. W. Ferris' business at Fort Collins is of such a nature that it requires his presence in that city regularly once a week, and with bad weather coming on, the Union Pacific Railroad has seen fit to build a branch line direct to Laramie from Fort Collins. Nuff said.

G. W. Weeks and D. E. Hunton motored to Casper and Wheatland, respectively, to spend the holidays with their mothers. Motoring conditions being ideal, the trip was doubly enjoyable.

"Red" McClintock and several other boys on the plant have suddenly became interested in building and loan, and listening to some good advice have found the following saying very profitable, "Before investing, investigate."

The boys here, who have cars or are contemplating buying soon (or mostly dreaming of owning cars) have very heated discussions and arguments regarding their respective favorites. Every day in the change rooms, when the men are changing clothes, the speed limit is from 1 to 100 miles an hour in high, saying nothing of 30 per cent grades. If any of you have a good car, better enter, as the competition is very keen, especially if you have strong lungs.

Richard Butler, chemist helper, has been seen wearing a wedding ring. Wonder if it belongs to his wife?

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Department

Our chief clerk, Mr. Larson, blushingly announces the birth of a baby daughter. From now on he will know what married life is.

We are pleased to note Ed Longhenry's wife is improving. She has been dangerously ill and is not yet out of all danger.

Frank Carr was invited to a New Year's blowout and wished he could get out of it. There are thousands of us who wished we could get in on something of the sort.

Edwin Bobleter took his kids to a Christmas tree party given by his lodge and not satisfied with having the kids get almost all the candy, oranges and toys, he spent a dime and won the 12-lb. turkey. Lack of capital keeps him out of Ponzi's class.

We have a new man, Kinzie by name. He's studying law. Immediately upon his passing the bar he'll earn $10,000 per annum. Or at least he thought he would until old Father Daly gave

him the benefit of his world-wide experience. Now he's figuring on drilling for oil in Panama.

Our eastern representative, I. C. Tarler, was a recent visitor in the office. We are always glad to see him.

Mr. Johnston would be lost if by accident his Ediphone disappeared. He certainly works it hard. Never mind Mr. Johnston, they are made for hard labor.

George Harman is a life saver. He always provides for the holiday turkey.

Al Fischer was welcomed back to work after a few days illness caused by a scratch on one of his fingers which developed into blood poison. Al doesn't believe in doctors so he nursed his finger with the home cure by keeping it in hot water. It was a slow but sure cure. More power to you, Fischer.

Mr. Kluender sold his Packard car and purchased a Baby Overland. It must be some "Baby," as he says he has it wrapped up and put away for the winter. Keep it warm Mr. Kluender, or it will never run again.

Mr. Gutzsell still spends his Sunday mornings cleaning Spark Plugs in his Ford, getting away from attending church and saving the weekly offering. Keep it up Mr. Gutzsell, all great men must start from the bottom. Ask Mr. Longhenry how he got his start.

We note that Miss Burton did not go home for the holidays, for the reason that freight traffic is so heavy, there being no empty freight cars to ride in. Cheer up, Jewel, we note that the Rock Island is building five thousand new cars.

Fifth Floor

We know that Anton Schelle made one girl happy Christmas Day. Good luck, Tony.

Well, well! At last Doc Holland can say he is an Ether Prowler. He came down the other day with his chest way up in the air. They say he got station KDKA in his radio set. A marvelous feat!

One of the new men blushed crimson the other day. He was told where the men's locker room was and upon arriving there he found three or four of our fair maidens putting on their makeup. He thought he had stepped into the ladies washroom and came back on the run. We soon set him straight, and he gathered up enough courage to return.

Miss Julia Smigay of the bad accounts department, recently purchased a radio set and claims she is getting long distance to her satisfaction, especially Lansing, Mich. On Wednesday and Sunday nights she devotes most of her time to local stations, as two can listen with one head-phone.

O'Keefe, Dockendorf and Art Gray received gold watches for Christmas. Just a gentle hint to get home on time. They can't prove a "lullaby" now.

It looks serious; Ann Roemmel is buying table pads and "etc."

Alec Mursion came in today for a visit. Says he is feeling fine, and also has a new Shriner in his family.

Clarence Leiber is moving forward rapidly.

We are glad to see Myrtle Carlson up in the limelight.

Ella Stippick has been putting on weight since Charlie bought the Hudson Coach. You need more exercise, Ella. Agreed—A. E. G.

Mr. Long's department surely misses Einar Crown's smiling face, but we are glad he is still accompanying Miss MacKeever.

Phyllis Jones eyesight has been failing her during the Christmas holidays. What's the trouble, Phyllis, does he keep you up too late.

Now that the Christmas rush is over, the girls in Mr. Talbots' department have discontinued their fancy work class.

Bill Long is wearing a broad smile since Standard Oil stock is going up. You appear as if you have money now, Mr. Long.

We are wondering who gave Anna Wallanches the pearl beads for a Christmas present. Won't you tell us, Anna?

Distribution Department

Seven boys in this department received beautiful watches for Christmas. How's that for a record? No tardy marks this year!

We have with us one shiek, Victor Bellis, and George Varnum. Three like them, is enough for one department.

'Tis reported that Charley Little was afflicted with "dizziness" on Christmas Day. How come, Chuck?

What Fred Tamblyn did on Christmas Day is just like the place that moonshine comes from. It's a secret still.

At time of this writing, our co-worker, Johnny Jaeger, is in St. Anne's Hospital recovering from an operation. Sincere wishes for a speedy recovery are extended to him.

We are going to organize a side-show in the near future. We have the fat girl, the human spider, the giant, the pigmy, the radio bug, the sleep-walker, the human crab, the windjammer and, last but not least, the English sparrow. Names are eliminated as a Safety-First precaution.

Manufacturing Department

Billy Wiltgen stayed up so late Christmas night celebrating that he trid to catch up some of his lost sleep on the elevated train coming in from Evanston the following morning. He awoke to find himself surrounded with the aroma of the Stock-yards and when he finally found his way out of the wilds of the South Side he managed to get down to the office in time for lunch.

Attention, Shebas! Have your hair bobbed by Mr. Pittinger. His rates are reasonable.

Billy Pack intended giving his girl a diamond on Christmas but she learned that the S. O. Co. was going to cut off Billy's bonus on the first of the year and she broke off the engagement.

A. S. Pittinger gave his wife a beautiful ring for Christmas—clothes wringer.

McGahen's typewriter would not operate so he called for Typewriter Expert Betteldorf. Mac said it's alright now, only a little gummie.

A. R. Smith was suffering from a very bad cold Christmas Eve and gladly accepted Jack Crother's invitation to a shot of his cough medicine. It turned out to be vinegar and he has not as yet recovered from the shock.

Why doesn't Bingham wear a hat like Willy John Wiltgens'? He comes from the Wild West and would sure look natural.

Weak hearted people kindly take notice. Miss Ethel has purchased a muffler for said sneeze. (We notice the muffler is not working successfully. But we have a very good remedy for it.)

Miss Roe received a beautiful wrist watch for Christmas.

Miss Allen landed her brother a job with the company so he would provide the necessary deterent to the Romeos, ancient and modern, long and short, fat and slim, that have insisted on escorting her home from work.

George Johnson bought his girl a pair of bathroom scales for a Christmas present.

Frodin paid a couple of dollars to put the shine back into the diamond he gave his girl a few weeks ago. This dollar a carat stuff doesn't last.

We understand Nellie McKeon has become a member of the Parkway Riding Academy on the North Side.

Have you seen Walter Eckerly's meat hound? Some blood what I mean!

A woman police officer visited the office a few days ago looking for J. Ambrose Hepwing and picked him up in the jobbing department on the sixth floor.

Heimerdinger eats breakfast every morning down at the Greasy Spoon. What's the matter with the wife's cooking?

Congratulations to Johnnie Knapp—and Marge.

Ed Miller has a new assistant for handling his hardware. We don't know his name yet as Ed is keeping him all to himself.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Myrtle M. A. Clark

Merry Christmas is past, and all the little Oil Cans were able to come to work the next day, and they did. Oh yes, have you all heard about the famous group of Standard Oilers, those from the Davenport division, who the first week of December desired, discussed and brought about the organizing of that admirable and distinguished affiliation, the Oil Can Club. And now, they are all full-fledged Oil Cans and will be as long as they are eligible and—er—pay their dues before the fifth of each month. Ain't it grand?

The Oil Can Club, you understand, is for social purposes only, and just to show the kind of stuff they're made of, those bright and "fulla pep" Oil Cans had a simply gorgeous party on December 21. It was such an unusual and lovely affair that even Santa Claus was there. Two hundred people came to dance, play, see Santa Claus and the Christmas Tree. Some of those two hundred were salesmen and "A" Station agents from the field, here to attend the education meeting. Nice? Well, of course. Good old Saint Nick pulled his usual stuff, and everyone there received a beautiful present. It is rumored that some of the not-quite-so honorable Oil Cans got two, or three or even more gifts Gracious, how do they get away with it? The Davenport Standard Oilers are rather noted for the unusual, though always appropriate, refreshments which they serve at their parties. At this party, three kinds of cake and a half dozen flavors of pop, just gobs of both, were ready for the hungry and thirsty. And did all the Oil Cans and their guests enjoy this layout? Well, when the party broke up at twelve, there was no one hungry and thirsty. The music was enchanting, the kind that will make your toes start ticklin'. It was a great little party all right, and after it was all over Santy Claus collected the gifts he had distributed earlier in the evening, and took them down to the Sunshine Mission.

In spite of their dreariness, however, the girls on the first floor were able to put on a little affair as a farewell to Flossie and Tyle, dinner at the Terrace Gardens and to the Columbia afterward. Splurge, yea bo! They even gave their guests presents, calendars from Mendell's Shoe Repair Shop. It has been rumored that Miss Anderson wasn't especially pleased with her favor, threw it under the table to be truthful. That's gratitude for you. At the theater the girls blew themselves to boxes—one of them, they won't tell who, nearly fell out, she laughed so over that joke about the, well, over that joke. And after the party, Miss Ottumwa's boy friend took them all home. Some men are rather nice, aren't they?

Keokuk, Iowa

May we extend to all in the Davenport Division our most sincere thanks and appreciations for the earnest co-operation and interest shown us during our brief association of but two years. From our point of view our relations have been the most pleasant. We are very glad, however, to have been so well provided for in assigning us to Quincy Division, and are sure we will find our new friends just as willing and eager to co-operate with us as were our old Friends.

Sidney McCarty, one of Ireland's wittiest, joined the force at Keokuk as dray truck driver. He purchased a new Ford Coupe and regardless of his age, he can whistle, he can sing, he can do most anything. He is highly recommended by a lady or two.

Harold Heiteman and Elmer Hartman signed over their liberty since last we met, and now there is a Mrs. Heiteman and a Mrs. Hartman. The best wishes go with them.

C. ("Nick") Klepfer, agent at Fort Madison, was in the hospital at Keokuk. Operation—Appendicitis. He's out now and doing fine. You can't keep a Dutchman down.

A general cleaning up is going on about the Keokuk plant. Quotas being prepared for drivers and salesman and agent. We hope that 1924 will be a banner year in the history of Keokuk for the Standard Oil Company.

Goodbye, Davenport! Hello, Quincy.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Our Decatur city salesman, E. E. Schroeder, came into the office the other morning and when the telephone rang, with visions of a new Polarine prospect, he answered it. Instead of inquiring the price of Polarine, however, the party said, "Have you folks a salesman by the name of Schroeder?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, said "Can you tell me what kind of a fellow he is?" Schroeder's modesty certainly did not cause him to pass up the opportunity of a lifetime!

J. Willard Crook says he had a very "touching" experience the week after Christmas. Some sneak thief entered his room at the hotel and relieved him of his entire wardrobe, including a fine overcoat and two travelling bags.

William Orey, S. S. attendant at Monticello, is the proud father of a new baby girl born

December 24, 1923. Like Mr. Orey, we agree, it was "some" Christmas present.

F. D. ("Fritz") Frier, the well known driver at Vandalia, made a delivery while the raods were impassable for most drivers. Salesman Hanauer accompanied him on the trip. "Fritz" says it was an accident and Hanauer says it was done on purpose. Anyway, Hanauer was covered with mud from head to foot.

Agent Sands of Urbana, Salesmen Holmes of Tuscola and Davis of Shelbyville were visitors at the office Holiday week. Lubricating Engineer Deem also spent a couple of days looking us over.

Mrs. R. E. Newman, wife of our Villa Grove agent, has been quite ill with a case of blood-poisoning. Glad to report, she is recovering, however.

Merle Cline Causes Riot! Merle Cline of the equipment department claims that early Christmas morning, he got up, took his trusted shot gun, walked a few steps away from the house and let go both barrels. The noise, awakened his two boys who wanted to know whom he had shot. On being informed by their Dad that he had shot Santa Claus, the riot started. He is still very unpopular with the family.

Wanted: A man to out-argue Oscar Martin. Will argue over anything, from a blotter to "Who won the War."

Barnhart and his egg market are still hitting on all four. Barney drags the old lantern out to the hen house about 5:00 A. M. and how those hens do lay!

Roy Pensinger sure likes those fresh eggs, too. Barney says, "Keep up the good work, Roy."

Nate Brewer, driver at Danville, has a new Ford and we are of the opinion that his wife had better keep an eye on him. (Never mind Nate, Mrs. Brewer; just keep an eye on the Ford car.)

Frank Vandervort, driver at Danville, decided to go back to the farm and expected to leave us about January 7. He has purchased a new Ford coupe.

Manager Budde and Assistant Manager Phillips called at the Danville plant, December 19. This was Mr. Phillips' first trip and we were glad to have him look us over.

If there is anyone in the Decatur field who would like a few lessons in checkers, let them get in touch with Don Black. H has some new moves that would make you open your eyes.

W. C. Wilson, who for several years was located at Urbana, has been transferred to Danville as night watchman. Mr. Wilson says he likes his new job all right.

A. O. Dixon has been promoted from night watchman to clerk at the Tilton plant.

A. L. O'Neal, driver at Danville, has gone into the dog business and is unable to supply the demand. Abe is the boy that walked off with first prize in the Polarine Products Campaign.

Jean Lewis, warehouseman at Tilton Plant, is wearing "the smile that won't come off." He got his bonus in time for Christmas and is making use of it.

Jim Dalby, motor stake dray driver at Danville station, proved that the opportunity for salesmanship can be applied by any man working for the company. He was given a shipment for a certain mine but had another mine in mind. After unloading the goods, he noticed he had made a mistake. In place of loading the shipment back on his truck, he went to the manager of the mine and proceeded to sell the goods to him.

When D. C. Bartlett, one of the gasoline crew, called at a garage a short time ago, the proprietor said, "Oh! you are one of the officials, are you," and it puffed Bart up so that he did not take the right road to his next town. Result —stuck, and mud from head to foot.

Agent C. E. Johnson, Gillespie, enjoyed a visit over the holidays from his son Raymond, who is attending college at Monmouth, Ill.

Ask John C. Schadow who holds the record at bridge and whether or not Watson and Bartlett have learned to play yet. (Why leave us in such suspense? Come clean and tell us all about it.—Corres.)

Agent H. O. Price and family of Hillsboro spent Christmas with Mr. Price's father and mother at Strasburg.

Agent C. E. Johnson, Gillespie, says that he can advise anyone how hard it is to get out of a sewer. Never mind, Johnson, just wait until you get that new plant and you will make them sit up and take notice.

Agent L. A. Emmons, Litchfield, says it is sure a shame the way they treated his new desk the night they blew his safe. Will it ever look the same?

Willard, little son of O. H. Best, Staunton agent, had what was thought to be a touch of appendicitis, but found out the cause. (Come on with the rest of it, Cline.—Corres.)

Of course, suppose you have all noticed that new diamond on "the" finger of Mildred Kemper's left hand.

Miss Carrie Delaney, or perhaps we should say, Mrs. Jack Milnes, invited the young ladies of the office force to meet at her home Thursday evening, December 27. The general presumption was that it was to be something on the order of an announcement party. It was an announcement party all right, but not the kind the girls were looking for. Instead of announcing her engagement, she announced her marriage to Mr. Milnes which had taken place October 23, 1923, in Urbana, Ill. That was a mean trick you played on us, Carrie; you should have let the Correspondent in on it at least. However, we will forgive you this time, and to show you our heart is in the right place, we extend our very best wishes for a long and happy life for you and Jack. Remember, when you get "Down on the Farm," we like fried chicken.

No items from East St. Louis and vicinity this month. Miss Mitchell is away and no one else down there is bright enough to send us a few squibs.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

We regret to report the death of W. R. Clark, superintendent of service stations. Mr. Clark passed away very suddenly on December 8, being ill but a few hours. His death was a severe shock to all who knew him.

F. F. Engle, salesman at Spencer, Iowa, says, "No going south for me, as we have fine weather all our own." Says he counted eleven tractors

plowing during the week of December 17. Mr. Engle also says the young ladies near Lake Okoboji went swimming in the lake during the same week. Some California weather!

We are glad to report that L. A. Dunker, cashier, has returned to his desk after recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

William Swygard, assistant chief clerk, says that of all the wet rain he ever saw Chicago has the wettest. Maybe the sun will shine on your next trip, Bill!

Since the opening of Keosauqua Drive along our S. S. No. 330, Martin Mack, attendant, has his sleeves rolled up to take on all comers. Martin says they cannot come too fast for him.

Harry Ahrold, S. S. Superintendent, says H. J. Daniels, attendant at S. S. No. 338, Des Moines, is going to have a lot of company at his home some day since Mrs. Daniels won first prize in the Pumpkin Pie Baking Contest in Des Moines. In all that is good, the Standard Oil Company has the best.

J. F. Maddick, agent at Kanawha, Iowa, is stepping high, wide, and fancy—twins. Jack says, "I've got to step lively in this oil game now."

Our agent, Arthur Stewart of Chariton, and Miss Ruth Grantwein, slipped down to Burlington a short time ago and were married. Arthur also bought a new Reo truck and says he has to speed up a little more now in order to buy silk hose.

S. C. Connor, S. S. attendant, at Chariton, has a new baby girl at his house. Now he is doing double duty.

Rube Peterson, stock clerk, says it is unlucky to dream you are going to jail and have it come true.

We all would like to know why Miss Strain, bill clerk, thinks a Maxwell Sedan is the best car made. There must be a reason.

Norman Running, sixth floor shiek, appeared in the office recently wearing a fine new derby hat. We always did say you had them all beat, Norman.

L. C. Pim, Marshalltown, has been transferred from the warehouse to S. S. work.

Howard Guthrie has two of the latest type heaters on his Ford, and if the weather gets bad, he expects to use some canned heat.

E. E. Weatherson, warehouseman at Marshalltown, is designing a new automobile body.

Marshalltown employees have their sauerkraut made. Mr. Bach was given the job of tramping it in the kegs because his feet were the largest. (But it's the flavor that counts. How about that?—Ed.)

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

J. A. Green of the S. S. department is correcting a report recently circulated during his absence while on a trip in Canada that he had gone there in quest of a "dear." He emphatically states that he was on a venison hunt and that he enjoyed a very pleasant vacation.

We can say without any doubt of being corrected that Johnny Clark, our never-tiring agent at Birmingham, is the happiest man in that community. A recent arrival in Clark's family by the name of Raymond Kenneth is the reason for the joy.

The Bowling League has completed the first half of the season, with the accounting department on top, followed closely by three other teams. The sales department, runners up, have been in close conference for the past two weeks devising ways and means by which they may replace the accounting department when the second half opens January 7. Little hopes are held out for the sales department succeeding in their endeavor as long as Chief Clerk Kirn remains on the accounting team. However, the crowd can expect to see considerable fire works when this game is played. To date the standings are as follows:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Accounting Department	29	13	.690
Sales Department	27	15	.642
Check Department	27	15	.642
Garage Sales	27	15	.642
Order Department	24	18	.571
Specialty Sales	21	21	.500
West Detroit	9	33	.214
River Rouge	5	37	.119

High Team Total—One Game

Accounting Department 961

High Team Total—Three Games

Accounting Department 2,650

High Individual Total—One Game

Poulson 242

High Individual Total—Three Games

Curwane 633

Charles Sackman, former S. S. attendant at Woodward and Ralston, has recently been transferred to the duties of "B" station agent at Fraser, Mich. To celebrate his retirement from the S. S. department he sold a record amount of 5-gallon cans of Polarine oil. Exceptionally good work is expected of Sackman and he has promised us he will live up to all expectations.

Patty Winger, our well-known stock record clerk, said goodbye to his many acquaintances, January 1, having resigned his position with our company to take up other duties in St. Louis. We were sorry to see Winger leave, but our wishes for success go with him.

A son, Roy Franklin, Jr., arrived at the home of Roy Grubaugh, our able traffic manager, on December 9.

We understand that plans are under way for a bowling match between the Saginaw office and the Detroit office some time in February, this match to be held in Flint at some date agreeable to all concerned. We would suggest to the Saginaw boys that they spend considerable time training for this game, as we feel, and justly so, that our five men are invincible. (Write a good story of the match.—Ed.) (And Pix.—Asst. Ed.)

The Detroit main office organization recently played host in our new office building to Mrs. Harvey Cochran, wife of our well-known assistant general manager.

In a recent game between the Check Department and Accounting Department for the leadership of the league, our old friend "Charlie" Gloss had already made two strikes in the ninth and tenth frames. One more strike was needed to win the game. The cheering was so great that "Charlie" became dizzy and afterward he remarked that he thought he saw one million pins standing at the end of the alley. What's the matter, Charlie? We hope your recent trip to New York didn't affect your eyesight to such an extent. (Well, for the love of Pete! Did he get that strike? Relieve our suspense.—Ed.)

H. L. Harkness, our enterprising agent at Mason, led the Detroit division in Polarine sales in December. With Harkness showing the way for 1924, Detroit "B" station sales should develop rapidly.

A noticeable change has manifested itself among the Bachelors' Club of our organization since January 1. Having waited four years for this opportunity they are expecting Leap Year to be their lucky time. As a hint we might mention that Frances Voeterbeck is momentarily expecting to resign in case her campaign is carried to a successful termination.

Mrs. Joe Parmlee and son, John Dexter, visited the Detroit office recently to renew former acquaintancs. We tried to find out from Joe when he came in whether the initials he gave his son, Jack, were taken from John D. or Jack Dempsey. By the way J. D. mauled Joe around we rather decided in favor of the latter.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Recently, Agent Ivar Broman was requested to try and get along without the use of the clerk working at his station. Ivar wrote back stating emphatically that she (the clerk) was indispensable and he couldn't get along without her. Next we heard that Mr. Broman had secretly gone to Menominee, Mich., procured a license and married his clerk. The clerk, who was formerly Miss Mary Haase, was certainly indispensable! We extend our best wishes to both you and your charming wife, Ivar.

Our Duluth warehouse superintendent, Ivar Anderson, recently had the honor conferred on him of being requested to report for the Olympic tryouts for the Hockey squad. Ivar plays goal for the Duluth team and is "some baby" in action. We have not as yet heard whether Ivar is going to accept or not.

We regret very much to report the death of George D. McCarthy, brother of James McCarthy, S. S. examiner. We extend our sympathies to you, Jimmy, in your bereavement.

It is with regret that we report the death of Edward Johnson, brother of Miss Eleanore Johnson of the credit department. We wish to extend our utmost sympathies with you, Miss Johnson, in your bereavement.

It was the day after Christmas and everyone was at work although heavily loaded with Christmas goodies. Even the snooping STANOLIND RECORD reporter noticed the sparkling diamond worn by Dorris Kurrell. Oh, George, but it's a peach!

Maybe our barrels last too long. We have just received a report of our barrel, number 82466. This barrel was taken from the Von Platen Fox Company near Iron River, Mich., in a damaged condition. It seems that the barrel was standing near a piece of machinery called a jammer. The jammer coming down unexpectedly one day would have killed one of the workmen underneath it had it not been for this barrel. The jammer struck the barrel, which pushed aside the workman, knocking him down but not seriously injuring him. The side of the barrel was caved in to about half its depth, but without a leak. We claim this is a pretty good cross section of all of our equipment.

Station Agent Harry Hoar of Shell Lake, Wis., sent in a unique report in response to a request for an Employees Off Duty report. Mr. Hoar states, "Please be advised that I am never off duty. My time all belongs to the S. O. Co., Sundays and Holidays included. Am on the job from daylight to dark, sleep with one eye open and dream of red barrels and tank wagon buckets. I hire no extra help."

Mr. Vincent, chief clerk at the Minneapolis main station, was a recent visitor to our offices.

O. P. Sather, former first assistant engineer aboard the steamer Farr, is now lubricating salesman in Duluth. Welcome to our crowd, Mr. Sather.

The following are new agents who have recently been welcomed to our field: Carl Hansen at Barnum, Minn.; John S. Olk at Bayfield, Wis.; A. L. Cederstrom, former mechanic at Hibbing, to agent at Chisholm; Ray C. Peterson, former agent at Chisholm, to agent at Coleraine, succeeding Edw. Husted, resigned; X. D. Robinson at Deer River, Minn.; John Dorf at Embarrass, Minn.; Phillip Pollock at Floodwood, Minn.; Charles J. Solberg, Jr., Foster City, Mich.; John Ferlita at McGregor, Minn.; Alex McLeod at Marenisco, Mich.; Maurice Peterson at Mellen, Wis.; Walter I. Olson at Mercer, Wis.; William Tammalla at Pelkie, Mich.; Guerdon M. Brodbeck at Pembine, Wis.; Clifford Brenenman, Ray Mich.; James E. Quinn, at St. Ignace, Mich.; Harry J. Thrasher at Stone Lake, Wis.; Toivo W. Leppanen at Swan River, Minn., and Warner Mittlestadt at Tripoli, Wis.

Kenneth Mayer, former S. S. attendant at Bemidji, Minn., has been transferred to attendant at Duluth.

All Salesmen were given a vacation from December 22 until January 7. It seems it is pretty hard for Owen McCabe and Archie McKenzie to take full advantage of this rest period. Owen could be found nearly every afternoon at the 12th and Ogden street service station in Superior, telling all the customers what excellent products are Red Crown and Polarine, while Archie very often could be found at the clubrooms at the Duluth plant station with a "lost" expression on his face.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

What could have been inside that Christmas package that Walter Glesige received at the office and of which he was so careful, carrying it with him even to answer the telephone?

The Employes of Murphysboro and the entire office force extend their heartfelt smypathy to our agent there, R. C. Tyler, on account of the death of his father.

The following was overheard the other noon at Heiny's Eat Shop—Buster Klein: "I'll bet that guy makes fifty brain sandwiches out of one-half pound of brains."

Gil Heldt: "Well, it takes brains to do that."

We wonder if Mrs. Walter Riepe is playing as good a Mah Jongg game in Des Moines as she did just before leaving Evansville. Mrs. Riepe and her son, Harrison, left the first of the year for their new home in the Iowa capital.

Henry A. Strange is getting a good start in his new salesman's job at Vincennes, Ind.

E. L. Mentzer, our credit man, went out hunting shortly after the season opened and had his clothes riddled by thirty shots from the gun

of a more enthusiastic than accurate sportsman. Mentzer was lamenting the condition of his clothing and had never noticed a shot lodged in his head, just behind the ear, until his companion called his attention to it. No, Menz, we will kindly refrain from any comments.

Joe M. Wright, our veteran tank wagon driver at Corydon, has been advanced to agent at Mott, Ind.

Clarence LaDuke, who took Wright's place at Corydon, is a very sociable fellow, despite the imposing dignity of his name.

Alexander denies there is anything to the rumor that he is planning to forsake the single life but his denial was not very convincing to the correspondent, who accordingly passes the rumor along.

Dan Hoge reports that his new son, Dan C. Hoge Jr., is coming along in fine style and looking more like his Dad every day. Too bad, that last, too bad.

George Gymer, so we are authoritatively informed, has purchased for the third finger of his girl's left hand a ring of large and sparkling brilliancy. What is the date, George?

What kind of an oppossum was it that Tom Helms caught on that coon hunt? We understand his wife chased him out of the house and wouldn't let him come back that night.

Carroll Foster of DuQuoin was in the office visiting the various departments just before Christmas.

It was with the deepest regret that the office learned of the death of August Kunath's son from whooping cough.

Percy Wightman has returned from the visit he paid Ray Miller at Indianapolis and brought back with him the regards of Mr. Miller for the entire Evansville division.

Verla Grant is in the depths of despondency or the heights of happiness according as she fails or not to receive her daily morning registered letter.

Unfortunately there have been no horse races at the Evansville race track since the arrival of James Hall, who is now auditing the station. Probably no one regrets this more than Mr. Hall himself.

What has Gus Bader got on the ends of those two watch chains which stretch across his vest?

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

The Standard Oil Social Club held its semi-annual election of officers, December 7, electing after close balloting, B. L. Smith, president; Miss Lillian Henning, vice-president; A. C. Steiner, secretary and treasurer, and H. F. Mielke and Loraine Tardiff, executive committee. This set of officers immediately prepared and carried through to a successful conclusion, the annual Christmas party. The Christmas party this year was, in a way, also a farewell get-together for the members of this organization who will constitute the new Minot office. A program was rendered which was well received. The children, nearly a hundred in number, were particularly enthusiastic about the Christmas tree which was highly decorated. Santa Claus arrived during the evening for his annual romp with the children and after his departure, the evening was given over to dancing.

R. H. Dodd reported recently that he enjoyed an exceptional radio concert over Mr. Carnine's radio. The concert consisted of selections by a Military Band at Omaha for the benefit of the Bowdoin, McMillan's ship, resting somewhere near the north pole.

Mr. Dodd and Mr. Leonard are endeavoring to acclimate themselves to an office after strenuous experiences in the field.

Mr. Gotto is welcomed back in the credit department after a long absence on account of illness.

Mr. Packard attended the opening of the new Minot division.

The Fargo sales promotion staff is particularly appreciative of the efforts of the sales force during the last two months, in putting across the most recent Polarine sales campaign. The campaign was highly successful and it is difficult to name any one salesman above another because it was very apparent that best efforts were put forth in each case.

Mr. Edgar, who has been acting as specialty salesman in the Fargo field for the last few months, has now been assigned to the Fergus Falls field and will reside at that point.

W. V. Hanson, who has been acting in the capacity of agent instructor and more recently as collector at Fargo, has been assigned to the position of salesman with headquarters at Ellendale. We are wishing W. V. success in his new location.

Cigars and candy were in order and were enjoyed by the office force on the occasion of E. J. Simmet taking unto himself as bride, Miss Agnes Porter.

Earl Abrahamson is wearing an extra wide smile these last few days, due to the arrival at his home of Carol Joyce. Both mother and daughter are doing well.

The manager held open house in his office Monday afternoon the day before Christmas. Mr. Packard had ample cigars and candy for all callers.

W. E. Osborne, agent at Dazey, had the misfortune of losing his 13-year-old son, William Sayburn, Dec. 3. Death was caused by appendicitis.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

J. S. Gamble, agent at Grand Ledge, Mich., writes us as follows: "Please pardon lateness of reports as the stork beat Santa to my home by a few weeks and left Jeanne Clara, weight 7¼ pounds." Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, and we bet Santa couldn't have brought anything sweeter.

My! but didn't it seem good to see A. S. Hanna, assistant chief clerk at Joliet, Ill., and Lawrence Hanna, auditor, in Grand Rapids? They may be at Chicago and Joliet now, but we still feel that they belong to us.

Louis Tomczak made himself conspicuous by his absence from the stock department a couple of weeks ago. "Loui" was real conscientious and waited until the Summer rush was over, before taking an annual rest.

H. Walsh of the sales department is the proud daddy of Herbert, Jr., born October 29, weight 7½ pounds. He says he's some boy.

The girls, thirty of them, held their annual Christmas party on December 20. Janet Vander

Hout, Louise Kooman and Ila Hyde were on the committee. Mrs. Johnson, our worthy cook, aided them. The evening was spent with dancing, games, etc.

Jack Jonkers of the sales department has more cars, apparently. One day he drives his "Shove-orleavit" and the next his nice shiny Ford sedan bearing the sign, "This car cannot be driven from the back seat."

December 8 will be a date long remembered by employees of the SOCO. It was the night of our Winter Frolic in the Grand Rapids office. The office was festive with red and green lights and a profusion of varicolored balloons extended from the ceiling. Marvin Brower, as a "Country Hick," kept the crowd in laughter at the various booths. Good music and dancing was enjoyed by a record crowd. Arrangements for the party were under the chairmanship of Joe Pettit and Steve Wright. We were glad to see so many out-of-town members of the SOCO family here and we hope they felt at home. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Homer Daane from Greenville; the Edwards trio from Ionia; William Smit from Holland; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Monteith from Kalamazoo; Ford Scheidler from Niles, and George Dean and wife. The three Sharkey brothers from various stations were also present, and from all we hear, Don Sharkey, Esq., was THE "Sheik" of the evening. We hope you all, and all those who were but whom we failed to mention, will come again.

Ralph Vander Laan of the sales dept. leaped into the Sea of Matrimony, November 24, and took unto himself Miss Janet Aaldering. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Vander Laan! Some day we might surprise you and call on you at that sweet little bungalow.

There is always someone coming down with the radio fever. The latest victim is Al Terpening of the stock department. One nice thing about it is, Al stays home nights, but the bad thing about it is "the good things don't start until after midnight" and one does get weary after several nights of radio.

We were all glad to see Mr. Tell of the Home Office again. Always glad to see you, Bill.

Carl De Vries of the order department and Miss Esther Davis of the Ediphone department played a prominent part in an automobile accident a few weeks ago. From the day that you're born, until you ride in the hearse, there is never a thing, but what it might have been worse. We are mighty glad it wasn't worse.

How we all envy Ellen Van Allsburg her vacation—that is we didn't until December 26, when it was time to get up, and then how we wished we were Ellen! Hope you have a nice time, Ellen.

Pat Keating of the sales department came down with a beautiful Hamilton watch. His parents gave it to him. We understand Pat always forgot what time it was when he went to see "Duckie." Now he has no excuse to offer. And Pat's perfect 36 green sweater created excitement. It wasn't the color so much as the fit.

Rena Vander Ploeg's wrist watch is pretty. We concede that her sweetie has good taste—at least in picking watches and girls.

Janet Vander Hout came down rather tired. We think she sat under that new bridge lamp too long, December 25. They say it's a work of "Art."

A. J. Stratton, head of the checking department, was the recipient of a beautiful hand painted shirt from his esteemed co-workers.

Sophia Coeling got the prettiest silver thimble among her gifts. Look out Sophia, "As you sew, so shall you rip."

We understand many of the girls were wearing some of their gifts, but we are not in a position to comment on same at this time. (What do you mean "at this time"?—Ed.)

Mrs. Johnson, our esteemed cook, was presented with six boxes of stationery and never writes a letter. Oh, consistency, where art thou?

Battle Creek, Mich.

All SOCO employees had a get-together meeting at the Post Tavern hotel, December 20. We don't know if there were any eats, but we understand addresses by Mr. Fillingham, assistant manager, Mr. Angle of the S. S. department and Mr. Pettit of the marketing department, Grand Rapids, were enjoyed. Perhaps the toast was all they had. (Sure it wasn't ham, fish and pettit fours?—Ed.)

Robert Riddell is the good looking new sheik in the warehouse. Note: Due to it being exceptionally busy in the G. R. office, inasmuch as it is so close to the end of the year, the G. R. girls will be unable to have the pleasure of meeting said new employee at this time.

Tracy Burns (in charge of the 14th street plant) is pleased with our new metal pump house, which affords comfortable shelter.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Kindig of the Battle Creek office "flivvered" to Cleveland and report having had an enjoyable time.

"Quack Quack" Ricketson, B. C. office, is getting his usual quota of ducks this fall. He sure makes them fall—sure shot.

Chas. Bird and Ned Jenney were invited into the G. R. office as their reward for their stations ranking among the five highest in sales of five gallon cans of Polarine Oils for November. Yes, we understand they had eats, saw a good show 'n everything. Come on everybody, be on top next time, it pays—doesn't it boys?

J. P. Spearow, tankwagon superintendent, has a slogan: "Do your Christmas shopping 'oily'."

Clarence Russell believes that picking up empty barrels is like drinking Instant Postum. "There's a Reason." And he gets them.

Hart, Mich.

Hawley Holbrook, smiling attendant at S. S. No. 80, has been doing a fine business trapping fur bearing animals since being laid off temporarily. Hawley says he has caught one weasel, one rat and the left front foot of a skunk, but says that from now on, trapping won't be as good.

J. H. Young, our genial salesman, was in town this week picking up iron barrels, and from the way Harvey pulled on his overalls and rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to empty Polarine Transmission Oil from one barrel to another, we believe he should be promoted to the lubrication department at Whiting. Harvey is some push in getting iron barrels, but oh, the poor "B" station agents who have to work with him! P. S. Harvey, have a "Hart."

We miss J. H. Rice, who was transferred to the Ludington territory. Hart's cry is, "Waiter, bring more Rice."

Harry Benjamin, our agent at Allegan, is keep-

ing such a close watch on his trade that even the owls are unable to get by. Recently an owl flew into the cab of his truck, so Harry took the night bird home with him. Now his cry is, "Hoo" wants an owl?

We are wondering why Wilbur Curry, S. S. attendant at Otsego, is aiding in wearing out the road from Otsego to Plainwell. What's the attraction, Wilbur? It's Plain-well, we know.

Mr. Adrianse, S. S. attendant at Grand Rapids, is bothered with a "kink" in his back. Krussell Gary suggests "Finol" for everything.

Miss Ann Irgang is back with us again, her "noives" being all toned up.

Muskegon

It is the unanimous opinion of Muskegon employees that Bill Winters is the champion fried fish eater of the world.

"Squeak" Bergklint of the Muskegon office is on the job again after several days absence on account of his eyes.

Charlie Richardson has returned from Mt. Pleasant, where he was called on account of his father's death. The entire organization extends its sympathy, Charlie.

There is no doubt but what Bob Runyan is the champion rabbit "go-getter" of the Muskegon circuit.

Ed White is out again, but still carries his thumb around in a "rag." Glad to have you back again, Ed; you ought to be glad it was only your thumb.

The Muskegon organization of tank wagon men, S. S. attendants, salesmen, etc., had a get-together meeting on December 18. An enjoyable and profitable time was spent. Mr. Bredlow and Mr. Valk of the bulk tank farm on the lake front were also present. Agent A. C. Anderson acted as chairman and introduced F. H. Fillingham our new assistant manager at Grand Rapids. Short addresses were given by Messrs. Maring, Babcock, Knapp, Angle, Pettit, Cobb, Leaf, Bredlow and Press.

Esther Jane Hill, 2½ year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hill, died suddenly from diphtheria on December 27. The entire organization extends heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones. Mr. Hill is our agent at Battle Creek.

We were all glad to see Ed Waldeck back in the office again, even though it was but for a short visit. "Eddie," our one-time cashier, is now at the Moody Institute, Chicago, but dropped in to say "Hello."

Everyone was wondering why Loui Yager of the record department walked to work every morning and even refused "lifts." Of course, everyone took for granted it was to reduce. However, it has come out now—some fair young damsel of Holland, Mich., was the recipient of a beautiful diamond ring on Christmas. When are you going to take the fatal step, Loui?

Things have been kept very quiet—we have received no news from Sturgis. However, we are bound to hear things, especially when on the lookout, and hear that H. L. Crum, our agent, marched to the altar and took unto himself a wife. It was a double wedding, as one of his children took the vows at the same time. Good luck to you all and congratulations. (Picture, please, of four newlyweds.—Ed.)

"Marv" Brower is very progressive. He believes in keeping "ahead," keeping a head of cabbage in his desk and munching it from time to time, trying to assimilate vitamines, known as a great aid to health and beauty. Marv is brought up very scientifically and watches his daily rations carefully, bread and milk being his mid-day diet.

Benton Harbor

The Benton Harbor Standards were recently reinforced by a remarkable personality, namely, "Allie" Cole, our new S. S. attendant at No. 23. "Allie" has made boasts about his abilities and exploits and to look at him one must feel that he must go some place and chuckle. "Allie," however, is a good scout and we might say, in justice to him, that it is not uncommon for great goods to be put up in a short package.

William Antio, S. S. attendant at No. 60, had the misfortune to break his arm near the elbow. However painful it may be, we can't tell because Bill is one of those smiling "critters" and won't let on. Better luck next time you tumble, Bill.

We were distinctly honored by a visit from Lester Edwards, the genial Ionia agent, on Christmas morning. He was accompanied by his son, "Clem." While here they spent considerable time going through the station. It is, indeed, a compliment to have "Dad" Edwards inspect our home in Benton Harbor. He's always welcome here.

It is, with pride, that we point to S. S. No. 23, which has jumped over the traces and put across a real clean up. Both attendants have taken part and the results are well worth looking at. Their basement looks like a newlyweds' dining room; they have taken pains that their paint brush never missed a speck and the stairs—Boy! it's like looking at a "Dutch Cleanser" advertisement. Attendants L. Barney and Allie Cole are given the credit for this work, and we might add that boys like this pair can't stay on the bottom.

Don Preston, former S. S. attendant at S. S. No. 75, has again resumed his duties as agent at Eau Claire. We wish you much success, Don.

E. Coblentz has been transferred temporarily to the warehouse and it is remarkable how a boy like "Coby" can brighten things up. Every spare moment has been utilized on the working end of a paint brush and the results are astonishing. In connection with this he has a few ideas of his own as to how goods should be placed and it sure improves appearances.

Sotto Voce

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who responded so nobly to the call for news. Keep it up; it makes good reading for everyone. The rest of you—come on!

HURON, S. D.

H. F. Lutgen, Correspondent

H. C. Antonides, former collector, is our new agent at Kimball.

M. E. Loomis, former agent at Orient, was a visitor at the Huron office December 26, as was also the agent from Hitchcock, C. D. Rodman.

Salesmen Olson, Plowman, Jermstad and Wilkinson were at the office December 17th.

James Peterson, midshipman at U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, son of Mrs. Anna Peterson of the Huron office, is spending the holidays visiting his mother and sister.

Frank Dwyer, Huron salesman, is a member of the Huron Players, playing a very efficient role in their opening performance, December 26.

Watch Mel—another "Sheik"! Three ladies in one afternoon. He was just an obliging *young* man, however; he took them to Aberdeen for Christmas. Four can ride very easily in a Buick roadster.

From what Bode let out, one is inclined to believe that "father buys himself mechanical toys for his boy." Good thing Christmas came when it did or perhaps he would be having to buy new toys to send away.

It is nice to have a "hope" box and have it nicely filled but we wonder, Gladys, will it happen before the chest is completely filled or not until it *is* filled? We'd like to know!

Mrs. Pat Ryan, wife of one of our salesmen, is dangerously ill. We hope for her speedy recovery.

"Judge" says he can sing only "barber shop stuff." Maybe you need some "Finol" Judge, to smooth it up a bit, so it won't squeak.

Now that leap year is almost here, Chauncey Smith says he's going to look his prettiest! Is he hoping against hope? Fine chance for some nice girl.

We are quite positive that Manager Dodsley enjoyed his Christmas dinner in Sioux City after spending Christmas Day behind the "Reo" steering wheel to be present. It takes the outdoors to sharpen one's appetite.

Mr. Bailey, assistant manager, says that next year we're going to show some real sales in candles for Christmas. His plans are all a secret but he's a man of honor and we know he won't forget. Will we have any members from Missouri about a year from now?

Helen Larkin, one of our comptometer operators, went home to Omaha for Christmas.

A prize of $100 will be awarded any one who can sprint fast enough to beat Braskamp to the telephone when Junker is out of town.

Orvis Nayes, Heinie Lutgen, George Olson, Miss Irish, Mercer and Mrs. Peterson are all taking their vacations—no wonder we can't find the missing link!

R. L. Smith is now agent-salesman at Rapid City, S. D.

From all the candy that was passed around the day after Christmas one might have thought that the whole force got married December 25. We did expect the candy that Gladys passed but the box that Anna generously distributed was one *real* surprise.

Alice Gunn, manager of the stenographic department, invited the girls of said department over to her house Friday evening to see her Christmas tree. Talk about your good times! We sure hope she has a tree next year!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

The third annual Christmas party for Indianapolis office girls was "throwed" at the home of Mrs. Mary Thompson on December 16; said event being transferred from the pinocle room of the office cellar this year and no men were allowed to "light"—therefore it was mistletoeless and incidentally somewhat pep-less. Dinner was served to 2 dozen hungry guests (same having gone breakfastless for a purpose) on a table beautifully decorated with pickles, celery, 'n ever'thing. Mrs. Thompson's extemporaneous "hired help" was Helen Schell and Ella Wagner, who did nobly as no reports of broken dishes, spilt soup or missing tea-towels have been received as we shoot this stuff "home to Charley." Then came the Christmas tree laden down with presents for every one (as purchasd by a previously organized syndicate and it is suspected every one knew beforehand what they were to receive). Listed below will be found a brief on some of the milder stunts that filled the afternoon with many "tee-hees" and "ha-has": Bowery dance by Libbie Diehm and Agnes Hanlon, in costume—the latter taking the count—the brand being everyday Camels. Mock wedding of Troy (Cupid) Christman and Leetha Baird—Mrs. Thompson was Troy; Mrs. Amos was Leetha and Georgina Eshelman was the minister. The weeping mother part was held down by Henrietta Goldberger and Thelma Nieman toted a piston ring. The bride was beautiful in a flowing veil and the groom very dignified in conventional black. Following the kissing of the bride there was music, games and some wild dancing—just girls understand.

Local S. S. men have formed a body to be known as the Stanolind Mutual Benefit Association with the following officers at the helm: Oscar Kortepeter, president; W. C. Love, financial secretary, and John Sample, treasurer. The association has enrolled every S. S. man in the city as a member and according to the present plans the membership will be confined to this branch of the service. The monthly dues of 35c is divided 25c to athletic promotion and 10c to a general fund. So far, the boys have placed a very nifty basketball team in the field under the name of "Red Crown" and have them fully equipped with uniforms and two winning games out of as many played. In beating a local fast quintet, 65 to 4, the Red Crowns are going to be awfully disappointed if they do not get a chance to show their class on the Community Gym floor at Whiting, Ind. The S. M. B. A. intends to take up barnyard golf and baseball in season.

Libbie Diehm must have gotten a Kiddie Kar for Christmas as she was noticed touring down Virginia avenue in one the other noon.

A story comes out of the general supply corner that some one ordered screw drivers and got screen doors. Not so bad for January!

Form 124A carried the startling news that there was a "slite reck" at Carthage.

Wallace Revel, our leading chewer of pencils, is authority for the following "discord": "Referring to our oral conversation."

Frank Woods, candle salesman, was caught nibbling on a plug of Natural Leaf by Margaret Kelley of the order department with the following spicy comment; "If I had a husband that chewed tobacco, I'd wring his neck." Frank's reply was—a quick getaway.

Our sympathy is extended to Agent Ray Folsom and his wife of North Vernon in the loss of their son, George. The lad was 13 years of age. His death was accidental.

Madison

Sam Black has the idea to sell two-barrel tanks; he promises his customers to build a platform to put them on and has the hatchet and saw to back up his word.

Ray Ramsey was seen hauling Christmas trees and the kids thought he was Santa Claus just in from Canaan.

Agent George Austermiller took his vacation but spent it in Madison as he has smoked long green tobacco all year and feared for his heart on the train trip up the mountains to get out of town.

Sam and George Black are now taking vocal lessons as they found out quite accidentally that they could sing at Christmas entertainments.

Rollin Buschman, Vevay agent, has a new radio and now he can hear something of the outside world.

Muncie

Leonard Haynes appears to be a real contractor aside from his warehouse work. The addition he built for the drivers is so good the regular office force wants to trade places.

We wonder who calls for Billy so much over the phone, for she sure twits a wicked solo.

Frank Richardson lost his false teeth on the banks of White River. He claims he was looking for persimmons.

Ed Fifer was in low spirits when his Studebaker roadster got hit by a Ford to the tune of one wrecked fender; later he came back to normal when the insurance people sent him a check for $11.00.

Terre Haute

Duke Meredith came almost owning two perfectly good barrels of roof paint. We said, "almost."

A twenty pound gobbler had a hard time finding an oven around the gang here. T. W. "Soup" Meredith was sure he had the bird cage as he was offering chickens from his Riley, Ind., farm to the other boys for their chances. Arlie Colzlazier was seen purchasing a box of toothpicks never-the-less.

And this from the T. H. Tribune, "A man drove a flivver up to the air standard at the S. O. Co., Seventh and Poplar streets, and after examining his tires he raised the back seat, got a pump and pumped air into one of the rear tires." According to Bill Oliver, reporter deluxe, they're queer in the Hut.

Tell Earl Thompson, tax clerk of Indianapolis, office, it is not necessary to go to a chain variety store to eat in Terre Haute. We have restaurants here same as any other regular city.

C. E. ("Chuck") Ramsdell, S. S. No. 94, let his watch stop the other night and as a result worked an hour past his regular closing time. He hasn't gotten over the shock yet.

"Doc" Clifton is hauling around a sour face. Marguerite has gone to Detroit and that is so far away.

HEY, CLINTON

Pass it along to that Clinton gang that we say: "Alarm clocks don't sell in that burg because everybody there is asleep and no one wants to wake up—ever."

Richmond

The stork paused at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stout here and left a young man by the name of Walter Stout, Christmas. Because of the name (Walter) Walt Mckee, truck driver, is feeling proud, 'tis said.

Truck Driver Bruce Evans is in favor of dressing drivers in suits of armor as a protection against vicious dogs. Evans, who was off for a time as the result of a bite, is back on the job, we are glad to say.

Harvey Shank and Fred Eastman are so well behaved that no one but Jake Johnson has "anything on them."

"Jimmy Sharkett and Graden Jordan of S. S. 314 think that if their "knock-down—set-up" station was on wheels they could give better service.

Englebert and Perry Moore are planning to go in the laundry business—cleaning coveralls.

Gib Thorp of S. S. 80 put his new buddy to work shining pumps immediately.

Richmond Standard Oilers welcome Mr. Daugherty to the big family and wish him much success as a S. S. attendant.

Clarence Wright and Littlejohn are planning to have the best looking S. S. in Richmond next Summer. The red and white picket fence, shrubbery and shade trees give a fine tone to the place. They plan to borrow some sheep to keep the back lot grass trimmed.

Scotty again heads the list with the biggest sales of lithographed cans of Polarine. His service station is a bees' hive at all times.

We are all in sympathy with John Galvin during his operation and we wish him a speedy recovery.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and
Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Field

Lawrence Leech is the new agent at Durand. He bought a new International Speed Truck. Circuit points of Shirland and Harrison now receive twenty minute service over the new Route 13 Highway. Leech is a new man in the oil business, but we are confident that he is going to show real stuff.

A new radio outfit is going to interfere with a hard working agent's sleep. It seems as though Mr. Noble of Orangeville can't go to bed without hearing the Kansas City news. Mr. Noble still has the record for sales on Semdac and Finol.

Mr. Heine of Pearl City is a hustler for new business. That's the stuff, Ray! Get the other fellow's customer so they won't have to ring up for deliveries.

With new oil burners being put into Pecatonica field, Agent Snyder should make some good deliveries on Perfection. Agent Snyder's man, Stanley, is getting acquainted with some new customers since the routing system has been put in.

Fred Miller of Rock City still has two 100 per cent towns on Red Crown and Perfection—Rock City and Rock Grove. Fred gets cash for Red Crown, Perfection and Polarine, and lets the other fellow have the bad credit. If Fred Miller had to meet some of the various kinds of competition in his field, he would have to eat more eggs or else go into the egg business.

The Lena speed wagon, operated by John Sager, is making good sales, even if it becomes necessary to put a padlock on the fill pipe of some pumps in his field.

The Freeport warehouse sheik, Pete Knauff, has plenty of new gasoline customers at the plant pump. Maybe it is because he is so susceptible to charity. Pete is willing to help all of the volunteers, providing they buy Red Crown.

Any day, any hour, drive into S. S. No. 29, at Freeport, Ill. A smile will greet you; perfect service prevails. A. A. Graff is responsible.

S. C. Finkboner at S. S. No. 303, Freeport, doesn't have to shave. He has never been seen

needing one. How clean that boy always looks. Just notice the feminine drivers that patronize his station!

"Bill" Bray, S. S. attendant, is some boy. Make your choice soon, Bill, we want you to settle down.

T. B. Coomber, who handles our country territory south of Freeport, sold a record amount of Mica in October. That boy works hard every day, and the farmers in his territory appreciate it.

I. H. Black has developed so much business at Freeport that Kaiser had to take over the Stanolind Furnace Oil deliveries.

Strange things happen! Henry Kaiser had an accident. First one in 18 years—and the only year they gave buttons!

Abe McKinley's Jordan Sport car is parked a couple of doors from Agent E. W. Greb's house quite frequently, but Greb says it's all right with him and vouches for the young lady.

Don Campbell, H. R. Motherwell, George Bell and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hart were guests at a little party at the home of Agent and Mrs. Greb recently. Motherwell and Greb went down in defeat gloriously at the hands of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hart at bridge. It's a good thing for Motherwell that Mrs. Hart didn't play with Mr. Campbell, as time will never wipe out the recollection of the last time they played together. Geo. Ball says he learned a lot. NO! This party was not prearranged, it just happened, although Mrs. Hart asked the day previous when Mr. Campbell, the bridge player, was going to be in town. We hope Mr. Campbell can live up to the reputation he has established (as a bridge player).

R. E. Harrison attended a truth party in Freeport recently. Greb knows he did. For further particulars, consult Mr. Greb.

J. L. Jackson, our jovial candle salesman, lost his smile when he was taken before Justice Peck at Aurora for infringement of the automobile laws. He lost no time in calling Aurora office for help. Needless to say, he received the desired help and did not have to remain in jail over night.

Frank E. Karns is back home again and is now working in Aurora. Says he is glad to put his feet regularly under his own dinner table. Coupon book sales should increase materially now as he was a noted coupon book hound when in Aurora before.

V. D. Comp has been transferred to Prophetstown and is now acting in the capacity of general salesman. Mr. Comp leaves a large number of friends behind him at Aurora.

H. P. Snyder, our junior truck driver at Aurora, only 32 years of service, in making up Form 321, a few days ago, was forced to account for lost time due to having his truck repaired and was puzzled for a time just how to account for it. Finally, however, he entered it as follows: "Truck broke down five hours. 'Rarin' to Go'." Let's all hope that after 32 years of continuous service, we also will still be "Rarin' to Go!"

James McConn, our humorous S. S. attendant who has been working at S. S. No. 6, DeKalb, during the Summer months, is now relief man at S. S. No. 6, DeKalb, and S. S. No. 17, Sycamore, working part time at both stations. Oh! Yes—we forgot to mention that said James took unto himself a better half recently. Congratulations, Mr. McConn.

E. E. Rees, agent at Scarboro, is making quite a lot of trips to DeKalb nowadays. Upon investigating, we find that SHE goes to the State Normal School at DeKalb. Many happy days, Mr. Rees.

We are glad to report George Benner, truck driver at DeKalb, getting along nicely and expecting to be at work again in a very short time.

A. W. Rose, agent at DeKalb, ordered two chickens dressed for Sunday dinner. When they arrived, Mr. Rose said his order had been mixed as said chickens didn't have a feather on 'em. At any rate, Rose has changed his diet to chickens for the winter. In summer, he exists on pie, cake and ice cream.

Roy Eberley, agent at Hinckley, is a demon for speed. The other morning, he delivered a load of Red Crown five miles in the country and was back for breakfast at 7 A. M. ready to go again.

We are glad to hear that Glen Neibergall's little daughter, who has been sick for the past year, with heart trouble, is improving rapidly. Mr. Neibergall is our agent at Sycamore.

A farewell party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Leiseberg, Elgin, Ill., in honor of Roy Arnold, our former warehouse man, who is leaving us to go back to farming. A delicious dinner was served by Mr. and Mrs. Leiseberg. Mr. Henry Bogardus acted as toastmaster for the evening and presented Mr. Arnold with a set of Gold Cuff Links, with an Odd Fellow emblem engraved on them. After dinner, Mr. Fred Krummfusz, our radio expert, entertained with his radio outfit, receiving programs from all over the country. Leslie Guptail, our stake truck driver, and Herbert Johnson, assistant warehouse man, acted as dish washers for the evening. Gup and Herb demonstrated to the rest how it is done—after you're married. Both are looking forward for someone else to give a party so they can demonstrate their ability. Several musical selections were rendered. Owing to the fact that Mr. Leiseberg is on good terms with his neighbors, said neighbors decided not to turn in a riot call.

J. B. Harrison, S. S. attendant at No. 16, Rochelle, has recovered from his automobile accident. He says that Red Crown and an Oakland have too much pep for him. Better get a governor, Red.

J. W. Kattner is the new assistant at S. S. No. 16, Rochelle. So watch this S. S. from now on.

O. P. Hall at Creston is putting out every gallon possible. Watch Creston! We hear he has a new Ford Coupe which has been observed wending its way Malta-wards. We are expecting cigars shortly, Olie.

J. T. Byers, agent at Genoa, was head of the Committee for the American Legion Armistice celebration. It was a big day in Genoa and ended with an old time five cent dance in the Opera House.

Charles Byers, Kirkland agent, says he will be one of the first to register on a carload of lubricating oils for spring delivery. Mr. Byers has put Kirkland over with some nice gains, this year.

Elmer Miller, Davis Junction agent, is enjoying some nice gains on the Full Line. Keep up the good work, Elmer.

E. H. Odette, star tankwagon driver at Kankakee, has a new Dodge, so we presume he will now burn up the roads to Momence.

Fred Heppe has left Kankakee station and is working for the agent at Chebanse, Ill.

Say, Wilbur, when is it all going to happen? You know.

Congratulations are in order for J. D. Quinn, our Kankakee agent, who on November 16 was married to Miss Dora Gray of Joliet. We wish them many happy days.

Pete Radigan, genial salesman, has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire organization over the loss of $2.00 which he so kindly advanced to a raincoat salesman.

Mrs. L. D. Egan is recovering nicely from an operation performed in the Streator hospital. We trust she will have a speedy recovery.

Cap Preston, Streator agent, is staying home these evenings, since installing his new radio. Cap says he can get any place—we don't know what that includes.

It hardly seems likely that C. B. Heninger, salesman, drives forty miles every Sunday just to see his brother. 'Fess up, Cecil.

R. E. Cate of Streator recently sent out an S. O. S. call, which was picked up by the boys at the warehouse. When found, he was submerged in mud up to the cab of his truck, but after getting a derrick and a tractor, he was pulled to dry land. We think that since Ray has started to take steam baths, it will clear his vision so he can see the mud holes ahead.

It is reported that the Streator police authorities visited the cellar of Frank Neiggemann, city driver, but were unable to find his private stock. His brother, the city clerk, must have tipped him off.

Who is that nice young lady, with the bobbed hair, who is working in the Streator office? Better send us a picture, Mr. Preston.

Wilson Smith, S. S. attendant at No. 9, Geneseo, Ill., is the proud daddy of an eight and one-half pound boy, born December 11. Both Mrs. Smith and the new arrival are getting along nicely. Congratulations.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Ralph Mathews, city driver at Dixon, whose father passed away recently.

Mr. Bealer at Morrison writes in about a 40-80 Reeves pulling a 42x64 Separator on a farm near Morrison, threshing at the rate of ten bushels of oats per minute. This tractor has used about 5000 gallons of Red Crown and Perfection Oil and about 200 gallons of Stanolind Tractor Oil and has run steady since May 1. Mr. Bealer adds, "Who said Dakota has anything on Illinois?"

We wish to congratulate W. J. Mahar, attendant at S. S. No. 301, Mendota, who has become a proud daddy recently.

Office

We have a new manager, L. W. Cameron, formerly of St. Joseph, Mo. C. C. Lakin, our former manager, has been promoted to assistant manager of the asphalt department, Home Office.

Curiosity is running amuck these days. We are unable to determine just what D. O. Kirk bought his girl for Christmas. They were seen hovering around all the furniture stores in town—but the jewelry stores were also visited—so the bird tells us. Will Mr. Kirk please advance information as to when it is coming off.

Did everybody see Bill Watson's new Masonic ring? Bill is so proud of it. He says a girl named Blanche gave it to him. Who ever heard of a widow with a name like that, but from the looks of things she won't be a widow very long, as Bill makes regular pilgrimages to Chicago.

Who is the young man in the office who wishes he could be a string of Pearls so he could hang around Eleanor Rylander's neck? We'll never tell.

D. C. F. (do you all know who that is) blew himself to a couple of penny postal cards and two of our sweet young ladies in the office were the recipients. Next time don't be so partial, Mr. Farrow, we all love to get postal cards.

Mary's mince pie—something about a stew—and who helped Mary eat the pie. Roy White wants to know.

A. S. Hanna, assistant chief clerk, motored to his home town, Grand Rapids, Mich. for the holidays. Ace is now back with the same old smile.

C. H. Kniep has been transferred to clerk in the cashier's department.

Milton Pearson is now working on the books, having been transferred from the check department.

Miss Hazel Gumælius has been transferred to the dictaphone department.

Deep mystery! Norman Armstrong has hired a private detective to uncover the person or persons responsible for his Christmas present —a real ebony, coarse and fine comb. (What do you mean, "uncover"?—Ed.)

We hear Arthur Anderson of the sales department is now an engaged young man. Wonder when the wedding bells will ring.

Ask Harriet Martin why she was so glad they cut out the piece about her, which was to be in the last Record. Hattie was quite excited the day the Records arrived at the office, but it was all in vain.

Little Miss Kane is expecting to take a rest cure—now that the Charity Balls are over. Kaney took in three of them—all in a row and consequently—

Information from the City Hall is to the effect that we have a dandy girl for a telephone operator. That isn't all the information we got, either. Ask Miss Mac, maybe she'll tell you.

Helen Kramer is a firm believer in the number 13, ever since the night she and——tried to turn turtle on the Chicago Road. From now on that fatal number will be considered as warning, won't it Helen?

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

F. P. Muxworthy, agent at Edna, Kas., was recently married and not E. A. Olson, as stated in our December issue. The correspondent has resolved to keep posted on these matters more closely in the future. Things are humming at the town of Edna and Red Crown and Perfection are bye words with all the natives.

L. R. Jones, our hard-working chief clerk, has just returned from a well earned vacation. He says things are humming in Minneapolis; but that Kansas City, besides being The Heart of America, is The Heart of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). We all agree with Mr. Jones; and glad to see him back.

"Bill" Strange at Richards. whose slogan is "Yours for service," is certainly living up to his slogan. The day is never too long or the night too dark for this live wire agent.

Some nice gains are being made at Adrian, Mo., which station is captained by R. F. Finley. This is another fast agent who is in the limelight.

Here's one to shoot at: E. L. West, special tank car salesman, sold a train load of gasoline and refined oil in three days. We consider this as our Christmas present from you, Ed. Congratulations.

Charlie Hinson was high man in the new customer drive on Red Crown for the thirty day period from November 20 to December 20. Incidentally this gentleman won a fine radio set complete with headphones, which were donated by Messrs. K. T. Wenger and George Gates. Charlie is so busy putting out the Red Crown and Perfection, though, that he doesn't know when he is going to have time to listen in.

Billy Steinhauser and Joe Wine were close seconds in the race, and brought in some nice new accounts. Fine work, men.

We are glad to have still with us L. H. Juda, specialty salesman, who hails from St. Joseph. If they have any more there like him, we'd like to have them come on down. He has certainly sold a lot of goods.

Haven't heard whether Flavel Johnson sold his million pounds of candles; or was it a million gallons of Polarine! It's all the same to this bird, he sells the full line.

TUNE IN, DECATUR

Decatur, please note. The Kansas City office extends greetings to our former associate, Mr. J. H. Budde, on his promotion to Manager at that point.

AND ST. LOUIS

Also, St. Louis. To George W. Coldsnow, assistant manager, go our heartiest greetings and best wishes. Howdy, George.

F. C. McKenzie at Iola station was in Kansas City recently purchasing a Twin Six for Agent George Sherwood. Watch George's smoke now.

At the present writing practically all the salesmen are on vacation. Several have paid us a visit in the office during their holidays, including Charlie Moore, Bill Sherman, "Dutch" Gillet and W. C. Glass. They are all prancing to get back on the old territory and pile up the sales for 1924.

Bill Beck, our live agent at Harrisonville, was in the office the other day looking us over. He has a deal on with Mr. Tennant to get a new truck. Understand he has undertook to bring in one or two "hard ones" in order to accomplish this. They are all the same to Bill, hard ones become easy under his spell.

Verne Dyer, salesman from Emporia, who always has the latest in stories, visited Chicago recently on his vacation and we understand had a chat with our former assistant manager, Mr. Wilson. Wish we'd been with you, Verne. Did you ride on the elevated? And have they got those escalators up there?

J. L. Newlun has been appointed country salesman at Topeka, Kas. Watch the country grow now. Welcome, J. L.

Recently overheard on a street car—an essay on "How to raise children," by Jack Gephart. Ask Jack, he knows.

Anna Dalton and Anna Enright, two of our most popular young ladies, came back from their vacations with diamonds on the engagement finger. Just think of it, both of them! Some men are born lucky—but just think, two of them.

Private telephone wanted for Miss Summers. Bill Merrick, please check up on the number of calls during February for this young lady, and we'll see what can be done. Incidentally watch your own, as Tom Tennant will not stand for any extra installations if he can help it.

Bill Frantz, warehouseman, Topeka, Kas., recently sold a barrel of Semdac and delivered it. This is a fine piece of work and worthy of mention in the STANOLIND RECORD. He is helping us live up to our slogan "Every Employee a Salesman."

A 9½ pound boy recently arrived at the home of Joe Cole, S. S. attendant at No. 43, Paola, Kas.

Joe Wilhelm is thinking of joining the fire department. Ask him about the extinguisher.

Eddie Fraher, chief clerk at Armourdale, reports that his high powered bunch of men are getting hard to manage. This is to be expected, Eddie. What do you want—bouquets?

A fine baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Houston on December 13—just in time for Christmas. Congratulations!

C. E. Lilley comes to the Standard Oil family in the capacity of salesman. He is putting Furnace Oil on the map in Kansas City. Welcome, Mr. Lilley.

The stork also visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Settle. A fine baby girl will soon be old enough to call George "Papa." Congratulations!

Ole Olson's boy was down visiting the office the other day and raised so much Cain that Ole had to take him down to the locker room and thrash him. The little fellow takes after his father.

Clyde Hague is hanging up a record at Independence for Red Crown and Perfection sales. This hustling tank wagon driver doesn't know how many hours there are in a working day.

Buffalo Bill Bachman is still running the 101 Ranch at Independence and he and Billy Henderson, chief clerk at the plant, have many heated arguments as to Custer's Last Stand.

Uncle Joe Moore, agent at Independence, took a few days off around Christmas time; but says that a vacation is no good unless you're working.

Ben Buck, lubricating salesman from Wichita, was with us for a day or two in December. He and Joe Sullivan got quite chummy while he was here. The good ones always run in pairs they say. Come down and see us again, Ben.

There is a rumor that Miss Denbach is wearing a nice little diamond on the fatal finger.

Miss Kemp, we wish you would set us right as regards that little ring of yours. Don't switch it around so much, or we will begin to suspect that "brother" stuff.

We have been trying to find out if our old friend Gorman Rainey was in town over the Christmas holidays, but Miss Wilhelm won't tell.

One of the biggest, finest, and most enthusiastic meetings ever held in the Kansas City field was the banquet of service station attendants, in Ivanhoe Masonic Temple. It was unique that it was the first time every service station attendant was present at one time in a body at an affair of this kind. One hundred and seventeen were present, including Mr. Griffin, manager; Mr. Wenger, assistant manager; J. W. Wilson, our ex-assistant

manager; C. A. Lewers, L. R. Jones, J. H. Kosmoski, J. H. Hefty, and Roy W. Curnutt, superintendent.

Speaking occupied part of the evening, and fine talks were made by Sam Hudson, Gale Carter, Roy Curnutt and Johnnie Reid. Mr. Wilson also gave a "farewell speech" and Mr. Griffin gave a very interesting talk on several different subjects.

C. V. Cochran was a real toastmaster, and was instrumental in making the party a success. A novel scheme was the way introductions were made. Every man introduced the man on his right, giving name, position and length of service.

To Mr. Carter and Mr. Hudson goes the credit for staging the banquet. It had long been the ambition of both Mr. Curnutt and several of the attendants (in fact all of them) to have such a "get together pary," but it remained for Mr. Carter and Mr. Hudson to make it a realization, and they were met with hearty support and enthusiasm from every attendant and the management.

Upon the introduction of Johnnie Reid, great applause was given. Sounded like somebody running for president.

Frank Reilly was introduced as Frank Kelly. "As long as it's an Irish name" was the thought of the forgetful introducer.

George Juvenal also received quite an ovation. And so did Charlie Marvin. Music was furnished, and enjoyed by all. The eats were great. Wasn't Claude there with the wit though. Curve Glenn ate so much he had to let out a notch or two. Puckett drank three pitchers of water; must have been thirsty, what?

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

W. Fischer, S. S. attendant at La Crosse, recently enjoyed several days vacation. He spent part of the time in Minnesota.

The annual business meeting of the S. O. Co. Social Club was held December 3. The following officers were elected for the coming year: president, E. H. Evenson; vice president, F. Schroeder; secretary, Marguerite Thrune; treasurer, Francis Beranek. Chas. Bruckert and Jack Rubin were appointed to help the treasurer in collecting the dues from the people outside the office. A mock trial is to head the program for the next meeting, January 7. Just who the 'victim' is to be, has not been announced but he has our sympathy as Mac and Romie are the prosecuting attorneys. The plea that will be made by Remp and Liso, defending the "victim" will be well worth hearing. Walter Selbo as judge will pronounce the sentence.

Chester P. Liddle is the new attendant in charge of S. S. No. 19 at Winona, Minn.

Milton Boleng has been transferred from the La Crosse office to clerk at Marshfield, Wis. We wish you lots of luck, Milton, and hope you will like your new work.

Orville Alitz has been installed as agent at Nelson, Wis. Now watch the Nelson sales grow.

An educational meeting was held at the office recently. Mr. Groenert talked on the petroleum industry, illustrating his points with stereopticon slides.

C. W. Williams is our new agent at Lanesboro, Minn.

Mr. Higgins, a truck driver at Rochester, Minn., was a business caller at the La Crosse office recently.

Bernie Volz came to work on December 15 with a big scab on his nose. He claims he bumped into a sidewalk sign the night before. It sure must have been a "wild and woolly" night.

Jens Jensen, S. S. attendant at Rochester, Minn., has been transferred to truck driver. Lots of luck, J. J., in your new work.

If you haven't heard Leonard Dupee sing, you have missed half there is in life.

Harold Smevog wonders why the "bubbler" is so popular with the fellows every morning. Can anyone enlighten him on the subject?

D. V. Guentz, attendant at S. S. No. 19, Winona, Minn., has been transferred to truck driver.

George Van Denheuvel, agent at Dennison, Minn., was married November 28 to Miss Elizabeth Magee. The entire La Crosse division wishes them many years of happiness.

When it comes to hunting, we can challenge the rest of the divisions to produce an equal to Bill Ratz, one of our ledgermen. We believe he got twenty-six on his last trip. It's all right, Bill, those black birds only destroy the corn crop anyway.

E. W. Farris is our new superintendent of motor equipment. Mr. Farris was formerly with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Fargo, N. D.

One of the finest compliments has been paid to Art McMann of the equipment department; that is, Art thinks so. A certain man was relating happenings of twenty years ago and said to Mac, "That was before your time." Mac didn't tell him that his oldest daughter was 6 years old.

Speaking of dancing, we sure must hand it to Mr. Monegan, assistant manager, and Mr. Nichols, chief clerk. You can't keep these fellows still at a dance and they sure shake a wicked pair of boots.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

The most brilliant function of the entire year was the Red Crown Club's annual Christmas party held at the offices on the evening of December 21. Old Santa Claus, in the person of Clem Neubel, appeared on the scene via the chimney route to the great delight of the kids, old and young. Refreshments were produced by a committee of married ladies and those refreshments were voted "180 proof" by the whole multitude. A program was presented during the evening which drew wild applause and repeated encores. Mildred Sawyer delighted with a soprano solo and graciously responded to several encores. Ye scribe tooted the sax, played the piano, and made a general monkey out of himself, and Sid Field gave some mighty clever Swedish dialect readings which threw the crowd into convulsions. If Syd hadn't run out of stuff, he'd still be talking Swedish. The Red Crown Quartet did nobly, taking some wise cracks at several notables about the office in their parody on "Barney Google." Florabelle Brown played several beautiful piano selections. Bobby S. recited his poem by Eugene Field, "Jes Fore Christmas I'm as Good as I Can Be," and then everybody joined in singing old-time and popular songs. About 120 people were there and every one of them had a good time, at least the reporter didn't notice anyone looking sad except Frank Brown right after he got his present from Santa. On behalf of the Mankato

employes, Mr. Chesebrough presented Roman and Mrs. Neubel with beautiful tokens of remembrance to carry with them to their new home at Mason City, to which division Mr. Neubel has been transferred. Both Mr. and Mrs. Neubel responded briefly to the presentation.

R. W. Pinney, chief clerk, made a hasty visit to St. James the other day. He reports that Theodore Call, agent there, is busier than ever, if that could be possible. Thede's specialty is keeping his rural trade tanks filled to the brim and he makes the statement that he is all set for the big snow—if it comes.

A short collection trip sent Art Otto, assistant credit man, to Okabena and Lakefield. Art had a successful trip and reports that the pep thermometer is running high at both points visited. Eli Milbrath holds forth at Okabena where he has made a real record during the year.

The radio bug has inoculated several with the virulent germ, and receiving sets are being installed almost daily. Among those who are affected are G. M. Bergmann, R. W. Pinney, W. P. Scherer, Joe Roemer and Lee Thompson. They all have the disease in a greater or less degree but just at present it seems that the best liar has the best radio outfit.

George G. Pratt, salesman in the Pipestone field, was present at the Red Crown Club Christmas party. George enjoyed himself to the utmost and expressed himself as highly pleased with the brand of entertainment supplied by the Club. Come again, George. We're mighty glad to see the boys from the field at the club parties.

Mrs. Sophia Anderson's cup of Christmas cheer was full to overflowing when the Red Crown Club presented her with some beautiful silver pieces at the party. Mrs. Anderson is an honorary member of the club and has always been of real assistance in preparing lunches and in adding to the general stock of pep at every party.

Cy Runkle, Lakefield agent, was a visitor at the office on December 21. Cy is one of those "go get 'em" kind of agents with whom business is always good.

F. McK. Blough, S. S. superintendent, is spending the holidays at his old home in Goshen, Ind. We understand that he will endeavor to sell several second-hand tickets to the Michigan-Minnesota football game while there.

The Petroleum Educational Club held its only December session on December 10, when L. J. Wilcox and R. M. Ward spoke on the subject, "Fifty Years of the Standard Oil Company." Mr. Wilcox covered the subject from the time of the formation of the company until the year 1920, and Mr. Ward carried the progress of the company through the last three years. Both papers were full of interest and brought out many topics for the free discussion which followed. Mr. Ward concluded his talk with a plea for self-education of company employes, stating that knowledge brings both power and promotion. His talk was brimful of optimism and enthusiasm and was followed with close attention by every member. Meetings of the club were suspended during the holiday season but were to be resumed on the second Monday in January when M. L. Gretz will speak on "Fair Gasoline Prices."

A familiar sight on South Front street is Wallie Andersen carrying records to the office for the portable phonograph which assists to while away the moments for those who are compelled to carry their luncheon to the office. Wallie carried the phonograph down many months ago and has been busy supplying records ever since.

An eight-pound girl arrived at the B. E. Berry home on November 26. Papa Berry is wearing a glad smile and receiving congratulations galore.

Charley Nordmeyer, Lake Benton agent, is hustling harder than ever since twin babies arrived at his home early in November. Congratulations, Charlie! You didn't tell us though whether the newcomers are boys or girls.

Miss Paulson, Miss Hunt and Mrs. Kircher journeyed to the Twin Cities on December 8, ostensibly to have their hair bobbed. One of the trio expressed the thought: "It's hard enough to have 'em bobbed, without having it done in your home town." The ladies returned to work on Monday. Did you lose your nerve, goils?

G. M. Bergmann, order clerk, at the annual election of Mankato Lodge No. 12, A. F. & A. M., was elected master for the ensuing year. This is the first time that this distinguished honor has come to one of our Mankato S. O. Co. family and Mr. Bergmann is receiving hearty congratulations on his election.

Such industry as Angy Hunt is exhibiting in needlework is seldom seen. We wonder if there's a season.

The Red Crowns won the first series in the Imperial Bowling tournament. Taking the lead early in the year, these pin crashers were never headed. They say that they are heading right for the city championship and when they arrive we'll have a picture for the RECORD. What say Albert Lea and Faribault?

Mike Gretz has a new pipe. The grates fell down in the old one.

A just and equitable distribution of the affections is always commendable but the two young ladies who are receiving the distributed affections of Wilbur Goehring, stock department, are wondering just how far just distribution should be carried.

"Chuck" Johnson has been carrying a sprig of mistletoe in his car during December. Now we know why the stenographers are so wild to ride uptown with Chuck.

Charles C. Hirschy, Pipestone agent, had an operation for the removal of his tonsils. Doc Sorteberg acted as Pipestone agent while Charley was laid up. At this writing Mr. Hirschy is improving rapidly and will be on the job soon, greatly improved in health.

The funeral of William R. Clark, formerly S. S. superintendent of this division and lately serving in the same capacity at Des Moines, was held from the Presbyterian church in Mankato on December 13. E. L. Osten, S. F. Armstrong, C. J. Humm, J. F. Wilkie, Geo. Kelly and A. Otto, Mankato employees of the company, were active pallbearers and accompanied the remains to Orinoco, Minn., where interment was made. Mr. Clark had hosts of friends in this division where he had resided during a long term of years. The funeral, conducted by Mankato Lodge No. 225 B. P. O. E., was largely attended.

To be quarantined over Christmas and compelled to stay away from the house where the youngster is anxiously awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus, is the tough luck of Bill Schultz, Owatonna agent, whose youngster contracted the scarlet fever just before Christmas. Bill was quarantined for three weeks and forced to room

and board downtown. Although Santa didn't get into the house you can bet that the sleighbells jingled and the reindeer pranced out on the sidewalk on Christmas eve.

Leon Sampson walked into the Mankato office a couple of days before Christmas. Leon was on his way back to Pipestone to resume his duties at S. S. No. 11. Come in again soon, Leon, we like your smile.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Wenberg are the proud parents of a nine-pound boy, born on November 30. Walter is our agent at Dunnell. Congratulations.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Otto A. Petersen, Correspondent

All news items received for this issue concerned office people only. We love the office folks but also want news from the field. It is our practice, when all items received concern only one class of workers, to play no favorites by killing everything. Hence no news printed from Milwaukee this month.—Ed.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

E. H. Kellberg, Correspondent

The Christmas Party of the Red Crown Social Club was given at the main office on December 20. Eighty-five of our crowd turned out. The holiday color scheme of red and green was effectively carried out in the office decorations. Five card tables were working overtime with games of 500, bridge, etc., and it developed that we have some real talent among our folks. The younger generation was kept busy tripping the light fantastic hoof to music furnished by the Stephens Royal Trio. A brief intermission was used to good advantage by the bunch in partaking of ice cream and cake, but to the disappointment of the Red Crown Quartet who were late in arriving. However, we understand they were busy imbibing of the holiday spirit elsewhere. Our genial manager was among the missing with the alibi that it was his night to stay home with the youngsters(??) However, the management was well represented by Assistant Skipper and Mrs. Shallenberger who are numbered among the most active members of the bunch. The party broke up at midnight with everybody looking forward to the next affair. Our honor guest for the holidays was Assistant General Manager Harvey Cochran of the eastern division. Welcome to our city, Harvey. Santa Claus found you at the party, didn't he? You're a good mixer.

The employees of the main plant gave a Christmas entertainment on December 24 at the new garage. They were hosts to eighty children in the neighborhood, including some of our own youngsters. A huge Christmas tree was gaily decorated and lighted for the occasion and the kiddies watched pop-eyed as our comedian, Jess Huber, in the role of Santa Claus, entered through the chimney. He distributed gifts, including candy, nuts and fruit to the youngsters. As each name was called, the kiddies walked up to meet Santy, and to make it complete, the girls of the office were included. Little Miss DeMars was escorted to the front in the arms of Mr. Cochran, which proves he still knows how to handle them. Everybody had a good time and the affair was given favorable mention in the daily papers. (Did you get a picture?—Ed.)

There was a short truce declared in the famous weight reduction contest between Mr. Klebba and Mr. Conners. By mutual agreement, each contestant had the full privilege of exhibiting his digestive capacity Christmas day at the dinner table.

Oscar Loberg, agent instructor, likes to go to Tintah more than any other town in the field. It is understood that a certain school teacher is the attraction.

A letter was received by an employee addressed "Two-Gun Fischer." Who is this bird?

Our agent, Edward Rother, of Hampton, Minn., sprang a surprise November 27 by being quietly married to Cecilia Schaeffer of New Trier, Minn. We wish you the best.

Miss McCauley threatens to "crown" Mr. Grant of the credit department if he doesn't call his shots on the dictaphone. Mac claims he has an awful habit of deciding, at the end of a letter that what he said "ain't" and it's something else instead. She also suggests that he give her the name and address of the party he is writing to as these data come in handy in making out the envelope.

In selecting an all-star football team from the Minneapolis organization, the following backfield men were unanimously chosen: Lefthalf, Geo. Hornzee; Righthalf, Asa McCluskey; Quarterback, Chas. Gulden, and Fullback, J. Jaseph.

Gladys Ginsberg of the billing department has recently been sparkling a diamond ring on her engagement finger. Wonder when it's all going to happen. How about it, Gladys?

Miss Madsen, Miss Kendrick and Miss Boyum of the stenographic department were home for the holidays and from all appearances, we think they enjoyed themselves very much.

We are all very glad to have Mildred Keksi of the record and marketing department back with us again.

Marie Meyers of the stenographic department also sparkled a diamond after Christmas. No wonder she has been so happy lately.

From all indications "Sparky" Nevens had a very good time at the last dance. When did this all happen, Sparky?

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Quackenbush attended the Christmas Dancing party, and we were all glad to see them there. Before her marriage, Mrs. Quacknbush was Etrula Lane.

E. E. Taylor, agent at Sauk Center, shows a 300 per cent gain in Red Crown sales of the first eighteen days in December above 1922 sales. "Atta Boy, Gene."

Gregor Voit, agent at Melrose, has a few days vacation now chopping wood for the Winter.

Leo Hoeschen, agent at Freeport, is very busy taking future orders on Polarine and Mica for Spring delivery.

A. A. Fox, agent at Albany, says he is a record breaker on Litho. Polarine Oil. How come?

Charlie Young, agent at Holdingford, says he has something in store for H. A. Damkroeger when he comes through on his fishing trip next May. ("Tell us, Charlie, what is it?")

W. J. Bailey, agent at Long Prairie, says that we can expect some snow by February 1, 1924, as usual.

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to make a record, according to their statements, and from the results thus far they will have 100 per cent Red Crown in their territory.

Pat Maloney, veteran Galesburger, expects to depart from single blessedness in the very near future, according to reports.

Agent Brooks over at Watseka extends his congrats to Marcott of Wellington and Brown of Rantoul, successful Polarine campaigners, and inquires as to what tune Marcott is whistling now.

Springfield announces the arrived of an eight-pound daughter at the home of Charlie Taylor, construction man.

And Taylor's cigars were hardly smoked when Les Hunt, construction superintendent from Peoria, produced a new supply, and announced that he had beaten Taylor's record with a nine-pound girl.

Correspondent states that he had just finished Hunt's perfecto when an I. C. R. R. representative produced another. Seems the I. C. had just received a flock of new cabooses.

Springfield's social activities have died of late. The agent's blow-out at Lincoln Inn could not have been much of a success since he got to work on time the next day.

"Rags" Hanson's social engagements are all duet affairs, and are held in the vicinity of the Wilson Tire Works.

Charlie Nave claims to play a solo part, but we are saving a penny now and then for a wedding present just the same.

Bashful Frank Richards, veteran Springfield warehouseman, reported for work recently all tuckered out. It seems Frank spent the night with a friend, and they put him in a room which had scenery painted on the walls instead of wall paper. The scene was of the big out of doors, and at the bottom of the hill was a village. Frank went to bed with his clothes on, afraid that some villagers might see him disrobe.

Super salesmanship! Driver Tom Beasley of Lincoln sold a man 10 pounds of Eureka Belt Dressing for his Ford fan belt.

Ditto! Clarence (Bingham) Smith, driver at Lincoln, delivered a pail of Mica for a carbuncle on a man's neck.

Jimmy Asquith, another Galesburg "vet," intends to maintain his good record in keeping down the expense of his truck. Jimmy also holds the gallonage mark for Red Crown and Perfection.

We've said it before, but we'll say it again—we like your stuff, Peoria.—C. V. J.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Carl Slack, who has been confined to his home for several weeks on account of ill health, received a Christmas greeting card shower from the office force, who regret his illness and hope he'll regain health and strength in short order.

"There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip" but it will have to be a landslide in order to oust Ross Wilson from first place in the Mica campaign. When it comes to selling Mica, Ross doesn't play second fiddle to any man!

E. E. Dodson, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 17, Macon, Mo., has joined the sales force and gives us the impression of knowing his stuff.

Aldo Schwagmeyer is saving his money! We surmised he was simply getting prepared for Valentine's Day, but he just now advised us that he was nearing the stage of matrimony. Won't you lend us a picture of her, Number Nine?

Wade Swinney, an old timer of the Quincy mechanic force, now of Davenport, Iowa, was a visitor here recently. Wade is sporting one of the huskiest looking cookie-dusters ever grown. Come again, Wade.

Thurston Smith is north-side city-salesman now, succeeding Harold Lummis, now a member of the field force. Wonder if T. W. still remembers the time an ambitious golfer almost made a hole in one.

We are sorry to report the death of C. M. Bailey of Downing, Mo., and our sympathy is extended to his son, Lee, who is our hard working representative in the northern section of the field.

G. F. Middleton, formerly sub-station auditor, is another new member of the sales force. We're wishing you success, G. F.

E. F. Carlson of the sales promotion department spent several days near Golden, Ill., on a hunting trip recently. He reports a very successful trip but we have seen no evidence to that effect. Not that we doubt your word, E. F., but we'd like to know what you were hunting.

T. W. Butler, Safety engineer, spent several days here in the interest of Safety work recently.

We extend a hearty welcome to the newcomers in the Quincy division, agents, salesmen, S. S. attendants, or whoever they may be, and hope that your transfer into this field will be of benefit to all. And don't be backward about telling the STANOLIND RECORD about your neighbors and yourselves.

Hannibal and Moberly dissappointed us this month.

Attendant Charles H. Schaad of S. S. No. 4, Warsaw, Ill., surprised us with a box of cigars for Christmas. The office extends many thanks, Charles.

Anyone know what a junior barrel is? If so, kindly report to Mabel Saxton.

Agent Bill Bryan, Glenwood, Mo., reports that unless it quits raining soon he'll find it necessary to borrow a couple of elephants from the menagerie at Lancaster to pull his International.

Ed. Boltz, agent at Gorin, Mo., is sporting a new Speed Wagon. Ed. avers that he'll give all comers a run for their money in 1924.

Everybody must be dead in and around Queen City, Mo. Nary a particle of news drifts in. How about it, Milo?

S. P. Holman, formerly agent at Greencastle, Mo., is now agent at Queen City. J. O. Daniel is the new agent at Greencastle.

Other newcomers among the agents are: E. V. Gifford, Edina, Mo., Neville Clark, Versailles, Ill., and L. A. Broaddus at Madison, Mo. The office extends good wishes for 1924, and the correspondent would be tickled pink to receive news and gossip from you, boys.

And Oh! Yes, I must not forget that dear Oscar. He is now agent at Monroe City, Mo., and his brother J. R. Durham is filling his former position as agent at Clarence, Mo.

Does anybody know what is affecting H. H. Foglesong so? He was one of our best "gossipers" once upon a time. There hasn't been a whisper from Milan for months. (Except the strong winds stirred up by Tom).

Salesman O. K. Lenhart seems to have some-

thing "on" Agent Lord Sandison, of Huntsville, Mo. What's the deep secret, O. K.?

Say, did you notice that awful wallop His Majesty' Ye Hon. Ed., handed us in the December RECORD? The above mentioned dyspeptic insinuates that our pictures are DEAD. What are we going to do about it? If I only could get my hands on a couple of hot ones. Wouldn't we make him put on some asbestos gloves, though? Well, we'll see what we shall see. (Ah, we tremble in expectancy!—Ed.)

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

All of our members have started training for the annual Spring Party and of course the sour drop orchestra is crowding in a few extra rehearsals. It is thought that a little treatise on the personalities of and early efforts of each discord artist might be appreciated so that when you come you will be able to pick the type of vegetable that will be best adapted for the desired result. Now listen in: H. E. Zuber, director and violinist: At the early age of 6 years was discovered sawing the legs off the piano and recognizing his talent the proud father gave him a violin and got the same results without further damage to the furniture. Rube Kern, trombone: Early musical education consisted of blowing the whistle in the tile factory and driving rivets at the boiler works; took up the trombone when the tile shed burned. Stewie Reid, piano forte: Developed a fine staccato touch in free lunch days and now has a dry expression. F. A. Dettenthaler, flutist: Knows more about scales than a fish peddler and more about bars than "Hinky Dink." "Yours Truly," cornet: Taught Gabriel how to blow the trumpet, plays with or without cornet. Every rest a cornet cadenza. Clarence Youngs, drums: In juvenile years beat a blind man out of his cane. When you hear this lineup play, "Mother's teeth will soon fit Kate," your lower extremities will take on a reflex action that you can't control.

R. A. Lilly and Dudley Jones made a survey of the Thumb territory during the later part of December and account of the mild Spring-like weather all the urchins pointed "Dud" out for Santa Claus on the theory that he couldn't stand the whiskers. It is with the deepest feeling of regret that we announce the death of William Liddle, our friend and associate who passed away December 26. On September 24 he became violently ill and it was feared that he had contracted typhoid fever but it developed into appendicitis, necessitating an operation which was followed by peritonitis from which he never recovered. He was 33 years of age on the day of his death and leaves his wife, a little 6 year old boy, Bobbie, and every member of the Saginaw Division to mourn. We extend our kindest condolence to the mother and child.

You "B" Station agents who don't see your name in the RECORD may look to your salesman for the reason. It is desired that we get news of everyone of you as often as possible, but not having any clairvoyant facilities it is difficult for your correspondent to predict when his hair is coming back. Salesmen take note: lay off that noun "I" and let's hear "He" and "Him" for a change; it gives more variety.

Mr. Dunn, chief clerk of the Flint office, was a visitor of the main office recently.

W. H. Gross had a car of Perfection that figured in an accident wreck and proved himself the hero of the hour when he offered his station to the railroad company if they could devise ways and means of getting it out to the scene.

Ed Krauss, Sebewaing agent, and his little daughter called on us the latter part of December. She shook hands with Saint Nick and made herself solid for the December 25 program.

Fred Carle, candy kid of the credit department, has an outfit on the thermos jug type to be used exclusively for collection trips. All he needs is a pair of charcoal burner overshoes and a fire extinguisher to compete with the flannel shirt football trousers and the leather coat with the angora goat lining.

Mark Theobald, Bruce McDonald and Audrey Jackson were invited to call on Judge Clements and explain why anyone with so much nerve should while away his time in a swivel chair. They each received $1.00 worth of advice.

W. A. Wagner, salesman, has taken on a rather stiff pose but those who are acquainted with him will concede that it's a by-product of the carbuncle which has a season ticket for a balcony seat on the back of "W. A.'s" collar display.

Barney Daley, "B" station instructor, lost a brief case and a sum of money, having checked it in at a service station for the night during which some collector made an addition to his worldly goods, thus bringing Barney to the conclusion that the old axiom, "Anything that is worth having is worth taking care of," is still as true as ever.

Miss Vera Burt says she doesn't want her name in the RECORD any more. We would have taken her more seriously if she had announced that she didn't want any more pay checks. While she didn't specify whether she meant County or STANOLIND we don't believe she meant either one.

Miss Thompson makes the boast that she does her own cooking and if some of you undernourished gentlemen who shy around her like a mouse around a rat trap think she can't cook, snap out of it. She is her own testimonial.

Harry Kern, our old collector, has left his position to engage in the baking business at Lansing. He expects to make a lot of dough.

Gene Monaghan, Alpena agent, was a visitor recently. The ladies all enjoyed his million dollar dimple and will anxiously await his early return. That boy gets more feminine smiles than a Cheshire cat keeper.

The last time we looked into those soulful orbs of Lew Berry he promised us he would send in a lot of gossip about the salesmen and agents in the Klondike regions and a few snap shots of the northern lights. Lew, you base deceiver, you have been as silent as a quail on toast and if we weren't sure Mary mails your semi-monthly consideration regularly we would write your obituary.

Ollie Richards, former tank wagon superintendent at Bay City, has been transferred to Saginaw and will relieve Harley Church, correspondent, who will likewise assume the duties of Mike Ahrens, West Side salesman, who now has charge of the advertising department, which position was vacated by Hugh Adams who will now assist the legal tax and accident depart-

ment, his predecessor Mr. Mathews taking up the program of assistant refined oil correspondent deserted by W. R. Vanderbeck to relieve L. E. Patterson, who will become collector. E. C. Wagner has been promoted to tank wagon superintendent, Bay City.

D. R. Tennant was appointed attendant in charge of S. S. No. 28, Bad Axe. We expect big things at No. 28 as D. R. looks like a go-getter.

L. V. Taylor is the attendant in charge of S. S. No. 312, Grand Blanc. We have a hunch that his station is going to cause many a detour into Grand Blanc.

C. A. Clute is the attendant in charge of S. S. No. 44, Onaway. He will get a lot of rest this Winter, but wait till you see that kid in action about July 4.

Frank Chard is our new Clifford agent. Welcome Mr. Chard.

Well, friends, we want to call your attention to our new agent at Rosebush, Merrill D. Dunn. If he is as good on credit calculations as his name implies we may expect nothing but cash business and lots of it at Rosebush.

We understand Albert Lindberg had a temporary stroke of lockjaw recently when Eddie Symons handed him a bottle of cough syrup which later proved to be Eddie's relic of bygone days when red noses were the style. Ed still has the bottle and Albert has just got over the headache.

Glen C. Durbin is our new Standish agent. Welcome, Glen, and here's to your success.

Daniel J. Larkin is our new agent at Montrose. He's a mighty fine fellow and you folks want to get acquainted with him.

M. E. Hunt, former agent at Emmett, is now telling the "B" station agents how to do it. He came into the office a few days before Christmas and he had hair tonic dripping off his coat tails and the fumes were radiating from him like heat from an asphalt pavement on August 1. After talking with him for five minutes our wives accused us of squandering our money for luxuries.

Alma

C. A. Plowman has another Ford. However, this one is a sedan but due to the Semdac finish we can't tell whether or not it is new.

Your Reporter is anxious to put Alma in the RECORD along with some of the other live stations. Hand Mr. Crist all your items and make his ambition a realization.

Mr. Billgren, city tank wagon driver, went deer hunting but had the wrong kind of ammunition.

For Sale: One perfectly good bull dog, will eat off your hand and keep all the cats out of the neighborhood. Likes children as well as pork chops. Will keep everyone out of its chair. Very high value, will sell cheap, cage included.—C. B. Lehr, agent.

From the numerous long distance telephone calls we are receiving from Houghton Lake it looks as if we will be losing Charlie.

Ray Plowman has a specialty of miring his truck about noontime in front of a place where a blue ribbon cook resides.

Mr. Hicks of Ithace called at one of our service stations a few days ago sporting a broad grin and since we received the report of his sales on five-gallon cans of Polarine we realize that he was just laughing at us.

Stake Truck Driver Bemis goes hunting every week and comes home with just one rabbit. We like his spirit of conservation but we all like rabbit.

Bay City

In the Mica Axle Grease campaign at Bay City the rural drivers just couldn't keep Paul Jolly from butting in. He went out and sold more Mica in the city than the rural boys.

Mr. Hutchison and his force are getting pretty well organized and are shipping a train load a day.

Frank Church, our agent, has been nursing several boils on the back of his neck. Every one is supposed to be worth a five spot but Frank says he's overstocked and will let them go much cheaper.

Gene Monaghan seems to have adopted Miles Standish's methods of heart winning for he sent Henry Bosley a check and asked him to deliver a pair of Travertine Candles and holders to a lady who resides across the river. He, however, took the precaution to entrust them with a married man.

We all miss our old friend, Ollie Richards.

Dudley Jones, our head station examiner, brags that he never snores in his sleep and those who have had the misfortune to sleep in the same hotel quite agree with him. Had Daniel Webster been able to hear the disturbance that comes from Dud when his eyes are closed he would have given up his efforts and dropped his life work in the waste basket. As near as we can describe it, it sounds like a dull cross cut saw working its way through a log of birdseye maple attended with rattling windows and falling plaster.

John Leahy, our anti-fat model, has fallen off like the revenue on Old Crow since his Minnie Ha Ha departed for a few long weeks. See the county clerk, John. He'll fix you up for $2.00.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

Mary Heller sent the girls in the stenographic department a sprig of Texas mistletoe, with the advice: "Go to it, girls, now have a good, but nice time." Thanks, Mary. We have told Ed to keep away from the stenographic department.

Wayne Dixon of the Goodland S. S. is at the hospital. He had his tonsils removed.

C. D. Waddill and family are spending their Christmas vacation at Windsor, Mo.

Salesman Arensberg reports that the ten gallon hats have been laid aside for the Winter in western Kansas.

Mr. Wagner and Mr. Zimmerman of the St. Joseph office encountered some bad snow drifts in and around Goodland on their trip to western Kansas.

Assistant Manager R. S. Orr had to buy a larger turkey for Christmas, as he now has an additional member in his family. It's a boy and has been named Louis Yarger Orr.

"Mid-iron" O'Neil from Concordia visited St. Joseph recently, and gave Zimmerman and Ridge a few pointers on golf.

Al Walters has engaged Ich Bowen to break in his new corn cob pipe.

A Christmas tree was prepared at the St. Joseph office and presents exchanged among the employees on Monday, December 24. No one was permitted to give a present costing more than 10 cents.

We were all mightily glad to see Mr. Warren when he visited St. Joseph. St. Joseph always has a warm spot for "Tom." Sorry the duck hunting wasn't any better this year.

Note for Bernice Davies: The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is now selling denatured alcohol at its service stations. For the prevention of frozen radiators this is hard to beat.

It is good to know that Frank Stoll's wife is rapidly improving from her recent illness.

C. F. Starkey is the new agent at Beloit, Kans., and promises to make things hum at that station in 1924.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

E. P. Cox, salesman at Elkhart, recently resigned. H. M. Stoll, T. W. driver at Elkhart, succeeded him.

R. Huff is the new agent at Bremen, Ind., succeeding H. Richardson, who resigned.

Found attached to an 029 from R. G. Deal: "In regard to the attached 029, which shows no sales and no calls—the reason, a new daughter. She will go by the name of Mary Louise." You're excused this time, R. G.

What we hear around the office most every day: "Say, when is the Stanoco Club's next party going to be?"

If you crave entertainment while eating lunch, just join Roy Curry and Lester Hug when they dine together. They are guaranteed to drive away the blues and create an appetite.

E. D. Johnson, agent at LaPorte, Ind., writes: "LaPorte had a 'bee' and moved into the new plant; everybody drew a sigh of relief to be clear of the old place without having had an accident at the very dangerous railroad crossing. We will be glad to welcome any visitors to our new plant, which we are very proud of."

Cuba Shafer, who has been S. S. attendant at No. 25, Delphi, has been transferred to LaFayette. His friends are most sure some girl will "get him" in LaFayette for he is still single and LaFayette is a large city.

V. C. Thompson, who has been on the road all Summer for the equipment department, as painter, is now back at his old stand in Delphi—S. S. No. 25.

Eddie Waters, office boy, says the value of signs as an advertisement is unparalleled. Just say "out of order" to Eddie!

Si Kalters blossoms out with: "By jove, if this weather continues (speaking of a Spring-like day in December) I'm in favor of another picnic!" That picnic never will be forgotten!

Tankwagon Driver Bert Whitacre, Portland, is entertaining a new baby—what's His (?) Her (?) name, Bert?

Agent Walburn of Portland has laid his auto, commonly as "Asthma," away for the Winter.

J. D. McCarthy has succeeded Joe Benz at the South Bend office. Mr. Benz has entered Valparaiso University.

W. G. Baer lost something in Ft. Wayne and he hasn't been able to locate it yet.

E. E. Murry of the South Bend Office spent his vacation in Marion and vicinity. A special dispatch from Marion reports good behavior on the part of Mr. Murry.

If you want to see W. G. Baer scowl and blush, just ask him his new name as given by a passing lady motorist near the Kankakee Swamps.

Resolved: That "Case Beer" will get you into trouble—Signed "Buster White."

If you could have seen Curry, Smith and Hug opening empty boxes, hunting for STANOLIND RECORDS in December, when they were late, you would have gained an idea of how popular the magazine is with South Bend employees.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Markley, Marion, Ind., a daughter, who was named Betty Jean. Sorry the cigars ran out before we got ours.

S. S. No. 40 is taking good care of its quota, since the streets around it have again been opened to traffic.

Chas. Burns of the order department enjoyed a week's vacation, one day last month.

Several of our fellowmen feel better, now that the football season is over. That Notre Dame team is enough to excite most any red blooded person. (Well, in Nebraska they seem to take it rather coolly.—Ed.)

Genevieve Murphy is taking good care of her new charge, the switch-board.

John Strang (retired) should pay us a visit, and appoint someone to look after the clock in the marketing department. How's that? The ladies in the stenographic department would also like to have someone in this capacity.

Byron DuPark of the order department enjoyed a five day vacation last month.

W. T. Bannister has made another change of residence. He now resides on Blaine Ave.

Maybe you think our salesmen aren't a bunch of "regular fellows." You should have seen the back of the 029 envelopes before Christmas. Nearly every one had a Red Cross Christmas Seal on it and G. A. McIvor got over-enthused and used two.

Ft. Wayne Station has organized a real basketball team composed of the following players: Forwards, Sappinger and Michaels; center, Zurbuch; guards, R. Minnier and Moon, and substitutes, Cook and Sell. The team has very attractive uniforms, advertising Red Crown. They are entered in the Commercial League of Ft. Wayne, and have won three out of five games played. Go to it, boys!

Spark Plug sems to be a favorite with the girls at the South Bend Office.

Howard Morse of the stock department is the father of a 7-pound boy, born December 7. Howard sure carries a smile on his face now! He also says it won't be long until junior will be a stock clerk.

Now that the 6 months inventory is near, the stock department has asked Frank Heummer to "park" what he calls his lunch in the garage on account of lack of space.

Eldon Templin is back with us again after being on the sick list. We wonder just why he chose the 18th to return.

Wilbur King was out December 18 on account of rheumatism. We thought only old people were subject, or, rather, had a monopoly on that ailment.

R. P. Bixler, agent at Elkhart, resigned during December to enter business for himself. The boys at the Elkhart plant gave a banquet and farewell party for "Bix." They all hated to lose Mr. Bixler, but, are very glad to have such an able agent as Mr. M. R. Devoe, who succeeded him.

Ft. Wayne comes across with this: "If La-

Fayette, or any other Standard Oil Company basketball team, thinks it is really good, the Red Crowns of Ft. Wayne will be pleased to teach an advanced course of the game! What do you say to that LaFayette?

Ft. Wayne says to keep your eyes there in 1924. It challenges the field as a whole, or, as units to a contest covering sales, percentage of collections and number of trust tickets.

C. M. Waddell is the new clerk at Mishawaka. One of Mr. Waddell's first "doings" was to join the Stanoco Club! Every new employe means a new member for the club.

Albert Critscher, T. W. driver at Attica, Ind., was on the sick list for a few days, but was soon back on the job and sure made up lost time.

Frank Messner, S. S. attendant at Attica, says he will be high man in South Bend Division on five gallon cans of Polarine during January. "Atta Boy, Frank."

George Conn, agent at Pine Village, has his tankwagon repainted for the Winter. George says it's a real wagon and just like new.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Fix are the proud parents of a 9 pound boy, born to them December 4. Irvin says, "Another Standard Oil Man." Irvin is our agent at Boswell.

Roy Maddox, agent at Tab, Ind., is the owner of a new Dodge coupe. This is just Roy's act of appreciation for Mrs. Maddox's good help on Standard Oil reports.

William Ware, agent at West Lebanon, says if he keeps the good work going until Spring, he will have the West Lebanon field going on high.

A general business meeting of the Stanoco Club was held the evening of December 21. It was decided that $10.00 should be donated from the treasury to the City Rescue Mission to help furnish Christmas for the poor kiddies. A resolution was also adopted whereby a fund of $8.00 is to be set aside for a floral fund to be used in case of death in the immediate family of an employee.

The entertaining committee appointed to serve during the three months, February, March and April, are chairman, L. G. Hug; C. Bailey, I. Helvy, C. Moorman, F. Heummer, F. Tschida, L. Woltke, C. R. Keck, Florence Shaffer, Mrs. Henderson, Gena Murphy, Amelia Long and Cora Ingraham.

H. C. Smith says whenever he goes for his laundry, if John, the little Chinaman, isn't in, he has to give his name, and here's the way it sounds when Mr. Fong calls: "Haitch a C, Smeeth laundly."

Carrie Livingston spent the week of December 17 at home with her mother.

John Stiner made the acquaintance of his family during the week before Christmas, while on his vacation.

Anyone desiring to know the correct time from Christmas on should ask Louise DeGroote. It's a pleasure to tell 'em, isn't it, Louise?

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to V. C. Circle, agent at Monroe, whose mother died December 20.

Don Lindsey, rural truck driver, is back on duty after a couple of weeks' illness.

John Seibert of the South Bend warehouse was off duty a couple of weeks while he made a trip to Rochester, Minn., where his wife underwent a serious operation. Mrs. Seibert, we are glad to report, is regaining her health rapidly.

WICHITA, KANS.

Iola Gibson, Correspondent

The farewell party to Mr. Van Horne was a huge success. Mr. Quinlan, as spokesman for the office, bade Mr. Van Horne God-speed, then Mr. Jones presented a parting gift from the office force and roadmen. We were just a bit proud of the fact that in bidding us farewell, something seemed to kinda get in his way and Mr. Van Horne did not for a moment articulate in his usual ready manner. Though we know that he will make new friends, we feel that he will not forget us entirely, and we know that his genial and hearty laughter will long echo through our halls. The banquet was then spread in the dining room, after which all were in the mood for the carnival dance. One girl was heard to remark that never in her life did she eat so much confetti.

Barney Wright, tankwagon superintendent, did not know he was pulling any grand stand stuff, but nevertheless he made a sure-nuf hit with the gallery when one night at 2 A. M. Ex-Governor Allen called, saying that Mrs. Allen was ill, that the oil container (which had been previously filled by competitive oil) was empty, and the house was cold. Don't know whether it was just a kind hearted deed or loyalty to the S. O. Co., but Barney was there in short order with his fuel oil tank.

Agent O. F. Becker, Ashland, Kas., says, "When they call me I am half way there. Service is my motto. Give me Polarine, Red Crown and a good truck and I can drive right up to the Pearly Gates." That's going some, Becker.

One new recruit in the ranks at Protection, Kas., Chas. A. Pendergraft, says the last part of his name does not imply a thing. Here's luck to you, Charles.

Agent Roy Jones of Haviland, Kas., had the misfortune to lose his father recently. We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. Jones in his bereavement.

Should any of the readers wish to know anything about the merits of any of the goods for sale by the Standard Oil Company, or the requisites of a truck driver just ask E. C. King of Greenburg, Kas. Elmer says he knows.

How do they do it? Salesman M. W. Hall has inveigled Miss Dolly Reser into matrimony. The blessings and advice of his fellow employees are freely offered.

Two of our agents from the western part of the state, Mr. Cline of Tribune and Mr. Kraus of Ransom, were visitors at the main plant last week and while in town were shown about by our painter, LeRoy Moses. Mr. Moses, our field painter, has been called in for the remainder of the Winter.

Mr. Webb of the stock department wishes to announce to all the fair sex that he is not married, and that this is Leap Year.

Mr. Spaulding's wife is on her vacation so he celebrated by going to Chanute. Further details withheld.

The warehouse and shop boys presented Mr. VanHorne with a Dunhill pipe and humidor of Edgeworth tobacco. The construction men, not to be outdone, gave our departing friend a set of golf sticks.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*
C. C. LAKIN, *Assistant Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
J. H. BUDDE, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MASON CITY, IOWA
R. H. THOMAS, *Manager*
H. E. HANSON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Ass't Manager* (Operation)
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

MINOT, N. D.
JOHN BEATON, *Manager*
H. H. HATHAWAY, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
A. R. MAULSBY, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
C. H. WAGNER, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
G. W. COLDSNOW, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
H. J. BEMIS, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

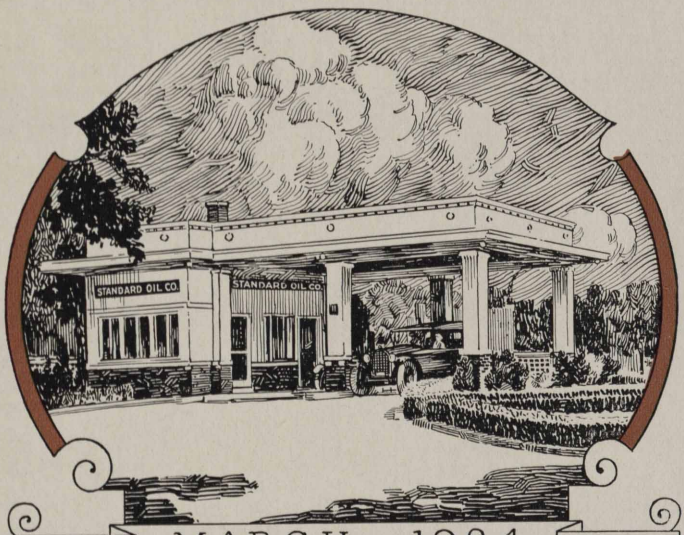
WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

Initiative

THE world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when Necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story. Then still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club. To which class do you belong?—*Elbert Hubbard.*

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD



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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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B. Parks, *Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*
R. H. McElroy, *Traffic Manager*
E. J. Bullock, *Director of Purchases*
T. J. Thompson, *General Manager, Sales*
John D. Clark, *Vice-President, Assistant to Chairman*

Plant Managers and Superintendents

WHITING

R. E. Humphreys, *Manager*
G. Cash, *Superintendent*
J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
W. W. Holland, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION

Thomas S. Cooke, *Manager*

Casper, Plants Nos. 1 and 2

R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3

M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1

H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2

B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1

W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2

J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director,* Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director,* Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division,* Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director,* Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director,* Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director,* Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director,* Casper, Wyo.

Joint General Committees

WHITING, IND.

A. N. Beaubien
Henry Behrens
J. E. Brinker
H. J. Broderson
R. N. Brown
T. J. Burke
Andro Chilla
Frank Eaton
F. Ehlers
C. Fitzgerald
George Fortener
Wm. Fuller
L. M. Graham
Ben Imler
Luke Kelly
John V. Kidnay
H. Koch
George Locke
W. J. Lynch
R. T. Myrick
Chas. Naef
A. J. Olson
John G. Palyo
D. J. Paskwietz
P. A. Petersen
C. A. Phelps
John Plath
G. J. Prentice
W. J. Reder
H. Rolph
M. R. Schmidt
Nick Scholl
James Spanier
C. R. Stanton
Warner Sutherland
U. G. Schwartz
Chas. E. Thompson
R. R. Tilton
P. O. Vandeveer
Andy Vargo
R. G. Walker
Harry Wheeler

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Joe Bostian
Max Duckworth
John W. Easterwood
Geo. Gibbons
George V. Hackett
A. O. Hodges
L. C. Howard
F. G. Lee
Luther Lee
Earl S. Moore
Joseph E. Morgan
G. W. Thompson

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

R. Craddock
Arthur L. Davis
J. F. Halloran
Emory L. Hunt
J. G. Jones
J. F. McCredie
Wash. McDonald
Earl F. Scott
J. W. Stephenson
W. A. Tipton
George H. Wilken
W. H. Witthofft

CASPER, WYO.

B. E. Anderson
J. H. Arbuckle
Wm. Augustine
Paul F. Bauer
H. E. Cotton
Pitt Covert, Jr.
J. D. Critchfield
S. H. Diggs
Wm. L. Emmel
J. E. Frisby
J. A. Hefferin
Peter Holden
F. M. Jenkins
D. F. Mahoney
W. R. C. Miller
W. H. O'Brien
J. W. Phelps
L. A. Rhodes
M. H. Scott
L. G. Smith
J. C. Warkley
J. G. Wiederhold

GREYBULL, WYO.

S. E. Crawford
B. C. Godbold
W. T. Hughes
F. N. Sanford
G. L. Shepardson
E. C. Starks

LARAMIE, WYO.

A. W. McAllister
J. L. Robay
Roy T. Stewart
B. L. Walker

STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
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Vol. 5 MARCH No. 5

DETROIT WINS 1923 RED CROWN PLAQUE; HURON SECOND

Michiganders Show Largest Percentage of Gain in Sales of Red Crown Gasoline for 1923 Over 1922, Leading Nearest Competitor for Company's Greatest Honors by 2.1 Per Cent—Huron, by Great Finish, Noses Out Duluth and Minneapolis

Detroit wins the highest Standard Oil Company (Indiana) honors for 1923.

Led by Manager E. P. Galbreath and Assistant Manager R. F. McConnell, who has since become manager of the South Bend division, the big Michigan division won the Red Crown plaque for 1923 by showing the biggest percentage of gain in sales of Red Crown gasoline during 1923 as compared with 1922.

Detroit won by a margin which left no doubt as to its superiority. It led its nearest competitor, Huron, by 2.1 per cent.

Huron's winning of second place was the result of a spectacular and mighty effort. Two other fields in the Northern division, Minneapolis and Duluth, were apparently fighting it out between them for second honors when Huron, which had been out in front last February and March, but had fallen back during the Summer, won the honors for November and made such a record for December that it passed both Minneapolis and Duluth in the percentage figures for the year. Manager A. H. Dodsley, Assistant Manager C. L. Bailey and all employees of the Huron division are to be complimented for the courageous fight they made.

Minneapolis landed in third place, a bare five-tenths of one per cent behind Huron, while Duluth was fourth, lacking only one-tenth of one per cent of tying with Minneapolis. Though they did not succeed in winning the high honors, Managers F. L. Cochran and I. J. Shields and Assistant Managers Shallenberger and Webb of Minneapolis and Duluth, respectively, and all the employees of those divisions, are likewise to be congratulated.

Decatur and Mankato were fifth and sixth, respectively. Chicago, last year's winner, showed a very heavy gain but found the competition from other fields so strenuous that the best it could land was seventh place. Evansville, in eighth place, also made a fine record.

The Red Crown plaque, which now becomes the permanent possession of Detroit, was awarded throughout the fields during the twelve months as follows:

January, La Crosse; February, Huron; March, Huron; April, Quincy; May, Detroit; July, Duluth; August, Decatur; September, Duluth; October, Detroit; November, Huron; December, Fargo.

On pages 32 and 33 of this issue of the STANOLIND RECORD appears the photograph of some of the employees of the Detroit division who helped win for that field the company's highest honors for 1923. In sending in the photograph, at the request of the editor, Manager Galbreath regretted that it was impossible to get into it every employee in the Detroit field, stating that the credit does not belong alone to himself and the other executives, but is shared by every employee in the Detroit division, from the manager down to the youngest office boy.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-three is gone. The battle of 1924 is already under way.

BOWLERS IN CHECKERED CAREER AT DETROIT

Detroit Division, No. 1.—This picture might be called "before," because there is an "after." Anyway, this shows the check department team of the Standard Oil Bowling League as they were when they were leading the league. The boys are (left to right): L. W. Anstess, H. Howell, C. C. Pierson, Capt. C. A. Gloss and Joe Spielmaker. No. 2.—And this is "after." If we knew the names of the girls we could tell you three reasons (perhaps) why the check department now is fourth in bowling league standings. But we don't.

THE BIG FIGHT IS ON!

Fargo division got off with a jump as the first peal of New Year's bell sent twenty-seven fields on a twelve-month dash for the honor of winning the 1924 trophy for Red Crown Gasoline sales. But the honor of winning the other monthly "heat" prizes is still undecided and won't be decided until the last minute of the last day of each month has passed. Fargo, with a jump on the rest of the entrants, is out to make a clean sweep of the twelve individual "honors." At the same time the other fields who found the going rough on the first month's grand circuit are oiling up their gears for a comeback. Detroit, last year's grand prize winner, is running easily and is preparing for a spurt that will show the others a clean pair of heels through a cloud of Michigan snow. Mankato and Minneapolis, pet rivals of Fargo, wired the judges of the race "we're just getting started, watch us from now on." Mason City and

FARGO

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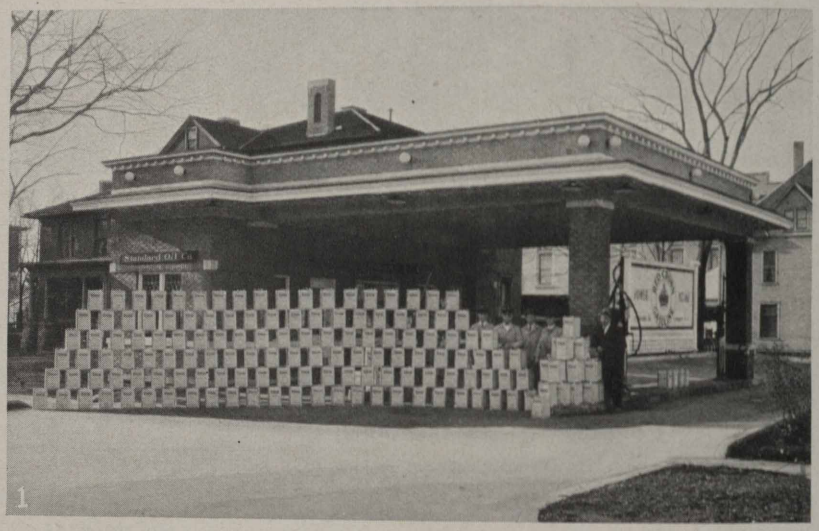
Minot, running their "maiden" year races, are frisky with the pep of youth and are jockeying for positions. La Crosse, Kansas City and South Bend are out in force with their slogan "SOCO service and sales." Grand Rapids, Indianapolis and Chicago are going the limit and a jam at the February turn is imminent. The five "S's", Saginaw, St. Louis, Sioux City, St. Joseph and South Bend, are playing for position and are riding easily with stamina a-plenty. Peoria and Quincy refuse to concede anything and declare that the race's end will find them out in front. Decatur and Des Moines are teamed to steal a lap on the rest of the field when the "stealing" is good. Huron and Evansville are a pair of go-getters that are liable to upset the dope bucket at any minute. Davenport, Milwaukee and Duluth are a trio that can't be beaten if the going gets rough for the fields. Wichita is hopeful and prayerful.

LET THE BEST MEN WIN!

WHAT HUSTLE AND PEP WILL DO



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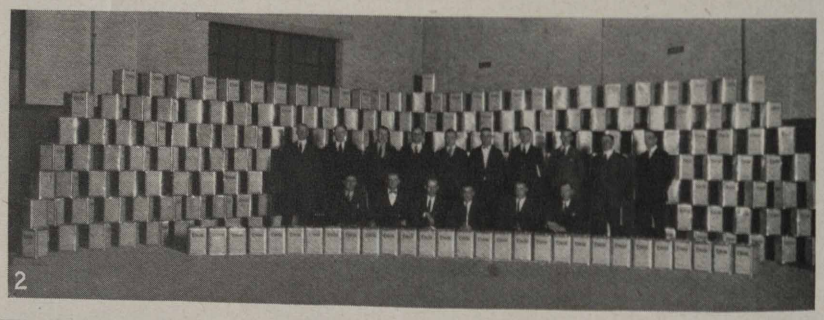

2

Saginaw Division—No. 1—S. S. No. 16, Flint, known as Big Bertha, was the winner of the Polarine selling contest at the service stations in that city. The photo shows some of the cans which were sold in one month and the principals of the winning team, Messrs. Morsem, Sedgeman, Weishuhn and Jones. This quartet is a hustler. No. 2—The only reason that the total cans of Polarine sold during the Flint campaign are not shown is because the building was not large enough to hold them. Anyway, that's what Agent Harens says. These are the cans sold by the winning team.

ONE YEAR LAY-OFF RULING MADE RETROACTIVE

As announced in the November (1923) issue of the STANOLIND RECORD, the Board of Directors last fall promulgated a lay-off ruling which provided that an employee might be absent under an enforced lay-off for a period of one year without having his service record broken. The ruling, however, was not made retroactive. Acting on a petition from the Whiting Joint General Committee, asking that the ruling be made retroactive, the Board of Directors, after careful consideration, granted the petition, as announced in the following letter sent to refinery managers, under date of January 23, 1924, over the signature of E. G. Seubert, secretary:

"For your information, would advise that the Board of Directors, on January 10, 1924, decided that the one-year rule on lay-offs, which was effective September 28, 1923, shall be made retroactive, and be applicable to all qualified lay-offs occurring prior to that date. This new ruling will affect all employees laid off previous to September 28, 1923, as regards continuity of service in connection with the Annuity Plan, Service Pins and Stock Purchasing Plan.

"It will, therefore, be necessary for you to review your pay rolls and submit to Mr. J. W. Curry a list, together with the usual affidavits, of the parties for whom you desire to establish continuity of service because of lay-offs previous to the date mentioned above, where such lay-offs do not exceed one year. It may be you have already submitted such a list to establish continuity of service under the 90-day ruling and that, in some cases, continuity of service has been established in connection therewith. Special care should be taken to observe cases that were denied by reason of the employee being out of the service for more than 90 days.

"I might caution you to be careful to submit only those cases which involve lay-offs. Lay-offs were defined in my letter of September 29, 1923, as follows: 'When an employee's service with the company is terminated by the company through no fault of the employee, such termination of service shall be designated as a lay-off'."

EXECUTIVE ORDER

Under date of January 14, 1924, the following executive order was issued over the signature of R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board, attested by E. G. Seubert, secretary:

"The following changes have been made to take effect January 16, 1924:

"Mr. D. L. Guilfoyle, manager at South Bend, Ind., retired on annuity.

"Mr. R. F. McConnell, former assistant manager at Detroit, Mich., to position of manager at South Bend.

"Mr. A. E. Ralston, former sales manager at Detroit, Mich., to position of assistant manager at Detroit."

* * *

"What grounds for the divorce?"

"Oh, some French girl named Soisette sewed her name on all his shirts."

* * *

The man who hasn't glue enough in his system to stick to one job until he has made good is like a bare-back rider—the agility with which he jumps from horse to horse is thrilling, but it gets him nowhere.—Exch.

ANNUITANTS

Five more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity pay roll of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana):

John Williams, Apartment No. 1, K. C. building, Fort Dodge, Iowa; formerly warehouseman in Des Moines field; with company thirty-one years and five months.

A. P. Robinson, 235 Sylvester avenue, Webster Grove, Mo.; formerly manager of St. Louis, Mo., division; with company forty-two years and nine months.

D. B. Thayer, 3117 Marshall avenue, Sioux City, Iowa; formerly manager of Sioux City division; with company twenty-four years and three months.

D. L. Guilfoyle, 630 West La Salle avenue, South Bend, Ind.; formerly manager of South Bend division; with company thirty-five years and one month.

S. S. Gano, 751 South Orange drive, Los Angeles, Cal.; formerly assistant secretary-treasurer; with company thirty-four years.

WHAT HUSTLE AND PEP WILL DO

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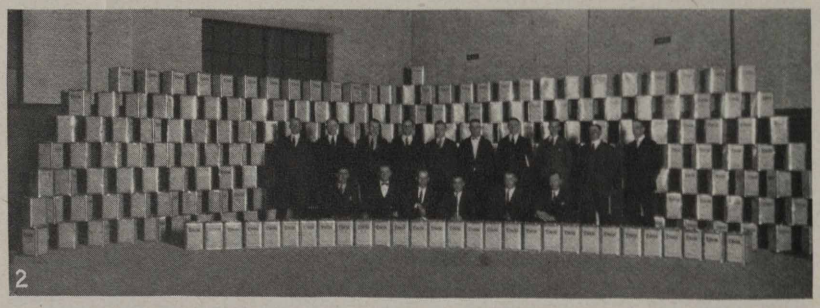

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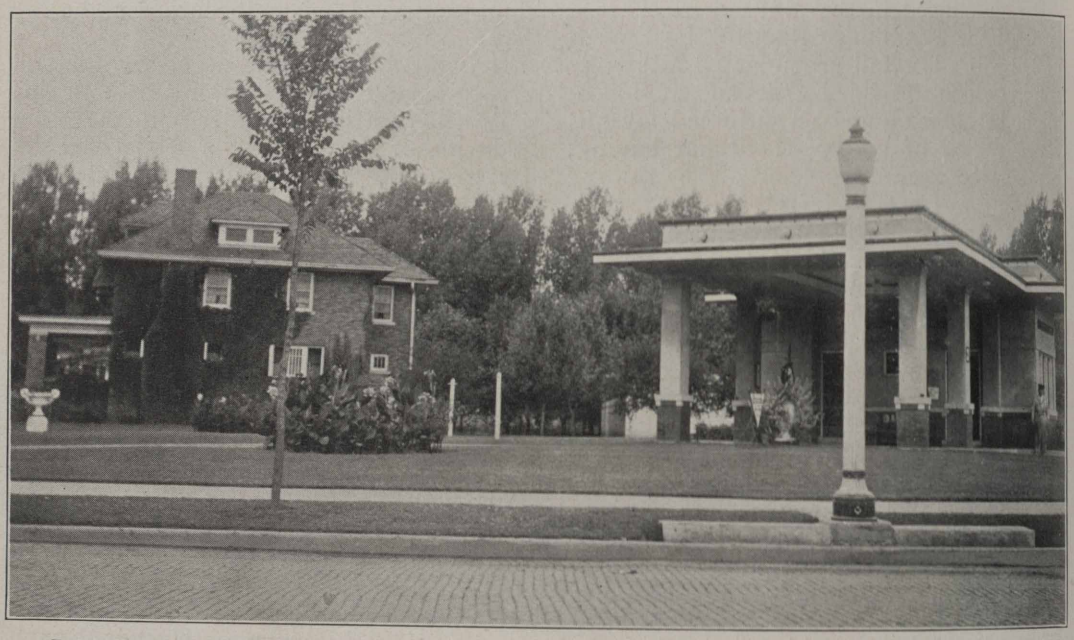
ANOTHER "MOST BEAUTIFUL" SERVICE STATION



Peoria Division—"If this service station doesn't take the honor as being the most beautiful owned by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), we've got some others we'd like to offer," is the way Peoria division crashes the gate. This S. S. is No. 14, Pacific and McClure avenues. As usual, good gardening is responsible for most of the beauty.

SOCO SERVICE BECOMING HOUSEHOLD PHRASE

Evansville Division.—That Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service is becoming a household phrase in the middlewest is seen in the following letter, gotten out by the sales manager of the Neitert Produce Company, Evansville, Ind., to all employees of that company:

"Standard Oil Courtesies and Salesmanship.

"This is not an ad for Standard Oil Company, but have you ever noticed when you drive up to a Standard Oil service station the good treatment you receive—the little things they will do without your asking and they really take pride in doing it. Every Standard Oil employee is a salesman, from the humblest to the highest, always ready to give service to their customers.

"Just this morning I had to change tires in front of their place on Division street. The man on duty at their filling station asked, 'Why don't you drive in our garage and change tires? It's too cold on the street.' I had not finished changing tires until a man in their office across the street came to the door and said, 'Come over and wash your hands when you are through.'

"These little things count. Let's have some more of this in our business. Every one of our men should use these 'Standard Oil courtesies and salesmanship.'

"You fellows in the shipping office know what we have and the prices. Make suggestions to customers when they call or come to the store. They want something or they would not have called. You have an advantage over the salesmen here, make the best of it. Use a little tact and you will soon find it pays.

"Tell them who you are and give them such service that they will ask for you the next time they call. Make them know that you appreciate their business and that you are on the job, always ready to help them.

(Signed) "A. G. McCullough."

GRADUATES OF FIRST 1924 SERVICE STATION SCHOOL

Chicago Division—The above group is the initial 1924 class of C. F. Hatmaker's Service Station Training School. The students are now operating service stations in this division. Men in the picture are (left to right) first row: M. E. Buckman, C. J. Walters, R. H. Patterson, B. C. Hodowal, H. G. Monroe, E. L. Des Jardins, C. B. Evans, M. C. Peterson, E. C. Van Dycke, T. W. O'Connell; second row, J. M. Carlin, H. A. DeCoster, N. F. Vaughan, J. R. Harrod, R. N. Gyger, W. J. Wernecke, H. A. Larsen, Knapp, Henderson, H. F. Sharp, E. C. Mack, C. A. Schaefer; third row, G. L. Candler, L. J. Swanton, P. J. Evans, G. E. A. Benson, E. W. Finke, J. W. Reynolds, L. D. Shaw, T. A. Cahill, Frank McEntee, E. J. Heffernan, A. H. Pretzel; fourth row, V. W. Sherman, R. A. Troidl, A. A. Waters, A. J. Friedl, G. V. Watson, F. B. Blandford, E. N. Arendt, J. L. Riley and F. P. Fardy. (Messrs. Patterson, Hodowal, Monroe, and Evans are S. S. supervisors; Mr. Des Jardins is of the educational department. They were not students.)

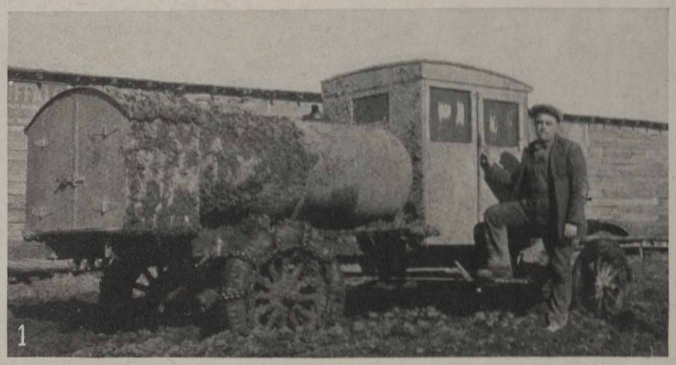
TO MR. GUILFOYLE

South Bend, Ind.—It is with deepest personal regret and a keen sense of loss on the part of every employee of the South Bend division that we speak of the retirement of our former manager, D. L. Guilfoyle, which took place January 15. After thirty-five years of continuous service with this company by Mr. Guilfoyle, the Board of Directors has seen fit to reward his long and faithful service by retirement. On Monday, January 14, Assistant Manager W. T. Bannister presented to Mr. Guilfoyle on behalf of the employees of the South Bend division a watch, chain and diamond set charm as a token of the deep appreciation felt for him. Mr. Guilfoyle is "every inch a man" as Mr. Bannister emphasized in his presentation speech. Mr. Guilfoyle was even more than a man, he was a friend to each and every employee in the division. The response to the presentation speech by Mr. Guilfoyle was a heartfelt talk upon his many years of service and association with the employees of this division. We, the employees of the South Bend division, wish you, Mr. Guilfoyle, many happy years, and may the future hold for you a feeling of contentment in a task well done.

* * *

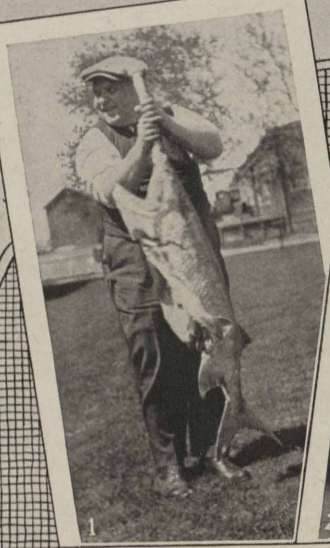
A handy little accessory appeared at the motor show in the form of a case containing a complete first-aid outfit. This happy idea dispenses with any irritating need for caution while driving.—*The Passing Show.*

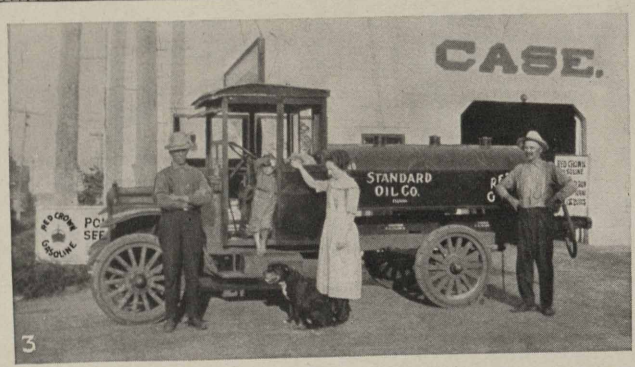
BEAUTY, BEAST AND MUD AT FARGO



Fargo Division—No. 1—Agent J. J. Mueller, Mahnomen, Minn., doesn't let a little thing like an ocean of mud bother him. Service, anywhere, any time is his motto. No. 2—Roy Kramer, head of the stock department, Fargo, is shown with one of his helpers. They get 'em young at Fargo and teach 'em the business from the ground up. No. 3—Getting their pictures taken means nothing in the young lives of Mac, Dusty, and Buddy Smith when they have a chance to study a bison. B. L. Smith of the Fargo office is their proud dad. The pix was snapped at the Denver Zoo.

PICTORIAL NEWS *of* FARGO DIVISION



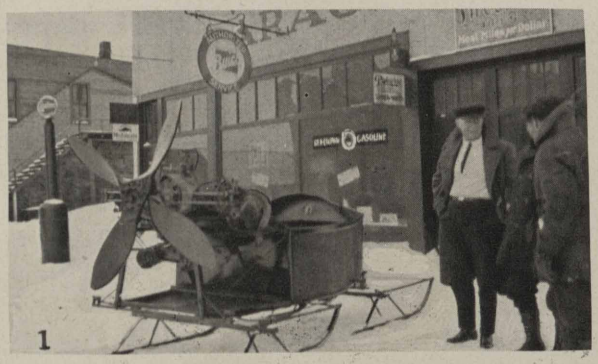


No. 1—General Clerk Nic Ebeltoft probably would like us to say he caught this fish. But truth must prevail, Salesman Sherman caught the monster. No. 2—Agent Obert Blessum, Rugby, is shown with one that didn't get away. No. 3—Friends of Agent F. A. Gallagher of Cogswell will be glad to see this photo of him, back on the job. Mr. Gallagher, it will be remembered, had the bones in his left leg crushed when his truck turned over on him in August, 1922, when he turned out to avoid hitting a child who was playing in the road. Mr. Gallagher is back on the job although not fully recovered from the effects of the accident. With Mr. Gallagher (left) are Melvin Gallagher and Mrs. F. A. Gallagher.

SERVICE TRIUMPHS OVER SNOW HANDICAP

No. 1—Sheboygan of Milwaukee field knows what snow means. After the huskies there have shovelled snow as deep as this, the beauty and romance of the white flakes lose much of their charm. The boys help to open up the main highway leading to the plant. No. 2—Twenty miles of snowy going made M. S. Johnson, agent at Warren, La Crosse field, wish for wings. His dog is on top of the tanker.

CONQUERING SNOW AT DULUTH



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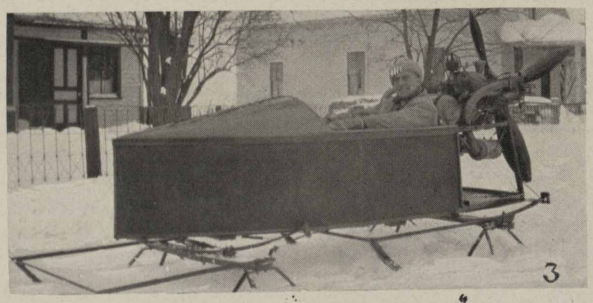

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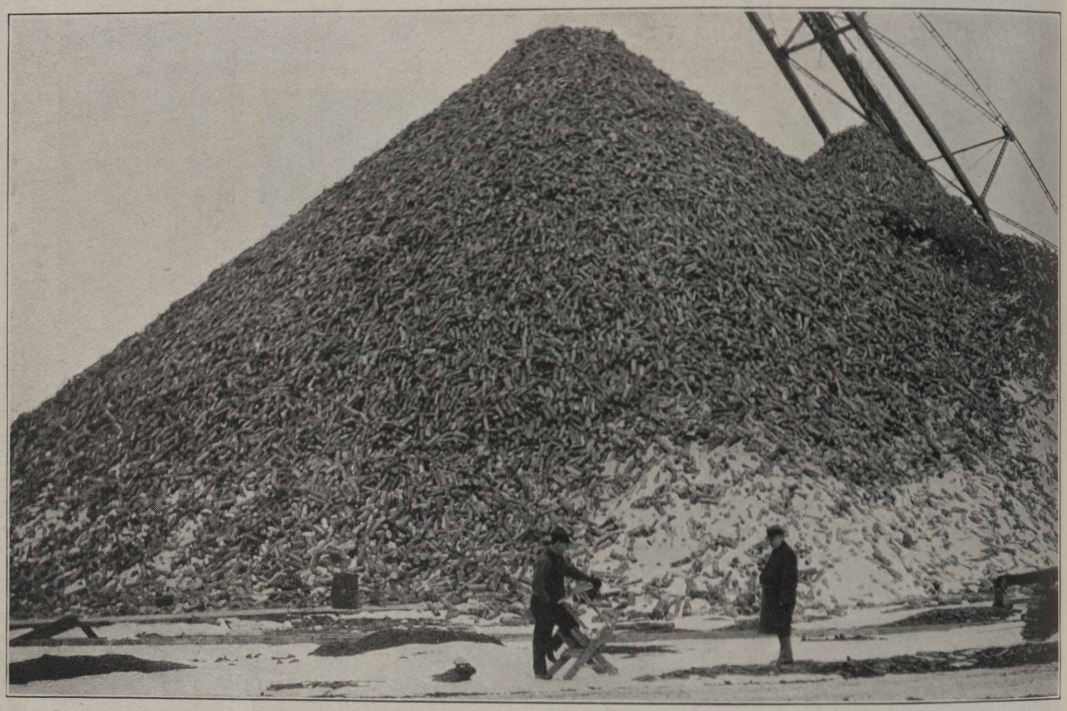
Duluth Division—No. 1.—While this is called a "snow sled" we think it ought to be named "Polarine Snow Skimmer," as it runs in cold weather. That's what Polarine does, you know. The sled is the invention of Mr. Wing, garage man at St. Ignace, Mich. He has several in process of construction and intends to market them. Incidentally, the sled has been brought up (exclusively) on Red Crown and other Standard Oil products. No. 2.—No skimming here, but just plain, downright old-fashioned shoveling. Our service station men at Escanaba find it hard to grow poetical over snow, but they certainly shovel clean, making it possible to continue giving the well known Standard Oil Service. No. 3.—Another view of Mr. Wing and his skimmer.

WHEN IN DOUBT, HE SAWS WOOD



La Crosse Division—John Lagermeier, agent at Cornell, Wis., has found a life hobby. Sundays and holidays he gets out his trusty saw and saws wood. Jim Shields, lubricating engineer, was inspecting the job when the picture was taken.

SOME STANDARD OIL SERVICE HIGHLIGHTS

One Standard Oil Company (Indiana) man spent most of one night filling five fire trucks with gasoline as the thermometer registered 20 degrees below. Another got out of bed at 2 a. m. with the mercury at 25 degrees below to fill a customer's furnace oil tank. Still another saved a life. And another helped repair a possible customer's car. Another hauled a bus from a five-foot drift of snow. Another twice pulled a customer's car from a muddy stretch. And another loaned a wheel from a SOCO service truck and enabled a fire department to repair a truck that broke a wheel while skidding.

Those are some of the highlights of recent Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service.

Bill Klenner, truck driver, of Ashland, Wis., Duluth field, was the man who worked all night in 20 degrees below weather to keep five fire trucks from Ashland, Ironwood and Superior going.

Aaron Bates, Mankato agent, was the one who crawled out of his warm bed to make the furnace oil delivery in 25 degrees below weather.

Perhaps not SOCO service as ordinarily defined, but showing the kind of men with the company is the life saving service of Cap Hippensteel of the equipment department, South Bend field. While on his way to the office one morning, he saw a man run out of a small office with his clothing a mass of flames. Cap ran and caught him. Then he threw the man to the ground and rolled him in the snow. While the man was badly burned, Cap's quick action saved his life.

Richard Holm, Duluth division, helped repair the stripped gears of a Marmon car at Sidnaw, Mich., after the garage man

SMALLEST S. S. IN ST. JOSEPH DIVISION

St. Joseph Division—Six weeks of spare time and a lot of care were spent by Lloyd G. Machamar, S. S. attendant at Belleville, Kans., making this model, which is an exact duplicate of S. S. No. 14, even to the stucco, brick, electric light, pumps, grass, air pump, etc. The model took the first prize of $50 in a recent contest. Forty-six models were "also rans" beside Lloyd's. Mr. Machamar is standing beside the model.

there feared to tackle the job. The job took from 8 p. m. to 7 a. m.

Agent Kennedy and Driver Solberg of Ashland, Wis., Duluth division, heard the calls of distress of the Superior White Bus, which had been driven into a five-foot snow drift. With their service truck and shovels, the two managed to cut through the drift to allow the bus to go on its way. Drivers Lowe and Nolan are loud in their praise of SOCO service.

Agent Swanston of Oneida, Peoria division, pulled a car from a mud hole twice. The owner, a salesman for Swift & Co., presented the agent with a walnut chest of toilet soap.

Peoria division shown again when Fire Department truck No. 4 skidded and broke a rear wheel. Chief Kenny of Peoria solicited the aid of our equipment department which loaned a wheel from a Pierce-Arrow truck to enable the fire department to answer the repeated calls of the cold snap.

* * *

Every Standard Oil Employee a Salesman!

WOOD RIVER MUTUAL

An audit of the Wood River "Dirty Face" by Frank Bauer, James W. Green and Robert Parks, showed a balance on hand, December 11, of $1,746.13.

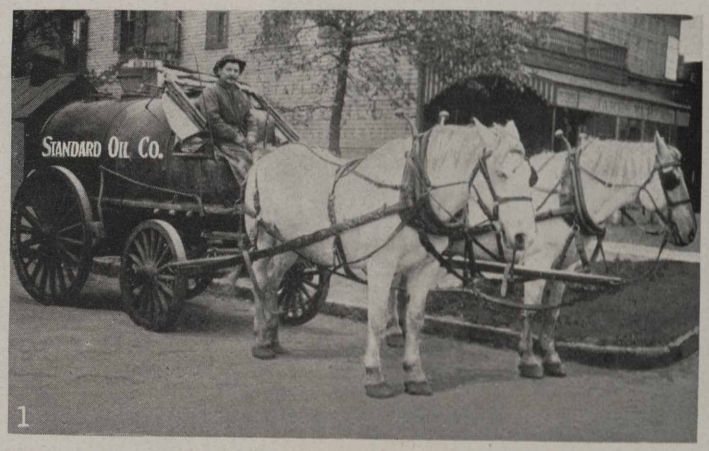
The Mutual Benefit Association is open to all employees and is operated by it's members. The standing of the association has always been high and a good membership has been had for years but many who need it most are not taking advantage of the opportunity to protect themselves.

The total operating cost of the association for the past year was $74.25. It means insurance almost at cost which is the purpose of the association. L. L. Tuley of the storehouse is secretary and can supply any information desired. Other members of the association throughout the plant can be easily found and they will be glad to give any employee any information desired.

* * *

S. O. Service, Anywhere, Anytime!

CURBSTONE ONLY THING LEFT UNCHANGED



Kansas City, Mo.—These two pictures are symbolic of the growth of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). In twenty-six years, which elapsed between the two photos, the only thing left unchanged is the curbstone. No. 1—This picture, taken in 1897, shows William Frantz with his team and tankwagon at Sixth street and Topeka avenue. The two buildings on the corner were occupied by the James Wertz Grocery company. Mr. Frantz had just filled the store's Perfection tank when the fotog came along and snapped him. No. 2—This is a picture taken at the same corner in 1923, showing Mr. Franz standing beside the S. S. truck. The regular attendant, Paul Knowlton, is standing in the drive. The paving in the first picture was of wood blocks and the second asphalt.

AGENTS BUILD OWN SERVICE STATIONS

1

2

LaCrosse Division—Two LaCrosse division agents weren't satisfied with the flow of gasoline so they built their own service stations. No. 1—Charles Amundson, agent at Goodhue, Minn., and his young son are making their station hum with business. No. 2—John Lagermeir, agent at Cornell, Wis., called his children and grandchildren together and all had their picture taken.

"LUMBER SAVED IS MONEY EARNED" AT WHITING

Refinery Salvage Lumber Yard Saves Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Lumber Each Year from Odds and Ends That Would Have Been Thrown Away

BY G. J. PRENTICE
Foreman of Clean-up Department and Lumber Salvage Yard

Whiting, Ind. — Four years ago, one could, upon walking through the Whiting refinery, find a large amount of lumber scattered around tanks, fields, along roads, and at the ends of still batteries. Oil soaked lumber, split planks and damaged lumber greeted the eye.

The idea of a salvage lumber yard was conceived by the Safety department. This department immediately conferred with the management in regards to its establishment. An appropriation was granted for the purchasing of a saw and a site selected for storing and reclaiming this lumber.

Previous to the establishment of the Salvage Lumber Yard, a great deal of this material was distributed around the various tower stills to be burned up, while some of it found its way to the scrap wood pile where it was sold as scrap wood.

Actual work of reclaiming this lumber began upon the arrival of the saw, April 1, 1921. The cost of this saw installed was $874.47. The saw is a portable one and can be made into a rip or crosscut.

There were on hand approximately three carloads of split plank and about the same number of broken, partly burnt and oil soaked plank.

Split planks were sawed or ripped into 2x4-inch and 2x6-inch. 2x12-inch by 12-foot split plank were ripped into two 2x4-inch or one 2x6-inch varying from 8 to 12-feet in length. Planks that are partly oil soaked are put through the crosscut saw saving whatever part that is not oil soaked.

Planks partly burned are sawed into short lengths for covering lines, etc. Lumber used as bracing inside of tanks, formerly thrown away, is saved and being used as sills, etc., on temporary sheds or similar construction. What wood is left is sold to employees as scrap wood. Even the sawdust is saved and some departments, either by men or wagon call for this material. It is used for cleaning up oil on iron walks and cleaning out tanks. Hardwood brought into the plant with shipments of material is cut into various lengths and used by the switching department for blocking.

The Salvage Lumber Yard is a storage yard for blocking, forms and horses. Blocking is piled according to its various lengths in neat piles. This is a time saver for a truck can be sent direct to the Salvage Lumber Yard and get just what is needed without any delay.

In order to get this material to the saw, the Salvage Lumber Yard co-operates with the clean-up department, whose gangs when cleaning around the plant, pick up all this material that is scattered about and pile it along the roads. Its location is then reported to the foreman who has the pick-up team haul it to the Salvage Lumber Yard. At times, carloads of this material are sent to the yard upon the completion of construction work.

On the arrival of this lumber, it is first cleaned, nails pulled, or whatever is necessary to be done for the saw to receive it. All planks that are split are put in one pile and planks that are broken are placed in another.

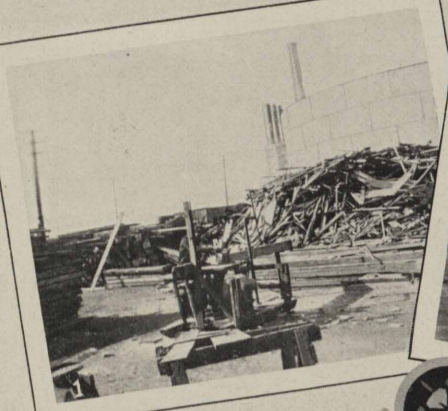
There is on hand at present 126,614 feet of lumber ready for use—approximately 186,000 feet of split and broken lumber, 6,000 feet of hardwood blocking, 70,000 feet of blocking for storage, thirty-five various ladders, boilermaker and bricklayer horses, doors, pump bases and skids, gin poles and concrete chutes.

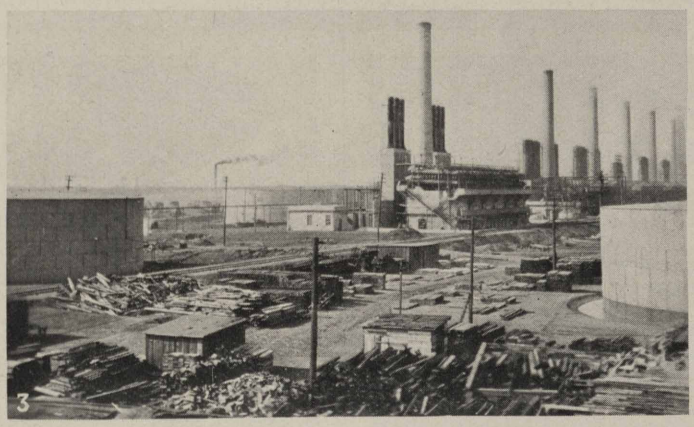
About 324,765 feet of salvaged lumber were used on various repair and appropriation work during the year of 1922, and 381,698 feet were used during the past year, 1923, 179,990 feet of blocking has been used and brought back for storage during the past two years.

The total cost of reclaiming this material is approximately $10 per thousand. In most cases when used, it replaces new lumber which would cost $50 or more per thousand.

If new lumber had been supplied where all of the salvaged lumber was used last year, it would have cost approximately $19,075. The entire cost of salvaging, however, was $3,815, which gives a saving of $15,260 in 1923.

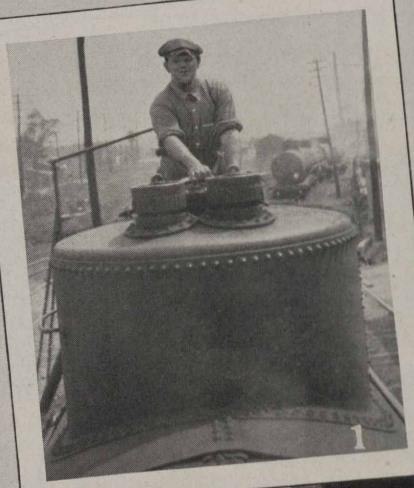
LUMBER SALVAGE YARD A SUCCESS

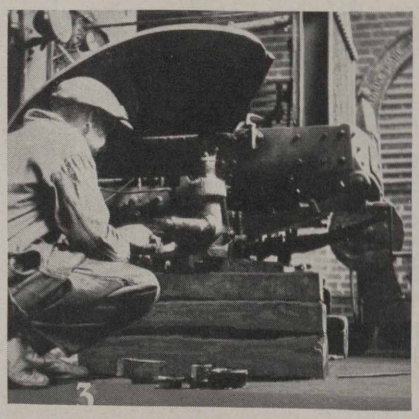


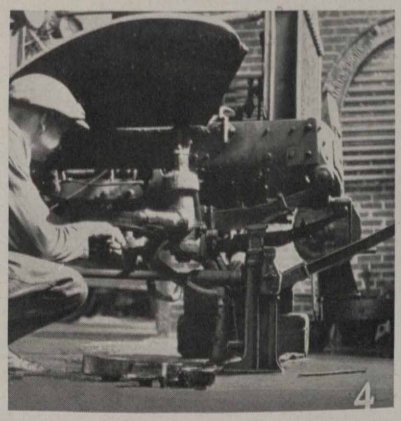


Whiting, Ind.—One of the pet offsprings of the Safety Department is the lumber salvage yard at Whiting, which was started with the idea of keeping the plant clear of lumber with dangerous protruding nails, and of reclaiming odds and ends of wood that would otherwise go to waste. A saving of $15,260 was made in 1923, it is estimated. No. 1—A corner of the yard with lumber awaiting reclamation. An employe is shown in the act of conserving an odd end. No. 2—Here the reclaimed lumber is shown in easily accessible piles. No. 3—A birdseye view of the Whiting lumber salvage yard.

SAFETY FIRST — The Right Way, The Wrong Way





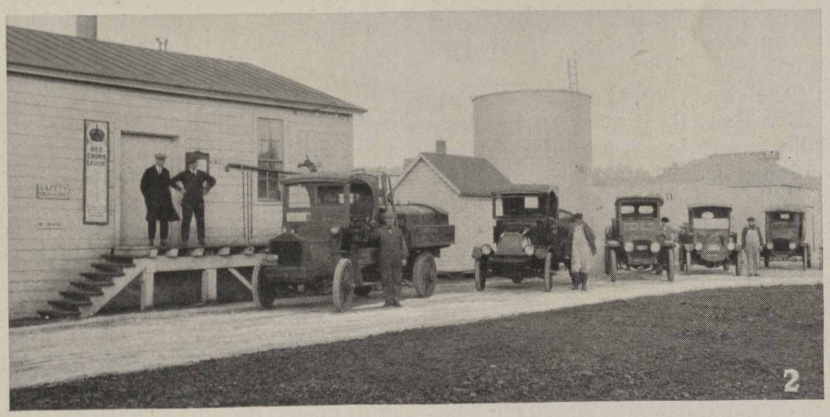


No. 1.—While this method of removing the dome cover of a tank car is dangerous enough, it is the safest and correct way. It might even be better to use a small wood or lead hammer. No. 2—The wrong way! The bolt suddenly loosened, this man would fall about sixteen feet. No. 3—The right way! Do not risk your life by working under a poorly supported heavy truck. The blocks of wood make this method a safe one. No. 4—The wrong way! If the truck should slip, the man would be crushed. Haste makes waste and broken bones. Be careful. (The above was furnished by E. C. Thompson of the Indianapolis office.)

F. C. Singleton,
Safety Director, Sales Division.

PROVING AN OLD PLANT CAN BE CLEAN

1



2

Decatur Division—Despite the fact that the Mattoon, Ill., plant was built about 40 years ago, it is always kept clean and tidy. No. 1—The warehouse was not "dolled up" to have its picture taken but always looks this way, says our Decatur correspondent. No. 2—The outside of the plant indicates that the Mattoon gang is composed of live wires. They have certainly proved that because a plant is old, is no reason for its being dirty.

SUGAR CREEK REFINERY MUSICIANS HEARD ON RADIO

BY B. F. MILLER

Sugar Creek, Mo.—The following radio program was broadcasted from station WDAF on Sunday afternoon, January 13. All persons participating were Standard Oil Company employees and their friends. Much of the credit for the fine offering must go to Earl J. Cox, Sugar Creek band director, who arranged the program.

The piano solo number by Miss Helen Lee Hicks, eleven-year-old daughter of A. E. Hicks of the main office, was unexcelled. Vocal solo numbers by Herbert Fraher, accompanied by Mrs. Ross Highbee were also appreciated by listeners. This was not a new experience for Herbert as he has been on several programs from this station and with his melodious voice has established quite a reputation among WDAF listeners. Herbert is on our clerical force at Sugar Creek.

Cornet and vocal solo numbers by Earl J. Cox, accompanied by Mrs. Earl Cox, needs no mention as all of the Sugar Creek Stanolind readers have been won over by Mr. and Mrs. Cox's numbers at the Summer band concerts during the past two or three years.

Mrs. H. O. Eyssell, vocal soloist, accompanied by Dr. Eyssell, proved to be very good to radio entertainers, as did LaVerne Allen, trombone soloist, accompanied by Miss Lila Belle Allen; F. G. Lee, vocal soloist, accompanied by Douglas P. Bailey, and Miss Ada Griffice, violin soloist, accompanied by Mrs. J. S. Griffice.

Mr. Cox has received quite a few out-of-town letters and telephone calls complimenting him and the other members on the excellent program broadcasted by them.

We hope to have the pleasure of listening in on more programs like this one by our employees and their friends.

The program follows:

1.—Piano Solo - - *By Helen Lee Hicks*
(a) "Witches' Dance" by McDowell.
(b) "Humoresque" by Dvorak.

2.—Vocal Solo - - - *By Herbert Fraher*
"Little Mother of Mine" by Burleigh.

3.—Cornet Solo - - - *By Earl J. Cox*
"Venus Valse" by Herbert L. Clarke.

4.—Vocal Solo - - *By Mrs. H. O. Eyssell*
"To a Hill Top" by Ralph Cox.

5.—Trombone Solo - - *By LaVerne Allen*
"The Pals" by VanCook.

6.—Vocal Solo - - - *By Frank G. Lee*
"For You Alone"

7.—Violin Solo - - *By Miss Ada Griffice*
(a) "Reve Angelique," by A. Rubenstein.
(b) "Song of Love" from Blossom Time.

8.—Vocal Solo - - - *By Herbert Fraher*
"Rolling Down to Rio," by German.

9.—Piano Solo - - - *By Helen Lee Hicks*
"William Tell," by Edouard Dorn.

10.—Vocal Solo - - *By Mrs. H. O. Eyssell*
"I Love the Moon," by Paul A. Rubens.

11.—Vocal Solo - - - *By Frank G. Lee*
"All for You."

12.—Trombone Solo - - *By LaVerne Allen*
"Farewell to Thee."

13.—Vocal Solo - - - - *By Earl J. Cox*
"A Perfect Day," by Bond.

WHEN DO WE GET A RAISE?

The *Wessington Springs* (South Dakota) *Republican* recently had the following kind words to say about us, and for fear the salary committee might not see the Wessington paper, we decided to reproduce it here:

"STANOLIND RECORD is a monthly magazine published by the Standard Oil Company employees, making appearance regularly and consisting of some 64 pages of well edited, well printed and beautifully illustrated matter of personal interest to the employees of this great corporation. The *Republican* has been a regular recipient of this magazine for over a year and there is not a piece of literature that finds its way to the editorial table more appreciated or more intensely read. We are prompted to speak of this because it brings the families of the corporation together in their work and every day life. South Dakotans are frequently found in picture and prose and it is worth knowing that they are well paid and perfectly contented in their employment. We will be glad to show any of our citizens a copy of this booklet and challenge its equal in any line of endeavor."

* * *

An Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous individual who was accompanied by a dog.

"Foine dog ye have," said the Irishman. "Phwat kind is it?"

"A cross between an Irishman and an ape," replied the man.

"Shure an it's related to both of us," the Irishman rejoined.

THE BOSS OF ALL OF US

Do you ever catch yourself wishing that you were the president of the company, so that you could give orders to everybody and not have any boss? We are likely to think of the chairman as the man who stands at the top; whose word is law; who can do as he pleases.

But let's think about this subject of bosses for a little while, and make sure whether or not our ideas are sound. Those of us who take orders from foremen know that our bosses have bosses of their own whose orders they must heed. The foreman gets his instructions from a general foreman, or perhaps from the superintendent. The superintendent, in his turn, is under the direction of the manager or the general manager.

The general manager perhaps reports to the vice-president, and the vice-president receives guidance in matters of general policy from the president. The line of authority does not always stop there; in some companies the president himself is subordinate to the chairman of the board of directors. Nearly always the directors themselves may, if they choose, determine the broad principles upon which the business of the company is to be conducted.

But, wherever the final authority in the company organization may rest, that officer or board has a boss. This boss is the public which buys the product or the services of the industry. The manager of a bakery, for instance, may give orders to his subordinates as he pleases, but unless the public likes his bread and the prices which he charges for it the service given in his store, he is in danger of losing not only his authority but his position.

The president of a shoe manufacturing company may personally prefer low heels and broad toes, but if the purchasers want high heels and narrow toes, that's what the factory will turn out—or quit business. Even the wages and profits of labor and capital are limited by the amount of money which the public will pay for the output of the industry.

The consuming public, then, is the real boss of all of us. The buyer is the only one who has a right to make use of the old saying: "If you want to find out who's boss around here, just start something!" And in the past, many workers and presidents and boards of directors have "started something" by disregarding the wishes and needs of the community, and have indeed found out who was boss.

All of us in industry need to realize this supremacy of the consumer in the determination of business affairs, and, realizing it, to so do our tasks as to give satisfactory service to the real boss.

* * *

"I don't understand men."

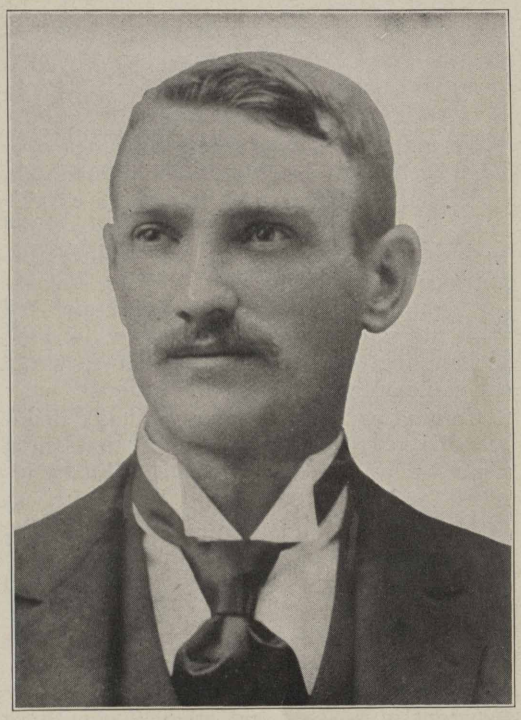
"What's the matter now?"

"My husband ran a tank during the war—and now he can't even run a vacuum cleaner for me!" *Tatler.*

* * *

Many a man lets rust gather on his brain who wouldn't dream of letting it gather on the radiator of his car.—*Forbes Magazine.*

W. R. PUMP HOUSE, HIS IDEA



Wood River, Ill.—The story of the floating pump house at Wood River, which appeared in the January issue of the STANOLIND RECORD, failed to mention the name of Jules Kocher, the fine looking gentleman pictured above. Mr. Kocher sugested the idea of a floating pump house and while it is only one of many good suggestions coming from Jules, it certainly deserves special mention. The photograph above, was taken about thirty-five years ago. Jules claims he was a better man then. We cannot contradict this statement, but if he was, he was some man.

A CONGRATULATORY MESSAGE TO THE SALES FOLK

By T. J. Thompson, General Manager, Sales Department
Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

Recently I received a letter from a man who, because of his wide acquaintance with industrial problems and his great experience in solving them, is particularly fitted to judge the efficiency of any business organization. He had been visiting one of our main stations and was so impressed with the intelligent care taken by the men in handling our merchandise that he wrote me commenting on his observations.

Coming as they do from a totally disinterested party, it seems to me that these observations are of more than ordinary interest and importance, and it is with no little pride that I pass them along to the men in the field.

The letter was not devoted exclusively to what he saw at the plant, so I am reproducing here only that part which seems pertinent to the subject, he says:

"—As you know, I spent a day with your manager at ——— and what I saw there seems to me so out of the ordinary that I want to tell you about them.

"If other stations in your organization are as well managed and as well manned as this one, then you certainly are to be congratulated and envied by everyone who is responsible for a business wherever he may live.

"What first attracted my attention was the action of two men who, when we went into the warehouse, were rolling barrels out of the way preparatory to unloading a car of case goods. As we came up they were finishing this job and were ready to begin the work of unloading.

"Then the unusual happened. Instead of going directly to the car they walked to a desk, took off the gloves they had on and put on a clean pair.

"I was curious and asked one of the men why he changed gloves in the middle of a job. He seemed somewhat surprised that I should ask such a question but told me that the reason was cleanliness; that while they try to keep the barrels clean, naturally they pick up more or less oil and grease in rolling about the floors, and this dirt soiled their gloves.

"He explained that if they handled case goods with these same gloves, they were almost sure to be smeared, making an unsightly package to deliver to particular customers, the thing the company wanted to avoid.

" 'We got the idea,' he continued, 'from the refinery. Come over here and look at this car and you will understand.'

"I went with him and he pointed out the fact that real care had been taken to clean the car thoroughly before loading, so that the goods might reach the branch in perfect condition. 'That's the reason for the clean gloves,' he observed.

" 'You see, we fellows in the sales department can't let that bunch at Whiting put anything over on us. If they take care to send us clean cases, you can bet your life they are going to be clean when they reach the man who buys them.'

"This man was intensely interested in his work. He was doing something so unusual that I asked the manager to stick around for a while so I could see more of him.

"I sat on a box watching those men unload the car for a half hour or more and what I saw then convinced me more than ever that you fellows have been able to either attract better men than anyone else, or have found some method of teaching men how to put real brains into their work, whatever it may be.

"These men handled every case that came out of that car as though it was something precious. No slamming the cases about, no careless stacking, no mixture of products. Everything moved smoothly and swiftly, and yet every case was given the necessary inspection.

"On one or two occasions a case was trucked over near the desk and deposited. I asked one of the men why he did this and he replied, 'They might be leakers, and you know one leaky can can spoil a whole stack.'

"Another case came out which seemed to attract more than ordinary interest, and on inquiry I learned that they were keeping their eye open for poor stenciling, and had decided that this case was below standard.

"That's care! That's taking advantage

of the tremendous advertising value of a neat, attractive package.

"These are but a few of things I saw, and I want to say to you, I came away with a greater admiration for your good company than I had before, and that, you know, is a superlative statement.

"Oh, yes! There is another thing that struck me forcibly. As the men unloaded the car they came to some cases of candles, and one of them started to unload a couple of cases at one side of the warehouse when one of the men called to him to take them to another place in the building.

"A question from me disclosed the fact that this man appreciated that candles were perishable products and had to be kept in a cool, dry place, and he also knew that the place where his partner had started to unload the candles was hot.

"How do you do it? How do you get men to take such a real, live interest in such a prosy job as unloading a box car? What is the secret of making a man feel that your business is his business—that keeps him alert to all the multiplicity of details, regardless of what his place in the organization may be? Is that the secret of Standard Oil success?"

What this man saw is, I hope and believe, typical of the way goods are handled in the warehouses. If there are any places where this consistent care is not taken, I shall be very sorry to know it, for certainly the Standard Oil Company furnishes facilities and the very organization of the business is conducive to alertness and care of detail.

Many petroleum products are, in themselves, gatherers of dirt but properly handled they may be cared for in as clean and orderly a manner as any other commodity.

I sometimes wonder if all of the men carry tarpaulins to put over the merchandise when being trucked about on rainy days. I know that this is done in some places and I hope the practice is general, for it enables us to deliver the package in first class condition regardless of the weather.

The question the gentleman asks at the end of his letter as to how we do it, is rather difficult to answer.

Personally I believe it is because the traditions of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) make complete co-operation a matter of everyday habit.

I believe that everyone of us knows that our superiors are delighted to help us whenever and however they can.

I know that I receive many letters from men all over the field making suggestions which are helpful in working out the details of the business. And I am highly appreciative of their thoughtfulness in sending me such suggestions as occur to them. To be sure many are impractical and have been proved so by past experience, but many others are of great value and I wish to take this occasion to again thank the men who have sent in useful suggestions, as well as those who have carried out so intelligently the policies and practices which have been decided were needful to the proper conduct of our business.

CASPER FOREMEN MEET

Meeting in the Industrial Relations Department building, the Casper Foreman's Club held one of its most successful sessions January 9. W. C. Goodwin acted as chairman and H. W. Eberstein as secretary.

Under the head of suggestions for the good of the plan, there was a discussion as to whether ladies should be admitted as honorary members. At the conclusion, T. S. Cooke moved, "That for the next six months, every other meeting might be considered ladies' night." Motion was seconded and unanimously carried.

Dr. S. H. Diggs of our research department then gave an address on "Chemistry and Physics of Petroleum." This subject was handled in such a manner that one need not be a chemist to understand it. Judging from remarks heard after the meeting, this was one of the best appreciated of the series of instructive and educational lectures delivered during the past year.

R. V. Heinze gave us a talk on Stanolax, telling us its history and how it was manufactured, connecting it up with the army service.

The entertainment features of the evening were three selections by the orchestra, namely, "Marine Corps Institute," Overture "King Rose," and a waltz, "Gold and Silver." James C. McCulloch sang "Off to Philadelphia" so well that he was called back to give an encore. A. G. Davidson led the community singing and we anticipate that B. V. Osborn had better be present hereafter or he will lose his job.

WHITING BASKETEERS A BEAUTY BRIGADE

Whiting, Ind.—The Travertine Girls' basketball team, composed of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees of the Whiting works, could pass as a Ziegfeld chorus. The girls have met with unusual success, this first year of their organization, having won five and lost ten of their first fifteen games. They are entered in the Central States Girls' Basketball League. The team is coached by James Griffith and managed by Miss Lillian Porter. The girls are (left to right) standing: Rose Bakus, Ella Drotar, Helen Spillar, Susan Bachi, Elizabeth Schultz, Helen Leonard and Lillian Porter, manager; sitting: Lillian Wickhorst, Dorothy Bonds, Ella Harayda, Elizabeth Halgas and Julia Kubeck.

WHITING DIRTY FACES

Whiting, Ind.—With a balance on hand, January 1, 1923, of $19,131.13, the report of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association for the year shows a gain of $1,201.82 on December 31, 1923.

Receipts amounted to $8,971.52 and disbursements totaled $7,769.70.

The funds are invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	14,771.02
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	1,149.58
Checking Account	412.35

This report was audited by C. A. Phelps, W. G. Spurrier and Stanley Nicholson. W. O. Walker is the secretary of the association.

The correspondent of a large business concern had been invited out to dinner by a friend. At the table the host asked him to say grace. It was a new experience, but he was not to be found wanting.

"Dear Lord," he began, "we thank Thee for all Thy favors of recent date. Permit us to express our heartfelt gratitude. We trust that we may continue to merit Your confidence and that we shall receive many more blessings from You in the future. Amen."—*Store News.*

* * *

Chief Big Smoke was employed as a missionary to his fellow Indians in the far Southwest. A tourist asked him what he did for a living.

"Umph!" said Big Smoke, "me preachum."

"That so," said the tourist.

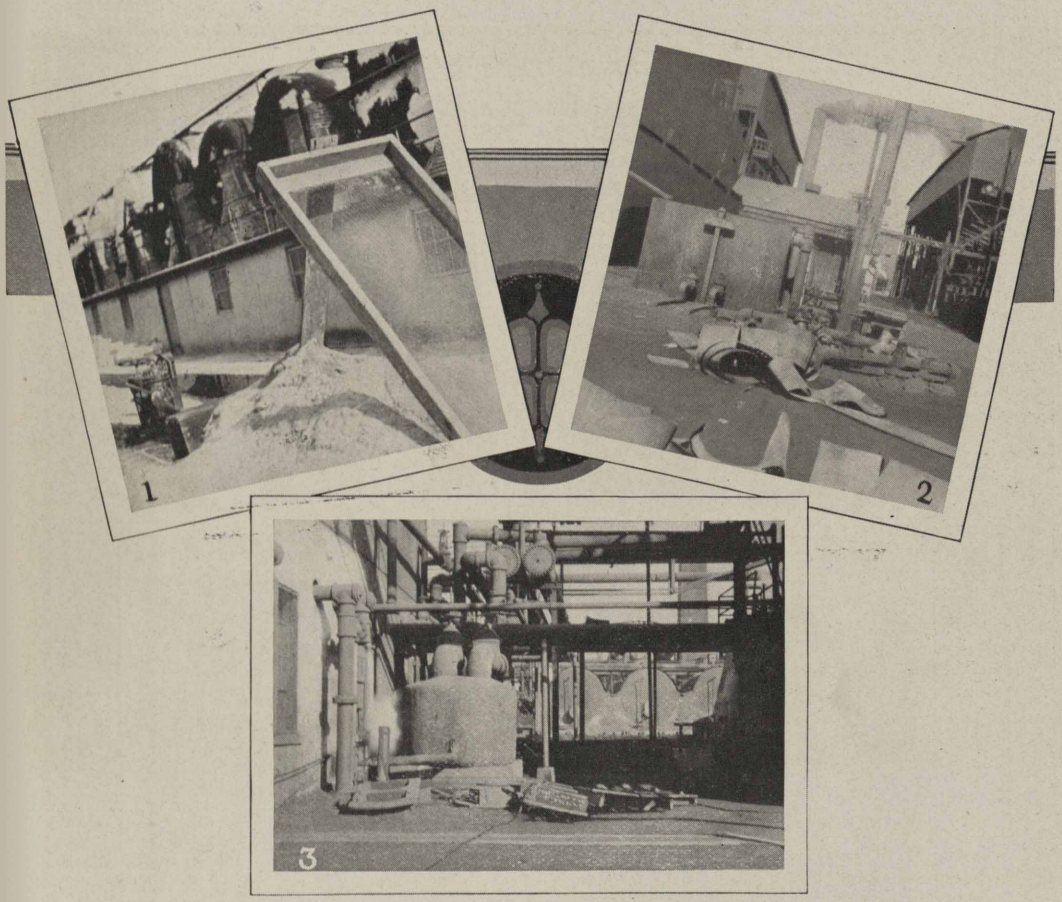
"What do you get?"

"Me get ten dollars a year."

"Well," commented the tourist, "that's damn poor pay."

"Umph!" replied Big Smoke, "me damn poor preacher."—Exch.

Brought to Light—Safety First



Scattering and piling of material about fire plugs, valves, telephone poles and passageways in the Refinery is a hazard that should not be overlooked by anyone, and every possible means should be taken to guard the men who must work at night against any of the hazards shown. This is an unsafe condition which is brought about purely by thoughtlessness. The only preventive for this is good foremanship. It is a proposition which envolves practically all departments. Let us have a good house cleaning and then keep the house clean from day to day. Time is never saved by placing material in the wrong place.

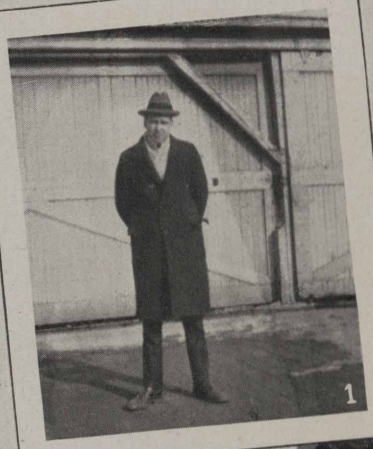
Pictures Nos. 1, 2 and 3 show this condition. No. 1 is especially interesting because the fireplug is inside the fire-wall. It was taken at Battery No. 3.

C. W. SMITH
Director, Safety Division
Industrial Relations Department

and

F. W. LAU,
Safety Director, Whiting, Ind.

FOUR MORE MEMBERS *of Ye Order of Scribes*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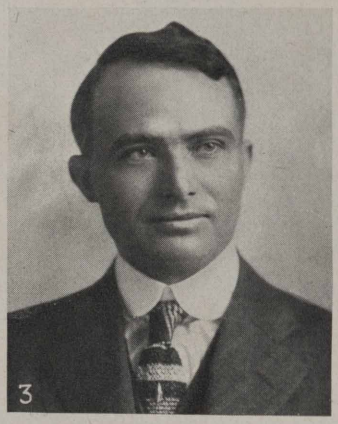
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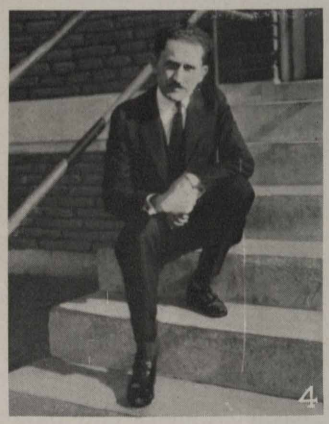
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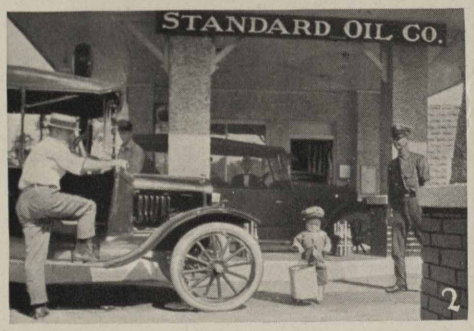
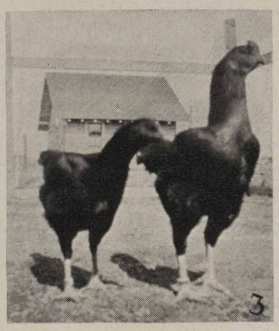
Slowly are trickling in to the editorial offices of the STANOLIND RECORD more pictures of correspondents who are making the RECORD famous. Here are four more: No. 1—R. M. Mix, newly named correspondent of Minneapolis division, who is out to make that field one of the most widely known of all in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) territory. No. 2—W. A. Brown of Decatur division knows how to go and get the news and knows how to make it snappy. He's one of the best. No. 3—Stewart Chaffin, St. Joseph, Mo., is a modest sort of fella. He says, "You don't have to return this pix." No. 4—C. J. Von Hatten of Sioux City, Iowa, must be working nights and everything because his column hasn't been seen in the S. R. office for sometime.

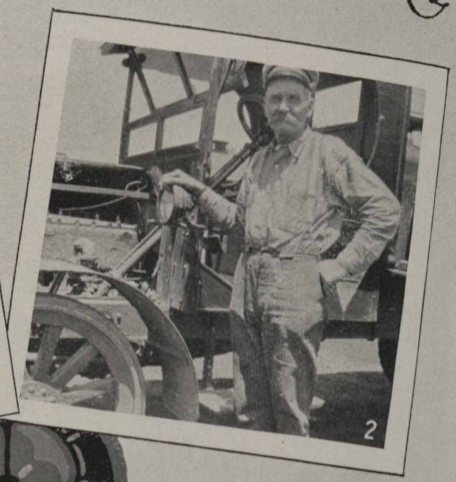
SHOP, CHICKENS AND SERVICE LEAD AT WICHITA





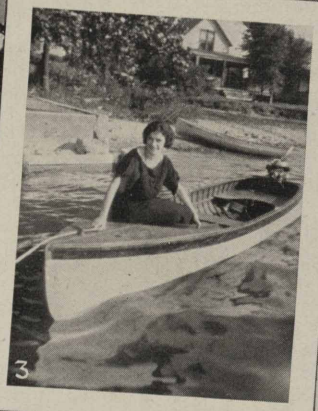
Wichita Division—No. 1—Behind the "Service, Anywhere, Anytime" slogan are the shopmen, mechanics and painters. In many cases the service of the sales department would fail if it were not for the men behind the slogan. Here are (left to right) front row, Clem Fortner, R. Dodd, H. E. Perry, Bob Kalp, Walter Schreck and C. C. Tomlin; back row, Carl Nelson, Merle Cook, John Travis, Paul Postlewaite, Ed Joyce and Charles Meade. No. 2—When dad, W. J. Johnson, agent at S. S. No. 39, Garden City, Kan., fills up the cars with Red Crown, Billy sees to it that the cars have water. Billy is W. J.'s son. No. 3—John Haas, tank car clerk, put across some good advertising for Standard Oil products at a recent poultry show by naming his blue ribboners Neolite and Neola.

PIGS, MOTOR AND OTHER THINGS at QUINCY



Quincy Division—No. 1.—Here are the pigs. You can't see them but they are in the crate—payment for an authorized credit. Agent Hurlie Smith and Salesman W. M. Cook have named the porkers "Red Crown" and "Polarine." They plan to have a big killing when the pigs get older. No. 2.—W. T. Cass, M. T. W. driver at Hannibal, Mo., keeps his motor spotlessly clean all the time. No. 3.—Here's a young Semdac booster. He's Baley Johnson, son of M. T. W. Driver O. E. Johnson of Hannibal, Mo. No. 4.—Here's a future manager. He's Keith Wendall Bexten, son of Carl Bexten of the stock department.

FEBRUARY WEATHER IN CHICAGO?



Chicago—No. 1—Across the street (Boul Mich) from the Home Office is Grant Park and in Grant Park was our sharp-shooting fotog who garnered this quintette on one film for the benefit (and to arouse envy) of other fields. The girls are (left to right) Betty Billingsley, Lillian Rogers, Alma Bernard, Julia Smigay and Idell Hanaway. No. 2—The person who sent this pix in said it contains a good likeness of seven-eighths of the Reed family. The other one-eighth is Ralph H. Reed, Home Office efficiency man. The photo was snapped at Banning, Cal., on the edge of the desert. No. 3—Miss Helen Dundas of the tax department certainly doesn't tax the eyes to look at her. Wonder who she's waiting for? (The Home Office correspondent handed in these photos one day when the thermometer was around zero. We suspect he is trying to make California jealous.—Ed.)

WHITING, IND.

The Standard Oil Band gave a popular concert January 18 at the Community Center Auditorium and was well attended. The concert was a dandy and the boys deserve a great deal of credit for the good showing they made. They expect to put on a concert the last Friday of each month and from all the comments and praise, the auditorium should be packed on these occasions. The company has backed the band up in every way possible and employes should give the boys our support by attendance at all of their public performances.

Acid Works

Dinny Dineen finally got the bug. He has purchased a radio set that can get anything in either the old or new world. He planned on a trip to Ireland in the spring, but since he hears Ireland every day he is not so enthused about it. Dinny says why take the trip and spend all that money when I can bring Ireland and all her scrapping over here.

John Bachi, our dipping gang foreman, is having a siege of sore throat. At this writing he is improving rapidly.

Congratulations are in order for Asa Golding on the arrival of a fine baby boy. That makes Bob Lippe a grandfather.

Our genial still cleaner foreman has just recovered from an attack of mumps. He sure was some swell looking baby while he had the mumps.

Has anyone seen John Luckach's new machine? We sure would like to see it.

The acid works radio hounds have added to their list of members the following: A. A. Ronveaux, J. R. Gambril, A. W. Zweig, G. O. Benson, L. Stafford and D. Dineen. When this gang gets together there's no understanding their language. Aerials, KYW, grid leaks, transformers, KDKA, high frequency WJAZ, etc., are some of the terms of their language.

Steam Department

Hal Whelan, steam inspector, was off the other day trying out his ingenuity as a furnace man.

Jacob Vena, helper at No. 2 boiler house, froze both ears on his way home the other day. From all reports Jake is getting along fine.

Jim Hughes' boy is reported to be doing fine and expects to be out and able to go to work in a short time.

All of No. 4 boiler house is back on coal and from all reports everybody is happy again.

Gus Thompson is back again at No. 4 boiler house on the ash cars. Gus was working in the refinery ash gang while No. 4 was burning oil.

Bladge Dudge and John Gouska are back pulling pits at No. 4 from the boiler washing gangs.

Albert J. Hansen, green coal belt man at No. 5 boiler house, was passing around the cigars the other day. How come, Albert?

James F. Hughes, boiler washer foreman, has been off sick but is now back on the job again.

John Gallagher, helper at No. 5 boiler house, has a smile these days almost as wide as Lake Michigan. Don't blame you, John. A twelve-pound boy is worth a big smile. Mother and son both reported to be doing fine. Congratulations.

From all reports Dad Rosenkrans, coal foreman at No. 4 boiler house, is glad to get back on the coal job again. He says, "There's no place like home."

Dan Buckley, helper at No. 4 boiler house, is the proud father of a son, born January 15. Mother and are getting along fine. The boys at No. 4 desire to thank Dan for the good cigars and to extend their congratulations. Same here, Dan.

Glenn Allen, boiler washer, is back on the job again after being called to his home in Illinois on account of sickness in his family.

Paraffine Department

Richard Linke, the sheik at the paraffine machine shop, took the fatal step January 26. The lucky girl was Miss Amelia Drieselman of the East Side. "Dick" passed the cigars to all the boys and the girls enjoyed smelling the smoke of those cigars. Oh, well, Dick has promised to pass the candy, too. Atta boy, "Dick." Anyway, "Our Gang" wishes you a happy wedded life.

One of the boys at the paraffine machine shop does not smoke, and refused a cigar that was offered to him by "Dick" Linke. Ever since Henry Behrens has been giving the poor fellow the dirtiest jobs around the place. He doesn't know "Hank" yet. He should have taken the cigar and slipped it to "Hank."

Several months ago Mr. Rexwinkle sent for new tires to dress up the car. Up to date he has not received them, owing to difficulties which have been encountered with the express company. Hope the tires are not worn out when they do come, "Rex."

Paul Bacon is trying to sell his radio to Ralph Eberly. What's the matter with it, Paul?

We like your new checkerboard stockings, Erna.

Not so long ago Mary bought a new dress. The saleslady told Mary she had measurements that would make many "Follies" girls envious. Shortly afterward, Mary was seen struttin' around in knickers. How come?

Dr. Musselman has recently joined the paraffine department regiment.

Mr. Craswell went on a hunting trip in Illinois one of those below zero Sundays. He "captured' four Easter rabbits, besides acquiring frozen hands, feet and nose. Were the bunnies worth it, "Cras?"

During intermission after the first half of a Red Circle basketball game at the community house, Harry Walker got up to go out, when the sound of breaking glass aroused the attention of the crowd. It startled Harry for a second and he immediately put his hand to his hip pocket. His face broke into a smile, and he hesitated no longer. We take it that what he carries in his hip pocket was intact. The question now is, who belongs to the broken bottle?

Agitators

To Dr. Broderson, we, the men of the treating department, extend our sympathy in his recent bereavement of the death of his brother.

Harrry Etter had the misfortune to sprain his ankle while at work on Wednesday, last.

Eighteen below zero weather did not phase the treating department a bit, having only two freeze-ups; the same being Clarence Joost's ears, and Irvin Smith's nose.

Santa Claus was good to John Mack, he having received a new fur benny, a suit of overalls, and a statement for tax on the new north side sewer which was recently installed in Hammond.

Dave Whitmeyer is able to be at work after being confined to his home for several days with the grippe.

Harry Etter says Dave's cough drops worked wonders with his sprained ankle.

Dad Curtis played Santa Claus to his grandson during the holidays.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Etter in their recent marriage which took place in Chicago.

Pat Hayes says co-operation is bound to produce more efficiency than any other method yet invented by efficiency experts.

Dr. Broderson has returned from Saskatchewan, Canada, where he attended the funeral of his brother.

Henry Holtz is still in a quandry as to whether he will get one of the pictures recently taken of No. 7 agitator by the bureau of mines.

Candle Shops

The Travertine Girls' basketball team, together with a number of rooters, made a trip to Joliet to play the Joliet Girls' team. In spite of defeat, the whole party enjoyed the trip.

The girls are making good use of all the knocks they get while playing basketball. Julia Kubeck, when she saw the knock coming, put her face in the way and had a tooth knocked out. That saves her a dentist bill as she had to have it taken out anyway.

Anna Kekich is greatly inconvenienced since the lights have been put on Clark street. She says she'll have to put curtains up or else grow vines around her porch now to keep the light off. It seems to hurt her eyes when she sits there at night with her sheik.

The girls of the candle factory were invited to a miscellaneous shower for Florence James, that was. They all enjoyed a fine evening.

I would like to advise you not to be so timid with your friend, Helen Juriga. Why hide around the corner with him?

Anna Kekich must be some Sheba. She refused to go to a dance at 8 p. m. because she wouldn't be home until 6:30 a. m. and of course could not get ready in time.

A number of the girls of the candle factory have been invited to a miscellaneous shower on Rose Dudeck. The party will be held in the Greek Catholic Hall and an enjoyable evening is anticipated.

Mary Martich and Pete Bradoc have decided that two can live cheaper than one. And now they are going to try it out to see how it works. We wish them success.

Standard Oil A. A.

The second boxing show given by the Standard Oil A. A. this winter was pulled off January 25 in the Community House gym to a packed house. All the seats on the main floor were taken by the men members of the association while the ladies packed the gallery or running track. The bill was composed of amateur talent only as far as the boxing itself was concerned. Music was furnished by the Standard Oil Company Concert Band, Morgan L. Eastman, conducting, also by the Hammond male quartet and by Vincent Sell, soloist. James Clabby famous as the former middleweight champion and now instructor in boxing at the Community Center, was referee. Harry Glair was master of ceremonies and Warren Renne was timekeeper. The first bout of three rounds between Harold Jenson and Billy Vargo for the tissue weight championship was declared a draw by Clabby. These lads were scarcely six years old but put up a creditable performance. Bout number two went four rounds at 126 pounds. John Spisak of the Community Center beat G. Marvis of the boiler shop. When the third bout was about to be staged the opponent of Kid Canary of the machine shop did not show up so Kid Gillette of the East side was selected although somewhat heavier than the Canary. This scrap went four rounds, the machine shop lad weighing in at 126 pounds and winning handily. The melee between Dan Friske of the pressure stills and Lew Carter of the S. O. Co. camp was a fizzle although heavily press agented. Both men weighed 180 pounds. Clabby stopped the farce in the second round and awarded the decision to Friske. Sheik Slattery of the machine shop and Knockout Miller of the same place weighed in at 135 pounds. The bout went six rounds to a draw. The windup brought George Santy of the Community Center and Ted Ross of South Chicago into the ring. The scrap lasted six rounds at 147 pounds with Santy the victor. Everybody thought this the best fight of the evening. Another big boxing carnival is booked for March.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Robert Johnson, common laborer, buying 10 per cent stock, recently was proudly displaying five grades made by his son, William, in Junior College, Kansas City, Mo. Every grade was an S, the highest given. Robert Johnson has three other children in high school.

J. D. Patterson, pipe coverer, is sporting a 1924 Oldsmobile which he purchased on January 26.

E. W. Cramer has been off sick sometime with blood poisoning.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends and Standard employees for the flowers sent as a token of friendship and sympathy at the time of the illness and death of our son, Clifford. Mr. and Mrs. William R. Ashcraft.

Charles Baltas, tower still cleaner, boastfully reported that a fine baby boy arrived at his house, January 19.

G. H. Moffett recently purchased an expensive radio set with all the trimmings, stating that he liked to listen in on grand opera at Chicago. He further stated that it was no fun just to "get the different stations." From the number of stations he said he got in one night recently we wonder if there wasn't a lot of interference!

Elmer Baker is all right as a carpenter but Dad is ashamed of him when it comes to judging hogs. Bessmer & Twiehaus Grocery Co. at Independence gave away a dressed shoat to the person guessing closest to its weight by sight. Elmer wildly guessed 97½ pounds but dad, with the eye of an experienced farmer, took home the bacon with a guess of 96½ pounds, which was the exact weight.

Speaking of hogs, Tony Phillips found a 25-pound pig in the mud up by the agitators nearly frozen to death. Tony took him in and warmed him up and the pig recovered. So Tony intends to fatten him for next Winter's meat. This is

(Continued on Page 34.)

DETROIT WINS HIGHEST STANDARD OIL HONORS FOR 1923

Twelve of the 1020 Earnest Men and Women who made it possible for Detroit to show the Largest Percentage of Increase in Sales of Red Crown Gasoline among the Company's Twenty-four Sales Fields

One glance at this group and one no longer wonders why Detroit won the Red Crown Plaque for 1923. It takes a complete unit to win and here we have it—the bulldog face of the fighter, the refined countenance of the gentleman, the wide, staring eyes of the thinker, and the rugged features of the plugger. Without reference to the above classification, they are, seated (left to right): A. E. Ralston, assistant manager; Wm. Gatlin, superintendent Clay Ave. plant; V. V. Green, superintendent service station department; E. F. Patterson, agent at Jackson; E. P. Galbreath, manager.

Standing (left to right): A. L. Kurtz, superintendent Bellevue Ave. plant; Gordon Smith, agent at Lansing; George Bailey, superintendent West Detroit plant; Jack Davis, superintendent River Rouge plant; J. W. Gehrken, agent at Monroe; Jack Bruner, superintendent Strathmoor plant; J. M. Ritchie, superintendent Royal Oak plant. This is only representative of the whole division which worked together as a unit to achieve this result. We regret that because of limited space we cannot show the pictures of all those responsible.

(Continued from Page 31.)

Tony's version. Pete Akers says Tony came in with the pig, all out of breath, and hid under a table when a farmer came down the road with a shot-gun.

Received at the home of M. V. Hancock and wife one boy, weight eight pounds, on January 29, who is burdened with the name of Milton Vernon, Jr. Mother and son doing nicely. Congratulations from the office gang!

Charley Taylor has one of those Summer Fords. It won't do anything but cough in the Winter time.

Bill Beatty says he would like to see some good jokes in these columns. Photographer, get his picture!

A seven-pound bouncing baby boy arrived at the home of Guy Rice January 9.

Will Berry emerged from his venture in the popcorn and peanut business at Waverly with one of those reversible, water-proof rimless hats. Otherwise he is all right.

Spring is almost here, so brace yourself for some of Albert Stark's egg stories.

The girls had better beware. Clarence Spitzer reports that the office boys and sample boys have all laid in a new supply of fine-toothed celluloid combs.

If you intend to move and have a gas stove you want to get rid of, get Dan Boone or Joe Bostian to help you unload it.

Smith Fisher of the paraffine works is a cow trader to beware of; he has never failed to make on a deal yet.

We had some of the coldest weather in several years during January. It sure made the sparrows hunt the steam lines. The Missouri river was frozen over, which is unusual. And, Oh, Boy! fifteen below might not be cold for some of the Standard Oil family but it sure knocked Sugar Creek for a row of icicles. (Yes, when Katy Wenger was sent to Kansas City as assistant manager he was told what wonderful winters you folks have about there and you ought to hear him rave now.—Ed.)

The main office is possessed of a thoroughbred brindle cat. The way that cat goes into a waste basket after a mouse or cockroach makes your heart ache. Douglas Bailey sometimes raises strenuous objections when she plays around his beakers while he is making chemical analyses. However, from the way she turns up her nose at boiled ham now we surmise that she is in sympathy with the rest of us.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

It happened during the cold wave that hit us the first part of January. The fish needed the air. They needed it so badly that the intake line to the River pump house was getting more fish than water and it was necessary to give them air—away from the pump house. The river was getting pretty solid about that time and it required the service of real ice cutters to keep up with the freeze. Among those detailed for this work were C. Fields and Jack Fennesy. While engaged in this work of getting air for the fish, Jack Fennesy and C. Fields slipped and took the cold water cure. It was nine below at the time and the water was about fifteen feet deep below the ice. Fennesy and Fields did some lively scrambling and saved two yellow tags for us but were not particularly het up over their exertion.

The January Community Concert was given on one of the worst nights during the winter but this did not keep many away. Very few empty seats were in the house and all felt they were more than repaid for getting out that stormy night. The Red Crown band gave some unusually good numbers, the dances, vocal solo and cornet solo were much appreciated by the audience.

Main Office

Is it the cold weather, or what? Probably what—but abbreviated mustachios seem to be popular and Archie Waltrip is the latest to conceive the idea of an early spring croplet.

We see in the papers where Mrs. P. W. Cruze is an authority on the kind of paving preferred for Mill street and favors concrete. How come, "Pac?" Who's boss? We're selling Stanolind Paving Asphalt.

Most of our recent sick-list is recuperated and back on the job but Graham is still out and we sincerely hope Bill is O. K. again before this publication reaches him.

A vacant corner is being well-filled by Bill Winklemann and Les is breathing easier.

Last month, dentist chairs and home-brewed animation were Walt's pastime but now he is enjoying his Ford coupe (brand new) and a set of encyclopedia (also brand new, including the 10-year revision service). P. S.—They "hit" him next day for magazines but he resisted the temptation.

Plant

The bowling teams are getting on their toes and making ready for the race to championship honors. Judging from the talk, the game is already tied up and salted away but judging from the scores of the different teams, it is anybody's game.

Jack Maloney of the pipe department and Dave Maloney of the pressure stills had a sad journey to Edwardsville, Pa., to attend the burial of their mother. Many friends extend their heart felt sympathy to Jack and Dave in their loss.

Notice, Whiting! Can you give us confirmation of this story? We hear they are telling this on Charley Naef: While a number of the boys were exchanging lies about hearing Japan and other tropical countries on their radios, Mr. Naef exclaimed, "Pshaw! Pshaw! That's nothing, I just opened the window the other night and got Chile." (That's not the way I heard it.)

C. F. Hall, our Industrial Relations Director, has issued a booklet entitled, "Safe Driving on Bridges." The nucleus of this interesting treatise is a conspicuous example of an unsafe practice. After an experience on the McKinley bridge where bridge fare is collected at each end of the bridge, Mr. Hall points out in a very artistic way, that to save the embarrassment of having to ask one's lady companion to furnish the fare, is to take it along.

A hunter, so modest we are persuaded to omit his name, and T. S. Hendricks hied to the fields to make war on a tribe of rabbits. One lone member of the tribe appeared. The two hunters fired seven shots in all. The dog caught the rabbit or they would have fired more. Walter Upple took the compassion and gave them a rabbit from his string so they came home with one apiece.

Al Schueler has all the requirements to make a clean sweep, now. He won a parlor broom at the great drawing contest in Alton recently.

L. D. Palmer, our Safety director, having made the Wood River Plant safe, has gone to Whiting for a few days to find out what is wrong there.

Alfred Springer, one of our shift breakers, and Miss Blanche Roberts of East Alton were married at the home of the bride's parents on New Year's day. A visit to Niagara Falls was an interesting part of a ten-day honeymoon trip. The couple have returned to Wood River and will make their home here.

Machine Shop

Mr. and Mrs. George Veach are the proud parents of a nine-pound girl. Papa started smiling, Jan. 7, and while passing the cigars around, told the boys that walking the floor is not half as bad as some think. George has been in the machine shop for six years. Congratulations, George from all the boys.

Barney Google is back at work after having fully recovered from his recent operation and the boys of the machine shop certainly met him with the glad hand, especially his old pal, Abie M.

The people of Alton thought Jake Tremmel of the machine shop was little by little moving to Wood River lately, as he was seen carrying such a big bundle to work each morning. But we find he was playing big papa in making sure his men had enough to eat while working the twelve-hour shifts drilling Doc's bubble pipes. The Doc also had a moment to think of his men.

Crude Stills

A play of words which confused Amiel Brummer and made him mistake tonsorial artists with thin pieces of wood, nearly stampeded the first Safety meeting of No. 1 Safety committee. A hold over suggestion from the former committee was that lights should be placed under No. 33 condenser where the firemen get shavings. The sugestion was read about putting a light in the shaving room and Brummer was on his feet in a flash and wanted to know all about this barber shop at No. 3 house, when it was started, who operated it, if it was open night and day and if he couldn't have one installed at No. 1 house. Palmer very patiently explained the suggestion had nothing to do with the stunts of men who seek to beautify their noses and fingernails but with small pieces of wood. Brummer's jumping at the conclusion is pardonable as he did not want to think something was going on about which he was not informed. He has taken the matter up with Al Smith and Henry Frenz and it is possible we may have a "Shaving Shop" in the refinery before long.

William Obermiller arrived on the job an hour early recently due to a fast clock, or to the fact that his eyes may have been affected by glasses. The race to the plant was from his home in the main part of Milton Heights where Bill specializes in truck farming, raising of Beadle hounds, Holstein cows and Philaloo birds, and might have ended fatally at the railroad crossing where he stopped just in time to avoid pushing one of the Big Four trains off the track. He had barely stopped when a train flashed by that had been concealed by a string of box cars. Driving was slippery on account of the snow and Bill decided to play it safe and came the rest of the way rather slowly, preferring to be a little late than take any risks. He arrived at work just a few minutes before 11 p. m. The Safety department, we understand, will carry the story in a bulletin entitled "Don't take a chance because you think you're late."

"Happy" Robertson has finally acquired a dog that howls, looks and acts like they do back home in Alabama.

Charles Wiggins has sold his home on Penning avenue to Herman Neunaber. We have been unable to learn Wiggins' plans for the future in detail, but it is almost certain he will travel some this summer.

The curiosity of J. Crawford to learn more of William Hoffman's visits to Alton is yet unappeased. Hoffman gave him the slip at Belle and Fifteenth streets.

George Oetkin of No. 2 crude house was forced to lay off three days on account of rheumatism, and Blubber Searcy filled the place in his absence.

Albert Hall is on the job again at No. 4 crude house and the boys hope "Old Man Hard Luck" will let him alone in the future.

Elmer Hunt having already mastered the radio, has delved into the sixth and seventh books of Moses. He found these in an old book store. It is expected that Emery will discover that Moses was not buried in a lonely grave at Mt. Nebo, but was carried over into the promised land.

Louis Mansholt took his loyal partner of the firing line, Townsend, to Alton with him to help in drawing prizes. They seemed to be well drawn when they returned to Wood River. When at Ferguson and Ninth streets Townsend informed Louis they were home and Louis replied, "What, already!"

It is freely predicted that George Lang is about to cut in on the radio circuit. His chief adviser is E. Hunt, who strings his aerial from the north on the south poles.

The story of the German who made six barrels of saurer kraut for his own use, is recalled by the foray of William Stormer who went to West Alton and returned with a dressed hog, 200 pounds of cabbage and other supplies.

A mouse that eats just what it wants and leaves the rest, is bothering Joe Crocker's lunch. A small hole in the corner of a locker is the entrance the little invader chooses and though Joe has used three bricks and five pieces of tank steel, his work has proven ineffective to date.

Uncle Tim Van Camp has purchased a new Buick six. It is the last word in automobiles. After Tim has practiced driving for several months, Fred Gerl and Heiman Falkenhain intend to take a ride with him.

Bill Price is fast gaining recognition as a moral reformer. Price has done much towards changing the lives of the boys who used to run the streets at Hartford. They now go to church or the other meetings of interest where their time is profitably spent. Letter writing is also one of the arts in which Price excels. His style, it is said, is so distinctive that, even when he neglects to sign his name, is easily guessed to be Bill's handiwork.

Henry Frenz has prepared to make war on the cockroaches. He has Crocker equipped to spray things with a powder disinfectant. Crocker was watched the other day and it was found that he whistles as he goes to a locker to warn the cockroaches that he is coming.

C. E. Custer of the main pump house has started preparations for starting a bus line from Wood River to Bethalto. Already the possessor of a battle-scarred Buick roadster, he demonstrated his faith in that make by getting a seven-passenger touring model from the Rubenstein firm at Alton, well known dealers in scrap iron, old rags and bones.

Matthew Freeman and Clark Hutchinson attended the widely advertised lecture in East Alton by Namsnalk Mayberry.

Joe Robertson of No. 2 crude house who resides at Hartford was induced to butcher his hogs before he had planned his "old fashioned hog killing" and he had quite a surplus of corn on hand. He auctioned this off to the highest bidder. (It is said all the bootleggers in the community attended the sale.)

Hy Ronnengurg has offered his hunting equipment for sale now that the season is over. The more imporatnt items are: 1 Hound's Mamma and nine pups, very much attached to the mother, a single and double barrel shot gun and four boxes of ammunition.

Roy Thompson has a tramp dog which was brought home by the children and he has made this animal as intelligent as a pedigreed Gordon setter. He will set anything. Incidentally, he set Roy back $18 when he feasted on neighbor's chickens. The hunting season is over and Roy is going to make a fish hound of him.

John Bager of No. 1 crude house is selling medicine. His specialty being the famous "Zulu" pill. Baker has many customers and a fine business.

Acid Works

Emery Hunt has a rival inventor. Joe Evans has invented an arrangement for catching acid fumes and returning them to the still. This does away with considerable loss and a lot of odor. However, someone hauled off the sample he made and Joe has a clue that leads him to believe it is plastered away in someone's attic, but he doesn't know just whose attice it is.

Carpenter Department

Most everyone interested in athletics has heard of "Hurry-up" Yost, the great football mentor, but we have a man among us at Wood River who has also had "Hurry-up" added to his name. He is called Leon ("Hurry-up") Jenkins. When he gets in a hurry, boys, give him room to swing his arms and above all things, don't get in front of him.

Lord Burgan, pattern maker, predicts that King George will be the last king and says if they elect a man from the people for his job, he is going after it. (You couldn't make patterns on that job Bill.)

Bubbles Scott, our 285-pound carpenter, claims he is going to take his pattern for next summer's B. V. D.'s from "Omar the Tent Maker."

J. Curry, carpenter, has been off quite a long time owing to illness. Everyone joins in, Jess, and hopes to see you working again in the very near future.

They have some big feet in the carpenter department, but it is now decided that largest foundations are under Mark Allen, Miscellaneous Greeling or Duke Parker.

Olwin Brown's son had the misfortune to splinter a bone while coasting recently and it was necessary to set the bone again. We hope the little fellow gets along well.

Wes Mathie, Rudolph Valentino style, and Shanty Garde, our handsome and magnetic cashier, called on two of Alton's fairest society buds recently. These two buds are old enough to dye their own hair but Mathie thinks they are quite the "dint." The call was made while the thermometer was 16 degrees below and the young heroes found Mathie's Dodge would not start when they decided to go home. Mathie stood by at the wheel while Garde pushed the machine around over the city to start the engine. Shanty told the writer if he ever goes to see any more "buds," it will be in the good old summer time.

Steam Stills

Fred Johnson of the steam stills went hunting recently. He carried an old No. 10 Zulu with a 60-inch barrel and shells that were old when Nimrod discharged his first cartridge. After stumbling around for about five hours, Johnson happened to kick a sleepy rabbit which had been on the 12 to 8 shift the night before. Johnson never thought of harming the rabbit, but turned to his boy and said, "Yonder goes a rabbit; I knew there was one in these woods."

William Soliday is one of Wood River's most interesting entertainers. He can tell all about the oil industry from the time the receiving and storage tanks were made of wood till now; the development of the oil game which is spreading from Pennsylvania to the Philippine islands. William is a unique character, a distinctive landmark. He believes above all in the preservation of his health. In zero weather he wears a linen duster so he won't become overwarm. In warm weather he wears an overcoat and sweater under that so he won't take cold. When you ask him if he can eat a nice piece of fried fish, rabbit or squirrel or perchance a bowl of oyster soup even though he has just finished a full dinner pail, he invariably answers, "Can I? I'll say I can." and boys he Can.

CASPER, WYO.

The King is dead! Long live the King! A. V. Forbes, while he has not passed out, may be said to have passed away. Paul Briney is the new office manager of Plant One. We wish him success. Mr. Forbes now reigns as office manager at Plant Three.

Speed Larson is our assistant office manager and he says he's glad he landed the job as he hasn't been able to keep warm in the yard office since winter set in.

Our old friend, Barney Borgstrand, is taking Speed's place in the Plant One yield department. Barney comes from Plant Three.

Jean, in the role of Santa Claus, presented his wife and family with a Chevrolet for Christmas, and the family took Chevy out for its maiden trip and scattered it all over the pavement. However, it has been re-assembled and if the careless truck driver who disputed the right of way with Mrs. Mignolet can be proved responsible everybody will be happy—except, of course, the truck driver.

Christmas is over and we are getting back to normalcy. The mama dolls have somewhat abated their raucous squawk and the tin horns and other weapons of childish warfare have been surreptitiously silenced; for which we thank whatever gods there be.

Robb's gang got him a gold trimmed fountain pen for Christmas. Jin Lanuette says all he got was trimmed.

The boys in the shipping department say they have been working so hard they haven't had time to gather any news. Well, that is news!

Jack Angehrn, junior member of the Vanderbeck musical combination, presented his landlady with a Christmas present of a five-pound box of candy and she thought he was drunk. Looks like a Swiss with a Scottish reputation. Or perhaps it was the company he was in. Glen Howland and Jim Lanouette were with him.

E. W. Fassett has left the service of the company to accept the position of city engineer. Mr. Fassett's many friends wish him success in his new work.

The S. O. A. A. held a dance at the Industrial Building, January 10, which was a very enjoyable affair.

F. N. Sanford, master mechanic at Greybull Plant No. 2, visited the Casper refineries several days following January 17.

The sympathy of a large number of friends is extended to E. S. Walker, of the estimating department, who was called to Chicago, January 22, on account of the death of his mother.

The cribbage teams of the accounting departments are going strong these days since Al Leak became an interested member. Lewis seems to think Barney is getting color blind, because he mistakes the six of diamonds for the queen of clubs sometimes. Never mind, Lewis, you can hold your own. The candy sure tastes good.

Mrs. Tresa Philbin of the employment office has been absent from her work, having undergone a painful operation on her jaw. She returned to work with her face decorated with adhesive tape.

Foster M. Jenkins, stillman at Receiving House No. 6, Plant No. 3, has returned from Ashland, Ore., where he was called to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Caroline Jenkins, who succumbed to heart trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Jenkins use this means of thanking all those who so thoughtfully sent flowers and sympathy in their recent bereavement, the loss of their mother, Mrs. Caroline Jenkins.

Mrs. Grace Erskine, private secretary to D. M. Lobdell, spent the holidays visiting her father and other relatives at Lincoln, Neb.

LeRoy Monday, P. S. fireman, Plant No. 1, spent the holidays visiting his father at Brookfield, Mo.

Ralph Fisher, P. S. fireman, has been visiting his parents at Cripple Creek, Colo.

Guy V. Hall was called to Freemont, Neb., on December 27 to attend the funeral of his brother.

Christmas was spent by J. W. Bell, labor foreman, Plant No. 1, with his family at Sterling, Colo.

It is with deep regret that the acid department reports the death of George W. Cook, stillman on No. 3 Plant. He was fifty-four years old at the time he went on his journey to the land from whose bourne no traveler returns. He had worked around the No. 3 acid plant for ten years. We shall miss "Old George" and we fellow employes extend our sympathy to the bereaved family. Messrs. Frank Wallace, John Rice, Edward A. Forrest, Bob Covington, John C. Zolnoski and Paul Walker acted as pall bearers.

Dan Fenton was called to Deadwood, S. D., in January by the serious illness of one of his children.

R. M. Hamm spent Christmas visiting relatives in Nebraska.

J. E. Little, who was seriously injured about December 1, when he was struck by a runaway team, has improved sufficiently to be removed from the hospital to his home. We all wish Mr. Little a speedy recovery.

J. A. Real is on the sick list. Hurry back, Jimmy.

C. O. Hammel is back on the firing line at Plant No. 1 after spending the holidays in Illinois.

J. J. Jacofi, pumper, announces the arrival of an 8½-pound boy on January 6. Mother and boy are doing nicely.

J. J. Tremain, pressure stillman, has left the service of the company. He and his wife are going to California.

A. B. Polly and A. L. Bratager, pressure still firemen, have left the service of the company.

Miss Mildred Mosteller and Clarence Johnson were married Christmas Day. (Details are lacking.)

Herman Trowe, lead shop foreman, has purchased a nice new brick house on East Lind. The delightful tales about the wonderful weather out beyond the Country Club will be heard no more. Trowe says to live in town is sure the "Grand and glorious feeling." As a matter of fact, it might interest some to know that this move almost closed the little red schoolhouse out in Barren Gulch.

The population out in the Standard addition is soon to be considerably increased—this will be due to the influx of the Charles P. Ames family.

Dr. S. H. Diggs has purchased a home in the Standard addition. Welcome to the "Colony of Content," Dr. Diggs!

Mike and Harry agree in about everything except how long one should own a car. Harry says three or four years is long enough, Mike says one year is the easiest way out. We are all agreed with Harry that one year in an Essex ought to be enough.

The particular curve on those tong handles used in the speech at the Foreman's Club meeting, January 8, was very difficult to accomplish —ask the patentees in the blacksmith shop, No. 3 Plant.

Our friend, Ernest Gerber, received the pitch medal presented by the Safety department at Casper to the first foreman to have a lost time accident in his gang in 1924. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Gerber should be the unlucky man since his crew is composed of a very careful and conscientious set of men. This gang feels this accident very deeply and they are determined to make a record low score in spite of their unfortunate beginning.

Mr. Cook, who recently died, was a member of the Shiftmen's Benefit Association and the "Over the River" Club. His family was immediately paid $400.

A banquet was given by the men of Plant No. 3 for J. Catterall in the Elk's Auditorium on February 9 in honor of his promotion to a high position in the Chicago office.

B. E. Anderson, our efficiency engineer, surprised his friends by leaving a box of very good cigars with the master mechanic before he started on his vacation, January 1. He arrived back with

a very attractive wife who was formerly Miss Ione Cleo Wright of Lincoln, Neb. Bert has received some excellent advice from Mr. Andurs and we hope he will profit thereby. (By the way, who got the chocolates, Bert?)

Clyde Gibson recently spent a week in Denver on a combined business and pleasure trip.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Mr. Sanford, master mechanic, returned from Casper, January 23. He was highly pleased with the local plant's batting average as compared with Casper, though insinuates that there is still room—well, you know.

Monte Fletcher came to work looking as though he had been counting a flock of wild cats; of course, the children did it. The married men are slow to fall for that alibi.

It was of his own accord that Louie Smith returned to the fire house for his hibernation. The "Big Ben" was too faint and far away. It takes the shriek of the "Siren" to raise Louie these frosty times.

Where has the doctor gone? Who, Dr. Dippy? No, Dr. Stricker, the dandy little treater. He nailed No. 29 and is gone, though he will return —they say she has titan hair.

Some say that Billy Stricker, Doc's big brother, is keeping vigilant focus upon the kid's matrimonial craft. If the sea is calm, it may undermine Will's will power, as he, too, understands the language of flowers.

Andy Hurst, grand old man to all the boys, was off for a day. Andy is always on the job and is having a tough time in accounting for his absence. A committee will be appointed to see about that, Andy.

And say! While everyone is enjoying a serious mood, don't forget that our own Shorty Dobbs has the earmarks of an Enoch Arden; you never can tell, Shorty is a "Silent Worker."

Jack Crawford says, "Some say that the advantage of Wyoming winters is to be found in the fact that when it turns cold, it stays cold, and you get so you don't notice it." Not so on December 29 and 30.

Louie Luft is alone in the warehouse but for "Mike," his educated kitten. Lou says he has devoted himself strenuously to Mike's tricks, and feels especially proud of the "leap over the bar" and the "Salome dance." Well, it's not so bad.

"Red" Dunn is growing rather careless when he tells the folks "Goodbye" on departing for work. Of course, he means well; that farewell is a great time in their young lives.

While winter keeps vigil over the silent peaks, Snyder counts the days until he and Bluejacket may lawfully dangle an educated angle worm convenient to the "finney tribe."

Roy Hunsberger tried to by-pass on his twenty-eighth birthday, but he could not slick the slickers. They nailed him. All stood with hats off while the band played, "Yes, we have no bananas."

Hoppes is following the straight and narrow as an acetylene burner. It's tough to keep on the chalk line with the mercury flirting with the "big cypher." McDonald allows "five" in which to shiver—so that's that.

Floyd ("Nick") Nicholson, wants everyone to know that he is on the market for a bug that will cart him to the "Paint Rock Lakes" in four hours. (90 miles.)

Marie Fisher is giving the Webster boys a play. She says that Noah and Dan were certainly great brothers, but just now she finds Noah the most interesting, as he promises to supply the necessary information to carry her through victoriously in the "Rock Crusher Contest" or "Pumper's Convention."

Bob Hughes, Will's Airedale, has signed a lady Airedale stenog to a blank contract. She looks the money, but needs a shave.

Will Robinson, welder, always bright and cheerful and ready to give his recipe for making "Rock Soup," reports Mrs. Robinson quite ill. He says that the Mrs. has been flirting with pneumonia.

Carter Hamilton, electric welder, acetylene burner, etc., says that his wife can't kick as she is suffering from an injured foot. Carter, Jr., wayward son of 3, is indirectly responsible.

Fred Koschel, "Fire Chief" at Tank No. 126 during the last polar expedition, says that he really enjoyed his three-weeks on the Greybull River and regrets the prospect of thrashing "Old Mother Earth" with a dull pick. He says he hasn't the heart. Fred's a good boy.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Ralph C. Cooke is spending the week in Denver taking in the stock show and attending to some business.

Wesley Johnson is bringing out rather early weather forecasts in the way of overhauling his car preparatory to the coming of Spring and its innumerable joys.

R. B. Elliff and Ed. Curtis have been appointed to serve on the Safety committee of the Industrial Relations department for the next six months.

F. C. Volz still persists in disturbing the peace and solitude of his neighborhood with that ungainly "Galloping Beetle," or in other words motorcycle.

A. W. McAllister has purchased a lot in the promising part of Laramie and anticipates building a new home in the Spring.

The employes at Plant No. 1 have accepted and joined with a great deal of interest our "Over the River Club" which has recently been organized.

As time slips by and Jim Cornish's little girl gets older, Jim is finding a way to get her a little nearer to our unequaled educational institutions by moving nearer to the heart of the city.

Harold Grout brought the cigars to the boys with an exceedingly large smile upon his countenance due to the fact that Doc Stork stopped at Grout's home leaving a fine ten-pound boy.

Ira B. Minter of Plant No. 1 is the proud father of a brand new boy and is expressing his elation by presenting the boys with another box of cigars.

It is quite evident from the above notes that two more potential boosters are with our company.

W. A. Morris and J. F. Cullen paid an official visit to Casper recently.

John L. Green is looking forward with a great deal of hidden horror to a tonsilectomy operation which is to be performed in the near future.

"Tubby" Houston is the proud owner (not father) of a new Champion Overland auto. Also, regarding Tubby, we are all waiting for him to bring us the cigars announcing a "Mrs. Houston." Only time can tell in such matters, nuff said.

J. H. Esterbrook of Plant No. 1 has been quite ill with an attack of influenza. However, he is now back on the job with his usual cheerful smile.

While most of the boys are "dreamily" buying their favorite make of auto, R. C. Fergerson has come down to earth and is doing quite well in the handling of used cars.

Farmer Jones, the unspoken "Overland" backer, advises the boys that he is able to get "six months" to the gallon of gas.

"Red McClintock is showing wonderful perseverance in connection with the construction of his new home. Stay with it, Red, we are watching your progress with much interest.

George Ovens and his faithful bird dog went rabbit hunting. Great commotion in brush! ?.!! BANG.! ?. ? ! One dead dog.

D. G. Hull's family is recovering from a rather prolonged illness to the children, relieving Mr. Hull of much worry and anxiety.

Billy Irving is spending the winter quite profitably by remodeling the basement of his home.

The psychology of advertising has had its effects upon E. R. Brown. He is thoroughly undecided now as to what kind of a car he wants.

Another sign of Spring—A. S. Winchell is polishing up and repairing his fishing tackle.

I. T. O'Neal, stillman of Plant No. 2 has bought a new Dodge touring car and is showing it off as much as possible.

We understand that Don Hunton owns stock in the Yellow Taxi Cab Company of Denver to the extent of $4.90.

Harry ("Taxi") Miner gave a demonstration not long ago as to how a person should act after a party.

Gustafson, one of the night watchmen, spent a few days in Denver to look over the stock show.

R. Moudy, chemist, went home one evening perfectly well but the following morning he returned with a broken rib. We do not know who handled him so roughly. Also another party came to work one morning with his teeth missing. Looks bad.

Ed. Curtis and H. M. Stricker have found attractions on the ice and are learning to skate.

Al Musser, who is in charge of the entertainment committee, reports that a dance and basket social was held at the Moose Hall, February 18.

Aude Methvin is in the real estate business, having sold two houses in the last month.

Harold Desch, oil pumper, another blushing papa, announces the birth of a fine baby girl and passes cigars to all.

Say, boys, what has been the matter with Leo Fitzgerald?

Mrs. Al Musser left for River Falls, Wis., to attend the funeral of Al's mother. She and Al's sister and father will be in Laramie within a few days.

Fred Brown was seen in a Ford coupe, stalled in an isolated spot 100 miles from nowhere, with some violet cigarets and—well we won't say,—you know.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Office

H. R. Cochran and N. R. Grimshaw, two of our assistant general mangers, are now taking a vacation in Florida, Cuba and other points south.

Commodore W. A. Jones has gone to the Pacific coast for an extended trip to look after the interest of Fortnite Oil.

To hear the millionaires who are in on the stock purchasing plan speak of the thousands they will get in 1926 makes the few who aren't in rather rueful to say the least.

George Vander Linden, one of our junior clerks, left the service of this company to serve Uncle Sam as a mail clerk.

Hey, girls! Have you noticed Miss Franket is showing a big sparkler on the proper finger, although Lincoln abolished slavery sixty years ago.

We regret to announce that Bert Stanke, an old timer in the lubricating department, is seriously ill with typhoid fever. He has been absent since the first of the year.

Will someone please tell us how Mr. French manages to continuously wear that worthwhile smile. If others would practice this, it would go a long, long ways.

It is very evident that they have sub-zero weather in Riverside as well as Chicago. Art Frederickson forgot to pull down his ear muffs and his ears have taken a peculiar color. Better luck next time, Art.

If you hear someone broadcasting "Period-Paragraph" don't get excited, it's only Mr. Longhenry trying to help the stenos brush up on their punctuation.

We are led to believe that Bob Huber is a heartbreaker among the flappers at Merry Gardens. How come, Bob, cave man tactics?

Henceforth Mr. Longhenry isn't going to be so particular about his personal appearance. He was brushing his colthes at the customary period when some matches ignited and ruined his vest.

Miss Burton has now joined the majority of our girls and had her hair bobbed. It's very becoming, Jewel; we welcome you into the circle.

Miss George came in a recent Saturday morning dressed up like one of Zeigfeld's girls. After much hesitation she told the girls she hadn't been home. Remember, Mary, what the elevator man always tells you, "Watch your step."

Heretofore Al Fischer has worn his hair as slick as Rodolph's. Now we notice his hair takes a natural wave over night. Yes, Al, henna is recommended to be good for the hair, so you need not hesitate in using it.

Cooperage Department

Our correspondent has been trying for some time to secure pictures of one or more of our girls, but they are all so bashful they would not submit same for our consideration. However, Mrs. Nelson is always there with a helping hand and she says we are to have one of her in the near future. Incidentally Mrs. N. is a charming widow. Now, boys, don't crowd.

When it comes to standing the cold, you've got to hand it to Miss Colbert. She sure is a polar bear and just eats up the zero weather—in the vault.

Manufacturing Department

On board C. M. & St. P. train, Mr. and Mrs. Aarlie and baby son were on their way home. "Al" had baby on his lap. Two young flappers sat opposite. One remarked to the other, "Isn't he good, carrying his little brother that way?"—Curtain.

Congratulations to "Jim Roggen.' Whi'tney is the only one left of the "Three Musketeers." We suppose he is figuring on following suit?

George Johnson doesn't like "bobbed hair." Wedding may be delayed!

Joe Valentino is promoted to the job of running the Powers machines. Powers may be going out of business.

Joe Schurek is back after a vacation and still shows the signs of battle. The "boils" have left their marks on his manly chin and neck. He's thinking seriously of selling his Chevrolet.

Koehler's brain was so active during the closing period that it's growing a new hirsute crop for him. It's wonderful what big results come out of small happenings.

Mr. Moran is making quite a reputation as a Lion-Cub Tamer?

Benny Wolfe is about due for his bi-monthly disclosure of his upper lip.

Bingham liked his new inventory job. Wonder when he got home nights?

Art Helland makes a good under-study for Harold Lloyd with his new goggles.

Leroy Frodin fancies himself as quite some lyric tenor. He was entertaining the company in the wash-room, when someone from the outside office gently told him to take his voice out in the alley. Of course, Frodin returned in kind, but tried to shut himself up in a clothes locker when he found out who belonged to the voice.

"Moon Mullins" is now working in the construction department.

George Anderson tried conclusions with a "Buick Roadster" and came out of the battle minus half of his collarbone. Lucky to lose only a no-account bone in such a scrap. There are others more important.

Fred Smith, the "Billy Sunday" of the cost department, was heard to say "Demmit" more than once during the inventory rush. Johnny Wyand figures he will have him chewing "Sterling" pretty soon. Freddy landed with a hard bunch!

Sandy's wife calls him up evenings when he works to let him know the baby has another tooth.

While the bunch were dining in Stewart's hash house evenings, Ebba stayed down a few nights and entertained them with tuneful melodies from her corner table.

A. R. Smith must have a rough edge to his nose. He "pads" his glasses so they don't wear out.

Miss Allen is filling her hope chest. We note she spends her noon hour on fancy stitching on blue silk thingamagigs. Her evenings must be filled up.

Fifth Floor

Latest song hit: Give me air or give me death, by Miss M. B. Barnes.

"What kind of a set have you got?" "Oh, I have a super-iodine. I got Los Angeles last night." "Oh, that's nothing, I can lay my head set down and get Cuba so loud it hurts my ears."

As Uncle Bim Myers would say, "The Spanish athletes are coming, boys."

Howard Nelson, the "Loz Onglaze" speed demon, is a popular guy. Ask Rudy, he knows.

Anyone desiring information on "radio" ask Lou Yocum, he's seen them all.

Baseball season is about to shake off its Winter coat. Dockendorf has entered two teams—nine hairs on each side of his upper lip.

Now that Phyllis Jones and Ella Sells have joined the ranks of "bobs" and Willis Pats is seriously thinking of marcelling his hair a la Georges Carpentier.

We have it on excellent authority that Miss Emily Hill is seriously contemplating shortening her luxurious tresses.

Clara Foote is undergoing strenuous physical torture to reduce. She is also dieting, that is, she only eats four squares per day. Before starting her course in reduction she weighed —— and now she weighs ——.

Johnny Jordan was served with due and timely notice to discontinue calling the above mentioned Clara Foote "Teeny."

Bill Krueger has been transferred from distribution to the girls' department. Take notice, young ones, it pays to be handsome and gifted.

The new face in the distribution department's family album this month is that of Russell J. Easton.

'Tis whispered that young Vic Bellis is a devil in his own home town which happens to be Chicago Lawn. At that, his hair isn't as slick as George Varnum's.

John O'Keefe is witty, but the lad that wrote "Snowbound" was Whittier.

The latest report is that Rudy Thortenson is still happy though married.

Another one on the Thortensons. Charley can now get Elgin on his tube set.

After shaving off his mustache, Foote looked just like a chicken without its feathers.

Phyllis Jones sure gave the gang a surprise when she came down the other day with her hair bobbed and *shingled*. The bobbing wasn't bad, but, oh, that shingle.

Gertrude Moran, the equipment department fashion plate, came down the other morning with one of those ruffled grandmother collars on her dress, the kind you would have seen back in 1776.

This is to introduce the equipment department's new comptometer operator, Miss Exerine Julien. Her pleasant ways and winning smile cannot be beat.

Joe Hecht and his advisors sure play a wonderful game of pinochle. Too bad Frank Doten isn't here to help you, Joe.

The equipment department was making a canvass of names and addresses of its personnel recently and everything ran smoothly until Kollman and Miss Moran were approached. The crown prince hasn't anything on either of them, for their names are as follows:

Gertrude Elizabeth Theresa Marie Nora Moran.

Karl August Frederich Henrich Wilhelm Kollmann.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente, Correspondent

A. G. Fyfe, our agent at Oak Park, was married on New Year's Eve. Does this effect the income tax report, A. G.?

W. H. Fischer has been transferred from the Chicago office to clerk at Oak Park bulk station.

Miss Helen Magee is sporting a new diamond. She says HE works nights. How come?

Danger! Beware! When you are in Jack Sayer's office, be careful what you say. Miss

Wills has a swear box with a price list on certain words.

Have you noticed the window displays in Chicago lately? Fred Wennberg is back on the job driving the dealers' service truck.

Charles Mattison has been transferred from the equipment department to agent at Kedzie avenue bulk station.

Glad to see Dike Wendt back with us after his three weeks' illness.

Have you ever tried having your hair marcelled? Neither has Frank Mooney.

Ross Smith is now the proud father of a baby daughter. Atta baby.

Art Grebe startled the world by his supreme skill as a bowler. Can you imagine anybody knocking them cold for 213-233-263? A total of 710 pins for three games. This is the highest record secured by any member of the STANOLIND League since its inception. He is a member of Bill Roberts team, which totaled 1009 pins for high team score. Any challengers?

Since we can't get cloves anymore, E. C. Bauer should use breath perfume after lunch.

Some of us can put it over, but not Mr. Milligan. He always has that "morning after" expression.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love"—but Joe Williams won't wait for Spring. He has his new Easter suit now.

Will some one kindly send Evelyn Weiss some canary seed? She hasn't said much lately about her singing.

W. S. Trausch came down the other morning with his chest sticking out a foot. Yep! An eight-pound girl. Congratulations, Trausch.

A. E. Burns is running close to G. C. W. now. More power, Burns.

The S. S. department announces several new changes. Malcomb Walker and M. C. Peterson have been promoted from S. S. No. 11 to the office. B. C. Hodowal has been promoted from the office to supervisor of the Central division; C. B. Evans transferred from sales to supervisor of the Western division; R. H. Patterson to Northern division; H. G. Monroe to Southern division; C. G. LaForgee to Eastern division, and C. F. Matthey from attendant to S. S. mechanic.

We are glad to see C. C. Inglefeld back on the job so soon after his operation. Nothing serious was it, Clint?

The following men were promoted from S. S. salesmen to general salesmen in Chicago: Jas. Rooney, Leo Peight, I. H. Hill, H. W. Lloyd, J. S. Higgins and M. R. Mellott.

James Carmody was promoted from S. S. supervisor to assistant agent at Fourteenth street. Luck to you, Jim.

Did you notice the big smile on F. F. Wente's face the last couple days? Well, here's the reason—he is now the proud father of a baby girl. Congratulations, Frank.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

Has anyone heard whether or not that marcelle still thrives, now that it's in Mason City?

They say that the Honorable P. H. O'Connell is now minus his No Accident Honor Badge. Yes, he put it in the collection plate by mistake (at least, that's the way the story goes), thinking it was a half dollar. Yah, anytime he puts in a half dollar, well, it would mean only one thing,—an accident.

Mr. Burmeister, formerly of the warehouse, and more formerly than ever of Burlington, is now holding down the job that Mr. Kavensky made famous, that of iron barrel clerk. A new man is taking his place in the warehouse, Resser by name. No doubt there will be another run on the scale over there, all the beautiful ladies wanting to know, of a sudden, what they weigh.

Mr. Bragg, our chief clerk, was operated on last Saturday for appendicitis. He was able to be taken to his home yesterday, and is getting along as well as can be expected. We sure miss 'im!

They say that Johnnie Jost is a changed man, as settled and respectable as they make them. But John, you might take her out to a movie or something once in a while, there's no need to sit there in the parlor every time you go to see her.

J. H. Clark eats lunch over in the high class beanery on River street, but he never takes his overcoat off. Well, you see that's where he got it in the first place, in a restaurant, and, oh, you understand.

Dick Crowley is back with us. He had the yellow jaundice, but now he's the same old kid, a regular dynamo of energy, he claims.

Art Koch was out sick a while too. Not especially worth mentioning, but he made us promise to put it in here.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

J. E. McCoy, who drives the S. S. truck, parted from all his teeth in December and has been laid up with articular rheumatism for sometime. We all hope that Mac will be able to be out on the job again before long.

Agent McLeod, assisted by Salesmen Reeves and Seibert, is holding a series of weekly meetings giving sales demonstrations on various products.

The employees of the company at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, got together December 15 and organized a club. The purpose of the club is to promote a stronger feeling of friendship between employees and to boost the company to the limit. Agent McLeod was highly in favor of having a club and asked that all employees co-operate to make the new club a success. Tom Hodges was named president; Bill Quinn, vice-president; Joe Fleming, treasurer; Herschel Beach, secretary; Bob Brauss, correspondent, and last but not least, Mike Quinlan, custodian. Suggestions were then opened for the club name, which was settled as, "Stanolind Nite Lites." The following is our motto, written by Mr. Grantham, S. S. attendant: "Blow high, blow low, no wind or snow can quench the Nite Lites' steady glow." The first blowout, which was a "hot dog" social, was held on January 2 and it was a "wow." Although it was one of the coldest nights of the Winter there were twenty-six in attendance and the meeting did not adjourn until after midnight. The committee is now at work upon the next entertainment to which the ladies will be invited.

Earl Meskimen wants somebody to teach him a new song. The baby won't stop crying now after he sings "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" and he thinks if he changes his tune he won't have to walk the floor till midnight.

Our congenial truck driver, Joe, keeps us

guessing. What we want to know is, is he a benedict?

Mr. McLeod was noticed limping one morning recently. Upon inquiring we found that he had gone coasting with his young son and had slid into the curb slightly "skinning his shin."

At last she did it! Dorothy had her hair bobbed. We like it fine—another "Bobbie" added to our list. (Mr. Seibert said it just looked grand.)

Burlington, Iowa

What's this we hear about Hank Radasch, one of our Burlington go-getters. Following is an excerpt from an item which appeared in the *Burlington Hawkeye.*

"The Wiz came on the stage with the 'baby' swapped in long swaddling clothes and called for a boy to designate who was the winner of the prize. The lad made a selection. 'Henry Radasch is the tot's new papa, does he want the baby?' 'You bet he does,' a man replied. 'I only have one at my home. He walked forward and was handed—the baby. 'Say, this is fine,' Radasch exclaimed! 'Quack, Quack!' the baby saluted Daddy." How ducky!

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Dow Byers, former salesman, has been appointed agent at Des Moines. Congratulations and best wishes for your success, Dow.

Miss Mary Strain, bill clerk, spent a week-end at Iowa City recently. She says she had a fine time and lots to eat. We don't think the eats were the main attraction.

R. N. Easton, formerly at the Des Moines warehouse office, has been transferred to the main office and is on the city order desk.

Mrs. Kingery, wife of L. W. Kingery of the Des Moines office, has returned home after undergoing a serious operation at Lutheran Hospital. We are all glad to hear that Mrs. Kingery is recovering.

W. R. Clark, agent at Madrid, has returned from a visit to his old home near Kirksville, Mo. He reports a fine time but bad roads. Ray Pope, S. S. attendant, gave Mr. Clark's customers excellent service while he was gone.

Another mystery! Why does Ted Carlson, order department, spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday in Nevada?

You can find Ray Norton and Norman Running at home every night now as both have invested in a radio outfit. Why don't you fellows invite the gang up?

Ruth Van says she knows a fellow who is so dumb he thinks Foreman & Clark is five men.

"Nobs" Burken, formerly of the sales department, is now in charge of the iron barrels. Go after them, Nobs, and roll 'em in if necessary.

The Standard Oil Company Bowling League closed the first half of the season on December 21 with the following team standing:

Teams	Average
Polarine	785
Finol	778
Perfection	778
Red Crown	768

Irwin Eberhardt pulled down the high average with an average of 182 followed by H. F. Anders with an average of 173. We expect the last half of the season to show much higher averages.

The Standard Oil basketball team defeated the strong Southern Surety team on January 24 with a score of 10 to 4. This was the first defeat of the season for the Southern Surety team. That's the spirit, boys. Let's finish the season without a defeat. More of the employees should see these games and give the boys their support.

Murray L. Bitting, formerly of the credit department, has been transfered to the warehouse office force. Murray says he likes it fine.

L. A. Dunker, cashier, must live in a wild part of town as he says the wild rabbits are eating his rose bushes. Get a club, Lou.

G. L. Olson, our genial young attendant at S. S. No. 15, Centerville, was very much embarrassed when he and his sweetheart, June, were mistaken for the bride and groom at a wedding. Mr. Olson blushingly refused the congratulations of confused friends.

V. C. Walker, Malvern, who has been attendant at S. S. No. 54 for the past four years, has now been transferred to tank wagon agent there and says he is going to put a Red Crown ring around his territory with his new International truck. That's the spirit, Mr. Walker.

Orville Weeks, Malvern, who is now assistant attendant at S. S. No. 54, Malvern, is stepping high with wedding bells ringing in the distance.

George L. Haley, attendant at S. S. No. 342, Glenwood, is hunting up all the old straps from the farmers to show them what Eureka Harness Oil will do.

W. L. Carlisle, our 290-pound wagon agent at Sidney, known everywhere as "Tubby," has got so interested in the Mica Rubbing post, now being used for hogs, that he has built one for himself. When a farmer doubts this won't do the work, "Tubby" backs up against the post and shows them. Tubby wound up his year's work without any red figures and if he wants to rub up against the post we told him it would be all right.

L. Powles, who is now attendant at Glenwood S. S. No. 14, filled up his car with Red Crown and started to see his girl. But in turning a corner he upset his car, but was not even hurt. He was heard to tell his intended father-in-law next day to be very careful as Red Crown Gasoline had lots of power.

J. R. Clark, who started his career with Standard Oil Company in S. S. No. 15, Centerville, and later was promoted to salesman at Humboldt, has resigned and entered the confectionery and short order lunch business for himself at Centerville. Jno. ("Gasoline") Turner is his cook.

Walter F. Kennedy, tank wagon agent at Adair, is the proud father of Miss Virginia Kennedy, born on January 10, 1924.

Herb Morton at S. S. No. 31, Red Oak, advises all those who expect to go hunting in Iowa to procure a license first, as it cost Herb $28.95 for not having one. Herb has charmed many a twelve-foot snake around Red Oak but failed to charm the judge.

Edwin Wiles, truck driver at Red Oak, Iowa, is all smiles. It is a girl. She weighs 8¾ pounds, born December 23, 1923, and answers to the name of Dorothy May.

M. F. Macy, attendant S. S. No. 86, Leon, has a 1-year-old son who is red-headed. The

boys call him "Red Crown" as he starts quick, has enough power and is good for lots of miles.

Leon territory thermometers registered 30 degrees below zero on January 5, but good roads enabled everybody to make their quotas.

Harry L. Pond, attendant at Avoca, S. S. No. 67, resigned to go on a farm. Murray L. Randall succeeds him and we know he will soon be equalling Mr. Pond's record.

B. W. Schlotfeldt, agent at Walnut, invested about two months cartage checks in a diamond ring recently.

On Christmas day occurred the wedding of A. L. Roe and Miss Nellie Miller of Cambria, Iowa. Mr. Roe is our agent at Humeston and Cambria has been one of his circuit points. We presume his visits to that point in the future will be strictly on business. Congratulations and long life to you both.

When A. L. Keefer, tank wagon driver, left for the country one morning not long ago he left his two tank wagon buckets at the plant, and as an excuse he said he had to hurry to beat his competitors to a sale, but the boys at the plant seem to think that the "Fair Blonde" that Archie hadn't seen for at least an hour was the true cause. When will it happen, Archie?

During the Christmas vacation, Mr. Heatherington, Creston, Iowa, agent, got storm-bound near Fonda, Iowa. He says the more snow he scooped the better he liked Creston. Also says he has no desire to live any farther north.

For some time Mr. Spencer, mechanic at Creston, has boasted to the boys at the plant that he was "boss" at his home, but recently we have concluded there is a question for his wife just recently installed a radio in their home. It seems it was not his wishes.

We understand our Jim Traner agent at Carroll is an expert at raising broom corn. Jim planted a large patch of sweet corn last spring and spent all Summer hoeing it until it was about four feet above his head, when one of his neighbors called his attention to the fact that it was broom corn. Now, Jim is looking for the guy that substituted the broom corn for sweet corn.

Tom ("Sheik") Finnegan, our stake truck driver at Carroll, went to Templeton to a dance one night wtih a bunch of young he and she friends. On the way home their car got stuck in a snow drift. Tom says the young men of the party put up at one farm house and the young ladies at another, but all arrived home in time for work Thursday morning.

Our good looking tank wagon driver, W. D. Raker of Carroll, Iowa, who is unattached, got his wagon stuck in a snow drift the other day. Walter descended from his truck with his snow-shovel in hand. He would still be shoveling if a little country school house hadn't got in the way. We understand Walter's wagon had stalled at this same spot several times when the roads were good.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcock, Correspondent

The Detroit Employes Entertainment Committee in connection with the Bowling League are promising one of the biggest affairs of the year. This entertainment will be in the nature of a benefit proposition for the Bowling Association, and if their present plans are carried to a successful termination there is no doubt that each one in attendance will be most liberal in their praises. Refreshments, carnival features and local vaudeville acts will vie with two orchestras for attention during the evening. Members of the Bowling League who have charge of ticket sales advise that the tickets are going fast and a big crowd is already assured.

In a recent spirited contest between two divisions of the specialty sales department, we are glad to report that after the smoke of battle had cleared away there were no losers but that everyone was a winner. For instance, increased sales made the company a winner to start off with; second, Gaiety Theater by entertaining the gang at an evening performance. The West Side Division were also winners by having their admission cared for by the East Side boys, who, however, by breach of etiquette and subterfuge succeeded in getting their revenge through bribing the members of the theatrical troupe to give the West Side boys a considerable amount of notoriety throughout the performance.

"Doc" Singer, S. S. No. 43, adheres strictly to the no trust way of doing business. As a result "Doc" now has a pair of ladies' pure silk, flesh colored hose on deposit. Well, we remember how the Prince disposed of the glass slipper!

Through the negligence of the local correspondent we are forced to admit that Indianapolis put over a scoop on us in the January issue by telling the Standard Oil world at large of their loss and our gain through the addition to our ranks of Miss Helen Cates. This error on our part has been a never-ending source of regret and with the coming of Miss Cates, our respect for the Indianapolis organization has been raised several points. However, we cannot agree with their statement that the only attraction in Detroit is our new building. We have the young lady's word for this statement which she will verify at any time. The best we can say for our Indiana friends is that they can repeat their action in losing one of their members any time the occasion again arises.

Referring to our January STANOLIND RECORD, we have an article about Service Station Supervisor Arthur Dinsmore that might have been entitled "Oh, How Long Can He Stand It?" It wasn't too long. February 2, 1924, marked the end of these trips to Jackson and single blessedness. We're for you, Art, old boy. May you both live long and be happy and prosper.

The epidemic of sickness has finally deserted our Clay avenue plant after visiting Charley Rahn, our assistant superintendent; Mr. Myers, driver of the special candle rig; S. Lovejoy, connected with the construction department, and Joe Thomas, our jovial tank driver.

Sargeant at S. S. 93 tells us that his customers want "Gasoleeen—fife galooons." Soon Sarg will be talking several languages.

The evening of February 4 was an open date on the Bowling League's schedule, but was not an open date as far as the bowlers themselves were concerned. A spectacular sweepstake event was planned in advance and at exactly 6 p. m. fifty bowlers swept down on the pins with a vengeance. Quite an array of cash prizes for team totals was the cause for this attack. The foul line rule was held strictly to account and a good many scores are lower as a result. After

much scoring and with alternate hopes and discouragement the various teams completed their games with the following results:

Cleve and Spielmaker.....1st Prize
Brown and O'Donald.....2nd Prize
Goldsmith and Curwane.....3rd Prize
Howell and Fredericks.....4th Prize
Allen and Stevens.....5th Prize

Howard Klinkman at S. S. 323 is back on the job after being laid up on account of an accident.

The entire personnel of our Clay avenue warehouse greeted Maanger Galbreath and Assistant Manager Ralston last Saturday morning on an official visit which they made at Clay. Clay is indeed proud of the record their employes present and among their other accomplishments was one in which it was shown that 38 per cent of the personnel were owners of homes, 20 per cent were buying homes and 99 per cent were participating in the stock purchase plant.

Old Bill Reesor, S. S. No. 7, has a deer's head hanging up in his station. Bill says he shot it himself. Bill knocks them all cold—the deers, we mean.

Several people at the main office heard a voice and listened. It was Otto Schukowsky at S. S. No. 61 talking to his customers. No excuse for the customers not hearing Otto.

The "B" station agents and the country general salesmen have been enjoying during the past two weeks a series of meetings conducted by the Detroit management with reference to the work planned for 1924 and various educational features. A few high lights which seem to have been present during this tour concern the remarkable bowling scores turned in by our lubricating engineer, H. L. Witter, and the appetite owned by Jimmy Green, who refuses to recognize a choice on a hotel menu, merely asking that all be served. Aside from these features, meetings were an entire success from every angle, with possibly an exception made for the fatal mistake our friend, Art Bailey, made by attempting to dodge his hotel bill at one point.

Pickles or pickled? Our service station at Strathmoor became sour the other day when Leslie Dill was taken ill. However, Doc Yack sugared him up a bit and everything is sweet again.

Jerry Newton, our versatile specialty supervisor, not only enjoyed the fun had at the expense of the West Side boys on their recent visit to the Gaiety Theater, but we also understand he received a few kisses from the young lady in the row directly behind him. In all fairness we must state that it has been rumored these kisses were the kind made at candy kitchens and wrapped in brilliantly colored paper, but would not vouch for the correctness of this statement.

With a few more weeks added to our bowling schedule, the race has become a rather tough one for the various teams and any prediction as to the final outcome can hardly be made with any assurance of correctness. The accounting department are still leading the pace with the garage salesmen close on their heels. Their lead, however, is by no means a large one and the sales department have again renewed their promise of regaining first place. The standings are as follows:

Teams	Won	Lost	Pct.
Accounting Dept.	37	17	683
Garage Sales	36	18	666
Sales Dept.	33	21	611
Check Dept.	33	21	611
Order Dept.	33	21	611
Specialty Sales	26	28	481
West Detroit	13	41	240
River Rouge	6	48	111

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

First, let's all offer our congratulations to E. C. Wick, our salesman, who is the proud father of a eleven-pound baby boy. Both the baby and Mrs. Wick are doing fine. Thanks, Eddie, the cigars were fine.

We have heard of fellows instituting very odd methods of beating father time, but Clarence Turning has a new one. The other day Clarence was addressing something to all agents in writing. Instead of writing as usual with his right hand Clarence calmly takes up pencils in both hands and writes the name of the town on two sheets of paper at the same time. Too bad we folks aren't octopuses.

Spic and span each desk in our offices now shines like a bright star on a dark night. After Ole Larson, our painter par excellence, has done his job of cleaning and varnishing all the shining tops.

We had Miss Mabel Baker, correspondent from the La Crosse office, with us on January 23 and we certainly were glad to have met her. After this we're anxiously going to scan the La Crosse news items and become interested in the La Crosse field. When you're up this way again, Miss Baker, don't forget to drop in.

We have amongst our sales force one Steve Nicholas of Eveleth, Minn., who aspires to be a dramatic artist. Steve recently appeared in a home talent show at Virginia, Minn., and was so good that he had his picture in the Duluth paper. We always knew you could act, Steve.

Talking about pictures. J. A. Johnson, salesman at Virginia, Minn., recently was elected second vice state commander of the Minnesota American Legion at their annual convention and had his features sketched by a *Duluth Tribune* artist for publication. The likeness was fine, Jalmar, but you must have just got a hair-cut on that particular day.

Alton Sailstad will take over the work of Bert Helpin. Ah! and he sings second tenor. We'll use him in our Queerless Quartet, hey, Art Olson?

We don't like to say anything, but they do say that John McCabe is dreadfully hard to get out of bed these mornings.

Our agent, B. W. Broecker, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. He is doing nicely.

Norman Grimshaw, our assistant general manager, was a visitor at our offices.

Vacations mean nothing the young lives of our sales force. Recently O. L. Olson, salesman at Ladysmith, Wis., took his vacation and left on an automobile trip through the southern part of Minnesota. The ground had not as yet received it's first coat of snow at the time Mr. Olson left and everything went fine going down. Starting back, however, he ran into one of the

Northwest's famous blizzards and going was not so fast, although he was not stalled. Coming up a road he came onto a man with a large car stalled in a three-foot bank of snow. After helping the fellow out Olson talked to him on Red Crown and stated that if it had been Red Crown he had been using the man in all probabilities would never have been stalled. Mrs. Olson accompanied Mr. Olson throughout the entire trip.

On January 15, a birthday party was given on the sixth floor in honor of Miss Evelyn Patterson. A great feed was put on, but menfolk were not invited. Those who were there were Misses Myrtle Lyndstrom, Phrona Currier, Olive Pugh, Eleanor Johnson, Lillian Bergstrom, Ann Lynott, Edna Nelson and Evelyn, herself.

Warehouse News

The Duluth Polarine Club opened up its 1924 campaign with a "moose feed" banquet at the warehouse club rooms on January 16. There were forty-nine present including some of the heavy eaters from the main office. Cards and smokes were enjoyed after the meal. The feed was served by Chef Mike Sullivan and his assistans, namely, Misses Eleanor Johnson, Florence Lufholm, Lillian Bergstrom, Norma Patterson, Ann Lynott and Madeline McLellan. The card games brought out many shining lights, among them the "short cues" and "society bugs." The "short cues," better known as Mike Sullivan and Charley Rounds, took the "Bear Cats," composed of Mr. Shields and Mr. Vann, into camp. The "Society Bugs" with William Anderson and Ted Rouleau came forth and challenged any 500-card team. They are very anxious to play teams from the main office. (Well, we have a swell girl's team up here that we'd stake our pile on—Correspondent.)

John Myres was having considerable trouble in keeping a supply of tobacco very long so he purchased and set a mouse trap and it wasn't long before the mouse (Al Johnson) was caught.

After the banquet of the Polarine Club, Ivar Anderson was found helping with the dishes in the kitchen. You may be able to stop a puck, Ivar, but beware, this is leap year and you'll find a lot harder to stop the girls when after a handsome man. And they were feeding him candy. Due to the great demand for his services as a violinist "Mitz" Behling was unable to attend the banquet. We don't know whether Clarence enjoyed himself or not. We didn't play checkers.

Maurice O'Brien of the warehouse crew is on a three-months leave of absence.

As a meat inspector, Ted Rouleau is a good blacksmith. Ted got away with a considerable portion of pork during the Polarine banquet and after chucking it under his belt he reported that the moose meat certainly was tender.

Another added to our sales force: Harry Briggs, tank wagon driver, reports the arrival of a brand new baby girl at his house.

Superior

Anytime one desires to find out the drawback of our monetary system regarding our government, etc., just start an argument with "Hank" Nueman and you'll be off on a nice debate. How about it, Joe Olson?

Maurice Mabbott, our facetious truck driver, is back to work after a three-day vacation and reports having re-decorated his entire kitchen. Mabbott says even his wife thought he did a swell job.

Elmer Kornstad of the warehouse crew took a double bath the other day. After heating a barrel of cylinder oil in the hot room, Elmer tipped the barrel down and took out the bung. "Swish," and Elmer was in a shower of gummy cylinder oil. The second bath took place when he arrived home that evening.

Ashland, Wis.

Chief Mechanic James Rich of Duluth was at Ashland on a tour of inspection and here he bumped into the coldest day of his trip. Although cold, we experienced no trouble with our trucks—all running fine on Red Crown and Polarine.

Lester ("Lardy") Sullivan, our popular station clerk, took a pleasure trip to Duluth and Superior, recently. What's your pleasure, Lester?

Rhinelander, Wis.

Henry Anderson, clerk, spent Christmas at his home at Bayfield, Wis.

The weather struck 30 degrees below zero here, recently.

Emil Nicholas, city truck driver, still sells the full line all the time although his truck is being repaired and he has to use horses.

W. P. Moher, salesman, spent the holidays at Saulte Ste Marie with his wife, visiting her parents. He returned in time to start the new year right by pulling in a very large contract on Polarine oil.

Edw. Fisher, rural truck driver, is repairing his truck at the shops with the expectations of a record-breaking season.

Escanaba, Mich.

In Arthur Armstrong, our versatile warehouseman, we claim to have a coming champion on marathon bicycle riding. Arthur recently completed a trip to Garden Bay and back, a distance of 100 miles, on his trusty bike, stopping only one hour for lunch. He was but slightly fatigued —as he puts it—on his return.

G. W. Turning of the legal department, main office, was a recent between-trains visitor here.

We have long wondered what attractions the Fair Store held for Francis Wiedman, our salesman. After crusading around the third floor in the millinery department we found the "magnet" —and she certainly is a peach.

Oh, boy! Scented envelopes and everything! That's the kind of mail Lawrence Hambeau receives every so often at the station. Lawrence sure is a "bear" for "wimmin."

Marquette, Mich.

Bill Miller, truck driver, is daily submitting himself to the tender mercies of a chiropractor on account of a lame back. This clears the mystery of Ben Rule's statement the other day to the effect that, "Miller was going to a car repairer tonight." We thought he was going to have supper at some railroader's house.

Mr. Rule again has his own private office and everything that goes with it.

Rudolph Johnson, our trusty clerk, recently undertook himself a wife. The lucky girl was Miss Edith Upperstrom of Marquette. Congratulations, Rudy, the cigars may have been fine.

Gus Dupont, tank wagon driver, is also a member of the volunteer fire department and was jerked out of his warm bed the other night to

fight a fire, with the thermometer registering 10 degrees below. A restaurant was on fire and Gus is very bitter in that he wasn't able to rescue a sandwich or two.

Bill Bonenberg, our attendant at S. S. No. 7, doesn't seem to like the zero weather at all. It kills the business, according to Bill, and that runs against his grain.

Henry Anderson, our smiling salesman, appeared the other day with a box of cigars with the news of a brand new baby boy having come to stay at his home. His name will be William Carr and he was born January 3. Thanks, the cigars were fine.

Marinette, Wis.

The weather man let us finish 1923 in great shape, but since has been pretty rough on us.

Mr. Richards, former clerk, has left Marinette to accept other duties outside the company.

George Wall, attendant at S. S. No. 24, has resigned and left for Chicago. Earl DeHart, our jovial truck driver, has been placed as attendant to succeed him. Good luck to you, Earl, in your new work.

Mr. Willmarth, our agent, is certainly a busy man these days. He takes over the duties of chief clerk, S. S. collector, manager, general information bureau and boss mechanic.

Beginning the first of the year we can look forward to having W. E. Nelson, our salesman, accept orders in only carload lots of Polarine. That's the way he started at least.

Another hustler in our crowd is our lubricating salesman, Harry Polglase. He reminds one of the 20th Century limited.

Business sure keeps James Klaida, veteran warehouseman, busy these days with carloads coming in. No fun unloading cars with the weather 25 below zero!

Frank Bilek, attendant at S. S. No. 3, says that business keeps him warm these cold days.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Wasn't it a conincidence that Walter Glesige missed the train to Eldorado which would have gotten him there in time to test two of the tank wagon sticks? But then we can excuse Glesige, no doubt he forgot to allow the extra time which it required to bid good-bye to his recently enlarged family. When Glesige told his 3-year-old boy that he had a new baby brother to play with, he got this reply: "Well, I want a puppy dog, too."

Harold Guthrie, chief clerk, and Harold Berges were two of the first people in Evansville to take advantage of the one opportunity for skating. They could have been seen out by the asylum during the last cold spell displaying much of their old-time skill.

Horace Alexander had his own opinion about whether his radiator would freeze and would listen to no one. He still has his own opinion but it is changed somewhat.

The Harmony boys of the Evansville office have been congregating in the basement of the office for the last several days to practice together. Ernest Mentzer, Dick Severn, William Ralston and Ted Bernhardt comprise the quartet.

They were joined one day by W. J. Duncan from Vincennes. If the rest of the boys at Vincennes could sing like Duncan, the Evansville quartet would have to step out to cop any laurels in a contest between the two. What say, Vincennes?

F. M. Huey, former agent at Evansville, Ill., has been promoted to salesman of the territory around Sparta, Ill.

Hugh Williams has been promoted from tank wagon driver at Murphysboro to agent-salesman at Herrin.

Oscar Daussman complains that he has hardly any shins left since the new arrangement of the desks downstairs has forced him to thread through the narrow aisles getting to and from the record department.

Ernest Mentzer drove all the way to Owensville, Ind., the other day to see a man about an account only to discover when he got there that the man was in Evansville that day.

Frank Crews visited the office the last of January. Come back often, Frank, we are always glad to see you.

Percy Wightman always enjoys turning a good joke on someone but he was too beaten to talk recently when DeTreville turned the tables on him. What about dirty kitchens, Percy?

Mary Lou Ainsworth says tonsils are all right in their place—if you leave them there. When they started to take out hers they found it wasn't necessary to give anaesthetic to produce unconsciousness. Just the sight of the instruments did that.

The entire office sympathizes with Theodore Bernhardt in the recent loss of his father.

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

Fargo office girls were guests at a shower given by Alvina Nelson and Caryl Thibideau in honor of Mrs. Burr McDermott, formerly Loraine Tardiff, our stationery clerk, on January 25. A mock wedding was staged with Mrs. Gerteis as the blushing bride. Her veil was of net curtains. Mrs. Beauchamp, the timid, bashful groom, who barely reached the bride's shoulder, was bedecked in her husband's other suit. The groom gave the response in a becomingly modest and trembling tone. Miss Mabel Foy as the minister was one of the hits of the evening. She read the service solemnly from the telephone directory. Helen McComb was flower girl and Lillian Henning (in a little boy's suit) carried the ring, a doughnut, on a pillow. Mary Dunn was a charming bridesmaid and Clara Aldahl as best man broke the hearts of all the girls with her cute little moustache. Marvyl Larson sang "Here Comes the Bride" to a ukulele accompaniment. After the ceremony the real bride was given a miscellaneous shower. Then—Oh, Boy! The Eats!—and home. Roy Kraemer, getting wind of the above wedding and knowing Mrs. Gerteis was a widow and that this was leap year, appeared at her desk next morning to extend congratulations and get a cigar. Mrs. G. says, "Not yet, Roy."

H. G. Cooper is again our agent at Foxhome, Minn. "Coop" says he enjoys this work more than teaching the youngsters the three R's which he did for the last year. More about Foxhome later when Cooper breaks a few sales records.

H. E. Bates, construction man, has been seriously ill with pneumonia. We're glad to report that he is now on the road to recovery.

Mr. Dodd has been visiting a few of the agencies, "Kinda gettin' 'quainted," he says.

B. F. Leonard is either a blamed good office man or has very little to do judging by the fact that his desk is always cleaned off. Never mind, B. F., Summer's coming and I'll bet you'll be swamped then.

Jim Violet, painter, has been ill since the first of the year. We're going to be glad to see you back again, Jim.

R. V. Dunbar, construction superintendent from the new Minot office, dropped into Fargo for a day to watch A. C. Gilso of the New York Safe and Lock Company install a real safe.

(Editor, better put a bracket of hearts around this item.) Loraine Tardiff, who has been our stationery clerk, was married to Burr McDermott, warehouse clerk at Fargo, on January 18. We're wishing good luck, a long life, and all the rest of the good things to the "Macs."

C. R. Ewald, order clerk, after being on the panel for a couple of weeks, was finally drawn on the jury to try a bootlegging case. Bet that poor fellow is found guilty.

The mail is pretty heavy from Minot now. Florence Nelson seems to get most of it.

News from Page Field

C. H. Dale, salesman

A. G. Schmidt of Tolna, the youngest agent in the Page field, sold so many cans of Superla Cream Separator Oil that they are going to require him to take out a license for selling out of season. These sales were all made in the Winter.

A. W. Olson of Finley recently returned from California where he was called by the serious illness of his sister.

G. A. Stevens, agent at Clifford, shows the largest gain on Red Crown for the past year in Page field. Considering that his initials spell GAS this is not to be wondered at. P. J. McKenna made the largest gain on Perfection and shows the second largest gain on Red Crown in the Page field. We believe P. J. shows a nice gain on his full line.

The office is more full of pep than ever right now. Funny how things spruce up when "F. I." is around. Mr. Packard just returned from a vacation spent in Detroit, Michigan, with his daughter and grandchildren. He also visited old friends at Detroit, Milwaukee, Mankato and other points.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

Ben Porcupile, our genial tank wagon driver, is recovering after an operation, at the hospital. We all hope for a speedy recovery, Ben, and hope you'll be back again soon.

E. L. Bennett is no longer in our midst at the office, having taken up his residence at Niles, Mich., where he will be agent. George Hanley is "in his shoes" at the construction desk.

Roma West, pay roll clerk in the Grand Rapids office, came down with pretty curly, bobbed locks recently as did Christine Veyhl of the ediphone room.

Harold Gelders, general ledger clerk, has resigned to go into a different line of work. We wish you success, Harold.

Grand Rapids office believes they are at the head of the list, when it comes to "twins." "Five twins" are in the auditing department.

Louise Kooman is the only one that boasts a twin sister, and we understand even "Dad can't tell us apart."

Esther Davis, Harriett Rose, Sophia Coeling and Louis Tomczak have twin brothers. It's a rather embarrassing situation for the girls when outside the office, when they see a Mr. Tomczak, speak to him and then discover that he doesn't know a thing about stock department because it's Louis' better half.

A. Bowen, lubricating salesman, reported, January 17, as follows: "At home with new baby, hoorah!" We understand Mr. Bowen's other son is 15 years old and capable of taking good care of his little brother. So far Mr. Bowen hasn't advised us just what they are going to call him.

The Rev. R. Symanski, retired German Presbyterian minister at Cadillac, Mich., and father of H. Symanski of the advertising department, passed away recently. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Henry Veltman of the stationery room says he isn't going swimming very soon again—at least not this Winter. Henry is a little boy of about 6 feet and went "swimming" at the "Y." After going beyond his depth and going down a couple times, Henry decided "swimming" wasn't as enjoyable as it looked.

About thirty of the Grand Rapids office enjoyed a wonderful evening (?) January 12. (Question mark put in because editor was at a loss whether to use evening, night or morning, or all three.) It was a beautiful snowy night, just right for a sleighride. The ride of twelve miles to Belmont was delightful and the "eats" were enjoyed by all. Dancing and games afforded much amusement. The sleigh which was built to hold about twenty people was a bit crowded.

When it comes to being a life saver on a snowy, stormy, blowy morning, Art Stevens of the warehouse takes the prize.

Christine Veyhl of the ediphone department almost lost her appetite the other noon due to excitement and nervousness. Owing to the lunch room being quite crowded, it was necessary for Christine to sit in "the vacant chair" next to H. B. Coon, the new arrival in the order department. We trust Christine gave him the welcome into the SOCO family that is usually given. We don't doubt her ability any.

We understand that Clyde Wilcox of the bookkeeping department is a photographer of no mean ability and quite handy with the camera. However, we haven't as yet received any pictures for the RECORD.

Due to the recent thaw, Frank Hyland, tank car clerk, doesn't know what to do with his evenings. He's been home ten evenings in succession, he says. We noticed the absence of his invitation, "Going skating tonight?"

Ted Olsee of the checking department says he loves them "deliciously plump." His latest heart song is, "Oh, what a pal is Mary."

Clyde Wright of the marketing department was dictating on the ediphone when suddenly the current stopped. Amazed and unable to determine for a moment what had happened, Clyde pondered and finally realized—"no juice." After ten minutes more deep thinking Clyde said, "Well, then they can't write the other letters I dictated either."

It takes Carl De Vries, order clerk, quite a while to take on the role of Carl De Vries,

sheik. We understand Carl had to get off at 4 p. m. one day so he could "step out" with his sweetie in the evening. Really, Carl, there is nothing like being immaculate, it counts a lot in a game of "Hearts."

We hear that Jennie Holmgren, our file clerk, meets a certain young man on the car every morning and Jennie says she knows he wants to meet her and get acquainted. Don't forget, it's Leap Year, Jennie, and it may be possible.

Ernest Gibbs, mail clerk, is back again after having suffered with an attack of quinsy. Ernest says, he's glad he hasn't a neck like a giraffe, because his was sore all the way down.

Frieda Frey, manager's stenographer, is having quite a time trying to catch Mr. Thompson's trained and educated mice. Each morning the ground around the roots of her cyclamen plant is scratched up and the roots gnawed at. So far she has been unable to trap them with her bait of bacon.

Harold Hartman, electrician, is back on the job again after having suffered with mumps, while Dave Johnson is now at home catering to the same disease. We hope for a speedy recovery, Dave. Somehow, we were under the impression that mumps was a juvenile ailment, but evidently we were mistaken.

We have come to the conclusion that Dena Hoogerhyde is the noisiest girl in the office, while Jessie Lee has the most quiet and somber disposition in the office. All agree?

A. C. Smith, clerk at our Holland, Mich., plant, is in line to become famous. Note the following:

Yes, we have no ————————
'Tis Polarine they ask for today,
We've Finol and Semdac, Red Crown, Perfection,
And all sorts of Greases, and say
We have the oils for your fact'ries,
Oils for your harness, too,
Yes we have no ————————
'Tis Polarine they ask for today.

Now you ask Ila Hyde and she'll say that a morning ride is fine. She's never bored in that Ford, and you bet, her mind is set, you couldn't "turn 'er."

Benton Harbor

Roy Johnston has been transferred to Manistee, Mich., as agent. We're sorry to lose Roy, but we're glad that he's up another rung. Mr. Johnston is from the North and he's going back "home" to his nativity. Enthusiastic fur should fly now.

Clarence E. Stevenson, S. S. attendant at Berrien Springs, and Marguerite Tupper, were quietly married January 19 at St. Joseph, Mich. We all wish the new Mr. and Mrs. much happiness.

Oscar Meyers, S. S. attendant at St. Joseph, Mich., spent one of his off afternoons traveling around the service stations in the twin cities and to the various plumbing shops looking for a "saw dust" pump, supposedly belonging to Johnnie Renkes. We have not been informed just who it was that started this chase, but Oscar gets serious when he thinks of it and would no doubt give something to find out.

Albert Gussie has joined the SOCO force as stake truck driver.

On January 14 we were entertained with an instructive and educational program sponsored by F. H. Fillingham, L. E. Angle and J. J. Pettit at the Hotel Whitcomb, St. Joseph, Mich.

Cadillac

No news—evidently snowed in. (Then why not pix.—Ed.)

Muskegon

Nothing doing.

Battle Creek

Silence—everything quiet, presumably.

Kalamazoo

It seems to be quite the custom to announce the arrival of newcomers and we are proud to have this opportunity of introducing Jack Abram Cleveland, who has made Kalamazoo his home since November 28. On that date he weighed about eight pounds, and his father, Harold Cleveland, tank wagon driver, speaks highly at times of his son's attitude toward life during the should-be sleeping hours of the night.

Charles De Forest, our venerable warehouse superintendent, wishes to be remembered to all. He claims there is a possibility of his leaving the employ of the company before pension time, for he tells us that he heard from a relative in Chicago that he was to get quite a handsome sum from the estate of a great uncle who recently passed away in Jackson, for want of breath.

It is understood that better positions with the Standard Oil Company (Ind.) are filled by men taken from the ranks of this same company. We, the employees of Kalamazoo, believe the best example of one who has risen from this part of the field, is the career, as it has been thus far, of Chas. H. Wagner. Following is a clipping from a recent issue of the *Kalamazoo Gazette*, which shows the rapid progress Mr. Wagner has made since coming with this company: "Charles H. Wagner has been promoted to manager of the St. Joseph, Mo., district of the Standard Oil Company, and accompanied by Mrs. Wagner and children is now located in his new home. He was advanced to his present position from the post of assistant general manager of the Western Michigan district, with offices in Grand Rapids. His advance with the Standard Oil Company has been very rapid. Starting in Kalamazoo as a local salesman, he went to Battle Creek as manager of that branch, then to St. Joseph, Mo., as full fledged manager. His territory covers portions of Missouri and Kansas. 'Charlie' was first known in Kalamazoo as second baseman of the Tecumseh Southern Michigan League team. He then came to Kalamazoo as the manager of the local club, winning two pennants here."

The warehouse force, tankwagon drivers, salesmen and office force got together on the night of January 19, and put on a big party for themselves at Long Lake, which is only a few miles from Kalamazoo. The hotel and pavilion were rented for the occasion that all might be provided with sufficient indoor amusement to keep them from the biting cold weather. Guy Cross, tankwagon driver, deserves all the credit for being the chef. However, we are not prone to slight Bill Kilgore, tankwagon superintendent, who was of great aid in helping Guy provide such a bounteous spread as the chicken supper proved to be. It was Bill, too, who made the arrangements for the party, and he left no stone unturned to make the arrangements complete. Harry Winterburn, our mechanic, served the

lemonade. John Monteith, smokestack salesman, was the genius of the whole affair. When everyone was well filled with eats, he passed the cigars and acted as toastmaster. The party was a success and everyone was happy and will set this occasion down in their memory as an example of STANOLIND fellowship.

C. E. Dunsmore, who is leaving the employ of the company, wishes to express his regret in leaving some of the friendly associations he formed while with the company.

Manistee

Snowbound—evidently.

Indirectly, we heard that "Billy," son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde, agent at Manistee, is getting to be some boy. Billy is now 14 months old and we didn't even know he existed.

We wish to thank Kalamazoo for their response to our call for news and hope they will continue the good work.

We hope everyone who was not heard from for this edition of the RECORD will make themselves conspicuous in the next one.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Having in mind what happened to Sigh-ox City, office invective will be short and sweet this trip. This is about all that happened, as reporters are suffering from a temporary attack of writer's cramp: Doc Jenkins froze up early in the start of cold waves, he ain't even going to come out with the groundhog; Harry Keyt, the whistling Rufus of the plant, was called out of lodge the other night by a long distance call for an undertaker—it would take some imagination to get Harry anyways near a corpse; Ironbarrel Paul won a cigar from the manager of the Red Crowns—the office boy says Paul will not take any chances but will light the perfecto at home where he can dust off a place in the davenport to fall on.

On January 24th, the Indianapolis office played host to an influx of "A" station clerks. The event proved an outlet for the many spellbinders who abound around these diggin's and the visitors were fed up on oratory, plain, scrambled and otherwise. The guest list included: H. E. Shuman, Anderson; G. A. Ruble, Aurora; I. C. Hillerman, Bloomington; W. M. Lovett, Brazil; H. O. Don, Columbus; Ray Munson, Clinton; H. F. Craig, Connersville; Guy Harper, Crawfordsville; Frank Wynne, Muncie; H. C. Cartwright, New Castle; L. V. S. Harper, Richmond; William Croxton, Terre Haute; and R. W. Parsley, Shelbyville. Aside from a very profitable digestion of the main station's troubles and worries, we are inclined to believe the delegation, as a whole, made quite a hit with the eligible young ladies of the office for they sure were a handsome bunch. So, the mail boys have been duly bribed for the inside dope on any budding romances that may be sprouted over this mass meeting.

The death of William H. Fell, city driver at Connersville, Ind., occurred on December 17, 1923. Mr. Fell underwent an unsuccessful operation for mastoid trouble.

Service Stations

Sympathy is extended to T. E. Jackson, S. S. relief attendant, and H. O. Elliott, S. S. No. 59, in the loss of their wives.

A greeting to new men at the service stations: W. S. Slivers, M. W. Moore, P. R. Mitchell and F. D. Clutter.

There is a story back of E. H. ("Happy") Stuckey's recent holdup at S. S. No. 70. Some time ago Happy banked too much on his old watch and was compelled to go back and open up the station one night after closing two hours too soon. He went out and got a regular watch, which he was very proud of—then along came the bandit. Happy didn't do a thing but talk the bandit into leaving the watch alone.

L. M. ("Shorty") Sweeney, S. S. No. 16, wasn't modeled for the new Ethylizer which stands over six feet from the ground at his station. After trying a soap-box with varied success Shorty has finally decided to use a stepladder.

George W. Stasand, S. S. No. 19, also known as the "crack" of the Red Crown basketball team, having received his bonus from the state of Illinois, plans to ride on balloon tires this Spring and Summer—going back to Crawfordsville to see "her."

The stork flew over the S. S. department thusly: Kitty Sue Strickler, Lawson Duvall Bramblett, Monaia Frost and Arthur George Baron.

Via leased wire: There is some talk of moving Frank Judd's desk again.

Since the last issue, the Red Crowns have developed into a regular basketball team and have met and defeated many of the first class quintets of the city. Their "batting average" now stands at .500, having dribbled through ten games. Many of the office folks have turned rabid fans, including Messrs. Marshall, Ashman, Peine and some of the girls. One of the Crowns missed the basket three straight shots the other night and every one is wondering what Elizabeth and Georgina really said. Bob Schmutte is so wrapped up that he mailed Salesman C. W. Johnston a leter to "Circuit, Ind." If the Whiting Gym is yearning for a real team to scramble around on its hardwood floor, "them" Red Crowns are 'rarin to go.

"B" Stations

Clayton, Ind. Asiel Carnine dictating, "Owing to the cold wave Saturday, of course, my truck had to freeze and bust."

Saratoga, Ind. H. W. Roush making our mouths water for back-bones and spare-ribs," I butchered some hogs for my meat today and will have no report to send in."

Alexandria, Ind. P. H. "Pa" Jarrett scribbling, "A big nine-pound boy got in this inventory."

Dalington, Ind.—D. C. Thompson railing at fate, "Started 1924 right, today—blowed two rear tires."

Terre Haute

Charley Lane got in a latter-day tonsorial parlor—result a bobbed hair-cut. Stag barber shops for Charley after this—if he can find one.

The smokes seem to be on Jimmy Burford, who wrestles with the steering gear of Ford No. 17970. "Please advise the 'small town boys' that when they come to Terre Haute they must not hitch company cars to fire plugs."

(Signed) "T. H. POLICE DEPARTMENT."

We are sorry to report that our fellow employe, Charles High, has suffered a great loss in

the death of little Betty Jane High, 2½ years old, who died on January 11. Mr. and Mrs. High have the sympathy of the organization in their bereavement.

Wowie! Messrs. Oliver, Croxton and Lungsford, the Hut's office force (not counting the agent for he don't count), are raising moustaches (?). Agent Cox is barred—reason, envy.

Bill Croxton has, also, saxophonitis.

Specialty Salesman Ray Gardner is a proud papa to a nine-pound boy. Mother and son are fine but papa acts queer. The same can be noted of the V. D. Sparks family—a new daughter.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and
Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Field

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Potter very delightfully entertained the Standard Oil family at Dixon, January 16. Agent Vietmeier of Forreston and lady were the out-of-town guests.

S. E. Thomas has moved his household goods to the south part of Dixon, due to a fire. However, said fire was not of a serious nature and S. E. is still up and at it.

R. M. Schmaling, truck driver, has decided to run a garage instead of a truck. Nevertheless, Randy says Red Crown and Polarine for him. Good luck to you, Randy.

Dixon's carload of Polarine proposition is progressing very nicely with C. E. Poisel heading the list. A little more speed, boys.

Frank Kness was so busy counting up the S. S. hours, he forgot to go to work one Sunday. Ask Good.

Agent Potter of Dixon received holiday greetings from Allan H. Innis. Mr. Innis is doing nicely in the drug store business in Chicago.

Since a recent S. O. Co. party, most any time, you can hear Clarence Winstrom playing the fife, Clarence Good pulling that little Standard Oil tank car around by a string and Mrs. Schmaling singing a lullaby to that poor little dolly. All as a result of booby prizes.

Salesman Unmacht of Freeport paid Sterling office a visit while on his vacation.

H. E. Wagen, salesman, returned from Joliet with a new Ford coupe.

D. R. Smith, Sterling agent, has returned to work after spending his vacation at home. He now claims to be an expert furnace repairman.

R. W. Crawford, cashier of Sterling, is quite indignant over the many telephone calls he is receiving daily, supposedly from some lady. We all wonder who she is. Look out, Ross, you are getting altogether too popular, especially with the red-headed ones.

B. E. Kelsey, truck driver at Sterling, says, "The next time the sheriff wants to see me, he has got to come after me." What's wrong now, Kelsey? Further information will be held strictly confidential. You know us.

A. H. Zanger, S. S. attendant at No. 47, Sterling, lost his pocketbook recently. After keeping the telephone busy for some time, said pocketbook was discovered in his pocket. This absent mindedness looks pretty bad to us.

William Limond, city driver at Sterling, is now director of music at the M. E. Church at Rock Falls. Glory!

W. F. Bennett, city driver, wishes to advise that he does not relish being called out of bed at midnight to answer telephone calls. What's it all about, Bill. Someone wishing you a Happy New Year or somepin?

Robert Laursen, warehouseman at Sterling, wants to know how to measure a storage tank 30 x 30 at a temperature 30 below zero and still make a gain. How do you do it?

S. O. Co. employes at Elgin were treated to cigars and cigarettes January 3 by C. A. Dibler, motor tankwagon driver, on the arrival of a ten-pound boy. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Dibler.

H. A. Johnson warehouseman at Elgin, is confined to his home with the grippe. We wish you a speedy recovery, Mr. Johnson.

George Otis and his Elgin bowlers are practicing nightly, and Joliet has received a tip that they will be the first victims. A series of games between the above two teams will most likely be rolled before long.

Alfred W. Fees is a new addition to the S. O. Co. force at Elgin as warehouseman, and attendant at S. S. No. 43. Welcome, Mr. Fees.

Office

Hello Savanna! (Herbie Wagen broadcasting at Station WWAE-Joliet-Alamo Ball Room.) Please tell my sweetie I am very lonesome and have the blues. Jim Connell and Roy Prussing were there also but were not broadcasting.

George Johnson, Harry Fricke and A. S. Hanna have entered in all events of the A. B. C. World's Championship Bowling tournament, which will be held in the Second Regiment Armory, Chicago, during March.

Harold Houck has recently been transferred to the iron barrel department and we expect to see barrels rolling in all directions.

Will Frances Smith please advise the reason why she failed to have her hair bobbed after telling everyone in the office how cute it would look.

Who put the limburger cheese in Bill Watson's new derby?

We have been requested to ask Miss Fritz just who the leading character at the dance was. Someone advises that it was W. W. W.

D. O. Kirk will now give a lecture on, "Why I do not like Bobbed Hair." His reasons are few and far between.

Chick Houck has returned to work after being laid up for two weeks with a fractured arm. Wonder if he will try turning handsprings and standing on his head again? We think not.

Another casualty is Art Anderson of the Sales department who received a broken leg in a basketball game, January 27. Art will be laid up for quite a while and we surely wish him as speedy recovery as is possible.

"Babe" MacMillan, Mary's latest appelation.

Ella Smith has beautiful blue eyes, according to Bill. Every time he comes upstairs he can't seem to tear himself away from them.

Bill Zeich is coming to work these days all slicked up. Upon investigation we find that he accompanies a sweet young lady to work every morning, and we presume this is the reason for all the style.

Miss Gummy heard from Sycamore the other day. We are unable to uncover the deep mystery of who he is. Time will tell, perhaps.

Forrest Barnes is a new member of the check department.

The reason why Lil Olander goes to Chicago every Saturday is for the company on the train, at least once in a while. One is enough, Lil, but two is too many.

Upon arriving at the Joliet office Saturday morning, D. C. Farrow was met with open arms by two young ladies. They are still friends, however, in spite of the rivalry, so they say.

Did you see Ann Swenson and Carlton Goodrich? Wonder what this means—holding hands and Carlton putting the ring on Ann's finger?

We have at last found out what caused the bumps on H. Hartley and F. Davidson's heads—a wild party at Pulaski Hall, with things flying and something hit them, all of a sudden.

On the evening of January 19, the Joliet S. O. Co. employes held a party in the office. A four-piece orchestra furnished the music and a good time was had by all. Especially Chief Clerk Heinen, who, we understand, got more than his share of cake. He will be glad to pass his system along to the next hungry brother, upon request.

The girls of the office had a surprise party the other evening when they called on Mrs. Arthur Henschen, formerly Eva Corp of the cashier's department—at least we took Eva by surprise. After an enjoyable evening, eats were served and Mrs. Henschen was presented with a gift.

Pinned to the Last Page

Our worthy STANOLIND RECORD correspondent, Miss Evelyn Reece, surely gave us a surprise the other day when she came out wearing a wonderful sparkler. Be sure and let us know when it is coming off, Ev.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

A big party and dance was held by the employees on February 9. When it comes to a party, the Kansas City division takes its hat off to none.

We welcome the following new agents to our family: S. L. Michael, Westphalia; J. H. Haynes, Cherokee, and A. J. Shadegg, Olpe. Wade in, men, you're just in time for the big Spring drive. Don't know what we could have done without you, we expect to be saying later on.

Paul McIntire, S. S. attendant at Bartlesville, is the proud father of a fine eight-pound baby girl. Paul says that with the help he has at home now, he will spend more time at the station, and we may expect an increase in sales.

Leon Fagala has been transferred to the statistical department. Welcome downstairs, "Fag."

Bill Austin has also taken up his new duties in the statistical department. He formerly drove the mail car, and is succeeded by Paul Miller, who, they say, throws a mean steering wheel.

Miss Davison is sadly missed by all her friends at the office. She has been away from us now three months and is at present in St. Margaret's Hospital. We sincerely hope that she will hurry up and get well, and return to our family which is incomplete without her. Percy Green and his able assistant Billy Merrick say that Form 63 will not respond as it did when kept by Miss Davison.

We are sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mrs. Wetmore. Mr. Wetmore of the stock department is extended the best wishes of the entire office for a speedy recovery, so that he may wear his customary smile.

Also, we wish to extend to Bill Saeger our sympathy in the serious illness of his son, who, we hope, will soon be well.

George Wood has left our employ. George is going into the barrel game. Best wishes go with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Lee, Parsons, announce the arrival of a baby girl, Virginia Irene, who weighed ten pounds. Glenn is truck driver at Parsons.

We have been tipped off that LeRoy Robinson, Fifteenth and Paseo, is thinking seriously of it.

Fred Fortney, one of our top-notch salesmen, is building a new house at Chanute. Fred is single. What's the idea, Fred?

Mr. Browning, T. W. driver at Chanute, was recently married. Congratulations. Better have a talk to Fred Fortney before long, Browning.

J. E. Weston, lubricating salesman, is the proud father of a fine boy, who arrived January 25. Congratulations, and don't forget the cigars—always when it's a boy. Who ever heard of a lubricating salesman not having a son, anyway?

Will surprises never cease? Flavel Johnson, city salesman at K. C., has taken to himself a bride. We all wish you the best of luck and happiness, Flavel—but don't forget that it is necessary to make up your 029s just the same. Watch the 1924 record this ace hangs up, will you.

We are glad to see the congenial smile of Mr. Erickson, assistant chief, after being confined to his home for a day or two.

Bill Nordberg just returned from a well spent vacation—well spent, all the way around, aye, Bill? He sure puts out a line of fiction about that vacation.

The spring agents' meetings have started and H. C. Griffin, K. T. Wenger, C. A. Lewers and L. R. Jones are in for a busy two months at 24 hours per day. Iola, Parsons, and Independence were the first three on the list and things are pepping up at all three of these stations already.

We extend our sympathy to Ed. Foley in the death of his father recently. A lovely wreath of flowers was sent from the employees.

R. M. Patterson, T. W., instructor, recently was chairman of an educational meeting on Eureka Harness Oil and it developed that this "Pat" knows more about Eureka and horses and harness than we ever thought it possible. He did everything but dip the harness in the dipping tank, and if you used your imagination you could see how that was done. Congratulations, Pat, give us some more any time.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to F. D. Davidson, agent at Elk City, who lost his wife recently. Her death is mourned by all who knew her.

Les Hughes of the order department announced the arrival of a fine baby boy at his home recently but to date has not furnished us with Leslie's picture. He has talked about him so much though that we all have a mental picture.

Wonder what Gale Carter will do without his side kick Glenn at Linwood and Montgall. We have a hunch that Gale can take care of things all right.

Jim Innes, S. S. attendant, was recently hurt in an accident with a Yellow Cab. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Wonder what Art Campbell thinks about when he is driving the Lincoln and the Lexington. Or don't you have time to think, Art? Honest, Art, which has the best performance on a hill?

We are sorry to announce the death of Carl Stonebraker, formerly agent and salesman at Rich Hill. This was a shock to all his old friends with the S. O. Co. A fine tribute to the memory of the man was published in the Rich Hill paper. If we ever saw any finer things said about a man, who really deserved all of them, we do not remember it. The S. O. Co. extends to Mrs. Stonebraker and daughter, and the father, W. C. Stonebraker, our deepest sympathy. The Rich Hill station was in the hands of the Stonebraker family over 40 years—grandfather, father and son.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

H. A. Hanson of the Milwaukee division visited the La Crosse office last Friday. Mr. Hanson was formerly assistant manager of this division. We wish that you would make your visits a little longer, Mr. Hanson.

Conrad W. Bohn is in charge of S. S. No. 6 at Rochester, Minn.

Another diamond made its appearance at the office last week. Everything was quiet until Alice Ortwein took off her gloves and then all together, "Oh, Alice, isn't it a beauty." We certainly wish you lots of luck, Alice, but we hope you won't leave us so very soon.

W. P. Romanowsky, assistant sales promoter, spent the past week at his home in Winona, Minn. He said he did nothing but sleep, eat and smoke.

The weather man fooled our Order Clerk Benish. As soon as John put on his Spring suit, it snowed.

F. Klick, superintendent of the garage, is back to work after being confined at his home for a week by illness.

Robert Browning has been transferred to T. W. driver. J. W. O'Donnell is in charge of S. S. No. 12 at Rochester, Minn.

Betcha John and Bernard are running a race on Spring clothes. Listen Scoop, don't start with just your vest next time. Vere de hul suit.

Helen Gassert, "Omar, please turn off the lights." Omar, "Sorry Helen, but I can't, that's the sun."

Milton Boleng, clerk at the Standard Oil office in Marshfield, Wis., visited the La Crosse office recently.

A. R. Barton, agent instructor, said that he came down to the office because he got tired sitting around the house shoveling snow. It's all right, Art, we know what you mean.

Walter Schnick visited the La Crosse office last week. Mr. Schnick, now located with the Standard Oil Company, Indiana, at Kansas City. was formerly in the sales sheet department in the La Crosse office.

A. D. Kirk, superintendent of the warehouse at La Crosse, spent the holidays at his home in Pennsylvania.

We would like to hear from some of the "A" stations, please.

W. O. Dixon visited the La Crosse office last week.

Miss Hazel Holvick, stenographer in Rochester, Minn., has been transferred to the La Crosse office. We are very glad to have you with us Hazel, and hope that you will like it here.

Kenneth Stewart, salesman, was a business caller at the La Crosse office.

A. J. Krebsback, who at one time was our agent at Maiden Rock, Wis., is back on the job as agent at Menominee, Wis. We are sure glad, A. J., that you are with us again.

Educational meetings were held at La Crosse, Rochester and Eau Claire.

F. L. Conley, manager of the specialty department at Chicago, was a visitor at the La Crosse office two days recently.

Mr. Von Joseph Lynch has been employed as agent at New Auburn, Wis., succeeding Dell Lynch, who resigned.

We asked Carl Stokke for news items at the warehouse and he said "absolutely blank." We hope it's not quite that bad.

We are very glad to know that William Langsdorf, agent at Zumbrota, Minn., is on the road to recovery, having been confined to his home quite some time. Mr. Langdorf's father and brother have been making deliveries during his illness.

Harry M. Prescher succeeds Emil Burch as agent at Elgin, Minn. We wish you lots of luck, Harry M.

We suggest a "No Parking" sign on the front steps, especially at 12 o'clock and at 5.

H. E. Bruce, manager, and J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, were called to Chicago to attend a meeting recently.

Lost—A package on the South Side car, containing my dinner. Finder please return to John Benish.

Miss Mayme Lieser of the checking department is enjoying a week's vacation in Minneapolis.

Albert Childs is our new agent at Thorp, Wis.

J. E. Monegan enjoyed a week's vacation. 'Twas rumored that he went to Florida.

F. Klick, foreman at the garage, has been promoted to truck inspector. Congratulations, Ferd. Joe Dahl succeeds Mr. Klick as garage foreman.

W. H. Roesner, salesman from Zumbrota, Minn., visited the La Crosse office last week.

One more added to the list of Standard Oilers. Congratulations, Mr. Stadler. We hope that Robert James will soon be juggling figures at the office.

Etta Wecker has decided to join the ranks of the "bobs."

The correspondent has just returned from a week's vacation, spending part of the time in Minneapolis and the remainder of the week in Duluth. While in the latter place the writer visited the Standard Oil office. At first it seemed rather strange but that feeling was soon overcome by the cordial reception given me by every one in the office. A luncheon given by the girls in my honor the following day proved a delightful finis to this visit, and we of the La Crosse office hope to have the pleasure of reciprocating should any of the Duluth Standard Oil family have the good fortune to visit La Crosse, "The City Beautiful," in the future.

Art Amundson says that now he can part his hair in the middle.

The La Crosse office boasts of a class in Russian, but at present has only two pupils, Henrietta Wecker and Bill Ratz. Their first lesson consisted of spelling the names of the officers in the Russian army. (Bill was posting his ledger.)

Mr. Bullis, will you tell us how to get a car warm this cold weather?

We are very glad to welcome H. L. Atchinson and E. A. Madden into the sales force.

Mayme, what was in the packages that you received through the mail last Thursday?

Frank Munger, our expert pipe fitter, was invited to attend a party given by the Social Club, but before accepting, inquired as to whether a certain young lady would be there. Frank was soon informed that she was serving on the committee. He immediately accepted and expressed his desire to help on this committee. Did someone ask, "Who is the girl?" Our iron barrel clerk.

Jack Stewart, truck driver at Eau Claire, Wis., entertained at a party recently. We did not hear the particulars, but Klick says that the sauer kraut and weiners were fine.

Ed Henneman, who has served as S. S. attendant at Chippewa Falls for the past few years, has been transferred to agent in that city. Ed has proven himself a 100 per cent Standard Oil man and he says, "Now things are going to be flying in Chippewa." We are all with you, Ed, and wish you lots of luck.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Tinker of Eau Claire, Wis., are the proud parents of a baby girl. Mr. Tinker says, "She is a good-looking girl!" Congratulations.

We would advise you, Rudie, to be more steady on your feet before you try to skate. Mayme said that skinned knees were not a pleasant thing to have.

Owing to ill health, Helen Gassert is having a month's leave of absence. We hope that when she comes back her health will be 100 per cent perfect.

We hear that Ted Thorson, city salesman, cuts quite a figure on the ice.

Miss Marguerite Thrune entertained a few of the girls at her home last week. The girls represented movie stars. The rooms were decorated to repersent Cleopatra's palace and Marguerite as Theda Bara proved a charming hostess. Mrs. Young came as Mary Pickford in Rosita, and Myrtle Robinson as Rudolph Valentino. Lala Zimmer was a perfect picture of Wesley Barry, freckles and all, but somehow she just could not keep up her socks. Owing to the loss of several teeth we came to the conclusion that "Wesley" had been engaged in a hand to hand combat before the party. Last, but not least, came Alice Ortwein as Charlie Chaplin. Words fail when we start to describe her with the derby, cane, mustache and her feet. Oh, what an Understanding!!!!!!! (And pix? Where, Oh, where are they?—Ed.)

Mr. Prosser, our city salesman at Winona, Minn., believes in being on time. He was asked to be at the La Crosse office to attend a meeting on January 25 and came January 18. When asked to explain why he came, he said, "Absolutely no brain cells working."

Mr. Kirk, superintendent at La Crosse, was all dressed up, January 18. What's the trouble, Kirk, did you get the dates mixed, too?

Winona, Minn.

Mrs. Scheidegger, wife of our Fountain City agent, served her annual banquet to the boys at Winona recently. The trip was made by car. Turkey, chicken, rabbit and squirrel were served, together with everything else obtainable it seemed. After dinner, cards were played, the leading prize, a bottle of hair tonic, going to Mr. Drysdale. Prosser received the other prize, a bottle with necessary attachments which he claims he has no use for. Berger could not tune up after the dinner so we had to go home without our annual good-night song. The Winona boys presented Mrs. Scheidegger with a large roaster so as to help out next year.

Mr. Prosser wants to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Scheidegger for the new straw hat, which was found to be a good fit for one of the neighbor's youngsters.

A. Van Sickle, or "Old Van," who was placed on the annuity list the past year is enjoying the Winter in California, traveling via the Ford route. According to reports he is having a wonderful time.

Our new warehouse is completed and we have moved in. We are certainly proud of it. With our office, warehouse and garage all in one, we can more efficiently do our work. Heretofore they were located in every corner of the city.

Douglas Guentz has been crowned the Stanolind Furnace Oil king at Winona. He has had Mr. Groves and the rest of us in the fire for the past two months trying to keep him supplied.

H. E. Bruce and J. E. Monegan recently paid us a visit and inspected our new plant.

Harry Gleason is very lonesome at S. S. No. 7 since the office has moved out. He has several chairs and tables to let. However, it would be best to see him about such arrangements.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

Now that 1924 has definitely arrived, we presume that other divisions will be chronicling the activities of their fair ones in pursuing the wary male with matrimonial intent. But everything is different in the Mankato division. Here the ladies have no leap-year aspirations because they are resting serene in the realization of wedding bells soon to chime. For evidence that the men are perfectly secure in their bachelor bliss we refer you to Jack Wilke who has withstood the ravages of leap year in Mankato for some time.

Those who have never been so fortunate as to visit the city of Pipestone have missed something in their lives which they should take immediate steps to rectify. Here is where the western breezes start to blow, where the tumbleweed starts to grow, and where blizzards commence to snow. In this environment Longfellow gained the inspiration for his beautiful poem of Hiawatha. It is easily seen, when one wanders along the rocky ledges of deep red rock, where romance and legend spring root. Out here, then, the traveler meets such Standard Oilers as Pratt, Hirschy, Sampson, Frank and Klinsing—dyed in the wool, ardent, fervid, loyal boosters who look you smack in the eye and give you a grip which makes you remember Pipestone for weeks after. Folks go out and meet the Pipestone outfit. They're a real gang.

Angelene Hunt is still in possession of all her hair. So is Lillian Paulsen! Harriet Kircher is, too!

The Red Crown Club planned to spring a valentine party. This was rather a dangerous function to pull during 1924 but the girls must have their thrill. President Wallie Andersen made arrangements which produced a party of major proportions.

A "Watch Night Party" was staged by Frank C. Brown, traffic clerk, and his estimable wife at their new home on Belgrade avenue. The men played cards and the women related the latest popular scandal during the evening. The men failed to notice the passing of the old year, however, because just att hat time Clarence Humm drew four aces, which was much more important, but the new year arrived just the same. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Humm and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Scherer.

Most of the Mankato "antlered herd" were present for the Elk's Lodge big New Year party. A most splendiferous time was enjoyed and all hands join in expressing their appreciation of the day of rest, New Year's Day, following the party.

The sales meeting, held at the Mankato office January 11 and 12, was interspersed with a dinner tendered by the management at the Elk's Cafe. George Pratt, who hails from Pipestone, burst forth with a flood of oratory at the behest of Toastmaster George A. White. Mr. Pratt doesn't orate so very thrillingly compared to William Jennings Bryan, but those present will say that George made about the niftiest little after-dinner speech they ever heard. Clarke Gunion, too, stepped on the oratorical exhilarator and carried his listeners through an avalanche of enthusiastic fervor. "Spec" McGovern wouldn't ebloviate at all, but he was excused because he was recently married and rather bashful. From there on the talking became so rapid that the correspondent couldn't follow the speakers but there was plenty of action and pep throughout the party.

The stock department is considerably chesty over its timely and early closing of all reports to the home office. These boys worked nights and early mornings to put it across but they DID and that is the big thing. Congratulations, boys! When is the party?

Walt Dilley, agent at Faribault, was laid up for a few days in December with a troublesome tooth which had to be extracted. Walt says that pulling a tooth was somewhat of a novelty but with a little more practice he hopes to have the job done with very little inconvenience.

Roman Nuebel has been busy moving his household effects to Mason City and evenings he has been attending various social functions arranged for the family. Roman professes to like Mason City already and knows that he is going to enjoy his new work.

The Petroleum Educational Club opened its 1924 program on the evening of January 14 when S. F. Armstrong addressed the membership on "Salesmanship." Mr. Armstrong had prepared an interesting talk which was very ably delivered in that he seldom referred to his notes. G. M. Bergmann led the discussion in which he emphasized the necessity for the exercise of the principles of salesmanship by every employee. J. C. Lee was present and stimulated the full and free discussion which followed. It is worthy of notice that the Petroleum Educational Club celebrated its first anniversary, having been organized early in February, 1923. A suitable celebration of the important event was arranged, full particulars of which will be printed in the next issue of the RECORD.

John Grimes and his mother are moving into the R. E. Nuebel house on North Sixth street which they purchased. The new home will considerably shorten John's trip to the office.

E. L. Osten, he of the great length, is hot-footing it over the St. Peter field in the capacity of salesman. Earle says that he likes the new work but on these cold days he sometimes yearns for the old fireside.

R. W. Pinney, chief clerk, has been securing further light in Masonry by receiving the degrees in Mankato Commandery of Knights Templar.

Our precocious office boy, Harry Brooks, informs the world that he is working directly under the assistant manager. Investigation reveals that his desk is directly under the assistant manager's office.

F. McK. Blough and E. L. Osten, self-styled auction bridge players of a superlative degree of invincibility, crowed their prowess to the office ceiling with the result that a challenge was issued by C. J. Humm and W. P. Scherer for a finish match, catch-as-catch-can with no holds barred. The games were played on enemy territory (the Blough apartment) with the result that the said Osten and Blough proclaim no more concerning their bridge ability. Ye correspondent has presented each one of the vanquished martyrs an autographed copy of his treaties on this noble game, entitled "Under the Bridge." Following a thorough perusal and study of this work, we expect another challenge to be issued.

All of those people who wonder why their names and their stations never get into our magazine should heed these directions: Do something and tell us about it, let someone else tell us about it, or send in an interesting picture. The last is the best recipe for a guaranteed appearance.

John Krier, equipment department, entertained a few of the office people at a party on January 14 in honor of the Nuebels. Everybody had a "swell time," of course.

A. C. Heller, attendant at S. S. No. 6, Fairmont, paid the office force a visit on January 23. A. C. is strenuously figuring on producing more sales of Polarine Oils than were ever heard of at his station. We're not going to forget that he promised us some pictures from the beautiful city of Fairmont.

The young son of U. R. Diehl, truck salesman at Fairmont, who has been seriously ill, is improving slowly at this writing and physicians are holding out hope for his ultimate recovery. We all sincerely hope that the doctors are correct.

Salesmen take notice: Joe Rohrer, erstwhile jockey of the famous filly, Goldstein, carrying off the honors at Minneapolis, Winnipeg, Pipestone, Sioux City and other big meets during 1923 is now on our S. S. payroll at Pipestone

MASON CITY, IOWA

Tylle claims it's so cold up there she can't even keep warm in bed. Try a little exercise, kid, it's better.

Alfred Musing of the curly red hair is getting to be quite a figure in the night life of Davenport. He was seen at both the Coliseum and the new Eagle's Auditorium with the leading lady from the Rialto. He sure is stepping right along.

Oh, Gertrude! Who was that marvelous man who was here to see you today. He must be true, he wouldn't flirt. When Miss Billie Haywood took a bad tumble on the ice this morning, even the street car stopped. She received a bruised knee and a run in one of her silk stockings. She worried most about the stocking.

Our star reporter reports that the authorities of the Immaculate Conception Academy have been registering complaints. It seems that the vivid whistling of John Kelly, attendant at S. S. No. 81, so distracts the attentions of the girls that they can't give proper attention to their work. If Mr. Kelly has anv real feeling for the girls, he'll certainly cease his whistling.

Mr. Pollock has a new Ford. Another life mortgaged at five dollars a week.

Oh, Mr. O'Connell, is it the clothing business or the metal broking business that you're thinking of getting into?

Have you noticed the look of worry on Ted's face lately? He heard that the Stacomb market was going to advance.

Joe certainly is thoughtful. He sends his good looking little friend with the Ford coupe to look out for Harriet's welfare.

Our advertising department is coming right along. But what else could be expected with Mr. Wright at the head of it and that good looking Herbie Fennell for an assistant. They certainly do take an interest in everything. L. E. W. even asked his stenographer how old she was.

Mr. Teaters certainly is thoughtful about taking the girls home after work. If he would only write a poem or two about them, wouldn't life be worth living?

Aren't you crazy about that sweater that Estes Lee wears? So good looking.

Frank Hammer Sr. plans to visit the office soon. That's something to anticipate.

E. O. Sparrowgrove's family have been sick, and his son was injured, but we are glad to say that they are just about recovered now.

Onions? You said it. Eddie Day calls up his wife about every day to tell her to put onions in the potatoes.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Otto H. Petersen, Correspondent

A rousing meeting of the "A" Station Agents was held in Milwaukee on January 19. Among those present were, T. A. Lee, Sheboygan; H. D. Schindel, Fond du Lac; E. C. Jacobi, Green Bay; I. H. Shaver, Madison; E. R. Marsden, Beloit; C. H. Dibble, Kenosha; and C. A. Merritt, Racine.

C. F. Schroeder, our agent at Markesan, recently paid us a visit and at the same time took in the annual Automobile Show, held at the Auditorium.

Hugo Schwartz, agent of Merrill, Wis., spent a few days in Milwaukee office getting further instructions to assist him in increasing his sales at Merrill. While going over various matters in the office, his wife was being entertained by being shown the numerous points of interest in Milwaukee, among them our famous Zoological Gardens at Washington Park.

H. W. Reinke, assistant to the Montfort agent, recently called at the Milwaukee office and incidentally visited the Milwaukee auto show being held at the Auditorium.

Through a serious oversight on the part of Salesman Conzett, the RECORD failed to announce the arrival of a bouncing baby boy in the home of G. H. Gibson, our agent at Montfort, Wis. Congratulations!

A baby girl gladdened the home of our worthy clerk at Oshkosh, Wis., Edward Juehlke, on November 19, 1923.

Our Oshkosh sheik, John Kaufman, has ideas and the best one so far is that he would get married, but being leap year he is afraid that the boys would kid him too much. He has decided to wait some more. He hails from Dale and is assistant clerk at Oshkosh bulk plant.

Salesman Fitz has named his Ford roadster, "Polarine Special," just as a daily reminder of the Oshkosh quota for January, 1924. Fritz says, "B'Gosh we're from Oshkosh and will make the quota or bust." Good luck to you, boys.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

R. M. Mix, Correspondent

A. O. Ofstie, salesman of territory No. 21, has been transferred to the new Mason City, Iowa, division as refined oil correspondent. He leaves with the best wishes of the bunch for future success and we know the Mason City folks will like him. Hopkins and adjacent points of the territory will miss you, Arthur, but a successful career must be served.

Assistant Manager Shallenberger thoroughly convinced some of the bunch on New Year's Eve that he has seen service in the "bald-headed row." He received the attentions of the fair sex admirably.

The married men's division of the sales force has increased its strength materially of late. First it was Purdy, then Hawkinson and Riebe and now it is Brodd. Miss Myrtle Johnson of Center City, Minn., changed her name on December 28 to Mrs. O. S. Brodd, and we congratulate the newly married couple with our best wishes. Territory No. 11 will show some real results this year.

Little Falls' loss is New Richmond's gain, for Salesman R. A. Geist and family have moved to New Richmond, Wis., in charge of territory No. 16. Ray is an active booster in all community affairs and will prove a valuable asset to New Richmond.

All is not lost for Little Falls, however, as Salesman C. A. Riebe will continue his residence there. Chester has political ambitions and we may be surprised with good news from the north next Fall.

Agent W. C. Little of Young America says if business gets much better he will have to trade his bed for a lantern.

We understand Miss Francis of the check department is about to join the Bobbed Hair Brigade. Pearl, you're next.

Salesman H. E. Purdy threatens to become nationally famous and share the notoriety of Theodore Roberts, Joe Cannon and other veteran

cigar smokers. Purdy appeared at the office during the holidays and introduced a cigar, the like of which has never been seen heretofore in these parts. It smokes the same way. He passed them around and even Mr. Cochran tried one, but it must take continued practice to get away with the "stance" that Purdy has perfected in smoking them.

An old time sleigh-ride party was given by the Red Crown Social Club on January 24. As luck would have it, the weather man was in a jolly mood that night and provided just the right temperature to make it interesting.

Arthur Wilde of the construction department is the proud father of a 12-pound baby boy. Joe Huckenpahler, superintendent of construction, says he can have a job any time.

One of the best advertising stunts pulled off by Minneapolis division in our Red Crown Quartet. The boys are going like a house afire and their services are wanted the division over. They recently sang for the Lions Club and the Minneapolis Athletic Club.

Period Paragraph Moran of the coupon book department is the proud father of an eight and one-half pound baby boy.

Jesse Huber, our fat tenor, is rapidly climbing the ladder of fame. Here's hoping one of the rungs don't break, Jesse.

Salesman D. E. Higgins and lady were Sunday evening callers at the home of Agent and Mrs. C. J. Mundy in Marietta on January 13. Purely business? (Her name is Mabel and she has red hair, boys.)

Walter Johnson of the credit department has our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of his father.

Our long, lank tank truck driver, B. J. Heimann, of Stillwater, has joined the Charley Chaplin Brigade and is seen to be sprouting a very mysterious growth on his high lip. We wonder if Ben would not be in the market for some Amber Rubber Oil at 17.7 per gal., barrel lots.

Our popular S. S. attendant at Stillwater, G. A. Jacobson, is getting to be quite an expert with the snow shovel. We think by Spring he ought to be able to qualify as a second-class fireman for St. Peter.

Raymond Tull, S. S. attendant at No. 72, was presented with an eight-pound baby girl on January 8. Congratulations, Raymond.

C. H. Thomas, agent and salesman for Stillwater, is kept busy taking orders and attending to the various other duties connected with a bulk station. Go to it, Charles.

Walter Peterson claims he remembers way back when they greased the inside of the pail to keep the foam down.

Miss Boyum looks just like a boy with her bobbed hair.

Mr. Kellberg, our popular correspondent, has resigned to go into accounting work in Minneapolis. We are sorry to see you leave, Kelly, but wish you every success in the new line.

Believe me, Quack told the judge where to get off at. For details just ask him.

Mr. Vincent has been just terribly busy lately, but he seems to enjoy it.

Tell your troubles to Peewee as head of the complaint department. He'll guarantee to fix you all up.

Miss Ginsberg has been doing an awful lot of embroidery work at noons lately. Don't suppose it will be long now.

It's almost time for Jim Connelly to inquire for a bathing party.

"Mac" thinks Leslie Rossiter must have a girl, he's been so noticeably congenial lately. How about it, Judge?

Miss Tuffley says when she gets so feeble-minded she can't tell Dermax from Superla Soluble, she's going to retire.

H. T. Christensen, refined oil correspondent and president of the Red Crown Social Club, is hereby decorated with the Order of Star Reporter, First Class. Chris is certainly a life-saver when it comes to news. We'd like to hear from more of you. And that means you fellows out on the territory, too. Let's make the Minneapolis column better than ever this year.

MINOT, N. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

The new "Why-not-Minot" division is entering into its second month's business in somewhat better form than it has been for the first month. The newness is wearing off to some extent. Everybody is getting settled and from now on will do more effective work.

The following agents were recent visitors at our new office: Pat Mulroney, "the bond holder of Carrington;" Lou Perry, "the petrolatum salesman of Sawyer;" Mike Maher from Lignite Coal center, Columbus; Ed Will, "agent and chicken fancier of Stanley," and Ben Ratliff, "the agent with the golden smile, of Granville."

E. P. Percey, the last of our male workers to come from Fargo, arrived a few days ago. Already he thinks "Why-not-Minot" will "Beat-on Fargo."

A few of the "door knob pullers" of the north half were in the office last week. All promised Assistant Manager H. H. Hathaway to outstrip the sales of the "Go Getting" bunch, who cover the south half under John H. Hay.

Salesman Harris demonstrated the "Magnus Johnson waltz" to everybody's delight.

We got Beaton from Fargo but we don't expect to be Beat-on by Fargo.

Salesman Lang reports that on his last trip to Rolla, he found Agent Corson with his head in a rain barrel yelling "Papa."

Salesman Matt Warnken was all "shieked-up" when visiting the office. Thought he was married.

Salesman Cummings, of Rugby, says that the "Flame of Youth" is no picture to see before visiting the office.

Salesman Oscar Danielson was seen giving all of the office girls the late "Magnus Johnson hand shake."

Bill Krueger carries a smile that won't come off. Both mother and baby girl are just fine.

Oswald Miller, the active baby boy of the red-headed salesman, is confined with measels.

The other day Nick Ebeltoft and Harry Overby showed up at the office with both eye brows and eye lashes missing. Reason: Inexperienced lignite coal operators.

Eddy Lund, our genial agent, has purchased a nice home in Kenmare, claiming to need more room for his fast-growing baby boy.

Old Timer Kenmare Agent Frank Compton has gone to Oregon for a visit.

Salesman Pierson is developing "Spearing" on upper Des Lacs Lake—fish and sales.

Big Noise—our building almost wrecked—what's doing it? Oh, just C. C. Burleigh and A. C. C. Ebeltoft uncrating filing cabinets.

Miss Marie Tiber is the last of our office force to come from Fargo. We hope that she will like us at least one-half as well as we like her and her efficient work.

The following are on the sick list: Gilman Molden, Salesman Olson and Salesman Miller.

Roy Dunbar let the cold weather move him.

Salesman White's wife is quite sick and has gone to Wisconsin to regain her health.

Johnny H. Hay is now making his first trip over the southern part of the field.

Miss Richards, Miss Daly and Miss Brunelle visited the Minot parks and zoo, returning with the verdict that Minot sure has any other city in the state out-classed for a real place of amusement.

Not only are Miss Reed and Miss McCallister good stenographers, but they are snow fighters. Miss Reed seems to be the better because today Miss McCallister carries a lame arm.

Miss Cozy Dolan is a new contingent and brings with her comptometer experience. Her namesake, Cozy Dolan, was a big league baseball player. We can assure "our Cozy" that she is now in the "majors."

The longer Ralph H. Reed stays with us and as we become better acquainted, the better we like him. We all feel deeply indebted to Mr. Reed for the much assistance he has given. We intend to be such an office force and keep such a record, Ralph will always be proud to say he started us.

Salesman E. L. Miller and Clerk Sam Miles both claim to be real hunters. They went out some few days ago to wage war on the jack rabbits. Sam thought he saw a rabbit and banged away and then went to find out the result, Sam carrying a monologue, was asked by Miller if he got the rabbit. Sam did not answer but pointed to the bushes where lay the farmer's pet cat in the last throes of life.

Warehouse Foreman Kuhnhenn says the cares of a school teacher are small compared to running an "A" station.

Ralph Wilkinson is busy with a "full crew."

John Hay insists that Minot is a good town, but is bound to bring in the name of "Devils Lake" now and then. John hails from Devils Lake.

The arrival of Westmiller, Overby and Grimsgard, all bachelors, caused quite a little flurry among the young ladies of the office.

Ed. Simmit, our newly married cashier, is a temporary bachelor.

Messrs. Westmiller and Clapp, old-timers of Minot, take a good deal of pride in pointing out the beauty spots to the balance of the force.

Salesmen's meetings have been held during the past month. Other divisions had better attach an extra string to your crowns and watch out for your laurels. The boys are set to go!

Much has been said about the male members of our force; we must not overlook the young ladies who were transferred from Fargo, Misses Daly, Ramstad, Erickson, Brunelle, Tiber and Wouters, who—considering all circumstances—are behaving favorably.

Mr. Westmiller of the tax, legal and accident department reports no accidents to date, and states that the Minot division is going to remain 100 per cent in this respect.

Again, Mr. Reed and Chief Clerk Burleigh were heard to say, "There is no novelty to eating 'buffalo steak' as a guest and paying for same."

We know why George W. Cocking is so "still." They prevail on his field.

Fighting Roberts was cleaned at the sales meeting, but after the count promised to lick all non-S. O. Co. dealers into line.

Someone said they named the late brand of "holly" candles after S. F. Hollingsworth, our able salesman at the capitol. No wonder they sold!

Salesman Rotta wanted to tell the story about crude oil, but it wasn't refined.

Before meeting him, we wondered where in Dick-in-son does Olson get his sales.

Johnson of Mott says his initials stand for Long Chance—not Lost Charm or Lost Credit.

Yes, sir! She and we were glad to see Melvin Rufer.

Salesman Pass and bride spent their honeymoon and vacation at Mankato, his old home.

Miles and Miller lost count of their bag of cottontails and snowshoes.

"Willing" B. Sherman of Williston likes our new office.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

A request has been received for a testimonial from Simms entitled, "How to Get Rid of Panes."

For Sale: One pair of bowling shoes, one perfectly good ball, only slightly gutter worn, and a bowling record. Inquire of G. Heser.

Kelly and Buck, absorbed in newspapers, rode clear to ball park switch and had to walk back. That drowsy stock department!

The accident epidemic is infectious. Even dignified Assistant Chief Clerk Bornholdt lost his footing the other morning and came down with a crash. Nothing broken except the ice and one of the Ten Commandments.

We hear regretfully of the operation which was necessary for Bookkeeper Walter Perry's small son, but brother Perry's smiling countenance would indicate that the youngster is improving rapidly.

Ewert and Peterson are "buddies." Ewert telephoning "Pete" recently, absentmindedly used one Margie Hanson's number. (Why this happened, everybody knows.) Margie's dad answered the phone, and he happens to be named "Pete." Hence: Ewert, "Hello, Pete, what you going to do tonight?" And Margie's dad told him.

Guy Rees, erstwhile hustling mail boy, has been advanced to the checking department. Good work, Guy, and keep going. The young man is a nephew of our former LeRoy agent.

William Rance succeeds Guy in the mail room. Glad to see you, young man, and may you prosper.

Miss Buchele, self-proclaimed world's greatest contralto, intends asking her professor if singers ever get their hair bobbed.

Driver Frank Mounts and truck were recently following a Peoria Creamery truck loaded with

chickens, when the latter vehicle took fire. Frank aided in extinguishing it. Question—why was he following the—er—poultry so closely?

Since Phil Hoeft has his glasses he can't see anything.

Joe Kennell, tank truck driver, found 50 cents, then lost his pocketbook, but saved the half dollar.

Dan Abele joins the drivers' force. Dan is a catcher in the Summer and the warehouse reporter announces proudly that that section of the plant has the Red Crown's battery as Hurler Barrett is upstairs.

Blake Page now has a radio outfit, and you can't get him out of the house at night. That would be a good thing for Ludwig.

Driver Bill Phillips has purchased a home and wonders when it will happen. He still owes Shorty 11 cents.

Agent Huff of Hartsburg was visited by the Grim Messenger, when his four-months-old daughter died early in January. The condolences of the Peoria field are extended to Mr. Huff and his family.

We reecntly received, through the mail, a paper label, glowing in color, and depicting most temptingly, a delectable peach, with the caption: "'Pride of Indiana' Peaches. Grown by Hillside Fruit Farm, Rowland F. Gones, Owner, Bloomfield, Indiana." Salesman Gones has a hobby—fruit raising—and we shall await with expectancy some samples of the 1924 crop.

Leave it to Springfield. Clipping from the State Register, January 2, announces arrival of baby boy at home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Juhl. Mr. Juhl is our S. S. attendant. No wonder "Teddy" always carried the Capitol City.

Our "new system" of news gathering is quite successful thus far. Get in line, the rest of you field men. Each month about the 15th, you will receive a circular letter, with stub attached, for returning to me with a news item. Some have responded nobly, others—not so good. Try it. You'll like it. Just one from each one, folks—and we'll knock 'em kicking.

Agent Isaacson of Woodhull was the sensation of a recent theatrical performance at the Woodhull Opera House, appearing as the nurse girl in "Hokus Pokus." His six feet odd loomed up alarmingly in tights.

Prosperity comes to hustling Standard Oilers. Agent Busboom of Gifford has purchased a new home, and is busily engaged in remodeling it.

The recent tragedy at Pekin fell with exceptional weight upon the family of Attendant Glazebrook of S. S. No. 10, Peoria. He lost his father and brother in the catastrophe at the Corn Products plant. The deepest sympathy of the field goes out to the bereaved ones.

Agent Sampson of Pekin inquires as to whether one Bill Flanagan (now salesman) has found any hackle backs for sale in his field.

To Agent Gray of Glasford, some weeks ago, came bereavement in the death of his father. The funeral took place at Macomb, Ill. Agent Gray's many friends will learn with deep feeling of his loss.

Hoopeston station has been handicapped for several weeks through the absence of Driver Finch, who has been serving on the grand jury.

Attendant Swartzbaugh of S. S. No. 35 at Bushnell sings the praises of Salesman "Extra Heavy" Brisendine and the Dutch lunch which that husky served his agents on the occasion of the first of the meetings which he has been holding in his territory.

Swartzbaugh reports nothing slow about that territory except the governors on the trucks.

Monthly we report new uses for Standard products. Agent Park of Rankin is blessed with a small son. Recently Harold Jr. cut his hand, and the maternal head of the house applied the usual salve remedies. Shortly afterward, while our agent was taking inventory, his offspring appeared with his small paw smeared with Polarine Cup Grease remarking, "Salve, daddy. See!"

Salesman Gones indites a stirring account of contest waged between Attendants Scott and Brickey at S. S. No. 32, Hoopeston, his territory, over Polarine sales. Gones advises a close watch upon these hustling young men.

Some of the customers of Agent Huff of Hartsburg had quite a time convincing themselves that he had not been partaking of some "good natured" alcohol when he drove along the route between Hartsburg and Lincoln in Salesman Britt's car, en route to an agents' meeting.

"Buss" Knight, attendant at Whitehall S. S., is a fresh air fiend. He camped out on Bitter Creek bottoms on the coldest night of the year. Our correspondent neglected to tell us whether a raccoon hunt or what was the reason.

Washburn once more is on the map, via radio. Agent Uebler is a great admirer of the K. C. Night Hawks. Just loves to tune 'em in.

Albert Yarding, attendant at S. S. No. 31, Jacksonville, recently suffered a sad bereavement in the death of his sister in Chicago on January 10. Mr. Yarding has the sympathy of the Peoria division.

"Delayed in Transit." The phrase, familiar to the traffic department, demonstrated its peculiar qualities once more on January 12, when a complete set of reports issued at Williamsfield, February 27, 1922, arrived in Peoria Office. The "late lamented" Glen Cole was agent at that station at the time. The chubby catcher had done his part, however, as the envelope was postmarked at Williamsfield on the date mentioned.

Big Fred Knight, Springfield salesman, has had a varied career, but entered a new role the other day, when he was taken for hog buyer at an Elkhart sale. The owner singled Fred out, and escorted him to the cellar for some "buying" spirits. When they got back Agent Search spoiled the fun by disclosing Fred's identity.

Agent Drury and Salesman Unden of Galesburg are back on the job after their vacation and predicting great things for the western metropolis in 1924.

Driver Cummings, Galesburg, who recently suffered a couple of fractured ribs, is recovering nicely and is expected back on the job shortly.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

The big Mica campaign is ended, with Ross Wilson first under the wire, but just by a "nose" as Oscar Lenhart was a mighty close second. "O. K." looked harmless at the start but made a real showing in the last lap, nearly dethroning the Mica King. C. F. McWilliams was third. Among the agents the list was headed by Hurlie

Smith of Pittsfield, Ill., and Homer Martz of Brunswick, Mo. Ross says he now knows how thrilled Barney Google felt when Spark Plug finished first at Los Angeles in the cross-country race.

Joanna Jenkins certainly started something when she had her auburn tresses (now Mr. Printer, that's a "t," not a "d") cut short. Although the barbers have been "bobbing" hair for quite a long time they haven't had much encouragement from the girls in this office. Dorothy Scott and Jayme Cason took the lead several months ago, but "business as usual" reigned throughout the office. Then along came Joanna and the office was taken by storm. Mabel Saxton was the firnt to reach the barber and says it "sure is great," even though John O'Donnell does hint that she resembles an ad for Fuller brushes. Margaret Allar is just now gathering courage for her visit to the barber.

J. O'D. ought not to talk so about Mabel's pretty hair after her kind offer to darn his socks, yes, even to wash them if they need it.

Harold Gracey of Dallas City, Ill., is the winner of the Red Crown banner for December. Tom Cochran of Milan, Mo., is the winner for the year, 1923, but he'll have to go some to keep out of Harold's way during 1924. We haven't heard any serious threats yet from any of transferred stations, except that air of confidence possessed by their salesmen.

Ed Boltz, Jr., was in this office the other day and was voted unanimously a chip off the old block. That firm of father and son ought to be able to clean up some business during 1924.

Oscar Durham, agent at Monroe City, Mo., is doing some fine work on new Perfection oil accounts.

P. A. Melton, salesman, has been rather sick for several days with bronchitis, but is well on the way toward health now.

An attack of appendicitis gave former Salesman A. L. Millson several very unpleasant days recently.

If Bud Edwards ever came in with his cap on straight, or not on at all, he would have to carry a letter of identification.

Agents G. L. Ranier and W. L. Rockwood of Hurdland and Unionville, Mo., are creating smiles among the sales promotion men. These boys are whipping some nice R. C. business into line these days.

Everybody is looking forward to the agents' meetings to be held during the next few weeks. There's always something doing when those fellows get together.

Virgil Green has been transferred from the position of salesman to that of tank car order clerk, and sure looks capable of holding down the job. There's nothing light about Virg.

Keokuk, Iowa

Charles Blink has returned after a short illness and is again on the job, smiling, and selling Red Crown. It's sure strange how some of these fine boys keep from being kidnaped, especially this year.

We are acquainted with our new friends at Quincy and we like every one of them, and we are going to make them like us, with a bumper crop of sales for 1924. (Atta boy! We're for you.)

Mr. McAdams looks the part and made good. A fine referee of boxing matches, too. He refereed a nice boxing match at Vincennes on his first trip and made good with the customer, as usual.

Mr. VandenBoom is getting our trucks in fine shape, for which we thank him. Chubby from Quincy dolled up our Packard like a circus wagon. Just one good thing after another. (Who the, what the, is Chubby? Oh, yes, now we know who you mean. We have a far better, more descriptive name for him. Sorry, but he isn't around just now, and we never call a man names without first asking his permission.—Corr.)

Siney McCarthy needs only one or two spark plugs to get over the road. How does he do it? We don't know, but he sure does. Siney is handy most any place, even with the fowls.

Keokuk, we thank you. Your prompt assistance certainly fixes up a nice, warm spot in our heart for you. Put 'er there, old boy, and stick with us, please.—Correspondent.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

If you are a Standard Oil employe and you work in Saginaw and can make a joyful noise on a clarinet, saxaphone or any other orchestral instrument, you are requested to make your talent known to H. E. Zuber.

A. A. Sexton, formerly of the Peoples Savings Bank, has joined our happy family. Yes, girls, he's single.

Messrs. Younkman and Jones, enroute to Port Huron, came upon a stranded Essex coach some distance out of Akron. Although the weather was setting a new record and they were gradually being snowed in the two occupants were happily unconscious of it at all, being deeply absorbed in a closely contested game of marathon kiss tag. As the aforementioned rubbered by they recognized the winner of the game as Mr. Shebor, tank wagon driver from Clay avenue, Detroit, who admitted that he was on his honeymoon and gave the boys two busted cigars.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Al Henry's father. Mr. Henry, who, as everyone knows, was our new Laingsburg agent.

On February 23, the bowling team of the Saginaw division were to roll a match with the Detroit boys. It was to be held at Flint. We can't do any bragging as the results could not be foreseen on January 31, the "dead line" for this issue.

Harry Joseph has lost his dog. It seems that must be going wrong, when his dog give him the slip.

John McDonald was called to Canada on January 20 because of the death of his sister.

Some class to Dudley Jones since he was made the beneficiary of a "showcase." Now he can ride in dignified comfort.

Glynn Niendorf and Clifton Friers attended the New Year's dance and introduced a few steps erstwhile known as "The Bar Fly Leap." Glynn managed pretty well but Cliff devoted most of his time embracing a column as he figured the ceiling was pretty wobbly.

Edward Gugel, Reese agent, was a recent caller at the main office. We understand he is getting pretty adept in the art of picking off spares.

The Misses Ringot and Reamer have fallen in line with the other girls who found that coiffing the tresses cheated them out of two hours sleep and have had their hair bobbed.

Ace Pringle made a crack that he has a few masterpieces out on the line that are much better than some of the signs that have appeared in the RECORD. Ace is like the owl. He knows a lot of good words, but only thinks them while the parrot gets the applause through his clever advertising. We're from St. Louis, Ace, let's have the evidence.

Jim Phillion and mustache of the warehouse rendered vast assistance to the bookkeeping department helping close up the ledgers for the old year.

On January 9, Mark Theobald wouldn't have traded places with the president of our country for on that date he became the proud daddy of a baby boy. It will be only a short time now until we see the first snap shot, get daily recitals about his cunning ways and the knockout when he shows the dent in his finger made by the first tooth. Thanks for the candy and cigars, Mark.

Frank Fuller succeeded R. Lamb as agent at our Jeddo station, assuming his duties on January 1. We hope he made some good resolutions.

A. B. Winter's name will go down in history as the first Standard Oil agent at Henderson. We hope he serves us long and well.

George Slough, former S. S. attendant at Lapeer, was promoted to agent of our bulk station at that point. He succeeds A. B. Curkendall, who, on account of ill health, is forced to give up his duties. We are sorry to lose Mr. Curkendall as he was first class and we wish him a speedy recovery.

John Frank of Augres has purchased a motor truck to replace his horse-drawn outfit. Since this horse received his pass out check we find that at last the Saginaw division is 100 per cent motor equipment. However, that doesn't mean that the old hay burner won't be pressed into service when the fence posts are all under snow.

C. E. Sherwood was appointed agent at Atlanta to succeed F. L. Cameron. We welcome you, Mr. Sherwood, and hope we will enjoy each other.

J. B. Andrews will be the new attendant in charge of S. S. No. 31, Lapeer.

Mr. Younkman and his Ford had a shakedown the other day. When he attempted to lure it out of its dormant pose it imparted an uppercut such as is mentioned several times in the Marquis of Queensbury book of fighters etiquette. One thing brought on another and the result was that LeRoy is buying Red Crown and Polarine for his new love while the militant mishap sports a pushcart license.

W. B. Ross formerly of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has been appointed our civil engineer to succeed the late William Liddle. We extend to him the same family relationship accorded all members of our happy family.

W. G. Oliver has discarded his boiled shirt and diamond stud and comes to work swaddled in a flannel shirt and a pair of Christmas suspenders. The former garb is packed away in his reality chest labeled "do not open until July 4th."

Jimmie Hax, attendent at S. S. No. 1, has a tom cat who gets his fish days all balled up. One Monday, he was about to appease a long standing appetite for goldfish when he inadvertently tipped over the parlor lamp.

Flint

Just after we had all signed the pledge confirming our New Year's resolution, Messrs. Lloyd Mowers and Hazen Rosencrantz announced their marriage. Each claims to have the best wife in the land. Just as we were discarding "Butts" on the marriage cigars, Ray Finn and B. Forsyth came in and announced that they were both "daddies." Needless to say we are back to the "weed."

Joe Albertson, smoke stack salesman, seems to think that Bay City is more productive of good cheer than Flint. Well, yes, Joe, but you've got to use judgment.

E. A. Stafford, coupon book salesman, says that the SOCO puts on as good 'er turkey as he ever et. (Corres. note: Yes, he won a turkey for his Christmas dinner for earning more points than any other contender in a recent contest. Some of his opponents had been so used to eating tripe at Christmas time that they didn't even try. E. A. says that he would have felt better about it if he had some opposition.)

C. J. Wolcott tries to make us believe that he has worn out three snow shovels this Winter. We investigated and found that only the handles are broken. Take a chair C. J., they are more comfortable and besides shovels were never intended for that purpose.

Lester Havens, agent, satisfied an inquirer that the reason he wears two gloves on the right hand as a preventive is to keep it out of a sling. It appears that his flivver likes to get that personal touch so absent when the starter is working.

Mr. Murphy, attendant at S. S. No. 15, recently entered the five-and-ten-cent-store and upon tendering the frill a new dime for an article was advised that the price was 15c. Murphy registered, "no sale" when she said, "count it on your fingers, five and ten are fifteen."

Jim Morse, T. W. superintendent, says, "If you would have your car in continuous use, drive it yourself."

All the boys in the tank wagon department broke out in new caps. They are all naturally gifted with good looks but we can't help but feel that caps make a vast improvement.

Our S. S. superintendent, C. F. Shaw, has been holding some meetings recently lining up the attendants so that they will know that none of the faculty at the Ann Arbor University are on our pay roll and that Red Crown gasoline is superior to any so-called high test product.

Louis Reip is weeping. You have company, Louie, "Heinie" Metz is playing the same piece. He says if it don't stop snowing pretty soon he will have to shovel out a place for the smoke.

Johnny Philips announces an addition to the S. O. family. A bouncing young son.

Sam Bonscours had to quit driving the GMC as it is short a pair of runners. Recently he hooked up the arabs to the bob sled and went to Black Lake county. Outside of selling their full load and upsetting a few times the trip was uneventful.

William Charters, Emil Roth and Olie Anderson of the construction department were recent callers. They liked our place fine and were treated to a genuine "Northeaster" while they were here.

We have been trying to find out what union of craftsmen Ben McClelland belongs to. Outside of painter, steamfitter, plumber, mechanic,

chauffeur, blacksmith, etc., and vice versa he don't seem to have any trade.

Billy Schmidt has been having it pretty easy since we went out of the gasoline business at Cheboygan.

Agent Fitzpatrick was a Saginaw visitor January 14. He hardly knew the place, so many changes in the personnel. He got "pepped up" a bit and went back to the land of the red apple as full of ideas as a cat in a fish market.

Bay City

Jack Mathewson, a former employee of our warehouse, has resigned to take a course in law at the Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich. We all miss him as he has been a fellow worker for close to five years and was never known to be out of sorts. We wish him every success.

Earl Wagner, tank wagon superintendent, realizes that Ollie Righards set quite a high mark for him to shoot at but figures that it is a little too close for his long range artillery and expects to shove it ahead a few meters.

Frank Church, agent, hasn't had a look at the heavens for several weeks due to the perfect team work of the boils that have completely alienated the affectionate embrace of his collar.

We are planning on a party and crawl the first week in March and have decided after much meditation, to solicit the assistance of the Stanolax Orchestra. The stage will be fixed up with a trap door under each player and it is hoped that we will thus be able to eliminate those instruments which are not productive of harmony. (Corres.—Don't do that, Henry, I don't want to play all alone.)

A meeting of the tank wagon drivers was recently held and they all pledged their solid support to Mr. Wagner.

Lee Welch sprained his ankle very painfully when he dismounted his truck. He is beginning to get over the ill effects of it and has made a resolution that he will be a little more particular about landings in the future.

Ted Cummings has a good start on Spring house cleaning. During the mild spell just before the blinger, he shook out a few rugs and otherwise made himself useful.

Dad Reip, our veteran warehouseman, says that he can wrestle just as many barrels in a day as anyone half his age.

Bill Richter says that someone made an awful mistake when they wised him up to the merits of the "chuck" and the "flop" but outside of those small details the rural job was O. K.

Note: Henry Bosley is the reporter for the Bay City Station and you will confer a favor if you will hand him all news and items for the RECORD. If you have anything on Henry which you think he would be apt to suppress, send it in direct to the Saginaw correspondent.

Saginaw Warehouse

C. H. Proestal, who is a new addition to our sales force, is spending a few days here working in the different departments learing the stock and how the products are handled. F. L. Barnard, another new addition to the force, is giving Mr. Proestal a little competition.

We are all glad to learn that Bennie Branch's good wife is having her health rapidly restored after a long and serious illness.

Several employees have made a pilgrimage to Bay City to look over their interests at the Hecla plant.

After viewing a strenuous polo match between James William Phillion and a neighbor ruralite, we must acclaim Jim and his hearse as the proper background for the Blue Ribbon inasmuch as he still had a windshield frame and three wheels to spare after the vibration had subsided.

Lew Berry's "B" Liners

Well—We're back again, just when the undertaker had figured on boosting his income tax.

Five weeks in the Saginaw office and had to put a sign over the desk, "Out of the trenches by Christmas," in order to get back to where the people understand my ways. After a person lives in this country ten or twelve years, the timber wolves get so they know you and leave you alone. Never could get used to those "city slickers," so had to come back.

Onaway—The place where they make the steering wheels for the "tin lizzies" and other cars of more value, is controlled by one Joe Follette, who in the capacity of agent for the Standard Oil Company, has the natives eating out of his hand. Not due so much to the locality as to the service rendered by Joe. To render the service necessary to maintain his lead in the sale of our products in this town, Joe has equipped himself with a Graham Brothers truck, which is made by Dodge, the name notwithstanding. Joe has a wife and a daughter, Nancy Rose, and between his duties as agent and the care necessary to the welfare of Nancy Rose, Joe has four hours each night to do nothing but sleep. It is with difficulty that we keep Joe from getting a side line for his spare time. We also have a service station at this point and its destiny is controlled by Burt Clute, who has been employed in the capacity since the grand opening, sometime in September. Burt has a wife and three daughters, all of whom are anxious to increase the sale of Standard Oil products. Take it all in all, Onaway has some Standard Oil family.

Millersburg—That's where Ben Hill officiates as chief mogul of Standard Oil Company Service. Ben is a big fellow with a ready smile and to see him using a shoe horn in order to get in and out of the cab on his Ford truck, would cause a hair-lipped person undue distress. While Ben's station is not so large as some others, it requires just as much attention and it is harder to work, owing to the fact that the clay roads in and around his territory gave the Thum Brothers the dope for their sticky fly paper.

Rogers City—Now you all know Bill Gross, the Irishman in charge of this station. Bill is dark complected and sings in the church choir and until recently he was treasurer. He may be treasurer for all I know, at this time, but he told me that the work was harder than collecting U. C. tickets, and for that reason I thought he would give up the position. The Gross family is about the largest we have in this territory, consisting of six children, the oldest of whom is fourteen. Bill does not figure on being short of help as his business increases and has laid the foundation for plenty of help. Bill is known for the serivce he renders and he is particular to have all storage filled in time for the Winter snows. Bill's long suit is widows and if only widows voted, Bill could be president of these here United States. Another service station is at this point, which is under the care of Chester Clark. Chet is a world war veteran and has

seen a great deal of the world, but Rogers City looks better to him than Gay Paree, and his judgment is good. If you doubt it, go to the postoffice and ask if there happens to be any mail for you and incidently, gaze upon the young lady who waits upon you. Yes; that's Chet's steady, ain't he some picker?

Posen—This station is in charge of Phil Lewandowski, a Scotchman. Phil has a wife and two children and lives on the main trunk line road, M-10, so that he is able to tell just how the storage tanks in his territory are holding up, from the amount of traffic past the home. Phil is also township treasurer of this locality and he is thereby able to tell you who owns the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter without looking at a map. It was surely a stroke of good luck for me when Phil was made agent as he is able to tell me how to pronounce the names of our customers, and not having a Scotish accent I find it difficult at times.

Hillman—Which is under the supervision of Albert Cook is on the M-32 trunk line and a spur of the Detroit and Mackinac Railway. It is one of the oldest B Stations in this part of the country and has been under Albert's care for the past nine years. Now, Albert is a fellow who knows how to take care of business. He is a director of the bank in Hillman and owns considerable property, real and unreal, in that locality. I have never heard as to whether he sings in the church choir, as do Joe Follette and Bill Gross, but I know that he has a pleasing voice when it comes to the point of getting a new customer.

Alanta—Let us introduce our new agent at this point. His name is Claude Sherwood. He has been engaged in the feed business for the past year or so, and prior to that time was buyer at the M. C. Doty general store. Claude is the fellow who put on chicken dinners for fifteen cents. You don't believe it? Neither did I, but went over to his place and called for one of his fifteen-cent chicken dinners and he gave me two pounds of cracked corn. If he can get away with Eureka Harness Oil as good as that his fortune is made.

Gaylord—Yes, sir, we've heard that name before. Yes, that's the place where Joe Hale makes his records. Let me tell you that Joe had tough luck and broke his leg. He was on his way to a lumber camp with a sleigh tank load of gasoline, or rather Red Crown, and the darn thing slipped off the road and in some manner Joe received a busted leg out of the deal. So, Joe is at home directing the actions of the chap whom he has engaged to "carry on." In order to make deliveries in this circuit at this time of the year it is necessary to use two teams on the sleigh and you can readily see where the circuses get the fellows who drive four, six, eight and ten horses at one time. They all come from Gaylord. This place is so cold in the Winter that the people have to hang pails under the thermometers every night in the Winter so as to catch the mercury when it drops out of the bottom of the same. Then, too, if there is snow any place on earth, Gaylord will have some of it. But you must remember that it is thirteen hundred feet above sea level, so that accounts for it. I know it is that high above sea level because Joe and I measured it the thirty-first of April, last year. We have a service station at this place which is in charge of Don Bailey, and believe me, this boy, Don, is the clear McCoy when it comes to service station attendants. While this fellow is no "cake-eater" yet he would give Rudolph Valentino a race for his "jack" when it comes to good looks. Now, don't get excited, 'cause he's married and his wife thinks a lot of him. His full name is Sheldon so you can see his mother thought a lot of him too. Well, she had a license to do so, and we agree with her. If any of the ladies wish this boy's picture, please correspond with me as I have to get a rake-off on every picture sold.

Well, that's enough for this time. It is no joke playing the typewriter with an ice bag on your chest and someone running in to place a stick of glass under your tongue every once in a while to see if you have gained or lost, how much, and why. Just like taking inventory at a B Station.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

J. H. Manning, agent at Jennings, Kans., has a fine ten-pound baby boy. "Shorty" says he will soon be running two trucks.

Ray Bryant of the Norton S. S. has been transferred to St. Joseph as a mechanic.

Sandy Brooks on a recent visit to Norton was unable to locate a number of his friends, but finally found some of them. Ask A. J. where.

Babe Hotchkiss, at Atwood, has been following a motto, "We never sleep," pretty closely since upsetting his truck and breaking eight ribs recently. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Bert Warner, agent at Herndon, says his new son is going to be a specialist on collecting unauthorized tickets. Well, his dad is not slow at the job.

Harket Hogeboon of the Goodland S. S. says, "We will have one of the best looking stations in the field, when we get our flowers growing next summer."

Bert Morissey of Colby thinks Kansas City is a fine town. He took it in and didn't miss a thing.

Bill Arensberg says that he is sure he heard George Coldsnow's voice over the radio, January 20. St. Louis was broadcasting from the Missouri Theater and Bill heard someone in the show say, "That beats me. That Potlicker set on my hat."

Bill Arensberg tells the following joke on himself: "I stopped to solicit a farmer on harness oil and he was on the way to the field carrying a gun. He said, "I was just in time to kill a badger so I walked two miles to the badger's home, helped the farmer kill it, and carried it to the house for him, only to find that he had killed it to get badger oil with which to oil his harness."

G. W. Bowen of Concordia recently joined the ranks of the Grand-Fathers Club.

"Jiggs," son of Salesman Claud Childers, has all the ear marks of a coming Standard Oil salesman.

Salesman McLeod spent six days of his vacation hunting rabbits. Mack claims they were so thick he had to hide behind the tree to load his gun.

Ben Wells, accompanied by Stewart Chaffin, recently joined the night riders. Stewart claims the days are two short.

Crackolew O'Neil, Sure Shot Arensberg and Box Car Waddill had a grand old time at O'Neil's Concordia home.

R. D. White may try to tell some of the bunch that he is a crack shot or a marksman of distinction, but if you want to know the real truth about it ask Mr. Bode or O'Neil.

P. D. Letourneau has been added to the force at Concordia.

Hal Macy left Concordia recently to deliver the stake truck to the "A" station at Norton. How were the snow drifts, Hal?

Agent O'Rourke of Oberlin spent New Year's day at his old home in Clay Center.

William Slater, agent Ludlow, Mo., who increased his sales on Eureka Harness Oil 200 per cent in one month, has promised to do even better during this campaign.

Hollie Carr, agent at Chula, Mo., was on the sick list during January, but we understand he has recovered and is once more out and taking care of the Chula territory 100 per cent.

Bernie Mitchell has promised to "Shoot the Moon" on Eureka Harness Oil this year.

Jack Moss, agent at DeKalb, Mo., wants us to send "Judge" McCullough down to his field. How about it, "Judge"?

Irving Hayden, agent at Edgerton, says he is willing to pay anyone $5 a day who will make him a hundred. Form in line to the right, please.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

A short time ago Arch Cameron indulged in his favorite indoor sport of entertaining the St. Louis Garage Owners' Association at their semi-annual banquet. Among the numbers was "The King of the Vikings." Our Messrs. R. W. May, P. M. Gash, J. N. Lanigan, W. O. O'Dell and W. B. Lalley attended to render the applause. The whole affair was a huge success; nobody was hurt.

Tank Wagon Driver Bud Grant was transferred from the St. Louis main plant to Wellston plant this week. Did you notice the new outfit Bud is sporting—a $34 khaki affair? Bud is going after new business among the farmers, both Red Crown and healthy farm chickens. Keep your new boots on, Bud, and don't get your feet wet.

John Sweet answered the telephone so much during the Furnace Oil rush that when the alarm clock goes off in the morning, John starts hollering, "Hello."

C. P. Ballard recently induced another to share his burdens. He reported a week later they had no battles as yet, but we notice he has discarded his mustache.

H. C. Koob, salesman in Versailles, Eldon territory, who has been confined to his home on account of illness, is again making his territory. Since resuming active work, Mr. Koob has added to our ledgers several very good new accounts.

Our friend Jeff Green of Swampeast, Mo., made a hurried business trip to St. Louis recently. After spending two days in St. Louis, Jeff returned to his home among the cotton pickers with more knowledge and less money than when he left.

J. F. Snider, salesman at Jefferson City, recently started a wrestling bout with the Missouri State Highway Commission. This was a business bout and final decision has not yet been given. We hope Snider wins.

B. W. Fitzgerald, who was transferred from Springfield to St. Louis the early part of the month, put on a one-night stand at Springfield during the past week. We will not ask Fritz what circuit he played, but we all have our suspicions.

We have just been informed that Sam Hager, agent at Jefferson City, has discontinued making his regular delivery to a certain spot in the Jeff City Hills. What's the matter, Sam? Are they putting water in it?

S. F. Myerson, who was recently voted the most popular young man in the St. Louis office, left for his father's ranch at Pueblo, Colo. Sam, on leaving, said that he felt positive he had all the St. Louis girls corralled and would now attempt to corral the broncos of Colorado.

Arch Cameron, the Minneapolis warbler, is in our midst. The boy is there with both feet as a yodler and pep artist. He is busy extracting some of the germs out of the atmosphere. Arch is pleased with conditions today—he saw the sun for the first time since he has been in St. Louis. He loves our St. Louis smoke screens.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

Fred Blake just finished telling Bob Harris how a certain Saint drove all the snakes out of Ireland, when Bob "springs" this, "I wish some kind of Saint would drive all of the cockroaches out of the restaurants!"

Vance Woodcox, who is correspondent for the STANOLIND RECORD in Detroit, was a South Bend visitor the last of December. Mr. Woodcox's father was an old employee of this division.

H. R. Howard, agent at Akron, who is the father of a new daughter, writes, "Her name is Shirley Arlene; she is the fourth girl. The two older girls are 18 and 20 years old and are telephone operators; believe me, when they are on duty *I get service.*"

F. Blake says Mel Swank sure must believe in the "hereafter," judging by the amount of insurance he carries.

A. Tyler, our credit man, says, "Here I had to go and wait until the coldest morning in the winter to let my furnace go out! It was only 18 below and to top it off the basement window had blown open during the night." We've got our own opinion of Art's thoughts that morning.

Did we have a good time at the Stanoco's Club Dinner Dance, January 10? Just ask us! Even though the weather was bad, a large crowd turned out to the Chamber of Commerce Hall for the "eats" at 7:00 p. m.

Mr. DeVoe and Mr. Channefield of Elkhart were guests at the party.

Mr. Van Schrom from Warsaw enjoyed the evening with us.

Harry Bueche came in January 12 for his "flivver" which has undergone a radical change at the hands of the machine shop artists.

The big question of the hour: Does, or, does not Johnie Harringer use Mica Axle Grease to keep his hair so slicked down?

Yes-sir-ee! Our latest newlywed, Wilbur King,

came across with the cigars. Thanks, Wilbur. Yes, that's all right so far as it goes, but we haven't seen any candy yet (this from the girls).

Lester Hug says his cigar bill is considerably smaller since so many of our company's workers have been bitten by the matrimonial bug.

Clark Flaugh, agent at Woodburn, who has been on the sick list, is convalescent.

Frank Bechtol, our Waterloo agent, made a trip to Chicago recently. Is the neck all right now, Frank?

Ralph DePew, S. S. attendant, was recently married to Miss Helen Hatch of Waterloo. Curses, there's a cigar we lost out on.

Sh! 'Tis reported Spot Smith dropped in to see Frank Heummer the other evening and had to call a taxi to go home! How about it, Spot?

We are wondering about Amelia Long's stiff neck. She won't tell us anything about it, but, we do know she bought a new rolling pin the other day. Wonder if her husband has a black eye. It's too bad, Emalia, that rolling pin cost you just one-half day's salary.

E. E. Murray says the reason he froze his ears the cold morning in January was because he still had his B. V. D.'s on!

Jim Kem and Miss Reichards started for Kendallville one Saturday afternoon and having neglected to fill the crank case of their "flivver" with Polarine, they were soon minus a couple or three bearings. Jim says Polarine and lots of it from now on. (Of course he said a lot of other things which we can't print.)

Gena Murphy, one noon the last of January, asked "Bill" Perrin, our stationery clerk, if he would take her downtown so she could do some shopping. A short distance from the office "Bill's" car almost had a collision with another car. Bill is still wondering why Gena abandoned her shopping trip and decided to go home for lunch.

Morris Moseman is our new agent at Topeka, succeeding M. E. Sparks, who is now on the sales force. Mr. Moseman recently came to South Bend and received a new tank for his truck.

F. E. Froehlich, Standard Oil Company salesman from Peoria district, spent his two weeks' vacation with his sister, near Ligonier, Ind. Much obliged for your visit to our territory, old man.

Wabash reports O. G. Moore, salesman, as a thorough convert for "Safety First," but states what is worrying them most is the fact that he doesn't either shave or wash his upper lip! Put some milk on it, boys, and put the cat to work!

Logansport sends their regrets for the loss of W. J. Kuhnle as agent, and, at the same time their welcome to J. R.Fraser, new agent.

Billy Condon says "Lyman Harris doesn't have time to make cigarets any more." He just eats 'em, that's all!

There's a question mark in the Logansport office as to why D. McGraw dashed madly to Toronto during the holidays! Why come home alone, Mac?

Wayne Baer says if the snow keeps up he's either "gonna" get a dog team, or go south.

Perhaps John McLaughlin can explain what the waitress meant when she said, "'Mac,' your hat has a saucy look, and you glance a wicked eye." Naughty, naughty, Mac."

This from machine shop: Wanted to know the name of the dancing teacher "Bruno" Helvey took lessons from.

John Seibert, superintendent of equipment, says he needs a humidor to keep his chewing tobacco moist. He says it gets so dry it cuts his mouth.

L. Emberlin of the repair shop says he wishes the S. O. Co. would buy more Fords as he enjoys working on them.

Portland

"Any color, so its red." That's what R. Walburn thinks, judging from the color of the young growth starting on his upper lip.

Jesse Stookey is all excited account of seeing 'possum tracks around the warehouse. Maybe he has been talking to some of the "colored folks."

H. O. Butcher of Bryant reports Chet Ulrey as a woman hater, and a lover of good wine (Dr. Ulrey).

Auburn

H. M. East, "A" station clerk, working extra at S. S. No. 29, recently punctured a blood vessel in his hand on a wire on customer's car, when he slipped while removing the gasoline tank cap. Better luck next time, H. M. E.

J. C. Brown, rural tankwagon driver, said he did not mind rural work in cold weather if he could only get a good night's rest. John's children both have the whooping cough. Hope they are well by now, John.

LaFayette

Bert Force, salesman, says watch Polarine sales in LaFayette for 1924. Atta boy, Bert!

C. D. Heide was employed as attendant at S. S. No. 312. "Make her go, Carl!"

S. S. No. 316 was opened January 12. C. Shaffer says he will get the Irish yet!

Shorty Earhart, S. S. No. 34, says, "Dogs are expensive, but also profitable."

Harry Burke, S. S. No. 24, is sporting one of those wonderful "Olds" or, is it "colds?"

LaPorte

Mr. O'Brien, clerk at LaPorte, announces an eight and one-half-pound boy, born January 8th. Richard Quin he has been named. "Dick" is a real Irish boy.

"Larry" Jessup, attendant at S. S. No. 36, says, "It always snows the night before he goes on in the morning, and, if there is any snow in the country, it is in LaPorte."

Drivers come and drivers go, but Charley Krueger goes on forever. About three times a week we have to send out a scout to let him know there is another day coming.

Elkhart

Floyd Holderman and Miss Vera Madelem were married recently. Floyd is attendant at S. S. No. 20. We wish you a happy future folks.

Our new agent, M. DeVoe, is holding educational meetings each week for the T. W. men and S. S. attendants. Good idea, we think!

C. A. Bolyeat, T. W. driver, says he learns something new about his big service truck every now and then. Eh, what, C. A.?

Ft. Wayne

Ft. Wayne's basket ball team sure is "rarin' to go!" What now? Well, get this: Recently the Red Crown cagers supplied the thrills for an evening by defeating the Anthony Wayne Institute team, 17 to 12. Anthony Wayne had, up to that time, been leading the Commercial League.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*
C. C. LAKIN, *Assistant Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
J. H. BUDDIE, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
A. E. RALSTON, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MASON CITY, IOWA
R. H. THOMAS, *Manager*
H. E. HANSON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Ass't Manager* (Operation)
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

MINOT, N. D.
JOHN BEATON, *Manager*
H. H. HATHAWAY, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
A. R. MAULSBY, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST JOSEPH, MO.
C. H. WAGNER, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
G. W. COLDSNOW, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
H. J. BEMIS, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Manager*
W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

The Open Book

NOT so many years ago, executives generally, looked upon the close corporation as the ideal business arrangement. The higher the selling price of their stock the more successful their business—so they thought. Every business move was shrouded in the utmost secrecy—as a result the public did not understand big business and viewed it with suspicion.

Five years ago, the Management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) decided that if the public knew more about its methods of operation, and had a better knowledge of the ideals animating its practices, suspicion, born of misunderstanding, would give place to confidence, respect, and esteem.

At that time the stockholders in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) numbered 4.623 and stock in the company was selling for about $775.00 a share.

It was decided to acquaint the public, in a frank and open manner, with facts concerning the ownership of this Company—its Management—its policies—its principles—its practices—its ideals—and the true relationship between the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and the public it serves.

Each week the public press has carried a message dealing with some phase of the business of this Company.

As fast as the Company could bring it about, the par value of the Company's stock was reduced and the capital stock was increased until the price per share was brought to a point where it was within the reach of small investors.

At this writing the stockholders in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) number 43,081 and the selling price of its stock is about $59.00 per share.

Today, the man of modest means can become a stockholder in the Company and no one stockholder owns as much as six per cent of the total stock.

Confidence, respect, and esteem have routed suspicion and misunderstanding.

The patrons of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) are its friends—its employes are one happy family—the stockholders are proud of the fact that they are part owners in such a shirt-sleeved organization which places service before profits and by so doing has earned the good-will of the thirty million people of the two-fisted Middle West.

Standard Oil Company

(*Indiana*)

910 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 5 APRIL, 1924 No. 6

F. P. ALLEN

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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B. Parks, *Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*
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T. J. Thompson, *General Manager, Sales*
John D. Clark, *Vice-President, Assistant to Chairman*

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H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

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J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

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F. G. Lee
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Peter Holden
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J. W. Phelps
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M. H. Scott
L. G. Smith
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B. C. Godbold
W. T. Hughes
F. N. Sanford
G. L. Shepardson
E. C. Starks

LARAMIE, WYO.

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J. L. Robay
Roy T. Stewart
B. L. Walker

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COMPANY WELFARE ONLY GOVERNS PROMOTIONS AND RETIREMENTS

"No Man or Woman in Employ of This Company Need Have Any Fear, if He or She Make Good, That Favoritism of Any Kind or Character Is Going to Rob Them of the Reward They Have Earned," Col. Stewart, Chairman of Board, Tells Sales Field Managers

Gossip among employees that one man has been retired because he was disliked personally by some executive, or that another man has been promoted because he was a sycophant who had insinuated himself into the favor of some executive, is in every particular false, Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and the company's chief executive, told managers and assistant managers from the twenty-seven sales fields, and home office executives who attended a banquet at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Wednesday evening, March 12.

He asked his hearers to carry back to the employees the message that "likes and dislikes, sycophancy and favoritism have nothing to do with advancement in this company" and that "they will continue to hold their jobs, to get increases in salary and receive promotions, when they have these things coming, whether I, or any other executive of this company, like them or not."

"And I am asking you, as the managers and assistant managers of the sales department of this company, to help us make good this statement in every particular," concluded Colonel Stewart.

Colonel Stewart's declaration on this subject follows:

"During the last three years it has been necessary for us to make many changes in the personnel of our executives in the sales department, in the accounting department, in the Board of Directors itself. Many good men have been retired and good men have taken their places.

"Now, in every organization, great and small, there is a certain amount of internal gossip, and the larger the organization the more the gossip, and sometimes the more ill-founded the gossip. I am aware that in our company there has been gossip about the retirement of this man and the promotion of that man. I am aware that it has been said of certain people that they were let go because they were not personally pleasing to some of the executives of the company. I am aware that it has been said of others that they were promoted because certain of the executives entertain a personal liking for them. I am aware that it has been said of some men that they were promoted because they were sycophants, because they flattered certain of the chief executives.

"None of this is true. In every particular it is false.

"So long as our men or our women are efficient in the work they are doing; so long as they work in accord with the policies of this company, it does not matter one iota to me or to any other executive of this company whether we like them or not; they will continue to hold their jobs, to get increases in salary and receive promotions when they have these things coming, whether I or any other executive of this company like them or not.

"Now, as to retirements: in most cases retirements have been effected because we

felt the need of younger men. Conditions in business are changing and younger men are more adaptable to these changes than older ones. The physical strain of being a manager in one of our sales divisions is heavy. No one knows that better than I do or you do, and we have felt that younger men should take over this burden which those older, loyal hard working managers had carried so long. We felt, besides, these men had earned a rest, a chance to play awhile.

"Their retirement was no reflection on them, no accusation of failing ability. They were good men, capable men, loyal men. It gives me the greatest pleasure in the world to testify that they were in my opinion largely instrumental in making the Standard Oil Company of Indiana what it is today. They have merely handed on the burden to younger men, more adaptable to the rapidly changing conditions, better able to stand the physical strain, just as I will some day step aside in like manner and for the same reasons, to make place for a younger man. I only hope that everyone of you young managers will develop into as strong and able men as some of those who are now enjoying a rest.

"Not one of these men was retired because he was personally displeasing to any of the executives of the company, nor was anyone of you promoted because you were personally pleasing to some executive. In every case the welfare of the organization was the only consideration. Possibly in some cases we have made mistakes—only time will tell. But, if we have made them, we have made them honestly and we will endeavor to correct them honestly.

"Do you suppose when Allan Jackson was placed upon the Board of Directors, the rest of us liked him one-tenth as well as we liked Henry Morton? Far from it. No one could help liking golden-hearted Henry Morton, who had given so many years of loyal, efficient work in building up this company, and who is today enjoying a rest, which no man ever deserved more than he. Why, on the day Allan Jackson was elected to the Board of Directors, compared with Henry Morton he was new to the rest of us. We could not possibly have known him or liked him so well at that time as we did the man whose place he took. Today, of course, we know him just as well, and like him just as well, but he was placed upon the Board, not because we liked him, but because he seemed to us the kind of man who should take the place of him who was leaving.

"When VanKeuren was retired and Pat Quinlan took his place in Wichita, do you suppose we liked Pat anywhere near so well as we liked old Van? Not a bit of it. When Dave Guilfoyle, A. P. Robinson and D. B. Thayer were retired, do you suppose we liked our friends, McConnell, Clifford and Bemis, whose promotions were the aftermath of those other retirements, anywhere near so well as we liked Dave Guilfoyle and Alex Robinson and Dent Thayer? We hope and believe that the day will come when we will know McConnell, Clifford and Bemis just as well and like them just as well as we did Dave and Alex and Dent; but they were promoted, not because of friendship or of any special liking for them on the part of anyone, but because they looked to us like 'comers.'

"Likes and dislikes, sycophancy and favoritism have nothing to do with advancement in this company. Every promotion is made because we believe a certain man is the best man for a certain position. Undoubtedly there have been some cases where the rank and file, where even some of you have not been able to see why a certain man was the best man for a certain place, but often a man has an opportunity to display to the Board that he has certain abilities in certain directions of which the rank and file and you are in ignorance. It might even happen that a man might not do well in one position, but while handling it might display to the Board certain qualities in another direction which would result in his being promoted to a more important position, handling a kind of work for which he was better fitted.

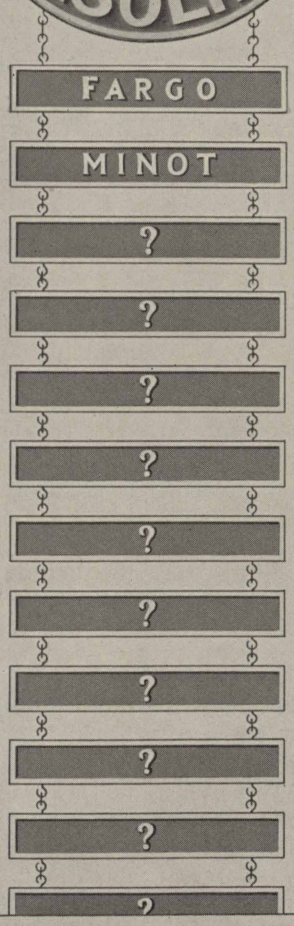
"I have addressed these remarks to you tonight because you are primarily the representatives of the sales department of this company. Every word I have said in regard to your department applies with equal strength to the manufacturing and every other department in this company.

"Let me leave with you as the concluding point of this branch of my talk that no man or woman in the employ of this company need have any fear if he or she make good, that favoritism of any kind or character is going to rob them of the reward they have earned, and I am asking you as the managers and assistant man-

(Continued on page 4)

THE BIG FIGHT IS ON!

Minot, the "Why-Not" division, stepped on the gas during the February lap of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) 1924 Red Crown Free-for-All and nosed out Fargo division in a finish that had the crowd bewildered. The finish of the lap, between Minot and Fargo was so close that the judges hung up the wrong numbers of the winners. A re-check, however, showed Fargo to have been beaten by a bumper. The Why-Notters took on a few gallons of Red Crown and set off on the March lap with confidence galore and plenty of stamina. Fargo, who now shares with Minot the first two months' leadership, having won in January, is seeing red and is liable to upset the Minot team in this month's going. Duluth, a lap behind each of the leaders, is primed to set the dope bucket upside down and steal the lap by the time the thirty-first swings around again. Duluth was in third place in February, two length behind. This month, however, expects to see Minneapolis and Huron fourth and fifth placers, respectively, show a brand of selling that won't leave anything to the imagination. Watch this pair, is the word sent out by the tipsters. The rest of the twenty-seven divisions were strung out as far as the eye could see when the leaders crossed the finish line. Anyone of these has a good chance. There isn't a quitter among the lot. Joliet who in the March quotations was not mentioned, is peeved at the oversight, and with "Today's the Day" as a slogan appears to have something that the rest of the racers will have a hard time to beat. But every month sees a new start. The crowd is watching. Let's go!



LET THE BEST MEN WIN!

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

Duluth Division—Students of the Michigan College of Mines, Houghton, Mich., staged a night-shirt parade recently. Our fotog was on the job and the instant the snake-dancers got in front of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service station he touched off the flash and "snapped 'em."

(*Continued from page 2*)

agers of the sales department of this company to help us make good this statement in every particular."

Col. Stewart also issued an injunction to employees to keep the company out of politics.

"Go to the polls and vote as you may see fit," he said, "but do nothing which will in any way involve this company as supporting or opposing any candidate for political office. If demagogues attack us, we will not retaliate by attempting to defeat them for office, but will simply continue to maintain ourselves in public favor by rendering honest, efficient, courteous service. Honesty and decency will win in the long run over any politically inspired slander, no matter how vicious, and the company that is honest and decent will still be in business long after the name of the demagogue who attacked it has been forgotten. We are in business, not in politics, and no executive or employee of this company must be permitted to drag us into politics."

Colonel Stewart's address was the culmination of one of the most successful meetings of sales executives ever conducted by this company. Opening Monday morning, March 10, the meetings, attended by managers and assistant managers from the company's twenty-seven sales divisions, representing eleven states of the middle west, extended through Wednesday afternoon and closed with the banquet that night. Thursday, many of the managers and assistant managers spent the day inspecting the Whiting works.

Home office specialists in almost every branch of work with which the field managers come in contact addressed them during the three days.

That the sales department is on the soundest footing it has ever been and ready to make the greatest showing in its history was the consensus of all home office executives who talked to the managers from the field. The final encouragement came from Col. Stewart:

"And remember," he said, as a prelude to good-bye, "that Chicago will stand back of you, even in your mistakes, so long as those mistakes are of the head and not the heart. I wouldn't give a nickel for a friend who was not also a friend in adversity—and Chicago means to be your friend in every particular."

Mr. T. J. Thompson presided at the banquet. We would like to print what he said but we fear if we printed the stories he told about some of the managers who were present they would never live them down. Other speakers were the irrepressible Mr. Quinlan of Wichita, the pennant winning Mr. Galbreath of Detroit, the optimistic Mr. Raupagh of Milwaukee, that sterling patriot of Minnesota, Mr. Frank Cochran,

SOCO FLOAT IN FALL FESTIVAL IN GOLDEN

Quincy Division—One of the big events of the Autumn in Golden, Ill., is the Fall Festival. This is the truck that took a big part in the parade. The Standard Oilers in the photo are (left to right) S. R. Worman, agent at Golden, Mrs. Worman, Henry Alden, driver, and Salesman N. L. Dunsworth. A hard-working quartet!

and the musical and literary Mr. Marshall of Indianapolis. (They all get literary when they get into Indiana.)

The Schnitzlebaum Quartet — Messrs. Seubert, Bullock, McElroy and Glair — entertained with one number. Commodore Jones, placed on a chair so everyone could see him, brought down the house with "Illinois". Other singers were A. E. Ralston, of Detroit, and Dr. R. E. Humphreys, of Whiting.

Speakers at the day meetings were as follows:

Monday A. M., March 10th, Mr. T. J. Thompson presiding: Mr. Allan Jackson, opening address; Mr. C. W. Martyn, Mr. F. E. Packard, Mr. F. C. Singleton, Dr. F. R. Morton, Mr. R. J. Fellingham, Mr. R. J. Barnett, Mr. M. Mildenberg, Mr. C. V. Julian, Mr. Geo. M. Cook, Mr. N. H. Reed, Mr. H. W. King.

Monday P. M., March 10th, Mr. H. R. Cochran presiding: Mr. J. F. Hewson, Mr. E. J. Bullock, Mr. E. G. Seubert, Mr. R. E. Clarke, Mr. F. L. King, Mr. F. T. Graham, Mr. E. F. Tegtmeyer, Mr. R. H. McElroy, Mr. D. E. Boismenue, Mr. C. C. Lakin, Mr. E. Bogardus, Mr. W. A. Jones, Mr. E. E. Follin.

Tuesday A. M., March 11th, Mr. H. A. Lewis presiding: Mr. L. C. Welch, Mr. Dean Treat, Major V. C. Parker, Mr. H. J. Saladin, Mr. N. H. Reed, Mr. J. H. Lambert, Mr. J. J. Hamming, Mr. G. L. Conley, Mr. R. E. Wilson, Mr. T. E. McCahill.

Tuesday P. M., March 11th, Mr. Amos Ball presiding: Col. R. W. Stewart, Mr. C. O. Wilson, Dr. M. R. Schmidt, Dr. G. Cash, Dr. R. E. Humphreys, Mr. H. R. Cochran.

Wednesday A. M., March 12th, Mr. N. R. Grimshaw presiding: Mr. B. T. Thompson, Mr. H. A. Lewis, Mr. N. H. Reed, Mr. Amos Ball, Mr. C. C. Inglefield, Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, Mr. J. D. Clark.

Wednesday P. M., March 12th, Mr. T. J. Thompson presiding: Mr. Allan Jackson, Mr. T. J. Thompson, closing address.

VICTORS OF THE "WAR OF 1923"

1

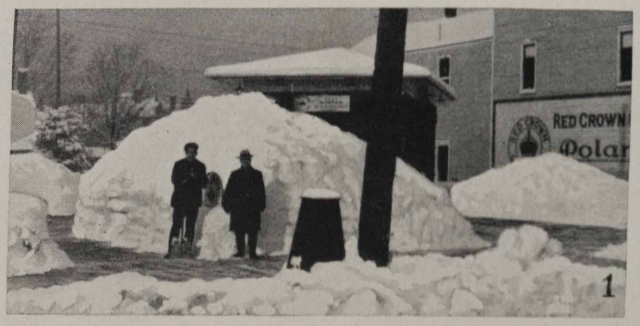
2

Detroit Division—No. 1—Twenty-six sales divisions this year are agreed on one thing—Detroit division must not be allowed to win the Red Crown banner for 1924. However, there are twenty-six different ideas as to which division should win it among the twenty-six. Meanwhile, Detroit is plugging along with a well Polarine'd machine. Last month, the Stanolind Record published its first picture of "among the winners"—this month, it is publishing some others. Here is a Detroit group. No. 2—Not to create dissension in the Detroit division's ranks, but to give credit where credit is due, we'll say that Detroit could not have won without loyal assistance from towns outside the metropolis. Here is the Monroe group—they illustrate what we mean.

NO WONDER DETROIT'S EGOTISTICAL

Detroit Division—No. 1—History books tell us that Detroit was once a battleground and that a fort once stood where the city now stands. It is to laugh! "Once a battleground"? Hee, hee, ha, ha, pardon, but "once a battleground", ha, ha, ho ho! Ask any Standard Oil Company (Indiana) division! It's still a battleground and twenty-six divisions are going to make the Detroit defenders do some hustling to hold the fort in 1924. The above picture shows some of the defenders—the "B" station group at the Pontiac meeting. No. 2—There's a salesman in Lansing we've heard, who gets up with the sun. This salesman has a habit of murmuring, "Detroit must win". He's got a son. This son has heard the "Detroit must win" slogan to the accompaniment of the sun's rise so often that one morning he asked, "Daddy, does the sun rise in Detroit?" Maybe, that salesman is in this Lansing group of SOCO boosters.

MORE WORK THAN POETRY IN THIS SNOW



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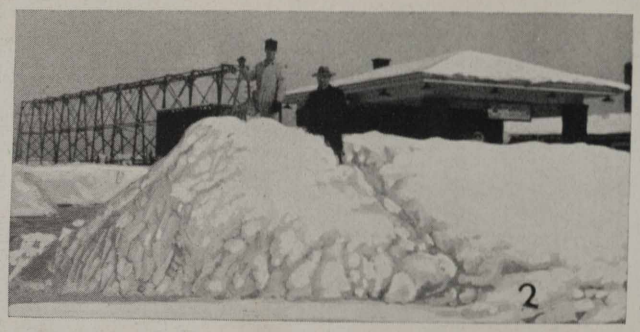

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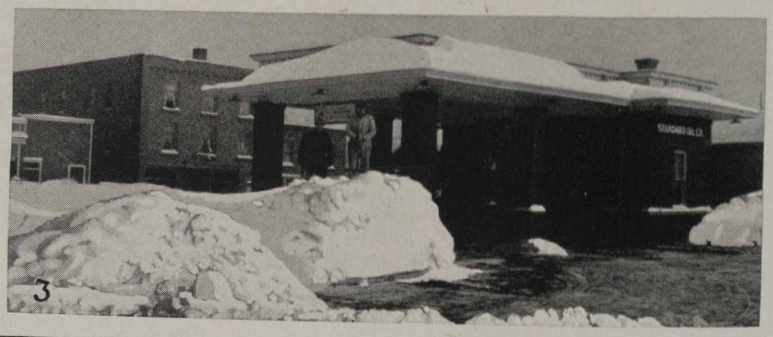

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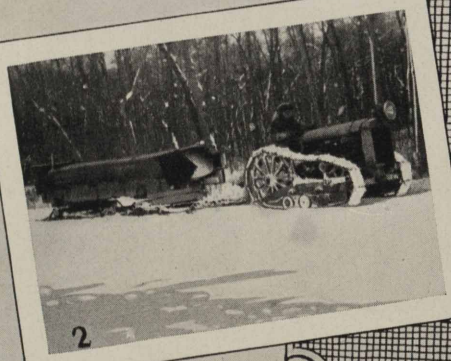
Grand Rapids Division—No. 1—Albert Witkop, S. S. attendant at No. 59, Traverse City, wasn't able to crack a smile for this picture. He just finished shoveling the drives and clearing the way for SOCO customers. W. A. Bovee, agent, is shown at his left. No. 2—W. A. Bovee, agent, and Roy Groesser, S. S. attendant at No. 72, Traverse City (left), are right on top of this snow storm. It was a big job, but SOCO service must prevail. No. 3—Oscar Johnson, S. S. attendant at No. 58, Traverse City, is longing for the good old Summer time. He says it's easier to cut grass than shovel snow. Agent W. A. Bovee is at his right.

STANDARD OIL SERVICE IS KING IN NORTH

1



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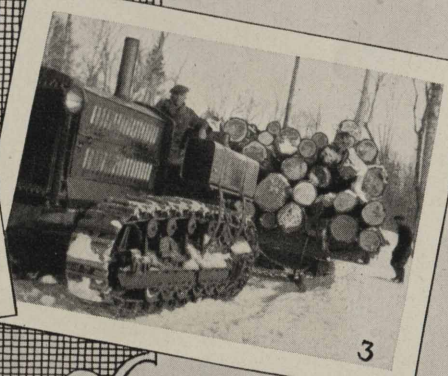

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Duluth Division—No. 1—Bernard Vann, construction superintendent, was the designer of this model service station, located at Rhinelander, Wis. R. A. M. Anderson, Chicago architect, praised this type station very highly in Filling Station Magazine. No. 2—The vital service of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to the nation is illustrated in the North woods where SOCO men make regular deliveries despite handicaps. Without regular deliveries of products the business of logging would be put on a hit-or-miss basis. However, service? Sure, anywhere, anytime! This is a photo of the way our agent at Munising, Mich., makes good our service slogan. Salesman H. C. Anderson, Marquette, is at the wheel of the tractor. No. 3—A broken down tractor is money wasted. The Patton Paper Company knows this for, of course, it uses Polarine to make tractors move easily in cold weather. It's a husky load of logs, Red Crown furnishes the power.

"Snow's 'sno use" SAY STANDARD OILERS

No. 1—E. G. Gifford, agent at Balaton, Mankato Division, was one of the first to respond when citizens of that city called for volunteers to clear out the arterial highway of the big drifts. E. G. not only gave his own time and work but he put his truck into service. This pix shows the shovelers at work. No. 2—Ready to move on to the next big drift. The printing over the picture is a trifle wrong—Snow shows S. O. service at its best. No. 3—St. Joseph Division also knows what snow is. Here Agent O'Dell at Goodland, Kans., is shown clearing away the snow for business. No. 4—La Crosse Division is asking, "Who said we were going to have an open Winter?" "Skinnay" Heckel and Bill Juno, M. T. drivers, who opened up the road around the Marshfield station. La X field, can't see anything poetical in the silvery flakes.

PICTORIAL NEWS of SOUTH BEND DIVISION

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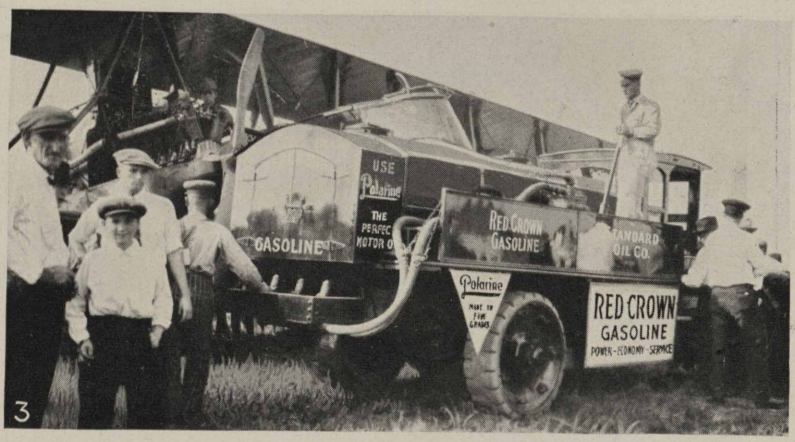


3

South Bend Division—No. 1—Everyday the newspapers tell about women doing men's work better than ever. We don't know if Mrs. George Conn, wife of our Pine Village agent, can drive a tanker better than Mr. Conn can, but here's proof that she can do it. Mrs. Conn got tired of doing office work, so "went on the road" for a rest. No. 2—Accidents will happen sometimes. Here's one of the unavoidable kind. A full tank, a rotten bridge were necessary. However, SOCO service speedily got the tank truck on its wheels again. The upset came near Kokomo. No. 3—This is a good picture of how a Martin Bomber is filled from a tanker. Three hundred gallons of gas were needed to fill this camel.

TWO WHITING ATHLETIC TEAMS

Whiting—Whether it's sports or whether it's the refining of crude petroleum, Standard Oilers can't be beaten. No. 1—One of the gymnastic teams, composed of (standing) Mary, Catherine and Teresa Kraly; (sitting) John Perac, John Mikovic, instructor, and Martin Zoric; and (below) Anna Bercic and Mildred Martich. No. 2—Another team of turners, (standing) Martin Zpric and Joseph Butkovic; (kneeling) Tony Kosavich, John Mikovic and John Martich; and (sitting) John Perac and Martin Zoretich.

WHITING COMMUNITY SERVICE GAINING DAY BY DAY

BY A. J. PARKIN
Manager, Community Service, Whiting

Four months have passed since the opening of the Memorial Community House at Whiting, the building now referred to as "the pride of Whiting" and which is, without question, the most complete and beautiful of its kind to be found anywhere. This preliminary period of operation has allowed sufficient time for the people of Whiting to become convinced that a most vital need in the social and civic life of the entire community has been met. The building with its well arranged accommodations for leisure-time activities is a busy place daily, the program being of ample scope and variety to interest the majority of the people, both adults and minors.

At this time we recall a question frequently asked during the early days when Community Service was mapping out its course and the building was under construction, "Will the people realize and lay hold of their opportunity to use this organization, of which they are to be the vital part, toward the enrichment of the community life; will they make full use of the building and its unusual facilities for carrying forward a constructive leisure-time program?"

The answer to that question is now to be found in what is actually taking place each day, in the facts and figures already on record, which furnish conclusive evidence that the project has been well received and is quickly coming into its proper place as a potent factor for good in the community. However, could one make a personal visit to the building for the purpose of direct and close observation, where he would have ample opportunity to know something of the spirit and feeling of the people as they participate in the life of the institution, we believe that his findings would be by far the most satisfactory, affirmative answer to the above question.

For those to whom such a visit is impossible, and others who would like something more concrete on which to found an opinion a few interesting and somewhat surprising figures have been culled from the archives of Community Service.

During these four months in the new building the membership of Community Service has passed 3,000, for which memberships the people have paid annual rates ranging from $2.00 for the boys and girls to $20.00 for the family membership. Of this number 2,035 are men and boys and the remainder, 991, are women and girls. Approximately 50 per cent of this membership has come from the foreign-speaking peoples, 1,487 of them, with Hungarians, Slovaks, Croatians, Poles and Ukranians predominating. New members are registering every day. For example, since the above figures were collected three days ago exactly 51 new names have been recorded.

Three thousand members! That represents more than one-fourth of the population of Whiting. The building is serving this membership well and they are satisfied, but it is doing far more than that. The territory served by Community Service, which includes the north end of Hammond, namely, West Park, Robertsdale and the Water Gardens, has a population of 16,000. The attendance records which are carefully kept from day to day show that the equal of this number of people are participating in the activities each month. The figures for the four months are as follows: November, 16,255; December, 16,644; January, 22,871; February, 24,576. Anticipating a decrease in attendance during the summer months, when the attraction of out-of-doors life is strong, a conservative monthly average would be 12,000, which would make the total for the year 144,000.

Figures like these surely must mean something to us, but there is a deeper significance attached to them when we pause to consider that these people are not merely coming together, but are coming together for a purpose—to pursue some particular interest, to play, to plan and do things together for their own physical and moral upbuilding, and that of the community. That means something. The figures begin to take on a tremendous significance. People assembling for play, thought and action with and for one-another—such a practice

must result in a sure and steadily increasing fellowship, happiness and unity among all. In this then it is seen that the Memorial Community House at Whiting has a real reason for existence, that the hopes of those who made it possible have been well founded and will ultimately be fully justified, for, let us not forget, the fundamental principles which make for the highest hope of American citizenship are to be found in that movement of the people, all of the people, which tends to clarify and enlarge the vision of the majority, makes men friendly, happy and contented, which kindles in them a spirit of unity and loyalty, a love of country.

POLARINES LEAD PIN LEAGUE

Chicago.—With fifty-two games won and fourteen lost, the Polarine team of the STANOLIND Bowling League is leading the Superlas by ten full games. The Perfections, third in standing, won thirty-nine games, while losing twenty-even.

Lau is showing the way in individual work with an average for sixty-three games of 186. Gadish is next with an average of three less for the same number of games. Grebe, shooting in three more games, averages 182. Liesse and Bumhour hit 'em for 181 in fifty-one tilts. Liesse also has high game with 276. Roberts, in fifteenth place, is next in high scores with 269.

The standing of the teams and players follow:

Teams	Won	Lost	Per Cent
Polarine	52	14	788
Superla	42	24	636
Perfection	39	27	591
Red Crown	36	30	545
Renown	28	38	424
Finol	28	38	424
Semdac	27	39	409
Capitol	12	54	181
Player	**Games**	**High**	**Average**
Lau	63	247	186
Gadish	63	236	183
Grebe	66	263	182
Liesse	51	276	181
Bumhour	51	255	181
Conway	42	235	179
Sahle	66	246	178
Henrikson	66	222	178
Burns	63	245	178
Thorstenson	66	222	173
King	63	221	172
Juergensen	57	246	172
Benight	63	226	172
Vale	54	249	171
Roberts	60	269	171
Wendt	54	236	171
Vodak	66	232	169

SERVICE—THE SOCO KIND

With snow piled high, with cold weather that nips and bites ears and feet, with mud hub deep from the thaws and a constantly growing demand for Standard Oil products all combining to form a handicap of service, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) men on the firing line laughed at clocks and made the SOCO slogan, Service —Anywhere, Anytime, an actuality.

Truck Drivers Frey and Nuttleman of La Crosse division had the service idea when they responded to a phone call for Perfection, fourteen miles in the country. Two miles of this distance was so heavily covered with snow that they were forced to get out and dig. But they delivered the oil.

Agent Claude Mikesell, Culver, South Bend division, was routed out of bed one recent Sunday night by a phone call. Perfection was wanted for a dry furnace tank, one and three-quarters miles in the country. Despite the fact that the thermometer registered 14° below zero, he delivered.

Agent K. Krueger and Tank Wagon Driver Arthur Hemke of Wisconsin Rapids, La Crosse division, shoveled a path a quarter of a mile long through two feet of snow to deliver Renown Engine oil to a customer. But of course the slogan, Service —Anywhere, Anytime, must be made good. And they made good.

Quincy division has put Standard Oil products indelibly in the minds of customers. It surely took a fine brand of service to have one write in with the letter addressed, "Red Crown Gasoline, Quincy, Ill."

Just to prove that selling service is not the only thing that makes people respect the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Agent R. A. Schuchard, Hammond, Minn., La Crosse division, recently took a star role in extinguishing a serious fire in the Hammond Postoffice.

The above instances are not exceptions. None believed when doing his task that he was going to have his service item published. But each did his best to put Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in the correct light before the world. That is what makes our service supreme.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

LIBRARY FEATURES BOOKS ON PETROLEUM

Whiting—One of the most popular places of Whiting is the Public Library which attracts Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees with a complete set of books and periodicals of the petroleum industry. The photo was taken by R. C. Curtis.

ANNUITANTS

Four more veteran employees have been placed upon the annuity payroll, according to the report of E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). They follow:

George Stauncsik, 629 121st street, Whiting; formerly fireman at Whiting Acid Works; with company 25 years and 11 months.

W. H. Carringer, 415 La Porte avenue, Whiting; formerly night superintendent in paraffine department of Whiting refinery; with company 25 years and 9 months.

John Ricsko, 414 Steiber street, Whiting; formerly laborer at Whiting refinery; with company 17 years and 4 months.

Fred Knackstedt, 10346 Ewing avenue, South Chicago, Ill.; formerly laborer at Whiting refinery; with company 18 years and 7 months.

WHITING DIRTY FACES

Whiting.—The balance of all funds of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association totaled $21,866.06 on February 1, 1924, according to the report of W. O. Walker, secretary. The balance showed $20,332.95 on January 1, 1924. Receipts during the month amounted to $1,940.25 and disbursements amounted to $407.14.

The funds are invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	14,771.02
Savings Acc't—Bank of Whiting	1,149.58
Checking Account	1,945.46

There are 1,326 members in good standing.

* * *

"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello!' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say: 'Are you there? Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation."—*The Continent.*

ROAD BUILDING ONLY ONE USE FOR ASPHALT

Manufactured Product Known 3000 B. C.—Waterproofed Basket of Bulrushes That Floated Moses—Used Now as Insulator in Storage Batteries and as Lining for Refrigerator Cars

BY F. P. ALLEN

Manager, Asphalt Department, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

[*Editor's Note: F. P. ("Hank") Allen, whose photograph appears on the front cover of the* STANOLIND RECORD *this month, dates his service record back to October 27, 1886—his birthday. His record with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been one of constant achievement. Beginning as telegraph operator and engineer at Lima, Ohio, he was brought to Whiting to take charge of the fuel oil line to the World's Fair in November, 1892. In June, 1896, he began to work as city salesman at Chicago. In 1903, he was promoted to manager of the city sales lubricating department which position he held until January 1, 1915, when he was transferred to the road oil department.*]

Almost as far back as our knowledge of ancient civilization extends authentic evidence exists that asphalt was known by the human race for its useful and valuable properties. As early as 3000 B. C. asphalt was used by Sumerians as a cementing medium or binder for attaching small objects or ornaments to sculptures, carvings and pottery. Asphalt is also recorded as having been used to waterproof the basket of bulrushes which served to conceal Moses when the children of Israel were suffering under the bondage of Egypt about 1500 B. C.

Nearly one thousand years elapsed before the use of asphalt in highway construction apparently suggested itself. It was Nabopolassar, king of Babylon, who first used asphalt as a filler or mortar for brick pavements.

The asphalt referred to as being used in ancient times was what is known as "natural" asphalt, which was found seeping from the ground at various places in the form of springs.

It was only in recent years that the use of manufatcured asphalt produced from petroleum has reached large proportions, it having been proven that petroleum asphalt, due to its extreme purity, is far superior to natural asphalt.

Figures show that natural asphalt contains about 56 per cent of pure bitumen whereas the manufactured asphalt contains at least 99.8 per cent pure bitumen.

As an idea of the tremendous use of asphalt, it may be stated that the figures of the United States Geological Survey will show that in 1923 more than 2,000,000 short tons of asphalt was marketed in the United States. Of this amount a trifle over three-fourths was manufactured, or petroleum asphalt.

It is generally known by the readers of the STANOLIND RECORD that asphalt is used in the building of asphalt roads, but the other uses for asphalt are so numerous that its use as a paving material sinks into insignificance when you tabulate the figures where it is used for other than paving purposes.

It is proper to say here that the production of asphalt by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has become one of its important branches and that new uses for this product are being developed by the asphalt department nearly every day.

It would perhaps be a surprise to learn some of the uses for asphalt which have been developed by this treatment; for instance, it may be known to but few people that every Ford car that is put on the market has in its coil box, in order to waterproof and insulate same, one-half pound of asphalt furnished by this company, and when you take into consideration that 8,000 of these coil boxes are produced every twenty-four hours, you can readily see that the amount of asphalt used is large.

Every time you go to a grocery store and purchase a carton of well known biscuits (Uneeda Biscuits) the paper cartons that contain same have an inner lining of our asphalt that prevents moisture from entering the carton.

Manufacturers of insulated wire coat insulate their wire with our asphalt, while to manufacturers of storage batteries we sell large quantities of our asphalt for sealing the batteries, thus preventing moisture.

Manufacturers of insulating paper use our asphalt for saturation purposes to make the paper moisture-proof.

Large quantities of our asphalt are used in the lining of refrigerator cars.

When you take a trip on the railroad it may surprise you to know that the interlocking systems and semiphores, the trunking that carries the wires that operate these signals are filled with asphalt in order to protect them, not only from moisture but from the inroads of mice and crickets who would eat the insulation and cause short circuits. We furnish a special grade of asphalt for this purpose.

Manufacturers of rubber tires are purchasing from us a specially prepared asphalt that goes into the manufacture of cord tires which greatly adds to their resilliency, and prolongs their life. We also manufacture and furnish a grade of asphalt to the manufacturers who are buying up old rubber and regenerating it. Likewise we market a large tonnage of specially prepared asphalt that is used for coating pipe in the ground, for instance, oil pipelines and irrigation lines. It is found in a great many instances that when the bare pipe is laid in the ground, corrosion and disintegration of the pipe takes place due to alkaline conditions, but by a coating of this specially prepared asphalt this condition is avoided.

We also furnish a grade of asphalt that is used by varnish makers in making japans and varnishes. Electrical companies use considerable quanties of our asphalt in their underground cable conduits, especially in junction boxes or pot boxes, as they are termed, to insulate and keep out moisture.

One of our specially prepared asphalts is used for expansion joints and for filling cracks in concrete roads. We also furnish asphalt for waterproofing silos. A large business has been built up in recent years of furnishing a special grade of asphalt to the manufacturers of coal briquets. This asphalt is used as a binder to cement the crushed coal into briquets and in that way utilize the dust that otherwise would be wasted. A new use that has just been developed by us for asphalt is its incorporation in paper which is pressed under great hydraulic pressure and when finished is known as the fabricated automobile body for closed and open cars. Considerable tonnage is sold by us to manufacturers of waterproof paint and also for lap cement in placing roofing paper.

You are all familiar, as I said before, with asphalt for street paving, also our liquid asphalt which we sell under the brand of Road Oil, containing various proportions of asphalt from 40 to 70 per cent, but by far the largest volume of asphalt marketed by this company is special grades that we have developed and sold to the manufacturers of ready roofing and asphalt shingles. The roofing asphalt and shingle business has reached such proportions that of the 2,000,000 tons of asphalt marketed in the United States last year the roofing industries consumed over 800,000 tons.

REALLY IMPORTANT

The three really important members of the Forrest U. Webster family are shown here, Mrs. Webster, Shirley Ann and Patricia, the dog. The other member of the family is an advertising copy writer in the Chicago office, handling asphalt ads among others, a prominent member of the Chicago Advertising Men's Post of the American Legion, first lieutenant of field artillery in the Illinois National Guard, leading citizen of Chicago's well-known suburb, Riverside, and a most hopeful advocate of the soldier's bonus.

* * *

The man who wakes up and finds himself famous, hasn't been asleep.—Exch.

* * *

Teacher—Does your father pray, Susie?

Susie—Yes, teacher. When we sat down to supper last night the first thing he said was "Good Lord! We've got beans again."—Exch.

SALES DEPARTMENT OPENS 1924 SAFETY DRIVE

Divisions Start Competition to Win Year's Banner for Safety Work; Individual Honor Certificates Planned for Individuals Going Through 1924 Without Accident; Quarterly Buttons to Be Awarded

BY F. C. SINGLETON
Safety Director, Sales Division

The beginning of our second yearly campaign to reduce if not eliminate avoidable accidents has been made and with the same interest and consistent cooperation as was shown by employees of the sales division during our 1923 campaign. Managers and officials look for 1924 to be a banner year in keeping down accidents.

Last year over eight thousand employees kept their accident slate clean and were awarded a handsome silver pocket piece suitably marked to indicate their success in accident prevention work.

This year an honor certificate will be the final award to those whose record is free from accidents. This certificate will be engraved and bear the individual's name and signatures of the manager, assistant manager, and other officials. It will be awarded at the expiration of the campaign.

Quarterly buttons will also be awarded to individuals going through the respective periods without accident, and a handsome banner will be given to the field committee which has the lowest percentage of accidents.

A close check will be kept as to the total number of accidents and the fields will be figured on a basis of 1,000 employees. Should an accident be reported during the second period though it actually happened during the first period, the accident will be figured against that field as a second or third period accident.

Each field has been given specific instructions regarding the failure of an employee to properly report any accidents in which he is involved.

Every employee like every field is given an equal chance to win the awards as each accident will be handled solely on the point of accident prevention and though an employee has been involved in a number of accidents if he is not guilty of carelessness, ignorance, undue haste, thoughtlessness or failure to obey instructions, he will not be held responsible for the accident. Consequently the employee's name will remain on the honor roll and so on through the entire year.

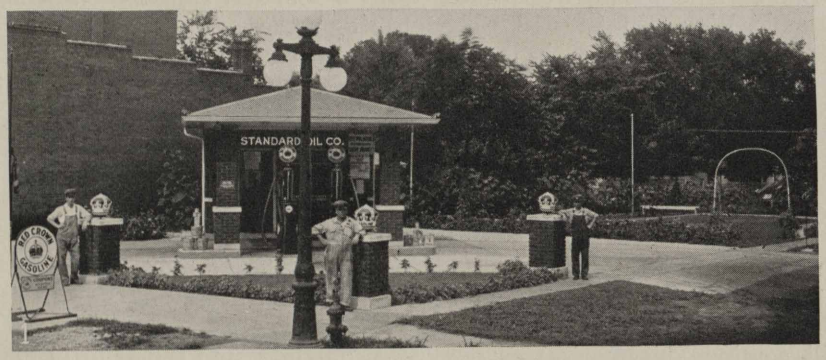
Each field has its own Safety committee on accident prevention, which is under the direct supervision of the manager, assistant manager and Safety man. These committees are presided over by a chairman who is held responsible for accident prevention in his field. Therefore, every accident occurring in his field during the three months in which he holds the very envied position as chairman will be charged directly to him. The chairman will, of course, hold each department head responsible to him for the Safety and welfare of their respective departments and accidents occurring in any of these departments will in turn be charged directly to the respective department head.

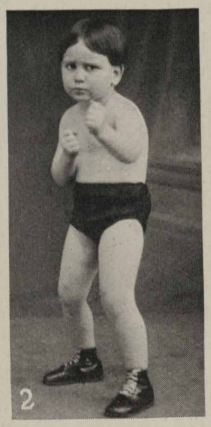
Every accident will be brought before the Safety committee for investigation. Therefore, the committee will decide whether or not the employee, though he was involved in an accident, is still entitled to the honor certificate.

"FAKE! FAKE!" CRIES HURON

Huron Division—Declaring that Huron division is aroused to arms by the picture of a "fake hog oiler" of the Des Moines division, H. F. Lutgen, correspondent, sends in the photo of the the genuine article as invented by the Huron division.

SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF QUINCY DIVISION





Quincy Division—No. 1—It isn't everyone who is honored as highly as were W. W. Garrett (center) and his two assistants at Salisbury, Mo. Bill and his gang so pleased the citizens of the city with the care that they took in keeping S. S. No. 18 spotless that the appreciative citizens arranged the flower plot in the right background. No. 2—"Stand up and fight," says Paul Eugene Ingram, Jr., a Physical Culture Magazine prize-winner, portraying the fighting spirit of the Quincy division. Paul also won the first award in a beauty contest staged in Quincy recently. He is 4½ years old, 3 feet and 5 inches tall and weighs 44 pounds. Paul's dad is the husky business getter at S. S. No. 2, Quincy. No. 3—Hannibal, Mo., has a live-wire force taking care of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) interests there. This is the force, (left to right) O. E. Johnson, M. T. W. driver; E. O. Bailey, warehouseman; W. D. ("Tip") Tipton, M. T. W. driver; F. J. Donaldson, M. T. W. driver; H. S. Hays, M. T. W. driver; Grace White, clerk; Frank McDaniel, mechanic; T. E. Bailey, M. T. W. driver; R. R. Hedrick, agent, and G. R. Magee, T. W. W. driver.

LARAMIE STANDARD OILERS HOLD PARTY

Laramie, Wyo. — One of the most successful and appreciated entertainments given by Standard Oil employees, took place at Laramie, Wyo., February 18. The evening event started at eight o'clock with an introductory speech from Ed Wood and was followed by the invincible "Fuel Oil Quartet," which warbled to hearts' content and finally swung the thronged hall into a singing mood and the walls trembled as the Standard Oilers sent forth the vibrating notes.

A cornet duet was rendered by Walt Jackson's boy and Billie. Jackson certainly can be proud of his boy and we hope that he will continue his musical career. The boys did fine.

Dr. Gossard of the University of Wyoming, a man who has had world-wide experience handling industrial problems, gave a most interesting talk and was appreciated much by all. We consider it an honor to hear men like Mr. Gossard.

Mr. Cullen and Mr. Morris gave short talks. Mr. Hartzell of Casper brought forth a message of Safety which he left on the minds of the listeners. Mrs. Ed Wood sang a solo and applause brought her back to sing more. Al Musser, old time fiddler and comedian, kept the people laughing until Fred Brown enchanted all by playing a few selections on his xylophones. He displayed great skill and to prove the hit he made it is well to mention that all the children in the hall followed him about the remainder of the evening.

With no time lost a six piece orchestra sent forth the jazzy dance music to which the Standard employees swayed and whirled.

Midnight found a delightful lunch ready to be served. When the Standard Oilers and their ladies waltzed to the dining room they beheld sandwiches, rolls, cake, pickles, ice cream and coffe. They needed no urging to get busy.

As a result of this entertainment we are asked each day when the next one is coming off, or how soon they can have another one of these parties.

He—Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say?

She—Well, it has put an end to a good many bachelors.—*London Opinion.*

* * *

The man who appears dazed while you flatter him is merely trying to think of an excuse to use when you ask for the loan.

* * *

First Golfer—Confound it, sir, you nearly hit my wife.

Second Dub—Did I? Well, you take a shot at mine.—Exch.

* * *

Visitor (from city)—Don't you think this radio broadcasting is a great invention?

Farmer—Not so much. We've had a party line for years.—Exch.

* * *

Think not of the reward but the service, and the reward will follow.—Exch.

* * *

Farmer—Well, son, what are you doing up in that tree?

Son—Just got a letter from the sophomores in correspondence school telling me to haze myself. —*The Lyre.*

* * *

Willis—You know that excuse you told me to spring on the boss when I was late this morning?

Gillis—Yes. I said it was a sure-fire excuse. Wasn't it?

Willis—It was. He sure fired me.—*Life.*

Teacher—"Now, Willie, take the words plane, saw and hatchet and make a sentence containing all three."

Willie—"That's easy. The plane chicken saw an egg and tried to hatchet."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character and conscientious pursuance of duty.—*Exchange.*

* * *

No matter what the words may be, a song of woe will never make a hit.—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Willie, can you tell the class what shape the world is?"

"Pa says its in a hell of a shape."—Exch.

* * *

"What are you crying for, my lad?"

"Cause farver's invented a new soap substitoot an' every time a customer comes in I get washed as an advertisement."—Exch.

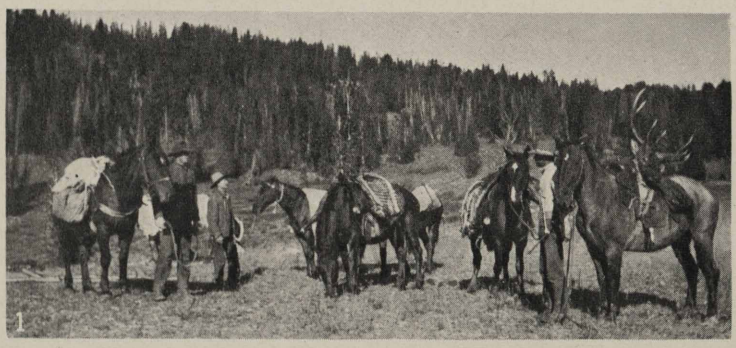
* * *

Happy the man who can endure the highest and lowest fortune. He who has endured such vicissitudes with equanimity has deprived misfortune of its power.—*Exchange.*

* * *

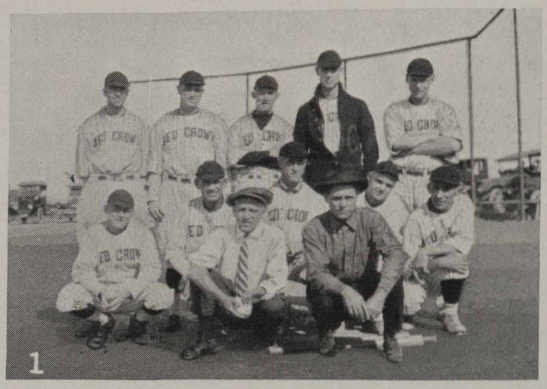
The universe pays the man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, it will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth.—*Exchange.*

PROOF THAT HUNTING'S GOOD IN LARAMIE



Laramie, Wyo.—No. 1—As the moving picture captions say, "We took horse for the big game country." We show the horses. No. 2—"In due time," reads the movie caption, "we shot our elk." No. 3—Still reading the capt, "After the game was divided, we drew lots for the head." The hunting party was composed of F. O. Blair, H. M. Stricker and A. G. Burckert. Mr. Burckert is the man with the head.

PICTORIAL NEWS OF INTEREST AT CASPER



Casper, Wyo.—No. 1—With the first rays of the Spring sun shooting verdant life into the soupers of the baseball players of Casper Refinery came the thug-thug of the hosshide in the big mitts. This photo of last year's champs (top row, left to right), Greenlea, pitcher; Varnadore, third base and captain; Wood second base; Davis, pitcher; Dayless, first base; (center row, left to right), Erickson, left field; Kleghorn, catcher; Davis, right field, Matthews shortstop; Seib, center field; (front row), Manager Weiderholt (left) and Perdue, substitute. No. 2—Billie is the goat of this layout. He doesn't seem to think so, however. No. 3—No picture of Casper is complete without fish or game. This is Vera Thompson with a mess of fish. No. 4—These men used to compose the sludge disposal crew. Now they compose the crew but are called the Last of the Mohicans. That's what efficiency will do. Left to right, they are Bob Jones, Fred Stalford, C. W. McBeth and Leonard Hamilton.

WHITING, IND.

Candle Factory

We were all sorry to see Mary Kresack leave us and go over to the wax refinery office. But, now, it seems as though she is glad she went. I wonder who he is?

Miss Veronica Sabol took a day off last week to see the Follies. But she didn't say whom she was accompanied by. Who is he, Veronica?

Girls! Girls! Something special! Double mesh hairpins. For further advice, ask Julia Kubeck. You just know she wears them.

Why, Pat Griffith! Don't you know any better than that? When you go into a public telephone booth you have to drop a nickel in before you can get central.

Since Helen Harrison has had her hair bobbed she has become quite a sheba. She and Sylvia Prus of the can house ride to work every morning with a young man from the blacksmith shop. We'd like to know whether he's married or not!

Some girls sure are unlucky, for instance we'll take Helen Spillar. Once she wore a sparkler. Then she gave it up for some other sheik and now she is heart-broken.

This being leap year, Paul Tiel is very unlucky. Loretta Wilt proposed to him and he had to spend his last coin for a "sparkler."

The only time the girls ever remembered seeing Anna Kekich fussed was the night of Mary Martich's wedding, when Fat Behrns threw the pillow at her. Of course you all know what happaned after that? Why, Anna wasn't half as fussed as that when her own sheik threw the same poor pillow at her.

"Carl" is a wonderful name, for when the girls say it at the candle factory, Anna Kekich always looks up and smiles. When will it be, Anna?

The other day we heard George Loat (better known as "Sam Wolf") say that he wished he was a string of pearls and we all wondered why. Finally he was asked and he told us it was so that he could be clasped around Anna Runick's neck.

Who is the lucky guy that had his arms around your neck, Rose Skowronski? That's all right, George, you know the stuff.

The girls of the candle factory wish to express their sympathy for Anna Beris over the loss of her sheik. We are still wondering how Anna Hlebasco vamped him.

Everybody says true love never runs smoothly. That is why Helen Kollar and her sheik never get along.

Switching Department

We are very sorry to report the death of Mrs. Arthur Vernon, who passed away February 15 following several months of illness.

Thomas George Ney has purchased a new radio. Now, Tommy is not to be seen posing on the corner of the bank.

Mrs. William Miller, wife of the chief car inspector, has been on the sick list for some time. We all hope for her a speedy recovery.

Agitators

William Paschen is the proud father of a baby boy born February 10. Mother and son are getting along nicely.

John Mack's worst enemy, rheumatism, has been playing tricks on him lately.

Heinie Smith says hunting is an expensive sport. Especially when you have to buy new wheels for the Ford.

William Schweikert and E. Deeken were recent visitors at the automobile show in Chicago. Bill is undecided as to whether he wants a McFarland or a Rolls-Royce.

Merril Adams has moved into his new home which he recently built in the Water Gardens.

Dr. Myrick is able to be about after several days' illness with the grippe.

Roy Durbin had the misfortune of being burned with steam while thawing out lines during the last cold spell.

Ikey Joost says he is willing to pay a nickel to find a fellow out. Look out, Ray, he is raising the ante on you.

Chris Etter, a new member of the "Ancient Order of Benedicts," says it is cheaper for two to live than one. Chris has been married only two weeks, boys, so don't get excited.

If you have any news, let's have it. See Bud Griffith.

Acid Works

This month's brown derby goes to John Lukach. John decided to make a stray dog his boon companion. He took another one of his long trips to Gary. He was gone so long that the poor dog almost died from starvation. Neighbors observing the dog called the police, who in turn called a veterinarian. The dog was suffering from hunger so the veterinarian decided to chloroform the dog. A month later John received a bill for $12.50, professional services, chloroforming one dog. No more dogs for John, not even hot dogs.

Les Stafford, chief inspector of the acid works lab, has had tough luck of late. During this recent inclement weather it has been necessary to ride the busses. On several occasions Les offered his seat to one of the weaker sex. Of course they always accept with many thanks. However, on the last occasion, the conveyance being crowded, Les again proffered his seat in that sweet way of his. He was rather dumbstricken when the young lady did not await for him to arise. She just simply sat on Les. Never again for Les.

Jack Cote sure has a go-get-'em rat exterminator. For some time rates have interfered considerably with the welfare of his fine flock of pure bred chickens. All kinds of rat exterminators were tried, but without success. Emmerson Moore sugested that if Jack could catch one of the rats and pour kerosene on and touch a match to him and turn him loose he would never be bothered with the pesky rats any more. The exterminator worked, but far beyond expectations. Jack isn't bothered with rats, chickens or hen coops any more.

Now that R. T. Beard has his Ford coupe out of hock we sugest that a guardian be appointed. Just recently R. T. had the misfortune to plow into the rear end of a ten-ton Mack truck. There sure must of been some classy attraction coming something new in the line of radio. It consists of a new hook-up. He claims this hook-up has never failed him yet. He intends to get patent up the street to cause such a mixup.

John Shaw, our industrious office manager, has rights on it. It will be known as the Pierce hook-up. According to John, it gets results.

The following lines, "O! Tell Me," is a con-

tribution sent in by one of our still cleaners. Who is he that swings a hammer with all his might and prays to the Lord both day and night? Who is he that makes the anvil ring and words of praise to the air doth fling? Who is he that at the close of day sighs and frets when homeward he must make his way? Who is he that does not loaf and of his work that he does not boast? Who is he that fills up with wrath when some unfortunate doth cross his path? Tell me who is he that scowled and frowned when fellow workmen came around? Yes, tell me, oh, tell me! Who is he?

Tower Stills

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Valko are the proud parents of a nice big baby boy, born February 17, 1924. Congratulations, Andy.

Ed Mierrs, swing helper on the tower and crude stills, has a brand new pair of overalls. Eddie says they are tailor-made. No doubt they were, but from the looks of things, they were made by a cross-eyed tailor, who instead of looking where he was going, went where he was looking, as they are large enough to fit Henry.

Gilbert Denkemp of the first and second continuous stills, motored out to the country his day off and bought some fresh country eggs. On his return he gave them to his boarding mistress, who in return is serving them to Gilbert three times a day. Fresh? I should say—on opening one for breakfast a small chicken pops up and tells Gilbert that it remembers way back in 1890. Some eggs!

Charles Kunze, traveling home from work the other night via bicycle, was progressing nicely when a machine passed him with the fumes of alcohol. When Charlie picked himself up, he was between the sidewalk and the curb. Of course this is Charlie's story and we don't doubt his word.

The American Legion show, "The Hock Shop," put on by entirely home talent, was a great success. While one of the boys who happens to work on the road oil stills was singing, his three-year-old son yelled out, "Daddy, daddy, are you practicing?" You tell 'em, Buster.

Has anyone seen Pussyfoot Johnson's bowling score since he bought his new pair of bowling shoes?

Martin Polumchuck, ex-mayor of West Park, took a few of the boys out fishing over at Wolfe Lake the other day. The idea was to cut a hole in the ice and then do his stuff, Eskimo style. Martin, who is quite a bicycle rider, took his wheel along and was riding over the ice in fine style, until his front wheel hit an air hole and Martin took a nose dive, which was not on the program at all. The trip was suspended until Martin could get thawed out.

John Graves, stillman at the new road oil stills, sure has an awful time keeping anyone within distance of him. I wonder why? Ask P. Quin.

Louis Dheur, who has been on the sick list for the past couple of months, is back on the job. Here's better luck to him.

Anyone looking for excitement should wander down to the old seventh and eighth battery, road oils, and see Windy Wells in action.

One of the helpers at the seventh and eighth battery, road oils, sure had an awful time with his face after inhaling the fumes of the acid works for eight hours. What did the wife say about the cold cream, Mac?

Charles Kunze is thinking of trading his Ford touring car in for an Oldsmobile. You ought to get two olds for a Ford, Charlie.

No doubt you have all heard of the cat at the KYW broadcasting station; but how many of you know about the cat at the new road oil stills? For further information, ask Charles Conder or Joe Vandel.

Gus Allrich of the ninth and tenth battery, tower, came within five pins of losing his job on tower still team, No. 1. Too bad that the captain wasn't there to see you bowl that last game, Gus.

The bowling team of tower still team, No. 1, is wondering why Charles Groat doesn't treat them on the $30 they won for him on that last match game.

Phil Smith of the crude station sure has an awful time explaining to the boys that Mrs. M. McGowan did not beat him bowling at the Community Center.

Gilbert Denkamp of the first and second continuous stills is still wondering who sent him that "true to life Valentine."

Tom McFadden, the swing tower still foreman, is going to take vocal lessons. The other day he asked Joe Graves for a bottle of Mineral Seal to take the carbon out of his throat.

Tower still teams, Nos. 1 and 2, had a hotly contested bowling match February 14, which was won by tower still team, No. 1, with an average of over 900 pins for three games. Ted James suggested that Tower's No. 2 should get men like Tom Dwan and Johnnie Gollahan, but Tower's No. 2 thinks it would do better by sending out an S. O. S. to the pipe gang or docks.

Anyone having any trouble running his flivver during the Winter months should consult Frank Eaton, who has all the primers, chokers and easy starting apparatus available on his Lizzie. He sure gets results.

Ed Freeze sure has the radio bug. The other night he stayed up rather late trying to get a long distance station. His wife kept telling him to shut it off and go to bed. Ed finally fooled around until he got Union Mill. Thinking he could get a farther station than that, he stayed up a little later—he stayed up so long he finally got H——, but not over the radio.

Perhaps you have not heard that Andy Kubeck traded in his ancient Ford for a late model Baby Lincoln. Need any tires for this one, Andy?

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

One of the features of the smoker given by the Athletic Association on Lincoln's Birthday was a record attendance. Every employee was invited and most of them came. Judging from the generous applause accorded the events of the evening, the entertainment committee of the Athletic Association gave full measure for their promise of an enjoyable time. The large hall was packed and jammed until every window sill that offered a foothold was taken. The Shorties, who were standing at the back part of the hall, would like to suggest that seating arrangements be made in the future so that skyscrapers like Henry Schnaufer and Bernie Halloran stand at the back part of the hall. Coffee, chicken sandwiches and smokes were served, the smokes being distributed to persons entering the doorway. The following four round boxing bouts were donated: Jack Hanson vs. Smiling Kid Scanlon; Kid Rob-

erts vs. Kid Pileod, and Sailor Brandt vs. Kid McCormick. These bouts were greatly enjoyed and members of the Association appreciated the fact that these men were willing to appear for our pleasure. The wrestling match between Tate Cobine and M. Aprinoff was donated and proved a thriller. Efforts were made to take pictures at the smoker but the atmosphere was so heavily ladened with Havana vapor that nothing could be seen but "their smoke".

Plant

Two Wood River men were discussing the merits of their respective cars and one invited the other to take a ride in a real car. This driver made the car do everything except run without gas and after the drive was finished, his friend said, "You haven't got a better car than I have, you just know how to drive better." Anyone can use this one whenever the old bus gets out of her class.

Several plant musicians put a little music in the air recently by way of the KSD broadcasting station. Soloist F. Parker on the cornet, Edwin Arnold on the xylophone and Frank Head on the clarinet with a cornet duet by Tom Point and I. L. Stocker made up several numbers and a sextette including Messrs. Arnold, Stocker, Point, Volz, Leroy Stocker and Parker gave several numbers.

The community concert given in February was attended by a record crowd. Every seat and all standing space was taken. The Camerata chorus, under direction of Miss K. V. Dickinson of Alton, very kindly presented selections from the opera, "Patience" by Gilbert-Sullivan. The music and acting was unusually fine and all were most appreciative of the opportunity to have these people take part in the Community concert. A piano duet was given by Charles Dietz and Harold Wassman of Alton and the program was concluded with four numbers by the Standard Oil refinery band which ended the program with, "That Old Gang of Mine." A string octette under direction of Miss C. Holland with Miss Marguerite McClintock at the piano was very interesting. It included some young men and ladies of Wood River. Playing violins in this octette were Misses C. Holland, Elsie Roberts, Marion Gerber, Carrie Darling and Mary Cornelius, and Messrs. William Bacheldor, Raymond Ringering, Raymond Volz and Clement James.

Nicholas Alberts of the Industrial Relations department made a brave effort to raise a soup strainer recently but meeting with no encouragement, he cut same off. The change was not noted and he was kidded several weeks before he could convince the boys he had given up this bad habit.

Main Pump House and Steam Stills

William Holton spent several days recently getting acquainted with his new Jewett sedan. It's a year old but Holton claims he has worked so steady, he hasn't had time to fool with it.

William Stoneham enjoyed the smoker so much, he lost a shift.

O. D. Graham spent a few hours in Alton recently and was heard to remark, "It do beat all—the speed of these cities". He had the street cars in mind when he made this remark (we hope).

C. E. Custer can give you the correct data on, (1) the condition of the road, (2) size of the mud holes, (3) and the distance and time it takes to walk from Bethalto to the plant.

Some man stopped at the main pump house the other night to ask about a beagle hound which had strayed and we referred him to Louis Wolf who runs a home for homeless dogs.

No one seems to know what is the matter with Harold Blackburn but he is not the same since he quit (by request) spending Wednesday and Sunday evenings in Wood River.

Ollie Lauman, water drawer at the main pump house, has a grudge against chairs, he just won't sit in 'em.

Laboratory

Bobby Lane has a hard time explaining to the inspection department force why he puts in his time around there.

Ask Mr. Buck what he found on his desk after hunting for three days.

Miss Clauson, our telephone operator, who was called to her home for the funeral of a relative, has the sympathy of her friends in the laboratory.

Miss Theresa Brown spent the weekend recently with friends (or a friend) in Jacksonville, Ill.

Miss Alma Schueler is now in line with the "Bobby Girls" and she certainly looks swell.

It was Homer that marked Mo. Stove 37.5 Grav. Who is the cause, Homer?

Mrs. Hugh Christy, Mrs. P. Horstman and Mrs. Rockefeller spent a pleasant half hour with us recently.

Tinners, Painters and Welders

Henry Long of the tin shop is walking now. He says it is the old Ford that needs the rest.

Spring must be here. Ben Forsting of the tin shop says he can't sleep in his woolen socks. It's a good sign.

Ruby Moore of the paint shop has an automatic stocking knitter, which he works at night. The price of stockings will likely take a drop.

L. Caffery of the paint shop is the proud father of a nine and one-half pound boy and C. Batchelor of the tin shop is the father of a nine pound boy. The race of tinners and painters is not dying out.

Dick Hammer has got his machine out again. It runs good, backwards, so says the good wife.

Lubricating Works

Garret Burch has received an offer from the Forbes Coffee Company as a "coffee taster". Burch assisted Charles Forbes in making coffee for the recent Athletic Association Smoker. Burch says he cannot accept the offer of coffee taster because these fellows must keep tasters away from cellar stocks.

Mike Vargo, Joe Bosick, Andy Matko and Henry Dryden were hosts to a theater supper party, attending Balieff's Chauve Souris, at the Shubert-Jefferson and retiring to the Jefferson Hotel where the supper party was held. The party included several of the Russian Artists of the Chauve Souris Company, who were friends of Joe Bosick.

With the passing of the hot stove league, Clyde Mayfield, one of the diamond stars of "Days gone bye", promises to do a come back stunt. Mayfield, when in his prime, was the recipient of a flattering offer to join the St. Louis Browns as a pitcher but Mayfield declined, which in the opinion of the writer was done that he might pursue a literary career. Mayfield has had one of his poems accepted by a "National Magazine" as well as having produced numerous poems which were used by the Industrial Relations Department. (Note: The writer has never seen Mayfield play ball but has read a number of his poems.)

Shorty Barnhorn of the pitch stills came to work recently after having eaten a heavy dinner and a little later he ate a large lunch. Then he became very ill and had to give up the dinner but no trace or remains of the lunch were forthcoming. The boys are wondering if Shorty has a trick stomach with a bypass line somewhere. Shorty says all shift men have trick stomachs.

Boiler Department

We will pass up the ground hog next year and watch "Skinny" Westbrook. Several weeks before the predicted six weeks had passed, in fact, about St. Valentine's day, Westbrook shaved off the season's growth of whiskers and not a day of Winter since that great event.

Bill Yenny took in the automobile show at St. Louis recently and took a number of friends with him, including Rex Hamilton, Paddy McManus, Sid Gent, Curley Beiser and others who prefer to remain unmentioned. Paddy McManus fell for the Rolls Royce, it was far beyond his means but he could not resist the temptation to sit on the nice glittering bumper from which he was gently, firmly, but quickly removed. These boys missed nothing. They took in the accessories show, you know these accessories are important items and somehow they got hold of dealer badges which entitled them to privileges at the free lunch stand. The waiters didn't know they were feeding boiler makers and it was some time before they were able to snap into it and furnish adequate service.

We are sorry to report the Hugo Dooling has been sick for several weeks and we hope he will be with us on the job soon.

Carpenter Department

We are informed that Claude Burris is planning to move down from the hills and settle in the fertile valley of Wood River.

Sorry to report so many cases of illness in the carpenter department the past month. Carl Mans, Henry Maxeimer, Jess Curry, George Smith and Max Hartwig were forced to be away on account of illness. It is reported that F. Baldmin's son, who was injured while coasting recently, is recovering nicely and we hope that he will have the little leg as good as ever in a short time.

Three old timers have returned to the carpenter department. They are F. Baldwin, F. Burmeister and H. Whittleman.

When Lee Jenkins handles the shovel, Dan Wassler gets sore. Just why we cannot learn. Lee says that when Wassler gets to kidding him about being or not being something, all he can do is handle the shovel.

L. Levi took a friend down to Granite City to see his enticing attraction and after this attraction gave his friend one chilly glance, the party was off. Might we suggest that he take Ben Turpin along the next time.

It is said that Mr. Warner of the concrete gang found a dog who became so companionable he was forced to let the canine take passage with him on the way home. Of course, this is just a story? E. Meinsheimer of the carpenter department said it was a mean trick, etc., and somehow the owner and the police got wind of the affair and then Meinsheimer told them it was just a story (?) and that settled it.

Boiler Houses

John Bogart, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, died February 12 at St. Joseph's Hospital where he was operated on for tumor of the stomach. Our sympathy is extended to the family in their sorrow.

Pat Harmon says he can spot Gus Wuestenfeld twenty pins and give him a good trimming anytime on Nos. 3 and 4 alleys. Gus is all right on Nos. 1 and 2 alleys which are considered easy. How about it, Gus?

M. A. Waymire, fireman at No. 1 boiler house, died recently at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. Minnemeyer. The sad news came unexpectedly and Mr. Minnemeyer was called from work with news of the death. Mr. Minnemeyer and family have the sympathy of many friends in their trouble.

Paraffine Department

Another sign of Spring: Charles Zweig was seen down at the river looking over his good ship Polarine. Sometimes used as a diving board.

W. Redmond has been transferred to the paraffine department from the pipe department. Welcome, Mr. Redmond.

We are proud to state that 93 per cent of paraffine department employees are stockholders and others expect to be.

The press house is only a temporary place for Jack Dann. He is an all around man. Having marked time in the pipe department, storehouse, tin shop, employment office, shipping office. At one time tried to sell Dodge cars and was a timekeeper.

Main Office

Two additions to our force of draftsmen, Mr. Starbuck and Mr. Nifong, both of Carlinville, make it an efficient though crowded department. Suggest that surplus shrubbery be dispensed with to make room. Attention, Mr. Sims!

If you want to know what you can do, try asking for speed at the Elite Cafe uptown. Incidentally, every pay day, there is a run on both the bank and the above cafe, it being interesting but sad to note that the largest deposits are made at the latter place.

An outsider who has received several copies of our publication, said that Wood River's contribution is the most interesting in the RECORD and getting better all the time. "I guess that was hard to take."

Did you ever notice how quickly F. Clifford can manipulate two flights of stairs in spite of his apparent capacity when Mrs. Fred calls him on 76?

Remember, Mr. McCormick, when you get your new Dodge, complete with cop spotter, that even a Gardner has been known to go too fast through East Alton.

An item in the March issue stated that Archie Waltrip was the latest to attempt the diminutive mustache but we now believe this was a mistake, as his face resembles the unrazored lip mentioned by Shakespeare.

The entrance of Ross Faulkner, formerly Mr. Shawmaker's right hand man, will certainly help to maintain the present speed and efficiency of our shipping department. For the same reason we are glad to have James Delaney of Carlinville with us in the home of the eagle, better known as paymaster's department.

The chief, in asking all the Reporters for a 100 per cent Wood River in the April issue, must have forgotten that one of them, a non-inhaler, tried to manhandle an El Ragweedo at the A. A. Smoker and is only commencing to recuperate now. Might make mention here that Joe Lamm is a first-class first aid suggester.

Oh, Timekeepers! Must you forever underestimate the prowess of your timid brethren upstairs? The special bowling match held at your suggestion should make you cautious. The challenging team composed of Messrs. Lamm, Haller, Clifford, K. Volz and Durham were beaten 116 pins in three games by Messrs. Halloran, Gorman, Garde, Geltz and Forter in spite of concessions and numerous predictions to the contrary.

Tommy Gorman succeeded Frank Graham, who generously resigned without pension after two years of splendid service as a member of the Athletic Association. A better choice could not have been made.

We'll have to admit that Miss Stoneham is fair (Yeah, both ways). She warned them all that this is leap year and that the 29th of February was the time limit of Safety. Miss Brown hasn't even hinted, but if she does—.

Blakely got his Ford back together in time to take himself to the doctor, having suffered a severe sprain and spinal injuries from a fall when a wrench slipped. Speedy recovery, Walt.

James Butler Wainwright of the engineering department left the employ of the company, January 31 and has taken up work with the Sauerman Brothers Company of Chicago, which is engaged in the manufacturing of grading and excavating machinery.

Pipe Department

Bill Woods has given up farming and sold his cow, horse and wagon, three bushels of corn, one peck of potatoes, two quart milk cans and seven rows of sweet peas. Bill traded the whole works for a second hand Ford.

As the items for the STANOLIND RECORD were sorted over, one was noted that told in a joking way of a birthday party on "Bass" Miller held on his 55th birthday recently. This reminded us of the many jokes told of "Bass" and of his cheerful companionship in the years he spent with the Company.

Tom Williams is proud of his new bay window. No, it is not on him but on his home on Tenth street, Alton.

Mr. Dillon of the pipe department says that some times his heart flutters. No wonder. Riding in that Ford every day.

Charley Henick spent a few days in the yard.

Frank Walters of the pipe shop is thinking of running for alderman of the second ward in Alton.

Bill Redmond of the pipe gang has been transferred to the paraffine department. Go to it, Tate, and take off some weight.

Fred Sims won the prize as champion rhum player of Alton. It was worth six pounds of tooth-picks.

Freddy Green is all smiles over the arrival of a big baby boy weighing fourteen pounds. Fred says he is going to make a tube cleaner of the lad.

Newt Green was away from work for a few weeks having the dentist do some work for him. He certainly held on to that big tooth. He returned to work looking ten years younger.

Jake Crofton and Ben Weinbrisk spent Washington's Birthday in St. Louis, looking things over at that place.

Norval Havens was really seen with a young lady the other day. Now, watch your step, Norval.

Bob Keeling, the crack shot of Wood River, was hired by a certain lady recently to kill her dog since the dog was getting old. Bob took the dog over in the alley to kill it. He shot at Rover five times and missed him. The lady heard the shots and knew her dog must be dead. She looked out the window to see and there stood Bob kicking the dog. Bob might have kicked it to death but the lady came out and took her dog home and said she would keep it.

Herman Schuster, cleanup man at the pressure stills, had a narrow escape from death one morning recently. Herman tried to jump on the street car in Alton and missed the steps. He swung around the end of the car and fell on the cow catcher and laid there while the car went about three blocks. Some lady finally saw him and had the motorman stop. Herman told the crowd that gathered about, that the ride put him in mind of the good old days in the baby buggy.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn wish to thank the employees of the Standard Oil Company for the beautiful flowers sent them in their hour of sadness through the death of their little daughter, January 27.

Simon Halloran has returned to work after an absence of a few weeks with a bad case of rheumatism. Simon is spending more time out in the open now and we hope he gets that old pep back.

Charles Ohley had his finger injured while cleaning caps at No. 4 pressure house recently and later found it necessary to have the finger removed, but he is back on the job again and looking fine.

Crude Stills

Something extra! C. E. Custer of the main pump house, owner of two automobiles, a motorcycle, three bicycles, three saddle steers, a yacht and a fine Airedale dog, became Wood River's most distinguished pedestrian when the mercury dropped to twenty degrees below. Custer walked from Bethalto where he has resided since the potato and cinch bugs drove him from the Little Big horn farm. On the way home through the woods he meet up with a large hoot-owl and made the remaining five and one-half miles in thirty minutes.

Herman Falkenheim got a look at the new Buick, The Uncle Tim Model. It is securely housed and so well guarded you would have a better chance stealing the diamonds in King Tut's diadem.

Happy Robertson is an expert at tying hunting dogs to stanchions. If you don't think so, ask him.

Gus Moline has installed a radio hoping that he may hear something about his stolen Ford coupe which was taken recently. He stays tuned in till the morning hours.

William Obermiller is busy now cleaning up the Milton Hill Farm for the Spring crops and we understand he is approaching fame in this successful work. It was reported that Mike Gulick, in the course of his examination for citizenship papers recently was asked to name America's three greatest men and he gave the following: Sid Abbott, Bill Obermiller and Volstead.

Amiel Brummer visited St. Louis recently during the Spring buying sales. To look at the conspicuous and well dressed man leaving Brummer's home, one would think all the tailor shops are jewelry stores in St. Louis.

Mike Skundric has an Airedale for sale. Mike Crippen lowrated the sale by saying they are ugly, but Skundric insists they are as handsome as Crippen.

Henry Bick visited his native home at Bethalto

on a thirty-two off and states that with the exception of the return of C. E. Custer to his home town, nothing has happened in the last ten years.

Perhaps the STANOLIND RECORD readers will enjoy the following from an Edwardsville paper: "Wood River Township Soil Fertile. A resident of Chouteau Township was bragging in Mitchell recently about the fertility of the soil in that part of Madison County, and he said that a neighbor of his had raised cabbage heads so large that it took the strength of two men to lift half a cabbage head into a wagon. A Wood River listener admitted that was pretty fertile for soil. 'But,' he said, 'that doesn't compare with Wood River soil fertility at that. I have seen three policemen in Wood River sleep on one beat.'"

Who says the radio is merely a luxury? One crude still worker left his watch in the locker and, to verify the alarm clock before retiring, got the time from Philadelphia on the radio. It was 2:15 A. M. and allowing for the Eastern time, he went to set the clock at 1:15 A. M. and found this reliable time piece registered just 1:15½ A. M.

Masons' Department

Ed Flemming, sheik of the mason department, and William Mason of the same department are extended the congratulations of the entire department on their fine work as dancing partners at the recent smoker.

Fortschneider, timekeeper, is taking his turn at jury service these days and William Sloat is doing his work during the absence. At this time the first week on jury service is ended and "Fort" has only served on one case. That jury service must be mean stuff.

Must have been something wrong. Harkey did not show up at the banquet given recently. You may be boss here, Harkey, but when you're at home—

H. Smith returned to work recently with one of his eyes wonderfully decorated. We hear that R. Schulte and Mr. Smith attended a dance at Worden the night previous.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Refinery Department

The race now in progress of the emptying of tanks 417 and 425 is being watched eagerly by the large force at the Crawford Tract continuous stills. The betting is about even. Moran declares that he shall stick to his opinion that 417 will win (stick is right), but Willhoit, backing 425, maintains that terra firma is a good foundation for any wager.

Sam Gunter of the 16 tower stills says that since additional lines and manifoldings have been included at the steam stills, that place has become a congregated one at which to work.

Ed Lynn, one of our beloved night superintendents, proclaims that prohibition is a good thing. He thinks that we ought to have it back.

Ask Hart why he is dubbed with the nickname of "Cross-roads Tom".

Frank Woodward, refinery foreman, estimates that he has saved the company $2,437.50 on pencils alone.

Roe Perry says that he has become recently acquainted with every state in the union. Quite a thrill, eh, Peaches.

The first morning after our new wash basin was installed at the continuous stills, Dan Hinthorn was found trying to crawl into it for his daily bath.

Some men are always needing equipment for their Fords—and knowing this, the board of directors has suggested that should V. V. Keirsey return the 12 inch Stillson wrench, the screwdriver, the rubber axe, the pincers, the 50 feet of rope, the large paulin, the small duplex pump, the nickel-plated valve pin, the 14 thermometers, the Venturi-meter, the 6 pairs of goggles, and the 27 flashlights, it might then be better enabled to grant an increase in wages.

Shorty Wright hasn't been joining the baked potato crowd. He says he doesn't care much for "taters", but sure does love his "maters".

Ed. Baker, S. S. stillman, has been carrying his lunch lately in a lard bucket. He seated himself the other day, and hungrily reached for his repast, and, must to his amazement, discovered that he had a quart can full of bacon grease. This accounts for the oily spot on the wall of the receiving house.

In scanning through a book of wit and humor, D. A. Scott comes upon the lines, "Many have been the thoughtful speeches of fools, though not so many as the foolish speeches of thoughtful men."

"Night has a telling effect," reads an article in the *Kansas City Star*. We heartily agree, and to corroborate our statement, have only to cite the case of Fred C. Dunne. Drowsily removing himself from the hay one night, preparatory to going to work, he pulled into his duds in a sort of half stupor; and when getting into his S. O. Co. regalia, down on the job, lo and behold, he found himself to be clad in part of his wife's garments. Yes, eventually, the truth will out.

The Tirey J. Ford Post, American Legion of Independence, Mo., is sponsoring the erection of a building as a memorial to those who, during the Great Conflict, made the supreme sacrifice, and as a housing for community service. This is of interest to Sugar Creek, in general, for Independence sends, daily, to the refinery more employees than any one community in this territory; and from this city came approximately one-half of the refinery's representation in the World War. Tirey Ford, after whom the Post is named, left the employment of the Standard Oil Company at Sugar Creek to enlist in the service of his country.

John Koonse was forced to spend the week end in Independence recently with friends.

James Lewis of the reducing stills reports the sale of a pair of "Milermore birds" to Mr. McAdoo for a cock-a-doo that'll-do.

Ray Welch says he will have to buy a pair of mules, and put them in his tool box on his flivver, to help him out of the mire. Something wrong with your flivver Ray; Red Crown will put an ordinary flivver anywhere a mule will go.

Fritz Long, the smiling engineer at the paraffine works, also swing stillman at the reducing stills, is trying to invent a contraption to rock two cradles at the same time. Wish you luck, Fritz.

We have this from Bille Starks of the paraffine department. On February 3, he caught a channel cat weighing 15 pounds and a spoon-bill cat weighing 13 pounds plus a lot of kitten fish. This statement is verified by Sid Buford who happened to be along; they have promised pic-

tures of the next catch, and being real fishermen we ought to have pictures soon.

Dave Stepp, paraffine treater, is trading his home in Fairmount for an eight acre farm east of Independence. He started out right by buying 150 white leghorn hens. And to be sure to get to work on time he will have to trade his Star car for a Ford like Taylor's.

Gilbert Alexander, known as Gibb, the woman hater, is now working at the agitators. We are also glad to have John O'Connell, the whiz-bang boy, and Freddie Main, the hard working lightweight, back with us.

Monroe Lee says he has nothing on his mind but his hat, that being the case his mind is almost nude.

Earnest Dickey has mastered the high cost of living, his grocery bill being only $16.00 last month. His new house-keeper holds the secret. "Hello, Secret."

They used to say "over the hill to the poorhouse", but now we say over the hill to Oklahoma (refinery office).

Is it magnetic power or what, that takes Walter Hoffman to Kansas City every night?

Who really won that shotgun of Frank Welch's? We see him in the barber shop quite often nowadays. "Teapot Dome".

James O'Hara, Jr., told Vic Greenlee there is no chance for him, this being Leap Year. Jim has a "Hup" he ought to have some luck.

R. S. Chandler, pressure still pumper, has been in Houston, Tex., for the past two weeks on account of the illness of his mother.

Frank ("Shorty") Brown of the main pump is seriously considering a petition to the Safety committee to install a trapeze or ladder on gravity table at pressure still pump house, as he can hardly see over the edge of it by standing on his toes. Maybe stilts would be better.

Some girl must have Frank Chandler's number; he bought a new Ford.

We are glad to hear that C. O. Taylor's wife and little girl are getting along nicely. They have been in the hospital the last few weeks with typhoid fever.

The last report we have of Henry Shondell, George Rodman and Harry Robinson is that someone saw them tearing down a barbecue stand on Blue Ridge road—in the daytime too.

Sonny McAvot solved the Red Oil pump after the boss of the flying squad had failed at the paraffine works.

Dr. H. O. Eyssell thought for a while his family would make it 100 per cent in measles. He reports all well again after a slight skirmish with the mumps.

Charley Fraher still insists that they have the cutest baby in the world. We'll argue that with anybody.

F. A. Shorts, still foreman, recently returned from Franklin, Pa., reporting a splendid vacation of three weeks. He visited his mother and sister. On his way home he called on his brother Charles, pressure still pumper at Whiting, and gave the Community House a thorough inspection. He is looking forward to the time when Sugar Creek will have a Community building. Here's hoping Packey's said building materializes before we old timers are laid on the shelf or retired on annuity.

John Warren, Frank Evens and H. E. Tesch have been appointed preheater attendants. The heaters spoken of are newly acquired pets at the steam stills and the old joke about firing stills is a thing of the past.

Shorty Wright, helper on the pressure stills, contemplates going into the general contracting business when he retires from the service. He has been reconstructing his house and finds (when nearly finished) that he has seven rooms instead of six, and one of the darn things has no windows in it at all.

Henry Coin, Herman Schroeder and Robert Lackland were three of our young men to make their final choice of Valentines during February.

Every time Leo Harrison gets a new fireman he sells him fire insurance. He sold Fields $10,000 worth on himself, and made his sales talk so strong he was afraid he would have to redeem it.

Joe Stovich, pressure still cleaner, died February 6.

Married life didn't make things dull for Henry Coin. His wife gave her little help to keep up the excitement by driving his Ford coupe into a street car.

Mechanical Department

John Bascue is the father of a fine eight and one-half pound baby girl, born February 21.

Mrs. Kate Rice, mother of Guy, Carey and Harry Rice of the pipe department, is greatly improved after a severe illness.

Farmer Frisby and George Hackett are figuring on going into a business where there is no overhead, namely, the cat hide business. They intend to start out with a bunch of rats and a bunch of cats. They will skin the cats and sell the hides and then throw the carcass back to the rats. Then they will let the cats feed on the rats. They have a hundred acre lake in view for watering the stock.

Bill Reese and Pat Leyden are some smoke makers. Pat has a ten gauge French briar and Bill has an eight gauge corn-cob. When they light up all the shallow-lunged fellows have to depart for brighter climes. Kresge accuses Bill of burning soft coal in his.

Believe it or not, Rube Coates laid down his pipe for a Camel.

It was rumored about that Earl Kresge had almost gotten wrecked on financial rocks since getting married and had asked Mr. Hodges for shift work so he could get in extra time on Sunday. Earl has the job now.

Rufus Knight says he had a date with a waitress up in Independence. He was to meet her at 10 o'clock and was there on time but he found four other fellows waiting for the same girl. They were soon informed by the proprietor the young lady had left through the back door. Someone was waiting for her there.

We regret to hear of the death of Bill Milliron's father.

Main Office, Storehouse, Filling Racks

E. J. Cox, Head Reporter, Div. S

The Sugar Creek employees who attended the sales department dance and entertainment February 9 at Unity Inn, report an exceptionally fine time. The sales department is always very generous with its social activities and we have spent some very enjoyable evenings at dances, entertainments, etc., that they have given from time to time. We trust the time is not far distant when we may work up enough enthusiasm in Sugar Creek to partially repay our debt.

H. O. Roth of the main office is stepping out in society of late. He and his most essential better half have attended the S. O. A. A. Dances at Sugar Creek, and also were among refinery folks who attended the sales department dance and entertainment.

Of all sad words that have a stinger, the saddest are these: Lewis topped my "Ringer". (Composed by C. C. Koehler, opponent of E. E. Lewis in noon horseshoe games.)

J. O. Hinde had aspirations for councilman of the third ward in Independence until E. J. Cox expressed his intention of making the race. Jim now says: "I withdraw. No use spending money when there's no chance."

Clifford Howard says he certainly does enjoy dancing, but he does not see any need of spending so much money for music, because he could enjoy it just as well without the music if he has a good looking partner.

In Albert Taylor, our new switchboard operator, we have a regular dyed-in-the-wool Englishman just over from the old country one year. If you fail to understand him at times, don't get hard at him for he is not trying to get fresh, but is simply speaking English. When Albert, Ed Lynn, the night superintendent, and Stockdale, the watchman, get together, there are three warm hearts as they discuss events and happenings of the old country.

When Dudley McBride was jumped because he didn't attend the S. O. A. A. dances he had no excuses to offer. We found out though that it was a case of "Papa goes where Mamma goes or Mamma goes with Someone Else", and Mamma wanted to go to 15th and Troost on Saturday night.

John Olinsky has had a far-off look in his eyes for some time and we thought it must be a girl, but have just recently discovered that it was a new radio set, and Honest John never hits the hay any more till after 2 A. M.

As an explanation for wearing boots in dry weather, Jimmie Means says he is not as young as he used to be and he has to have light feet to keep up with the boys at the Englewood dances.

At last Fred Miller has purchased that long sought for Coupe and Wallie Hodge has been snooping around the refinery ever since with a guilty smile on his map.

We are glad at this writing to hear that Dr. Eyssell's children are rapidly recovering from an attack of measles.

Douglas P. Bailey of the laboratory has taken another move. His latest address is 519 West Maple Ave., Independence, Mo. If he continues at his present rate of changes no one will be able to visit him and his new bride.

Anyone wishing to have their automobile painted, see R. C. Wetmore, who seems to be an expert at the business. Everyone thought he was driving a new "Olds" until he told them differently.

You've got to hand it to our cooks, for their interest in filling the gastronomic needs of all who eat in the "Beanery." They have the knack of determining each ones likes and dislikes, and on each mans birthday his favorite dishes are served. Earl J. Cox claims a birthday every month or so, and beans are served in abundance in many styles. When John Grinter adds another year to his "young" life, we get pickles, cucumbers, olives, green onions, etc., but when Hackett and Koehler express their hankering for kraut and spare ribs, the whole gang goes on the warpath, and the come back for a week at a stretch is "Goulash and Chili" for which "Safety" Howard, our steward, gets the blame. Mrs. Belangee is now consulting the employment office records for correct dates of birth, which will surely knock "Wop" Miller out of his "Spaget" and "Sago".

At this writing, Henry Hink, our head watchman, is seriously ill at his home, with a very bad case of "flu". We trust that he will be back with us soon.

Our reporter from the storehouse, K. F. Jaques, says nothing ever happens to anyone in the storehouse, to his knowledge. It seems queer that the storehouse is full of everything except "news".

George Hackett, our boilermaker foreman, was seen recently, carrying a fine looking string of catfish home, which were caught in the Missouri River below the refinery. While it sounds rather "fishy", George says the fish tasted "oil right".

Harold Echternacht has followed the suit of Bert Landfried and Marion Keir and bought a lot in Walnut Park south of Independence. There must be something in the air from the way these boys get together at every opportunity (when Bert is not at his girls house) and discuss the prices of building materials.

CASPER, WYO.

February 21 will be remembered as a "milestone" marked "A Success," for on that evening the Standard Oil Athletic Association had its second smoker of the season in the Industrial Relations Building assembly hall. Choice seats were occupied at 7 o'clock, and before the gong sounded the S. R. O. sign was hung up. The slogan used on the program was "It can't help being good—look at the line-up." Six boxing matches, sack rushes and two wrestling matches made a snappy offering. Jack Hamilton and Jack Schnure, the midgets, gave three fast rounds resulting in a draw. In the first wrestling match Dave Holstein got the decision over Art Dowler, and in the second number Kirkpatrick received the decision over Borsch. Each of these numbers drew prizes of $10 for the winner and $5 for his opponent. In the lightweight boxing match John Buckley won the decision over Ben Simpson, gaining $10 in so doing and his opponent received $5. The middleweight bout was won by Guimont, over Dornbush, with the same prizes awarded. Leo Hallock and Bud Blake finished with a draw, in the main event, middleweight. Mutt and Jeff and the blind boxing matches kept the house in an uproar of laughter (even Earl Thompson laughed). The sack rush, three events, furnished action enough for a complete entertainment. Sam Neff acted as referee, with Lano and Weiderhold as timekeepers. The "milestone" referred to above nearly became a monument, proclaiming the merits of the mechanical department, who won over the lubricating department in all events not otherwise decided as a draw. Some of the Casper merchants donated special prizes of merit, which were appreciated. Future association smokers promise to be as popular as those already given.

The Foremen's Club met in the Auditorium of the Industrial Relations Building at 8 p. m., February 5. After a short business session, the meeting was turned over to a special entertain-

ment committee. This being Ladies' Night, the personnel of tables 7 and 8 (Standard Luncheon Club) invited the ladies to help. We wish to extend our sincerest thanks to the ladies for one of the finest entertainments so far given us. The Clan Stuart's Kiltie Band opened the entertainment with Scotch Selections. Later the members of the Band danced a "foursome". Master Stuart in Highland costume gave a delightful exhibition of the Highland Fling. O. C. Brewster held his audience well while he discussed his subject, "The Distillation of Crude Oil". Dr. S. K. Loy lectured briefly on "The Inexpediency of Safety Last". Mrs. E. C. Gates pleased her audience with a vocal solo entitled, "Pining Just for You". The Baptist Quartette composed of Messrs. Marlow, Flynn, Madison and Haynes held us spellbound while they sang "When Day Fades" and "Mammy's Coal Black Coon". We wonder why they had not been discovered before. In the next number Lafe Moore tried to "Whip the Teacher", but was unfortunate in selecting Bill Eads as his assistant, who was not present when the fight reached the climax and the teacher reversed the decision. Rex Fanning and James O. Ball staged a cake eating contest. Rex called in all of his little friends to help him and the judges called this a foul to Ball. These are two fine cake eaters. One of the most pleasing numbers was furnished by Miss Hazel and Master Dale Moore, who sang, "Where the River Shannon Flows". Lafe's face registered pride in their accomplishment as well he might. The membership was shocked to see Wm. Eads and Oscar Howard mount their wooden steeds and charge each other like knights of old. They pounded each other's ears with pillows. The decision went to Eads on account of Oscar's inability to stay off the floor. James Fraser and James C. McCullough broke into song and were called back by an appreciative audience. Ed. Landers sprung the surprise of the evening when he introduced the Trio of the Columbia Opera Troupe, who kept our sides shaking with laughter for twenty minutes. R. M. Andrus then informed us that inasmuch as Jack Catterall had been recalled to the chilly lake winds of Chicago, it was only due and fitting that we should hear something of his biography. He then proceeded, in his own inimitable way to give us something of the high spots in Jack's career and ended by presenting to Jack on behalf of the Foremen's Club a traveling bag. Jack thanked us with a few well chosen words. The ladies announced that lunch was served. All present, amid strains of an overture by the orchestra, proceeded to enjoy such coffee, cake and sandwiches as are seldom tasted.

The past "Graveyard" Shift, from the tenth to the fifteenth, inclusive, was a long one for H. H. Garrett of the swing crew at No. 3 Plant crude stills. His lady friend from Denver was here on a visit, so with his social duties to attend to as well as his work, he was a perfect wreck when he reported for the last shift.

J. H. Berry, helper at No. 5 house, No. 3 Plant, is going to move out to his ranch as soon as the weather permits. At present he is busy buying a Ford and a watch dog. He says he has a good "watch".

F. J. Souczek, shift foreman at No. 3 Plant, attended the dance at the Industrial building the other night. Fred is very fond of music and loudly applauded each number. After several dances, the orchestra leader thought he would favor Fred by playing his favorite music and told him that he would play anything he wanted. Fred replied that his favorite song is, "Hazel Hangs Out in Our Alley, But Oh, Boy, What She Hangs Out!" Just about that time, Fred's wife got an "earlock" on him and led him towards the anteroom.

"But man, she's mine, and I as rich in having such a jewel as twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl, the waters nectar and rocks pure gold". This quotation describes much better than we are able to do the attitude taken by Edmonds Knittle toward the new baby at his house. Mary Louise Knittle was born on January 24. In view of the fact that she weighed only six pounds and six ounces and was only 18 inches long, she must be valuable for quality instead of quantity.

Paul Briney needed a pair of convex glasses the morning after the Catterall farewell. Paul was there with a wild-eyed stare right up among the tired business men.

Eddie Knittle, the heretofore mentioned new daddy, played hookey from home and got out among the boys at the Catterall affair. Eddie says he's still looking for the party who knocked him off his chair.

I guess nobody knows why Speed Larson got mad at the waitress for pouring water in his glass.

Johnnie Lytle set out to prove his ability as a basketball player by caging the medicine ball a few evenings ago in the Elks Gymnasium. His lack of success was far from encouraging but perhaps Johnnie wasn't in the best of condition at the time.

TUNE IN, SAGINAW

The Vanderbeck orchestra, which made such a hit with the radio fans on February 19, is led by Glenn Howland and Jack Angehrn. Glen plays the piano and Jack the violin. At least it is so alleged. It would take the descriptive genius of S. P. Johnson of Saginaw to convey our impression of this crew. If Mr. Johnson weren't busy tooting his own horn on February 19 he may have been fortunate enough to hear our home talent. If so, will he please favor us with his impressions.

No one would suspect Mac (C. J. McKinney) of harboring Boy Scout ambitions, but he came out the other day in full regalia. The fit of his clothes indicates that he has been more successful in foraging for grub here than he was across the big drink.

Certain views presented by the fit-form attire, which has recently become popular in the main office, recall to mind Mr. Howland's favorite quotation from Shakespeare's revised version, "What sort of men be these, whose legs are shaped like parentheses?"

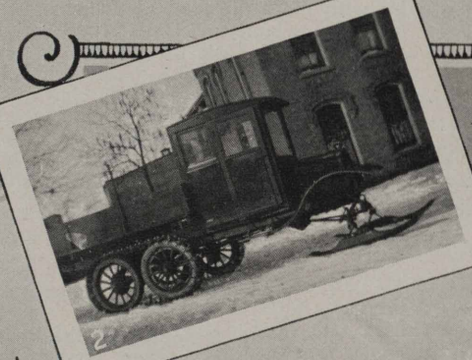
Maurice Post, the Boy Scout mayor of the city, can't keep his name out of the papers. His fame as a basketball player bids fair to equal that which he acquired as Casper's mayor.

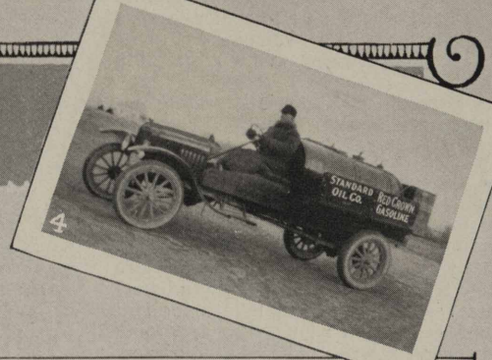
Wagner's report of the accident, in which his coupe was struck by a truck with a careless driver, cannot be characterized as "news that is fit to print".

Rudy Detwyler wants to go to California to avoid the income tax. He says he knows a girl out there who might be persuaded to assist him. From the way Rudy has been acting these last few days, she would better help him or we'll be hauling him out of the North Platte.

(Continued on page 34)

ON THE FIRING LINE IN FOUR SALES FIELDS





No. 1—Kansas City division has a bunch of go-getters handling the pumps of the service stations there. This photo was taken at a banquet of attendants at the Ivanhoe Temple some time ago. The dinner was unique in that it was arranged and managed by service station men who wanted to get acquainted with the "rest of the gang". After the meal, numerous employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) spoke on subjects of interest to the others —how they give the service Kasey is noted for and how they sell the full line. Ideas of real value were exchanged. No. 2—H. W. Zeitlow, agent at Berlin, Wis., Milwaukee division, is one of the reasons why competitors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) lie awake nights worrying. This rig illustrates how he foiled King Boreas during a recent snow storm. A competitor, our correspondent writes, wanted him to deliver some of the competitor's products as he (the competitor) couldn't get through. H. W. refused—and made some new customers. No. 3—If Detroit division manages to win the Red Crown banner for 1924, it will be only after a terrible fight. Other divisions are getting peeved to the burning point by the "cocky-ness" of the Michiganders, who assert that 1924 will be no different from 1923. This is the Jackson group who helped put across Detroit division last year and who are on their toes to help keep Detroit crowing. No. 4—Agent Martin Ruud, Cartwright, N. D., Minot division, doesn't let a little thing like "below zero weather" bother him. In fact, Martin's speed is almost enough to work up a sweat without that b'ar skin (is it?) coat.

(Continued from page 31)

Jack Angehrn knows the multiplication table two ways. One system he uses when he has to put out money and the other when money is coming in. He got them sadly mixed the other day, however, when he insisted with his usual assurance that four times eight equals forty. The gentleman with whom Jack was discussing the matter promptly agreed with him and Jack proudly toted home his $32 only to find upon arrival that he was $8 short in his cash.

Homer Spends his spare time drawing pictures of a young lady whom he has seen several times over in our part of town, and even Rudy is beginning to sympathize with him. It must be infectious.

B. F. Crone has recently purchased an apartment house, and Walter Jourgensen bought a home on South Willow. It looks as though the boys intend to stay in Casper a while.

Jim bought a new pipe. The pipe is small but it doesn't make any difference to us; he doesn't borrow any of our tobacco.

Brian B. Daugherty, whose pleasing voice won him the position as soloist for the Banderbeck orchestra, is now getting to work on time. This is probably due to the fact that he is now a member of the Ray Turner household and he starts to work with Ray every morning. Ray starts early because his legs are short.

After the exhibition they staged the other evening the consensus of opinion is that as boxers, Briney and Larson are excellent penpushers.

Barney Borgstrand needs a guide in Casper. He went out to a party the other evening and left his overcoat. The next morning he couldn't find the place. Of course, Barney has been in Casper only four years and hasn't become oriented yet. But the hard part to understand is why Barney didn't miss the overcoat the night before when the temperature was considerably below freezing.

H. A. Shea, Barney's assistant, is becoming deservedly popular here as a vocalist.

Boiler Department

Joe Degan, foreman, No. 1 Plant, has been transferred to No. 3 Plant—we hope he likes it there but not too well, for we would like to see his face back at No. 1.

It has got so we don't have to call up any more to find out how Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and New Jersey stocks are, just take a look at Bert Hamilton's face—if it's long, they are going down, but when you see the old smile, you know they are holding their own or going up. It was surely long for a few days.

We see Art Lano walking to work now about every other day and we were wondering how it happens, when we found out that he had traded his Dodge off on a new Oldsmobile. You had better have kept the Dodge, Art, for looks don't always count.

When it comes to blindfolded boxers, we have one in W. D. Minnehan. If you are in doubt, just ask Earl Thompson, for at the Smoker he was not able to keep out of the way with no blinds on.

Whenever you see a streak of something going by, don't get excited and think there is a fire, for it is just James Fraser going after a welder or cutter or a few false bottom straps or pins.

D. D. McDaniel has been transferred from No. 3 Plant to No. 1 Plant, but so far, we have not been able to find out how he likes it, for he is at the Battlefield and one must be somewhat distant from there before he can hear himself think, to say nothing of hearing himself talk.

We may not have many boxers in our department, but when it comes to fighters, we are there in J. R. Buckley. Anyone who thinks differently should take in the "Smokers" and see for themselves.

When you happen into the boiler shop on a cold windy day, don't forget to close the door, for you might lose the growth of a year when George Sunkel bellows to you to "Close the Door!"

If when passing by the blacksmith shop you hear a cheer, don't think some one is giving a speech—it is just Clint Walker shutting off his gas forge and the valve grinders cheering because they can again hear themselves think.

Now if you want to know who is the best wrestler in the Plant for his weight, just ask J. C. Healer, but so far, we have not been able to get him to try anyone at any of the smokers.

Charles Stevenson has just back from Florence a short time, where he was welding a few tar lines for them. Now, he has been transferred to No. 3 Plant. Steve must be a good man as he is often selected to represent the Company somewhere away from No. 1 Plant.

Now, when it comes to fighting, the welders leave that to the boiler makers, but just let anyone come around and say he is a wrestler, and he will get a work out any Monday or Friday evening that he shows up at the Industrial Relations Building for our friend David Holstein is there and he is going good, in fact he has won at all the smokers so far this year.

Leigh McGrath, who has been in the drafting department for two years, has left the employ of the Company.

Howard Twichell has been transferred from the machine shop to the drafting room.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Any time you think the Standard Oil Athletic Association is going to hibernate all Winter you are surely wrong. February 20 the Red Crown basketball team battled the Irrigators from Worland, Wyo. Although the Red Crowns were downed, the Irrigators knew they had been in a fight. The score at the finish was 18 to 20.

"Bright and cheerful to the last, eh, Mary?" After losing the basketball game, the fans proceeded to the association dance and "pounded lumber" until the wee hours of morn. There was some tall mourning when some suggested that the dance discontinue along about sunrise. You know Sunday is Sunday most anywhere out here.

Should Mr. Sanford, master mechanic, ever decide to "Red Ridinghood" his lunch, it would ruin the meeting held daily in his office by the "fasting wonders." The "wonders,' as an organization, are assuming such enormous membership that luncheon to them is the lost phantom of a forgotten day. They prefer to "punch the bag"; they talked of various things for nearly a week, but they have lapsed back to the same old subject.

Steve Krajicek was called home to Nebraska through the sickness of his mother. Steve is our civil engineer and every man on the plant is pulling for his mother to make a complete and rapid recovery.

Quite a bunch are strong as ever for those days when bars are to be let down by the "Johnnie Law," permitting a stampede to the fishing retreats. Angleworms have gone into training in several basements, their voluptuous figures and suggestive contortions should make fish out of trout. After April 1, yes, we have no "willpower."

Shorty Dobbs, silent worker of the plant, has forsaken the "educational force" and has turned his attention to picking nickels for Billy Stricker. Billy is a fast worker and the boys say he and Shorty are the best of friends.

Louie Smith, good scout and popular with everybody who knows him, lounged upon the beach to watch Doc Stricker's matrimonial craft sailing serenely out upon a calm sea. Anxious breezes seem to fill every sail, every moment a jewel, every hour a joy. He believes in education as long as it does not interfere with his plans. He went to Cowley, broke up a school; the radiant maid, Verla Lewis, came into our midst as Mrs. Smith. Everyone wishes them oodles of happiness.

Dockery, wise sage from the Missouri river bottom, says the "fasting wonders" never appealed to him as being so fast. He admits Ty Cobb of Detroit is fast, but not from fasting. He says that chromosphere may be gaseous incandescent hydrogen, helium, etc., surrounding any star or planet it may want to, but that that had nothing to do with the way the bay mare used to pull back there in Missouri.

Jim Whipps, charter member of the "fasting wonders," says he will be back in the fold as soon as they move the comedy out and get down to business. He says, "Why fool your time away where only a few second story men are concerned, the ground will soon hold the horse shoes and then the air will be full of iron."

Walter Sutton, loading foreman, has an ace up his sleeve concerning some of the boys, but Walt's hard to find when the weather is fair and warmer, in fact the steam coils are losing their magnetism, though they may yet enjoy some popularity.

Plant No. 1

G. C. Martin had the misfortune of having his house burned down. The fire occurred while Grover was at work, and the house and contents were a total loss. He was fortunate in having it insured.

C. J. Tanner, helper at No. 2 house, is knocking 'em dead with a Gardner touring car, which he purchased recently.

C. P. Meyers, stillman at No. 2 house, returned from a trip to Thermopolis with one lamp out. Chet says they sure treat 'em rough down at Thermopolis.

C. M. Fitzmaurice purchased a radio set recently, but says that he is not going to monkey with any stations closer than Hongkong.

LARAMIE, WYO.

James Dolan, the chief watchman, has been ill with a sore throat and was confined to bed for several days.

"Whitie" Stricker, the yard foreman of Plant No. 2, has purchased a Studebaker Six and is getting ready for the big fishing season.

"Frenchy" Choquette, a treater, took a trip to Denver recently, we suppose on a business mission, for he tells us it was the first day he had off in four years.

Aude Methvin bought four lots in the Midwest Addition, upon which he is erecting four modern dwellings.

Fred Park is sporting about in an Overland roadster and Fred Coolidge slipped one over all the boys by getting a new Jewett sedan.

William Dodge, the carpenter boss, sold his house on the West Side and has moved to Ffth street. Won't that be hard strutting to work each morning, Bill?

Wanted: Good looking stenographer, typewriting and shorthand not essential.—Leslie Bilyeu.

Deacon Bilyeu of the stills carries his money in a big tobacco pouch with a patent shutter on it. The pouch is always full (a moth flew out of it the other day), so we asked the deacon how come that he always had so much money. Bilyeu explained that he was raised in the Ozarks of Missouri and that he did not know what money was until he came to this country. He always thought that eggs was money down there. So, as the company pays in money and not in eggs, the deacon explained, he has not as yet learned to spend money.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Manufacturing Department

Our "Bobbed Hair Campaign" is showing results—but we still have Lucy, Ebba and Madeline in the stenographic department. Latest official count gives us fifteen heads that are not yet "Irene Castled."

Lorimer has risen to the dignity of his new job by purchasing a pair of blinders.

Jack Crothers is going to move. The heating plant at home gave out and his "stuff" froze up.

The construction department has increased its staff by a seven-pound baby (Sandquist) and an eight-pound baby (Skorcz).

Joe Skorcz has a new long distance radio set. He will ge getting "Chili" when he starts walking the floor nights with the new baby.

Joe created considerable excitement when he visited the office a few days ago in a new dark suit, wing collar and spats.

Did you see Bill Crothers in his English suit with double-breasted vest? He's single, girls, even though his vest is double.

A. K. Hermes won a bet of a dollar from Charlie Nugent and "wonder of wonders," he paid!

Otto Wacholz wants a railing around his desk so that ordinary clerks can't look at his working papers.

Cooperage Department

Mrs. Hutton (formerly Miss Rice) of Washington, D. C., recently called on her old pals. The girls celebrated by giving a luncheon for her.

Barney Sroka has been transferred to F. L. King's department. Good luck, Barney.

We welcome another Isaac Walton into our midst, Mrs. Haycock, who claims to know how to hook the big ones.

Have you all seen Miss Kaiser since she had her hair bobbed? Stunning we call it.

Distribution Department

We are unable to guess whether they are sweet sixteen or sixty, now that bobbed hair is the style. However, Dora Dale will never fall, Elsie

Seeberger hasn't the nerve and Jean Stockley is slipping fast.

Carl Kollmann is the raspberries when it comes to making a presentation speech.

Bill Kruger was heard to remark on February 29, "Well, this is the landlord's payday."

Dorothy Wenneston has left us on account of illness and we now have Alma Baron in her place.

Charley Little is contemplating a membership in the "Chawterbaccer Union." Brother, you will please hand your petition to Ralph Baker.

On February 28 the girls presented Kelley with a large birthday cake. Not knowing how many candles were needed, they made one big one do.

Room Five Hundred

Harold Foote claims his one tube set has received everything but London, England.

When looking for second-hand radio sets, see George Chance.

When you see one you see the other. Like birds of a feather, they work together, "Doc" Holland and Ervin Joost.

Wherever you see a sale on radio equipment you can always bank on finding B. J. Smith. They say the radio bug comes and goes, but it sure has a strong hold on Smith.

They say the appropriation department's Asphalt Arab, Alvin Lind, has had fourteen leap year proposals to date.

Charles Thorstensen has gained the ranks of bloated aristocrats by getting his bonus check from the state. Well, it all gets back to Henry Ford, anyway.

Sue MacKeever, Ella Sells, Anna Wallenches and several other girls went roller skating recently. Sue took a brodie and hasn't looked the same since. Anna has had to eat off the mantel for a few days.

On February 21, about fifteen friends of Mr. Kelley attended a minstrel show by the Lawn Trowel Club, of which Mr. Kelley is a member and director. They (the bunch from the office) did not hear Mr. Kelley sing, but they saw him very becomingly attired in a colonial costume. Mr. Kohlman presented Mr. Kelley with a floral bouquet.

A Washington's Birthday luncheon party was given by Mrs. William Morrison (Lorenza Hagen) at her home in Wilmette, on February 23. If ever anybody wants to know if Lorenza can cook, send them to any of the girls who were there—Ella Thomas, Marie Young, Agnetta Bauer, Rosalie Schreyak, Ingred Rummelhoff, Myrtle Raedeke, Alma Bernard and Betty Crain. After luncheon, at which Ingred was expected to star, the girls were shown through the "Honeymoon House." Fargo and Huron papers please copy.

Traffic Department

Oh, yes, Julius Koop has quite juvenile ways. His latest is to use the eraser on pennies to make them appear bright.

No doubt Mrs. Cornils is minus one of her cut glass dishes, as I understand her daughter, Emma, has just completed a gown trimmed with cut glass buttons.

We understand H. T. Zaremba is having wonderful success with his new seven-tube super "heaterdyne." He can almost get Elgin.

Miss Betty Zuschlag, formerly Hank Bonniwell's able assistant, has taken the fatal step. She has assumed the name of Mrs. John Craven. It happened March 1.

We have a printing and engraving shop, as shown by the two beautiful documents received by Miss Adelaide Kuhn on the occasion of the loss of a great part of her beautiful blonde tresses.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

Leap Year results already! Miss Florence Wheeler of the stenographic department is wearing a perfectly lovely diamond and Bob Kibler has that dreamy look in his eyes.

On February 29, Vivian and Evelyn and Viola and Flora sat pretty on the bench in the lobby, waiting to make a killin'. Plenty of big, handsome heroes came along, but as they were all married, the girls didn't accomplish much.

There's a little fairy in H. L. Henkle's home now. Her name is Doralene Marie Henkle and she made her appearance on February 2—weight, 8½ pounds. Some kid! Harry says she's the best looking thing this side of Hollywood, but you gotta show us. (Yes, Mr. Henkle, a snapshot will answer the purpose very well indeed.)

They're going fast now. Two more of 'em have gone and done it. Vera Davidson and Flora Lawrence parted with their raven tresses. Girls, girls, think of the expense that a marcelle a week involves.

How did you like the program at the party? Pretty nifty. When Tom Rogerson sings "Marcheta"—Oh, boy! talk about heart beats and all that. But at that, he ain't putting nothing over on Ed Day's rosy cheeked, good looking young brother. Alec sure can dance. (Naturally, Ed takes all the credit, says he trained the kid's voice.) We understand that since the party Herbie Fennell has received several tempting offers from vaudeville booking houses. Mr. Wright certainly should be congratulated for having succeeded in securing such musicians as the Friestat Trio. We don't know to what extent Mr. Teaters is able to influence his wife, but no doubt he was partly responsible for the treat. Even the B Station salesmen, who came up to the party after their meeting was over, admitted that the music wasn't so bad, at times. Wasn't that too bad about Mr. Warren? Well, you know that little occurrence at the party. You didn't know about it? Well, we won't say anything, but they do say that he got put out of the Quota Busters.

Mr. Engle is in town. Lovely! It means more gum.

Between her Wally and her Jack, Mildred sure has a hard time. Well, make up your mind, sister.

Mr. Seibert told us that the Secretary of the Nite Lites of Cedar Rapids would be showering news upon us. So far not a thing has been received. Dorothy, the former Cedar Rapids correspondent, was sure a peach. It was quite a blow to hear that she was leaving the company.

Mae thinks Mr. Wright's car is so comfortable. Here's your chance, Mr. Wright, why not arrange a trade, and have her throw in a couple of hundred dollars extra?

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

We are all very proud of the plaque awarded the Decatur Field for the largest percentage of

gain in Polarine Sales for 1923.

One of the members of the Safety Court at Decatur proposed that a fine of 50c be imposed on each member not present at the appointed time for Court meeting. This member is the owner of a cigar stand. Get the connection?

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Cannon have a "Little Cannon" at their home. It's a boy and was born February 25. Congratulations, Lawrence. The cigars were fine.

Miss Wolfington has returned to her "Remington" after a week spent at home wrestling with the "flu." She says she sure did miss that "Chicago mail," or was it "male,' while away.

Country Tank Wagon Driver O. J. Elmdorf of Alton, Ill., is on the sick list, but heres hoping he has a speedy recovery.

On February 21 employees at our Alton, Ill., station attended a smoker given by the Standard Oil Athletic Club in Wood River. All report a good time.

W. L. Gossett is the new agent at Villa Grove. Here's wishing you success, Bill.

Agent R. G. Duensing of Humboldt, Ill., recently purchased a new home. We also understand Bob is contemplating a new Ford truck in the Spring.

Wedding bells were ringing in Tuscola, Ill., Wednesday, January 16, when Miss Lenora Williams of Rose Hill, Ill., became the bride of E. C. Bergfield, attendant at S. S. No. 17, Tuscola. Our best wishes and congratulations to Mr. Bergfield and his wife.

The neighbors of Agent Walker, Mt. Zion, Ill., report seeing him out in the yard chasing wildly around in a circle, fighting a fire on the ground. He said his kerosene can had leaked and when he threw a hot cinder out in the yard he had a blaze.

We are glad to see Salesman Veit back on the job after two weeks illness.

Tank Wagon Salesman G. A. Dietrich, East St. Louis, Ill., is all smiles again. Reason? Baby girl at his house. Instead of passing the usual cigars and candy, he took up a collection for her toy bank.

East St. Louis surely had some meeting for the agents and salesmen on February 19 and 20. It was attended by Manager J. H. Budde, Assistant Manager G. F. Phillips and Messrs. Launtz and Honomichl from Decatur. From what I can hear, it was full of thrills for the Decatur bunch but full of chills for the audience. Never mind, Mr. Decatur, you may have given our men stage fright that time, but they are going to give you the surprise of your life next time you ask questions.

Say, Mr. Bertram, how did you say you blew out your tires coming to the meeting?

The East St. Louis bunch want this question answered: Is or is not Charles Burrier, our warehouse superintendent, married? Come on, Charlie, end the suspense.

C. C. Edwards, truck wagon salesman at Granite City, has taken unto himself a wife, and states from now on he will be a better booster than ever. Here's congratulating you, Mr. Edwards.

M. C. Redman has resigned his position as general salesman and has been succeeded by T. J. Gartland. Here's wishing you success, T. J.

The Taylorville boys are all puffed up over the picture of their service station which appeared in the February number of the Record. Better watch your step, fellows, because others are out to down you.

A newspaper item has just reached this office, telling of the marriage of Miss Emily Witkus and Glen M. Rucker, our Georgetown agent, which took place at Williamsport, Ind., July 5, 1923. You know the old saying, G. M., "Murder will out," so accept our congratulations and pass the cigars.

Raymond Gaines, our new agent at Sidell, tried to float his Ford truck on the black mud around Sidell the other day, but alas, for poor Raymond, the truck started to China and Raymond's wife had to wait supper until 10 p. m.

R. E. Dornblaser, agent at Hume, has had his truck overhauled and painted and is rearin' to go as soon as the roads will permit.

Orlin York, agent at Ridge Farm, is so proud of his new truck that he won't even "chew" while in the cab and Orlin sure is fond of his Mail Pouch. Hope you have better luck with this truck than the one you had some time ago, Orlin.

Douglas Dawson, agent at Chrisman, says about the hardest thing he ever tried to catch was the victim of an unauthorized ticket. Get 'em Doug, they sure count on the 044.

Glen Cutsinger, who took a lay-off last fall to get married, has returned and is now agent at Newman, Ill., and folks, he is still single.

S. R. Schecter, agent instructor, is in Lakeview Hospital at Danville having his tonsils removed.

Miss Mitchell of the East St. Louis office has returned from a vacation spent in Texas. She says she got homesick for that East St. Louis smoke and dirt. Now we will get some news items from that section of the country.

There is nothing going past Agent Sturtz, Bondville, these days. He has a big new radio, 'n' everything.

Agent Rex, Mahomet, has a service station run by Charles Jackson, which we believe holds the Polarine sales record for its size and the size of the town for 1923. We hope that with Dick and Kendall on the job in 1924 Charley will have a still better year.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Kendall and Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Sands and baby daughter had quite a unique celebration February 17, in honor of Mr and Mrs. Kendall's first wedding anniversary and Mr. and Mrs. Sands' second. The party ended up by reading the "Don'ts for Husbands and Wives" in the March issue of the American Magazine.

Elmont Bowman, salesman, has purchased a new modern home. It looks like someone is going to have to buy the cigars before long.

It is also reported that W. C. Smith, tank wagon driver at Pana, was out trying to rent a house. More cigars.

G. L. Delaney, tank wagon salesman at Pana, sold three five-gallon cans of Eureka Harness Oil in three hours. It is not all chain harness in his territory.

E. L. Harmon, tank wagon salesman at Pana, says it isn't all flowers either. He says he can make a mile an hour now.

Effective February 1, Russell VanBrundt was transferred from Homer to Tuscola, Ill., station. This change comes as a promotion to Mr. VanBrundt, due to his excellent work while in charge of the Homer station the past fourteen months.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

C. S. Sulzer, order department, has joined the "Good Morning, Judge, Club". Sulzer says the Judge treated him fine.

Who would have thought that in the good old days Lou Dunker, cashier, was a Sheik. The following item that appeared in the Des Moines papers on February 19, 1894, is proof positive: "The Capital City Mandolin Club is the name of a new and exceptionally good musician organization of which Lew Dunker is the leader. They are practicing at Balzer Brothers grocery and last night they sent some sample strains of their music by telephone to this office."

We have it on the best of authority that Roscoe Souder, general clerk, succeeded in knocking down 90 pins in one game bowled at the Grand Alleys. Atta Boy, Roscoe.

E. H. Hearn, who suffered a broken leg while unloading a truck at the Des Moines Warehouse, is getting along nicely and we will soon see him back again.

Miss Margaret Murray, formerly of the Des Moines office and now at Mason City, was a welcome visitor recently.

We are glad to learn that Harold Bell Wright, formerly of Des Moines, now of Mason City, is recovering from a serious operation.

Miss Bertha Wirth, cartage clerk, says she had a fine time on her visit to Mason City.

V. E. Thompson of the seventh floor record room, is the proud father of a baby boy. Congratulations, Mr. Thompson.

Just a short while ago, Carl Mattern found an open manhole in the street. We know it was open because Carl fell into it landing on a pile of coal. What is your theory?

It seems that we are entertaining royalty in our midst as an official looking envelope was recently received in the office addressed to Her Royal Highness, Sylvia Blakley. Who crowned you, Sylvia?

Our deepest sympathy is extended to F. E. Steinbring, order clerk, whose father passed away on February 15.

Fred Stipp, warehouse man, who was severely injured in a fall from a storage tank, is recovering nicely and we expect him back on the job soon.

During the recent snowstorm "Nobs" Berken, iron barrel clerk, got his "Chevy" stuck in a drift. He put the car in low and got out and pushed. When the car cleared the drift it started on down the street and "Nobs" had to step some to catch it.

Thelma, the small daughter of L. W. Kingery, warehouse man, is under quarantine with the scarlet fever but is getting along nicely. How does it seem to be locked out, Lloyd?

H. O. Smith, city salesman, says it is unlucky to marry a scolding woman on Tuesday, Thursday, Monday, Saturday, Wednesday, Friday or Sunday.

Miss Moor, chief stenographer, has joined the ranks of the bobbed hair brigade. We didn't think you would do it, Miss Moor.

The sympathy of all is extended to Peter McGrath, agent at Mt. Ayr, whose baby daughter and his mother passed away recently.

Ralph Dorn, agent at Kellerton, announces the arrival of a baby girl. Mother and daughter are doing fine. Congratulations, Mr. Dorn.

Mrs. L. F. Pederson, wife of our Knoxville salesman, who was injured recently in a fall, is now able to be around again.

W. E. Freeman, agent at Colfax, is suffering with a badly crushed hand. We wish you a speedy recovery, Mr. Freeman.

E. L. Coventry, agent at Mitchellville, is the proud owner of a new truck.

It is with much regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Mary Webb, mother of C. E. Webb, our agent at Baxter. Mr. Webb has the sympathy of all.

P. H. Headley, agent at Marshalltown, has been spending some time in Council Bluffs.

Our city tank truck salesman, Mr. Bach, recently attended an agents meeting in Des Moines. He reports that the city has forty-eight fire trucks. He says they spent most of the night near his hotel.

W. A. Scott, stake truck driver at Centerville, resigned and moved to the farm after the IHC Truck played crack-the-whip on the Rathbun hill. Be careful, Scott, maybe the cows won't run backward down the hill, but they will kick like fury.

O. W. Bankson has been checked in as stake truck driver at Centerville. Look out Bankson, Scott says that truck is up to bad tricks.

Betty Dale Linden, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Linden, is the proud possessor of two teeth. That explains Mr. Linden's broad smile.

W. H. Bradbury, attendant at S. S. No. 10, Newton, is making a fine record as a future order campaigner.

We are glad to announce that J. A. Coffman has joined the ranks of Standard Oilers at Newton as truck driver. We all extend him a hearty welcome.

Guy Rinehart, agent at Newton, is sure doing fine among the farmers on the future order campaign.

We are sorry to report that the mother of W. O. Davis, attendant at S. S. No. 306, Knoxville, is in poor health this Winter. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

James Van Hemert, S. S. attendant at Knoxville, has purchased a new home and took possession March 1.

On February 8, Neal Van Hemert, agent at Knoxville, and wife, attended the Agent's Ball at the opening of the Macy Motor Company. Neal reports his wife leads him to dances the same as he led the field last year selling Semdac Liquid Gloss.

Earl Lentz, agent at Perry, Iowa, says it is great sport to take his grey hounds out and chase jack rabbits. Lentz says that he captured thirty up to January 1. We still want that picture of the dogs, Earl.

Glen D. States has been appointed agent at Rippey, Iowa. Success to you, Mr. States.

No news from Carroll, Council Bluffs or Creston this month.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Miss Carol Mann, who endeared herself to everyone during the many years she has been employed by the company, walked out of the Detroit office January 21, announcing calmly to a few of her best friends that she intended to be married Saturday, the 26th. Eight of the girls from the office attended her wedding at the

Church of the Messiah at Grand Boulevard and East Lafayette. The loving couple, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Rumsey, after a short wedding trip are residing temporarily at the Hotel Stevenson.

The big dancing party given by the local Bowling League on February 15 at the Detroit office was a complete success from all angles. The dance was given as a benefit proposition for the Bowling League. According to the treasurer's report, the League is now on a sound financial basis. Even Bob Marshall, our hard-hearted credit man, has put his official O. K. on their credit.

E. G. Reed, attendant at S. S. No. 311, has announced that from now on February 6 will be a holiday to him. It was on that date, 1924, he deserted the ranks of bachelorhood.

The proposed bowling match between Saginaw Division and Detroit, February 23, was cancelled at the last moment, due to the death of the local agent at Flint, Lester Havens. We understand, however, that arrangements are again being made for the playing of these games.

Curtis C. Dyke, former general salesman in this division, has recently resigned to take up other duties in Detroit.

E. R. Lockwood, former city garage salesman at Lansing, has been transferred to Mr. Dyke's territory. From the way Emmet was going in Lansing, we feel confident that he will make a big success in his new position.

Chief Clerk Kirn has been interviewing several insurance companies lately with reference to a tornado policy on our new office. He explained his action by saying that it was a dangerous situation with Mr. Gale of the order department and Miss Storm of the stenographic department.

B. Kautz of S. S. No. 2 has announced to the office force and to the world in general the birth of an 8 pound girl at his home.

W. W. Jordan and Cecil Forbes, formerly of the city specialty department, are new members of the city garage department. We trust that they will set the pace for the older men of that department and prove again the excellent training they received in their specialty work.

Practically every member of the Accounting and Sales teams have expressed regret that they did not have a camera along when these two teams were battling. The accounting department had won two games from the sales department, and the scene as now presented is a score practically tied, every man having completed his game on the accounting team, and Brad Springer, the anchor man for the Sales, with a strike in the 9th and 10th frame and ready to win the game with another strike. Away goes Brad towards the foul line. The ball shot forward but nestled neatly in one of the well-known gutters and the expression on Brad's face is where the camera would have been a decided success. In connection with the above item we wish to advise that Charley Gloss failed miserably in getting that strike, which through error was not noted in our last issue.

Miss Florence Erhard, who is slowly recovering from a long illness, gave a shower in honor of Carol Mann Rumsey February 20 at her home. All of the girls who were present report a very enjoyable time and many of them are apparently so envious of Carol that we predict several other weddings shortly.

H. Ridenour, formerly of the service station department, has been promoted to take the position formerly occupied by F. E. Cutler, city specialty salesman at Lansing, who has taken over the duties of a city garage salesman at that point.

To the readers of this column who have failed to see any Jackson items for some time, we wish to report that E. F. Patterson is still agent but has lost his old-time faithfulness in contributing to this column.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

We regret exceedingly that the illness of her father makes it imperative for Miss Ruth Johannson to leave us to go to her home in Utah. We all join in, Ruth, in bidding you goodbye and a pleasant journey.

Mr. Graham, auditor from Chicago, finished his work in the office here and left us on February 13.

The stations in the field recently adopted a new form number 127. This is quite a complicated form and is very large and bulky compared to the ones they had been using. W. F. Kuehling, agent at Tomahawk, Wis., writes, "I think it would be O. K. if you would send a good carpenter along with this report and build a room with a large table on wheels so a fellow would not have to move the chair to get on the other end of his report. A canvas mail pouch would be good for use in mailing in the report."

Albert Richards, former clerk at our Escanaba, Mich., station, is now located in the Duluth office. He is at the stock desks. Welcome to our crowd, "Al".

Eleanore Johnson recently gave a card party to some of the office girls at her home. Everybody reported an enjoyable time.

We want to report two additions to the office crew, Miss Lillian Tracy and Miss Gladys Sovdey, who are in the checking department.

Edna Nelson recently entertained the Ediphone girls to a chicken dinner at her home in Superior. Ella Clark said she appreciated it most of all as her mother was out of town and the water pipes in her home had frozen. Beside her, the following girls were present: Eleanor Johnson, Madeline McLennon, Dorris Kurrell, Ruth Johnson and Edna Nelson. Gertrude Ehmke was not able to attend the dinner and her reason was that she had a sore foot, but someone spilled the beans by saying that they had seen Norris (?) in town that night.

Dorris Kurrell recently entertained the Ediphone girls at a dinner which she cooked herself. They all lived through it and some even admitted it that the pies were real good. The following were present: Edna Nelson, Gertrude Ehmke, Ella Clark, Eleanor Johnson, Madeline McLennon, Ruth Johannson, Leah Fontaine and Dorris Kurrell.

Miss Adelaine Anderson recently joined the Ediphone family. Welcome to our "bunch" Adelaine.

The office boys, especially Ed. Young, have always insisted on having the door to the ediphone room closed, but since we have Miss Anderson with us we can't keep it closed.

Miss Hattie Dwyer entertained recently with a dinner and card party for some of her girl friends. (Why only girls?) The following were present: Ann Lynott, Florence Lufholm, Leah Fontaine, Gertrude Ehmke, Mae Cummings, Mae Armond, Eleanore Johnson and Hattie Dwyer.

Miss Esthyre Pomroy was taken ill recently but we have her back with us again so everything's fine.

"Wild Bill" Mueller still insists on asking, "Is that my ring?"

We regret to report that John Horgan and Wm. Graig are both ill at their homes. We hope your recovery is speedy, boys.

Duluth Warehouse

Matt O'Brien, truck driver, just returned from his vacation and reports that house cleaning is all finished and everything is back in shape. Matt has taken over the Garfield Avenue station and it looks as if he still thinks he is under his wife's directions by the spick and span way he keeps the station up.

From all reports Ivar Anderson, our tank wagon superintendent, tried to clean up on the Eveleth Hockey fans at Eveleth recently. When picking fights, Ivar, we would advise taking them on singly, say for instance Jack Dempsey, Signor Firpo or Harry Wills.

It is with much regret that we report the death of Mrs. Hoskings, mother of John Hoskings, dray truck driver at Duluth station. We all join in extending our deepest sympathies to you, John, in your bereavement.

Ole Larson is now at the Warehouse giving everything in the office a coat of paint. Lucky we have no girls working with us here.

Superior Warehouse

Service at any price says "Fat" Ostlund, country truck driver. Recently "Fat," endeavoring to give service, went through roads that were seldom used and was stalled. Not having been able to make a repair up until supper time Fat called Joe Olson to come out and get him. Joe went and while traversing the same road also broke down. It was a nice scene with both boys tinkering with their respective machines while the darkness grew darker. Finally after much work they called in a truck to haul both of them in. The trade, however, got the goods.

Soren Ossell recently underwent an operation and had removed from his upper shelf, a few of his "baby" teeth that were blocking his manly molars. Now that the youngsters are out of the way Soren says he feels much better and is able to take real food.

Glen Nelson of the manufacturing department recently returned from her vacation spent in the Twin Cities and reports a lovely time.

Mr. Mountford was looking at his garden recently and we take that as a sure sign of Spring.

Joe Olson, after seeing his daughter on the February cover of the RECORD, broke out with a smile a mile wide and threw out his chest to the limit. "Yep," he says, "that's my daughter."

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Fredlund recently. Mr. Fredlund is clerk at our Iron River, Mich., station. Both Mother and Baby are doing fine.

Hibbing

Wesley Baker, attendant at S. S. No. 27, announces the arrival of Wesley, Jr., born February 9.

It sure is heart breaking to see the steam shovels digging into the North Forty location. This portion used to be the principal part of town, but ore being located under it, that part of town was moved completely.

Sault Ste. Marie

A government report shows that on February 18, Sault Ste. Marie was credited with having more snow than anywhere on the North American Continent. Yes, it's pretty deep but we still give 100 per cent service to our customers.

Carl Sauter, Soo salesman, is out again after being quarantined for three weeks.

On February 11, our station was visited by Mr. Dock in his tour of the field. He gave a very good talk on sales.

Edward Swanson came to work one morning recently wreathed in smiles, and why not? The night before he won first prize in a dancing contest given at a ball held at the local Armory. That's making the competitors step.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

A member of the safety first committee requests that Alfred Keerl and Clarence Mann be warned to keep their heads inside the train windows on trips up and down the Southern Railroad, account of the many tunnels on the route.

A large safety first meeting of all Evansville employes driving or working on company machinery and motor equipment was held in the office annex February 19. The meeting was addressed by W. J. Lang, manager, who discussed general safety first rules and warned every employe that it was his duty to know the rules of the company and see that they are followed.

James Hall proved to be such a genial auditor during his stay at the Evansville office that the entire force regretted his departure. Mr. Hall has such a knack of mixing a reprimand with a smile that you feel ashamed instead of resentful.

Nothing of news interest ever happens outside the Evansville office, the rest of the field might just as well be dead from a news standpoint, for if anything of interest is happening the facts are being very carefully concealed from the correspondent's attention.

The entire division envies Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Brauns, our assistant manager and wife, their trip to the New Orleans Mardi Gras. Mr. Brauns and his wife left the latter part of February to go to Cincinnati, where they boarded the new palatial steamer of the same name, which is making its inaugural trip.

The bobbed hair craze seems to have hit the office force at Evansville once more and this time with renewed vigor. Every day that one of the young ladies is absent we can expect her to reappear with hair bobbed. The latest to succumb are Mable Brewer and Helen Zackman. The least that we can say (being a married man) is that the result is not unbecoming.

LISSEN, CHICAGO!

Where do you get that dope about Carrie Mae Wilke being from the country? Miss Wilke is from Evansville.

Carroll B. Foster, our DuQuoin, Ill., agent, had the misfortune to lose his father-in-law. We wish to extend Mr. Foster and his wife, especially, our heartfelt sympathy.

Mrs. Leslie Thornton, wife of our DuQuoin S. S. attendant, says the company's station would not be opened so promptly every morning if Leslie didn't have some one to get him awake. We're all inclined that way, Mrs. L. T.

Robert Gunton, equipment man, has taken unto himself a new bride and since that day Bob has

been sick on various afternoons. No, Bob, we can sympathize with you and will refrain from tipping off the chief clerk.

Overheard in the check department where the clerks were talking about one of their friends about to be married: Eddie Walker: "Well, I wish her a bon voyage." Irwin Finke: "Why, where is she going?"

Genial Ed Smith of Vincennes was in the office last week to visit us.

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

It is with sympathy that we report the death on February 12 of the father of John Sten, our cartage clerk.

Carl Lunde, Mel Paulson, Oscar Covert, Fred Tucker and Francis Grimsgard, who were transferred to Minot the first of the year, were visitors at the Fargo office February 23.

Florence Nelson, of the U. T. L. department seems in better spirits since the Minot visitors have been here. We wonder why?

The other day the office boy made the rounds with a hairpin in his sweater. Louis Thompson says somebody was evidently leaning pretty close.

H. E. Bates, construction man, who has been ill for some time, reported for work March 1.

Charles Daymond, truck driver from Crookston, came down for his truck recently and is said to be just as sassy as ever.

Clara Aldahl is back to work after a vacation in Minneapolis.

F. F. Rickertt, traveling mechanic, who is at present employed in the shop, keeps the boys wondering why all the "dolling up." Comes that way in the morning and leaves that way at night. Does he meet her on the way?

They have put a railing around Mr. Carnine's desk so the girls won't crowd.

R. H. Dodd, new assistant manager, was entirely too popular the other day. Every girl in the office asked him to go to the Leap Year dance, while B. F. Leonard, H. H. Cook and B. L. Smith looked on with envious eyes.

Jim Violet of the garage has reported back to work after quite a sick spell.

Gilbert Gronland and wife report the arrival of a baby boy—another mechanic for the S. O. Co.

Everybody wonders why Rudolph Benner, shop mechanic, comes to work with a white collar.

C. E. Gerrells is on the sick list, due to injury received in the shop.

The girls of the Fargo office demonstrated their ability to put on a real party the night of February 21. It was in the nature of a Leap Year and Washington Birthday party. The decorations were in red, white and blue. Mabel Foy, Dorothy Labagh and Thelma Hagen as floor managers kept the crowd on the move—perhaps the frappe, as served by Mary Dunn and Alvina Nelson, helped this along. Lorge Gotto, son of our credit man, Joe Gotto, sang several beautiful selections.

V. R. McCloughan was installed, January 8, 1924, as eminent commander of Auvergne Commandery No. 2.

Clark Jesten was unduly interested in the price of silk hosiery the other day—ladies hose at that!

C. P. Callahan, agent at Drayton, announces the arrival of a ten-pound girl. Hooray for the Irish!

Crookston, Minn.

Fred Sanderson, agent at Climax, Minn., and Carl Green, agent at Thief River Falls Minn., have been recent callers at Crookston, coming after tank wagon loads of Stanolind Furnace Oil. They realize that there is always a S. O. product to sell.

Henry Mielke and Paul Thomas of the Fargo office called at the Crookston station recently.

Rather late, but we have just learned that a son arrived at the Fred Sanderson home about a month ago. Fred is the agent at Climax.

John Bragstad, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 2, Crookston, has resigned to go into the automobile business.

By the number of taxi trips Charles Daymond has been taking recently, Leap Year is going to get the best of him.

B. F. Leonard and Joe Gotto have been on a trip to Baudette. Geting pretty close to the border, boys.

R. C. Kramer, stock clerk, was installed December 27, 1923, as worshipful master of Shiloh Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M.

B. L. Smith, lubricating correspondent, has been out of the office frequently during the last few weeks. He has given talks on lubrication at tractor schools in Fergus Falls, Minn., Park River and Langdon, N. D.

In a recent letter from John Beaton he says that figures show that Fargo has more chickens than Minot. Maybe more, John, but no so wild! Eh?

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

W. A. Buck, Safety director of the Grand Rapids division, has just been elected 1st vice president of the Commercial Drivers' Club of Grand Rapids. This is a new organization for Grand Rapids, in fact, the first of its kind in the United States. One of the by-laws provides "a continuous educational Safety Campaign among Commercial drivers as a result of which they, as a class, shall be known as the most careful drivers in Grand Rapids and by their driving set an example for all."

Mr. and Mrs. Don Hartman are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Beverly Maxine, born February 7, 1924. Mr. Hartman is assistant superintendent of service stations in Grand Rapids.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ellis, whose mother passed away on February 24. Mr. Ellis is sales manager in the Grand Rapids office.

Don Hartman dropped a thumb tack. Later Blanche Warren located it in her sole.

Fred Bilsborrow, salesman, and G. Chard of the garage were important factors in the amateur play, "The Maid of Wistaria," given at Powers Theatre, February 26 to 28. The two noted SOCO members participated in the square dance. Mr. Bilsborrow has great stage aspirations and believes some day he will reach the pinnacle of fame. He says, "It's natural," he having been a member of the "Crockery Crick Quartette" years ago and at one time was well known on the stage in Muskegon.

We always considered Art Donelson of the cashier's department a boy of moderate habits. However we cannot account of his coming down one rather bright morning with two kinds of

shoes on. This perhaps accounted for his special fondness for galoshes that day.

We don't think the ediphone operators have any Leap Year tendencies. At least, the sign in the ediphone room would so indicate, "Please transact business quickly and quietly and leave". This doesn't apply after 4:45 P. M.

Quite a few new forms went into effect January 1. This is the only possible reason that we can give for a nice girl like Christine Vehyl of the ediphone department making the following remark to Oscar Nelson: "Come in the Ediphone room and I'll show you my new form."

I. J. Mosher, agent at Kalkaska, Mich., has had "some" roads this Winter. It's just snow and more snow, but I. J. is right on the job supplying three caterpillar tractors in a logging camp ten miles away with Red Crown Gasoline, besides a number of other points at a greater distance. His 10 year old son, Wesley, is his able assistant and one of his customers, fourteen miles away, made the remark, "It seems Mosher is here almost before I leave the telephone," which we believe speaks pretty well for I. J. M.

The Grand Rapids field extends to Misses Frieda and Elsa Frey its sincere sympathy on account of the death of their father who died February 14.

On February 22 the office was the scene of a delightful Washington party. The Red, White and Blue decorations added zest to the affair, while dancing was the evening's entertainment. Ellis Hargis said he never stood at any booth so long for nothing. Others were lucky and walked off with a ham or two or some candy.

We were wondering why Carl De Vries of the order department was so studious. Every noon hour was taken up by laborious and conscientious study. Then we found out. On the morning of February 29 he came down with a smile, having acquired his "3rd degree"—painlessly.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

The Red Crown basketball team is going so big that Burwin Strickler and Walter Knuth, two of its leading cagers, have visions of a new gym being built for the team's exclusive use.

William ("Long Boy") Lichtsinn is telling how he attended a party the other night that was so rough the canary bird sang bass. We doubt whether this is original with Bill and it's our guess that he is trying to put across an almanac joke.

Valentine Day passed this way with few casualties in its wake; Bill Reed's mail was loaded with the usual burden of lace-framed missives of love from his many admirers (admir-ettes).

Al Mathias bounced into the office the other afternoon, slung down his hat, ripped off his overcoat and started mopping his visage with a pair of driving gloves—all quite contrary to weather conditions. The cause of all this agitation was a newly arrived son, who will be known as Al C., Jr., starting at scratch, six and one-half pounds, net.

John Runciman, fresh from bonnie Scotland, is getting quite a workout on his first Winter in our midst. Every day he keeps asking when Winter ends here and every day he is being told about the cold weather we have in March and April. What helps the joke along is the heavy snowstorm of last May.

Alfred LaRock, who recently graduated from the stake truck to the white-collared pastime of reading steel barrel numbers, had a thrilling encounter with his coupe as reported by several reliable and veracious witnesses. In an endeavor to get "her" started, Al proceeded as follows: ripped out the vacuum; took off the gasoline line; scattered the carburetor around on the sidewalk; put the whole works together. Then he discovered he needed some Red Crown in the bone-dry gasoline tank.

Every time Leslie Baker shows signs of getting in a composed state of mind he is called in to tinker with the lock on the chief clerk's desk. Said lock having baffled the many master minds around the office, including Elmer Daniels.

(*This column has just been interrupted by the office's official pest, otherwise known as Hettie, who tries to pass out the line that the correspondent in question is guilty of laughing at his own jokes. As she has just departed with a Semdac mop and a quart can of new fangled magnesia (talc) it is quite evident she intends to powder her nose, so we will proceed.*)

B ledger used to be last. Ink-Slingers Mouncey and Benjamin are authorities for the statement that the old book is now first.

Unfoolish question No. 18,763: If Wallace Revel is a champion lead pencil chewer, where does Fred Peine with his tooth-picks and red pencil place?

Since last issue we have with us: Harris Long, office boy, and George Abraham, construction clerk.

John Ingram of the Baker-Ingram team of advertisers was called to Joplin, Mo., on account of the death of his brother.

Sympathy is extended Amos Beeson of the check department in the loss of his father, Jesse Beeson, who was killed in a crossing accident at Greenfield, Ind., February 6.

Appendicitis afflicted both Myrtle Clark and Irene McCurdy, who underwent operations at local hospitals. They are recovering nicely at this writing.

When Steve Bowman matched heads with an opponent in the last Red Crown-Hoosier Celt basketball game both took a trip to dream land. Steve went back into the game while the other end of the collision was carried off the floor—a fan in the gallery was heard to remark, "That SOCO man has a regular TEA POT DOME".

Al Kottkamp has discovered the real system to change tires on an auto, he pulls and tugs for an hour and a half, uses every conceivable weapon but a block and tackle—then it dawns on him that the rims are demountable. And so another warehouseman goes wrong.

In the absence of the "main squeeze" of the justly famous Red Crowns, basket ball team de luxe, detailed history of the quintet's activities are lacking. But it appears that Ft. Wayne froze their toes and will be unable to take their beating; LaFayette writes that they are sorry but their team has disbanded. More than a "nibble" came in from the Whiting Red Circles, in fact, their manager wrote that they would be pleased to gobble up the Red Crowns on the Whiting Community floor the night of March 15.

Eugene McLaughlin, formerly employed as motor tank driver at Aurora, Ind., has moved up to Seymour as agent.

The following have left the pumphandle: E. E. Isaacs comes in the office as record clerk; both A. E. Kortepeter and W. C. Love have been made S. S. supervisors.

A pleasing feature of the last meeting of lubricating salesmen was the extraordinary fine paper prepared and read by W. I. Buckeridge on the subject of boiler feed water treatment. Mr. Buckeridge travels out of Terre Haute and knows his stuff.

Bloomington

The Oilers down here have organized a club known as the Red Crown Specials. This is what Reporter L. E. Gaither has to say about the new organization: "The Specials organized for the purpose of studying petroleum products. It may be possible that after the serious problems have been discussed and disposed of, we may indulge in seven-up or euchre. The refreshments at our meetings will be of the quantity first, quality always, order, such as roast ham or opossum (Agent Voss Cox has promised to climb up after the quadruped) for our hard working members would never stand for a lettuce-sandwich-soup banquet." Which sounds pretty nifty to a—hungry editor. Eh, Charley?

Elmer Jones, stake truck driver, and Henry Payne, S. S. attendant, are our new additions.

Roy Humphrey, S. S. No. 11, came very near losing faith in Red Crown the other cold night; however, he discovered that the spark plugs had been disconnected.

Newcastle

On February 1, Agent and Mrs. R. M. Gant entertained the employes and their families at a farewell party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Swindell who are leaving for Indianapolis. Music, cards and conversation in large quantities filled the evening. Mr. Gant acted as toastmaster, presenting Mr. Swindell with an Elk's pin from the employes. From all accounts Abe Cartwright claims to be the best euchre player present and Mrs. Grunden, wife of City Driver John R. Grunden, really was the expert.

We hear that Guy Le Marr, S. T. driver, is contemplating the purchase of a small farm where he can raise police dogs to his heart's content. (He had better get a good sized farm for he has a bank roll of fifteen new puppies.)

Otis Lowery, S. S. No. 9, will never be a squirrel hunter for the very simple reason that the squirrels hunt him and come right up to the station, too.

Arthur Heathco and E. R. Long, claiming to be pipefitters hailing out of the Indianapolis office and we have no particular cause to doubt them, were sent to Newcastle to make some changes in the pipe lines. They sure are an ambitious duo for after working all day, they joined the fire department and assisted at three fires in as many nights. Sam Marshall was sent over here on pump adjustments and he got in on the fires, too. On his first run he got so excited he grabbed a sledge hammer and began breaking up the sidewalk.

Anderson

John Branch, circuit driver, says that there is not a good road on his route so it is up to him to get a balloon tire to sit on.

John Williams has visions of getting fat—at least he gained a pound since January 1.

Sam Long, the person of the six suits of clothes, says no first robin is going to fool old Sam this Spring, like the little bird did last year with Sam stuck in a snowdrift on May 9.

Terre Haute

Another birth announcement (don't forget, we have been sending in quite a few lately): Frank Cahill, warehouseman, is a genuine proud papa to a new bouncing daughter. He now lines up with the other late "paws" to-wit: Croxton, Sparks, Gardner, Greiner, Houchin, Meredith and Smith.

The Red Crown bowling team is now organized to compete in the Indiana State tourney to be held here in April. So far, the quintet is a one-man club composed of Chick Gardner who upsets maple sticks for games like 235 and 198 and such.

Well, the Hut is afflicted with mustash-itis. They run to all shades and shapes. Bill Oliver's three-week effort produced a blonde effect, no one could see; Omer Lundsford has the daintiest; Will Croxton and Oliver Wright seem to be tied for the blue ribbon; as soon as Duke Meredith started to hide his lip, he lost control. With a little more experience in the treatment of the affliction, this outfit expects to come through without any visible scars.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and
Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Dixon

C. M. Good, relief man at S. S. Nos. 4 and 30, has been made regular attendant at No. 4. The folks at Dixon wish you success, Mr. Good.

William Beaman's smiling face presented itself in Dixon over the week end. Everyone glad to see you, Bill. Come again.

George Acker of Polo is now relief man at S. S. Nos. 4 and 30.

Clarence Wenstrom, that bowler, you know, was surely defeated January 22 when Potter's luck turned and Wenstrom's team was cleaned up.

Anyone know of a good house, wonderful location, but not too much jack, please call Ralph Matthews.

Mr. Kness, new truck driver, was on the sick list a few days recently. Too much exercise. However, Frank is back on the job working harder than ever.

We are all wondering who will bring L. C. Good's half acre of tobacco to the office, since Randy is gone.

Where is C. Poisel going with his truck? Notice the new dress (coat of paint) said truck is wearing.

We hear Mr. Schmaling has been appointed guardian to Agent Potter's Ford roadster when Mr. Potter is not using it. Mr. Schmaling is not operating a garage in Dixon.

George Acker has moved from Polo to Dixon. Another one added to our S. O. family. Welcome to our city, Mr. and Mrs. Acker.

Ask M. E. Potter what he lost while on his vacation. Brace up, Potter, you may find it.

Kankakee

There has been some talk around that Hobson is looking for an apartment. How about it, "Butch.'? Looks bad for you.

We cannot understand why Eli Odette bought a Dodge car, when he claims to have gone fifty miles an hour on a bicycle. Waste of money, we think.

Fred Hertz claims that S. S. No. 1 is 100 per cent perfect, especially to the fairer sex. Must be some attraction, Freddie.

If Walter Kent is so friendly with a certain lady stenographer, employed by a certain local garage, why are we not getting that business?

Freeport

We are sorry to report Mrs. Gaff, wife of our attendant at S. S. No. 29, has been very ill most of the Winter. We trust Mrs. Graff will soon be up again and back to her good health.

T. B. Coomber certainly showed the boys at Freeport that he knows Red Crown. A perfect paper is what that boy turns in. His sales are along the same line.

"Bill" Bray, S. S. No. 303, gave a mighty good sales demonstration on how to sell coupon books. Do that to the customers, Bill.

Shelby Finkboner, S. S. No. 303, made a hard try to sell Greb a coupon book. Result was that Greb says Shelby is a nice fellow. Did you buy the book, Mr. Greb?

A. P. Unmacht, the boys say, is a typical buyer for the farm.

Al Neusse, gauger, didn't know just how much he did know about Red Crown until February 11. Study hard, Al.

Dempsey Black takes a good gasoline booklet home with him nights now. What's your standing, "Black"?

E. B. Thomas, cashier, wrote an 86 paper on Red Crown. Not so bad for a cashier.

Understand Abe McKinley is now chief assistant to Dan Cupid. How's business, Abe?

Jerry Gantz, stake truckman, desires to be put on the sales force. Keep up the good work, Mr. Gantz.

Bert Cramer is going to make a Red Crown sales demonstration to the Rockford boys some day in the near future, and we will gamble they will buy. Tell them what you told Greb, Bert, and the sale is made.

Meetings were held in Freeport and Elgin on February 11 in spite of the fact that it was Mrs. Greb's birthday, and the Lyceum course had a nice concert at Elgin that evening.

The employees at Freeport do wish "Hank" Bogardus (Elgin) would give them a little competition. Come on over and start something, Hank. We're ready.

Kewanee

Sonny Humphrey still insists that he is single, but judging from his willingness to "set up" the cigars, we have our suspicions.

An eight-pound boy made its appearance at the home of Agent L. N. Fredeen sometime ago. Another Standard Oiler in the ranks. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Fredeen.

Cliff Foster's wife operates a hat store. The other day, while explaining the merits of Semdac, Cliff, holding a half gallon can in his hand, was heard to remark, "And it looks beautiful on you, fits the head perfectly."

Joe Stewart, relief attendant at S. S. No. 2, has a small poultry farm, and several of his customers leave their orders for eggs with him. The other day a customer drove up, blew his horn and called for quick service. Joe, absent-mindedly, grabbed an egg crate, rushed out and when the customer alighted and reached the rear of his car, he was astonished to see Joe hurriedly counting the eggs as he dropped them into the tank.

Ottawa

George Warren certainly came through with his good efforts in making Ottawa head the list for our car of oil. A few of the other boys show fair results, also.

William Beals, chief clerk at Ottawa, says the boys are talking things over very seriously among themselves, that Red Crown and Polarine is their next drive to go over.

Mr. Rills was called away suddenly to attend his father-in-law's funeral. We extend sympathy.

Recently a Mr. Crowley was observed rubbing and scraping mud off of his truck. When he had finished the words "Standard Oil Company (Indiana)" were plainly visible.

Our new agent at Ottawa is H. L. Foster. We welcome him into the S. O. family.

Field

Future orders on Polarine are going to put Rock City over the first four months of 1924. Mr. Miller has just put on a second truck and is going to do up last year's sales on every product. Understand Mr. Miller is a peppy agent.

Pearl City and Durand are putting on second truck drivers. Looks like big business this Spring.

Agent Sager at Lena has an idea. He picks his prospects up on the street. The other day a farmer drove into town, bought two empty barrels, and before he had loaded them, Segar copped him off for Red Crown and Perfection.

We are looking for big things from Pecatonica and Orangeville during the Spring rush, as well as all through the year.

W. L. Wadleigh, agent at Herscher, was laid up with tonsilitis recently, but is able to be on the job again. Bill says he can sell more Semdac, Finol and Mica than any other "B" station agent in the Joliet field. If anybody wants to take Bill on, let's hear from them.

H. G. Walsmith, agent at Cabery, was kept busy digging his truck out of snowdrifts, and now he wishes he could stay on top, as there seems to be no bottom to the black mud.

Pat Leach at Odell, who would rather work than eat or sleep, says he is going to vote for the man who puts a cement road from Odell to Emington, as he now has to come clear to Dwight in order to get to Emington. More power, Pat.

N. J. Petersen at Reddick is driving a new Ford truck. Neal says he likes the Star, but you can't beat a Ford in the mud.

Agent H. O. Prestigaard at Shabbons has increased the tank wagon business at that point until he has to put on another truck. We are sure there will be some nice gains at that point for 1924.

E. E. Rees, Scarboro agent, is the champion rabbit hunter. While out hunting one day he had five rabbits bagged and saw the sixth one sitting a little way off. Mr. Rees took his rifle and fired three shots. The bunnie did not move. Upon investigation he found that the poor bunnie had frozen to death in his nest.

Glenn Neibergall at Sycamore believes that it pays to advertise. Have you noticed his truck since it's been painted?

Roy Eberley, agent at Hinckley, is busier than a cranberry merchant, trying to fill his customers' tanks before the roads get muddy. Evidently, Mr. Eberley doesn't enjoy digging himself out of the mud.

Ralph Coffey certainly has his trade under control. Recently, Mr. Coffey was called away, and one of his good customers (same being a lady, as you would, no doubt, imagine), refused

to buy from the driver who took Ralph's place.

James McConn formerly S. S. attendant at No. 6, DeKalb, is now in charge of S. S. No. 6. Don't worry, Unit S. S. Inc. is handling Red Crown, also.

A. W. Rose, agent at DeKalb, that famous ice cream and chicken eater, is longing for warm weather to come, so that he can go to another picnic and get a real feed. That's hard to understand, as we know, personally, that Mrs. Rose is a good cook.

Wm. Starnes, S. S. attendant at No. 41, Oregon, has completed his new home and will move into it about March 1.

Harry Allen, agent at Oregon, has put on a second truck, driven by Allen Grant.

John Voss Jr. is our new agent at German Valley and L. D. Coffman is the new agent at Byron. Welcome, Mr. Voss and Mr. Coffman.

O. E. Vietmeier, agent at Forreston, claims he is some bowler, and would like to get a chance at some of the Joliet office bowlers. Wait until next year, O. E.

A. D. Pyfer, agent at Polo, is figuring on buying a new Ford sedan. What are you going to do with your legs, Al?

George Sauers, attendant at S. S. No. 35, Polo, is still in the bee business.

Willoughby Long, agent at Mt. Morris, claims he is going to have the Red Crown banner before the Summer is over.

R. S. Buzard claims to have nothing to say for himself. However, from the amount of news Mr. Buzard sends into the correspondent, we think he is a good field reporter.

A new commission station has been opened at Neponset with Harry Lyle as agent. Big things are expected of Neponset.

Ohio is another station recently opened. J. E. Ayers is in charge at this point.

Word has been received to the effect that C. B. Heninger, our little salesman, has taken the fatal step. The lucky girl hails from Minonk, Ill. We all extend our heartiest congratulations to you both, Mr. and Mrs. Heninger.

Matt Harmon is a daddy. Little Shirley Mildred Harmon arrived February 25 at Elgin, Ill. Shirley's mother will be remembered as Mildred Harmon, who formerly worked in the Joliet office.

Office

If you value your life, don't ask Helen Kramer of the dictaphone department what the word Paw is in German.

Candy and cigars were passed around February 28, celebrating the arrival of Ardis Rose Campbell, whose daddy, Elmer Campbell, is in the cashier's department. Congratulations everbody.

Elsie Fritz surely looks cute with her hair bobbed. We bet Artie likes her now. And did you notice Lil Lundberg and Eleanor Rylander. Talk about vamps!

We understand Chicago is to be requisitioned for a Kiddy Kar to be used by Miss Hazel Gumaelius so as to prevent the necessity of ascending to the main floor by way of the banisters, when no one is supposed to be around (?). Although Ace Hanna promised to keep this a secret, it leaked out some way.

We understand that Roy White is now making records for the Columbia Graphophone Company, said records can be used on the dictaphones in the office. Mr. White will gladly furnished a record free to anyone so desiring—upon receipt of your name and address, or your telephone number. Get off that line, Roy.

Elmer Anderson has been transferred to the cashier's department, acting in the capacity of cashier, taking the place of George Johnson, who has been appointed cost accountant. Carl Kallman has been appointed general clerk, succeeding Mr. Anderson. Orrin Smith is now working in the capacity of assistant credit man.

W. R. Battin has been transferred to the Wichita field as sales manager, effective March 1. We wish you good luck, Bill.

You have heard of Doc Yak, but have you heard Doc Kirk broadcasting lately.

W. J. Frazer is a new member of our force in the tax, legal and accident department. Welcome, Mr. Frazer.

Norman Armstrong has been transferred from the equipment department and is now in the stock department.

Albert Hartong is a new member of the check department.

Did you see Bill Shearer in the Frolics? Oh, boy, now we know why Mary Catherine lost her heart! Rudolph has nothing on you, Bill.

Vernon Staley is a new member of the stationery department.

Gladys Gallagher is on the sick list and is now in Port Huron taking a much needed rest. We hope Gladys will be fully recovered and able to be back among us within a short time.

Mr. Buck, formerly assistant to Charley Voight, construction department, has been transferred to the credit department.

Katherine Kane is kept busy these days buying roses for—well, did you all see the "Humming Bird"? Oh, Kaney!

Louise Staley has returned from a week's vacation, during which time she acted as bridesmaid at a wedding. We would have liked to have seen Louise that day. Bet she was as excited as the bride.

Roy Olson, out at the warehouse, thinks that all trucks should be equipped with radios for use in cases of emergency such as getting stuck in the mud, etc. We'll see what we can do for you, Roy. Broadcasting station will be at the warehouse.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

Wonder what Kammeyer from Concordia was thinking of when he dropped a dollar in the street car fare box and then asked for his change? If he got it he is luckier than anybody we know of, because what a K. C. street car conductor gets he holds. Hope you had a good time in K. C., Kammeyer.

M. J. Richey is the new agent at Bunceton, Mo., and we note that C. J. Sena has been transferred to the city of Boonville as driver. Watch the sales grow at Boonville.

Flavel Johnson put one across on us not long ago. He is now a married man, having traveled around long enough in single harness. Congratulations, Flavel.

Ben Buck, lubricating salesman from Wichita, was with us again, February 19, and knocked off a big one while he was here again in company with Joe Sullivan.

We deeply regret the death of Agent McCarthy of Waverly, Kans., and extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

At a recent meeting in K. C., we were glad to have with us Mr. Wagner, manager at St. Joseph, and Mr. Zimmerman, sales manager. They both made short talks of the peppery kind that K. C. salesmen like to hear, and received a hearty invitation to come back again.

Fred Oberlander has given up in despair. We sympathize with you, Fred. We've seen others try to raise one. Ask Bill Spiker and Paul Miller.

The Standard Oil employees' dance and card party, given at the Unity Inn on February 9, has come and gone. The program was good, the orchestra was good and the floor was good, as well as the eats. We are sorry that Messrs. Griffin, Wenger, Lewers and several of the others could not be present. Those participating in the program were Burt Hudnut, piano solo; Miss Gail King, soprano solo; Miss Sala, classic dance, and Miss Lucile Peters, readings. Did you see the cornetist's chair go out from under him and Mr. Sala dancing with all the flappers? We also had some good card games, the winners of the pinochle games being Wm. A. Teske and Mr. Ingram. George Gates won the "booby prize." The floor committeemen were Mr. Reid and Mr. Ware. They are good mixers and certainly added a great deal to the party, insofar as seeing that everyone was acquainted, etc. Each and every committee was on the job and a vote of thanks is certainly due them for the splendid manner in which everything was handled. We were glad to have with us, as our guests, about five couples from the Sugar Creek refinery office. Everyone present had such a good time that each is looking forward to another such entertainment in the near future.

We hear that a certain young gentleman from K. C. travels to Pittsburg regularly to pay his respects to Miss Bayard, our pretty stenographer at the Pittsburg plant. What's the matter with the young lads at Pittsburg, Miss Bayard?

On the other hand, Harry Comstock of the Pittsburg station, goes to Fort Scott in his new Ford coupe to call on some young lady there. Now see what a lot of traveling expense could be cut out here if things would only work out that way.

Ward Egbert is now with the equipment department. Welcome!

Otto Emil Leaser of the mechanical department, Armourdale, received the fatherhood degree from old man Stork on February 25—an eight-pound boy, Otto Jr. Otto Sr. drives the Dodge car around about midnight every night, we hear.

The following radio fans have been discovered at Armourdale: Charlie Levendoske, J. A. Raef, H. Staub and A. L. Lekovac.

Shorty Ruch has quit chewing tobacco, as he is afraid it would set a bad example to Jim Dempsey, who has serious matrimonial intentions, we are told. However, just to throw the suspicious off the trail, he brought three girls to the recent Standard Oil party.

We hear that Fred Nichols, snappy S. S. attendant at Eureka, Kans., is knocking 'em dead this year.

John Seward, our popular cashier, issues a challenge to our former associate, Jay Rosa, now of Quincy that he can grow more radish in his garden from a dime's worth of seed than Jay. Let us hear from some other amateur gardeners. John will furnish instructions free of charge.

W. F. Gray is in charge of S. S. No. 53, Holton, Kans., and is making things hum.

H. B. Shell is the new agent at Severy, Kans., while W. J. Needs takes the reins at Oswego, Kans. Watch these stations put out the R. C. and Perf.

G. Y. ("Grundy") Shuck spent February 15 with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), thereby completing his thirty-fourth year with the company. And his birthday came next day, the 16th. We extend congratulations to him on his wonderful record, and hope he stays another thirty-four with us. Guess that would be expecting too much, though; aye, Grundy?

The following were recipients of valentines on February 14: John Pott, Lucille Bulson, Tom Evans, Phil Hutchings, Joe Wilhelm, Bill Sala, Eddie Lane and Bill Spiker. The last two claimed that they were favored with the more elaborate kind usually used by sweethearts.

Agent Miller, Louisburg, reports a fine baby girl at his house. Congratulations.

We notice Bill Thompson, master painter, is getting ready to paint up the town this Spring. He is one hustler, and we are glad to see Spring roll around so that we can get a glimpse of his smiling countenance around the office on payday. Are you going to bring "the old gang" back with you this year, Bill?

Thos. W. Butler, safety department, was with us a short time ago on a short visit. Safety First is his slogan.

J. B. Palmerlee, engineering department, also paid K. C. a short visit, and had the construction department listening in 100 per cent at all times.

We note Leo Ford and Athon have been hanging around the office lots since Miss Beaverforden took the stenographic reins.

Frank Johnson now uses the dictaphone all the time. Claims you save time which would otherwise be spent in arguing.

Here is an ideal agent. Harry Ramseyer, Smithton, Mo., has the following to his credit: A tank wagon gain on Red Crown and Perfection for 1923; a gain on both products for January, 1924; a stock gain for all of 1923 on R. C. and Perf.; only three outstanding tickets (all in January, 1924); station in 100 per cent physical condition. How's that? Glad to meet you, Harry.

LA CROSSE, Wis.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

The following agents were business callers at the La Crosse office recently: E. P. Ihle, Chaseburg, Wis.; H. C. Collum, Black River Falls, Wis., and A. Scheidegger, Fountain City, Wis.

Miss Hazel Kiekbusch certainly surprised the office force when she came to work minus her golden locks. We like bobbed hair, Hazel.

Mary Helen is the name chosen by Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Tinker for their new daughter born January 22. Congratulations.

R. J. Fellingham, attorney from the Chicago office, visited the La Crosse office.

Our new fire marshall, Frank Noel, held a fire drill a few days ago. The snappy action of the members of our fire-fighting organization assures us that a fire would not have a ghost of a chance in the vicinity of our La Crosse plant.

Mrs. Kane: "Gee, I worked harder yesterday than I ever did. I cleaned the whole house." (Did the house need cleaning or did you do it to pass away the time, Mrs. Kane?)

'Nother good man left the ranks of single blessedness. Orin Broten, truck driver at Austin, Minn., has taken a trip on the sea of matrimony. The entire La Crosse division wishes Mr. and Mrs. Broten years of happiness.

F. C. Miller, agent at La Crescent, Minn., announces the arrival of a future Standard Oil agent. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

Valentines were much in vogue at the office February 14. Some were pretty and others very clever. The title of the very clever caricature which Edna Greenwaldt received was, "Nothing to hug but the stove." To which Edna so brilliantly replied, "I'd rather hug the stove than the party that sent it." Mayme Leiser's valentine was "Some Bird." Rudie has a good taste for plumage, don't you think, Mayme?

'Twas some party the Social Club gave. Oyster stew, sandwiches, cream puffs and coffee! Well, we'll say that no one went away from the table hungry. There are many ways to prepare oysters, but Mrs. Nichols knows the "only" way. The evening was spent in dancing, some of which were originated in the time of King Tut, so every one present could partake in the steps of his time. Many new faces were seen at the party and the membership of the club has shown a decided increase. Benefits derived by members of the club show returns a thousand fold. We must have more "feeds" like this one.

Charles Guenther, stock room clerk, says, "'Tis a fine baby boy." Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Guenther.

Marion Ortwein and Frances Beranek spent the week end in Sparta, Wis., visiting Mrs. W. Neidfeldt, who will be remembered as Margaret Carr, formerly of the billing department.

A fine baby girl named Betty Jane, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Brown, Black River Falls, Wis. Mr. Brown is the Standard Oil salesman in that city.

Service Station Attendants from Austin, Minn., Viroqua, Tomah, Sparta, Wisconsin Rapids, Spring Valley, La Crescent and La Crosse attended a meeting held at the La Crosse office.

Miss Blanch Gayman entertained a few friends one night recently with a Mah Jongg party.

Mr. Kirk, superintendent at the warehouse, says that if the boys continue as they have been, the sales in La Crosse and circuit will go over big in 1924.

E. S. Palmer of the La Crosse office has been transferred to Marshfield, Wis., as agent of the Standard Oil Co.

When Gene Schwanbeck of the Stock Department was asked, "Why the Smile"? he quickly informed us that it was a real Valentine he received and that he is some "boy". Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Schwanbeck.

Mr. Hanson, price clerk, says after having a half day vacation, "These vacations are a darn nuisance, a man is more tired when he gets back than he was before he started."

Mr. James Shields, Lubricating Engineer, gave an interesting talk on lubrication of Paper Mills to the Superintendents and Foremen of the Consolidated Water Power and Paper Co., at Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., and also at the Biron Paper Co. at Biron, Wis.

W. O. Dixon spent a few days at the La Crosse office.

The bobbed hair craze has hit the La Crosse office full force. Are you next, Helen? Alice Ortwein says, "Any time after Easter." Why wait, Alice?

Frances Beranek said she would "have 'em cut" but there has been no opposition so she will wait awhile. Time will tell.

We would like to treat the readers of the STANOLIND RECORD to a picture of our worthy tank car order clerk, B. J. Volz., Esq., if we were sure that it would not create an outside romance.

Our next Standard Oil Social Club party was to be a "Hard Time" affair, March 3. From all preparations a hard, hard time was expected.

Winona, Minn.

H. E. Bruce, J. E. Monegan and E. R. Remp held a S. S. attendants' meeting here February 11. It was an all day session and was productive of good results, for the fellows here have been tearing up the earth since that time. Both Mr. Gleason and Mr. Guents, attendants at Winona, challenge anyone in the division to beat them on a Red Crown sales talk. Mr. Bruce spoke on service station operation. Mr. Monegan talked on the production end and pointed out the various products manufactured by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Mr. Remp talked on sales and made a big hit with the fellows.

A sleighride was enjoyed by the Winona employees and their families February 9. A chicken dinner was served at the Eagle Hotel, Fountain City. They were met by Mr. and Mrs. Scheidegger, agent at that city. Later the employees went to their home, where cards were played and a splendid lunch was served. A tired bunch arrived home in the wee small hours of the morning.

We would like to know who governs C. P. Liddle's spare hours, cultivates his voice and manners and makes him a prize sought by apparently every girl in town? Mr. Liddle formerly operated S. S. No. 19, but has been transferred to assist Mr. Munger on construction work about the new plant.

H. Drysdale, our warehouseman, looks like a peacock about the new plant. His word is law. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is being strictly observed. It is far different than being a polar bear in the old plant. Keep it up, Henry.

Charles Stolts has joined our ranks and is dolling up our trucks, putting a coat of paint on them. Charlie uses a remover that removes more than paint or varnish. The result is no one hangs around the garage.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Sherer, Correpondent

We happen to know that C. B. Schilling, Faribault truck salesman, has fully recovered from a broken arm and is back on the job with the old time vigor.

Harry Lenertz, mechanic, is looking forward with keen anticipation when he can again stand on the street corners of Winnebago and view the passing multitude with a discerning eye.

Someone was so devoid of feeling as to remark that the correspondent's picture in the RECORD made up for the deficiency when he did not secure a picture of the calf won by Grace Blackmer. Cruel, cruel world.

"The Eureka Harness Oil championship will

again come to Worthington," says Art Johnson, agent. If it does we would say that the silver loving cup should rest permanently in the Worthington station because these boys have won the honor so often that it is rather a habit now.

Milt Hammond, Luverne agent, has a dog, and that dog, so it seems, is the one thing "that Milt is proudest of." That dog is a swell watch dog, has all the splendid qualities of a Gordon setter, the fighting heart of a bull dog, the faithfulness of the Airedale and the intelligence of the police dog. We forgot what kind of a dog Milt says he is.

Ole Ellingboe, agent at Hills, when asked how he could tell when he was out of his field on the south replied, "Just travel south until you drop from gravel highways into the mud. Then you're in Iowa." Just right, Ole.

The Valentine party of the Red Crown Club held at the Elk's Cafe on the evening of February 14 was planned and put on by the girls of the office with the greatest of success. Five hundred and auction bridge were the diversions of the evening with high honors won by C. J. Jensen and Anghild Nordgren, while H. G. Anderson and L. J. Wilcox secured the consolation prizes. Clever readings were interspersed with a vocal solo beautifully rendered by Mrs. G. A. White and interpretive dancing by a young lady from the local high school. At 11 p. m. the girls served a delicious luncheon and the evening was brought to a close with singing by the entire gathering. The girls were tendered a rising vote of appreciation for their clever entertainment.

When Grace Blackmer heard a rooster crow the other morning she shouted in great jubilation, "Oh dear! That makes me think of home!"

Edw. S. Hagerty was confined to his home for a couple of weeks during February with a severe attack of lumbago which, while extremely painful, responded to treatment so that the credit man returned to the office but little the worse for the experience.

When Chester Olson, St. Peter agent, accepted a transfer to the Albert Lea field, Leo J. Kohl was installed in the St. Peter field. Leo is a hustler who, as tank wagon salesman, has been assisting Chester in making a record in the St. Peter field. Judging from his start on Eureka Harness Oil, we would say that the new agent is going to set new sales records in his field.

Former Agent Henry Epper is operating the S. S. at Le Sueur, which is "home" for him. Henry's many friends find it convenient to locate him now and incidentally the sales are booming at the station.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Schultz announce the birth of a bouncing boy on Monday, February 4, 1924. Bill is our hustling agent at Owatonna, who is now able to boast of two fine boys in his family.

Well, the ladies still have their hair. Although threatening to have it bobbed, Kircher-Hunt-Paulsen still are in full possession of their beautiful tresses.

On February11, the Petroleum Educational Club played the host to the Mankato employees when it invited them all to hear J. C. Lee's talk on "Gasoline." A large audience greeted the speaker when the meeting was called to order at 6 p. m. by F. C. Brown, vice president of the club. This gasoline talk, given with the assistance of the stereopticon, was the first talk of similar nature ever heard by many of the gathering, and the response to the explanations given by Mr. Lee was instantaneous. Following the address of the evening the annual election of officers for the ensuing year was held, resulting in all of the old officers being chosen to serve another term.

The primary election of officers for the 1924-5 term of the Red Crown Club was held by secret ballot on February 6. The following people were nominated for office to be voted upon at the general election on March 18: For president, H. G. Anderson, F. C. Brown and Edw. S. Hagerty; for vice president, C J. Humm, C. J. Nuebel and J. F. Krier; for treasurer, A. W. Otto, A. W. Wilcox and E. Green; for secretary, Leona Halvorson, Mary Wackwitz and Angelene Hunt It is anticipated that the election will be hard fought and the stump speeches will be delivered with unusual force and fervor.

Harry Lenertz, mechanic, startled the bowlers of Mankato when he cracked the maples for totals of 635 and 629 on two consecutive nights in the Imperial Bowling League. The Red Crowners have all been busting the pins, but Harry's figures cap the climax.

Rumors are floating around that Lynn Hedberg, Mankato salesman, is interesting himself in the noble game of Mah Jong. The "Swede" says that if you corral two dragons you're lucky; three dragons is better still, while four dragons is a Chong or something like that, but if you have five pink dragons, that's an indication of delirium tremens.

Jake Armstrong, stock department, is wearing the traditional look of a proud papa on account of the birth of a daughter on January 30, 1923.

Tony Randig, attendant at Mankato S. S. No. 5, has a host of customers who dearly delight in "kidding" and Tony never disappoints any of them. The other day one of these motorists drove into the station and called for one gallon of Red Crown. We have it that Tony gave voice to his amazement by exclaiming, "What are you trying to do—wean it?" This rapid stuff might not go with everybody, but in this instance it resulted in a ten-gallon fill and a customer who is still chuckling.

The auction bridge champions of the division (self-styled), Humm and Scherer, still hold full sway over all comers at this writing. Several pairs of gentlemen have contradicted the claim only to bite the dust of bitter defeat in hotly contested games. A copy of that wonderful work, "Under the Bridge," will be presented to anyone who can take the champions down the line.

W. C. Goehring now holds the distinctive honor of being the only unmarried stock clerk in the Mankato office. This is rather rough on Goehring, but, according to Armstrong, Johnson and Gretz, he is endeavoring to make up for his deficiency at an early date.

John Schmidt, the efficient and artistic painter, was compelled to stay at home for a few days during February due to the sickness of Mrs. Schmidt, who made a nice recovery, and Jack is once more wielding his brushes with the old skill and dexterity.

The sales writing department was crippled for a few days right at the first of the month when Paul Kerns, department head, was laid up with an attack of grippe. First aid was rendered by C. J. Jensen, assistant chief clerk, and Paul appeared on the scene in time to prevent disaster

to Mr. Jensen, who was suffering from writer's cramp.

A jubilant salesman was dancing in the forepart of the Mankato office on February 6, and inquiry developed that B. E. Berry, Windom salesman, had just sold a barrel of Finol.

A signal honor has come to Captain L. H. Morton in his appointment to the officers' training school to be held at Camp Vail, N. J., starting March 15. Upon the completion of this course of instruction, Captain Morton expects a major's commission in the United States Reserve. Cap Morton will be missed from his familiar post at S. S. No. 15, but all of his customers are wishing him good luck and success at the school.

An attack of the "flu" laid low F. J. Kahl, salesman in the Luverne Field, for a few days during February. He accepted the handicap in the specialty campaign and, at this writing, is again in the battle and going strong.

Since publishing the account in our magazine concerning various people in this division who had been infected with the radio bug, we learn on reliable authority that George Schaus, traveling mechanic, is the original radio fan of this Standard Oil Company (Indiana) colony. In other words, 'tis said that George was the first S. O. man to try out a radio outfit and his success encouraged others to take a whirl at the aerials, coils, tubes and what-nots. All right, George. To you we give the glory.

On February 15, J. Clay Lee, assistant manager, joined the antlered herd in Mankato Lodge, No. 225, B. P. O. E. We understand that our assistant manager's erstwhile tranquil disposition was rudely ruffled ere the conclusion of the initiatory ceremonies, but his appearance at the office in the morning showed that no permanent damage had been done.

The first annual banquet of the Petroleum Educational Club was held in the Saulpaugh Cafe on February 25. Covers were laid for about forty members and invited guests. The president called upon Manager M. H. Chesbrough for the talk of the evening. Mr. Chesbrough covered his subject, "The Full Line," dwelling particularly upon opportunities in the service of our company and the necessity for knowledge in occasion for the membership of the Petroleum Educational Club because on this date the first year of its existence had been brought to a most successful close. Future programs of the club include an intensive study of stock purchase plans, service stations, automotive equipment in the oil industry and the operation of the stock market. The members in preparing papers are receiving every co-operation from the librarian of the public library and a special section has been set aside pertaining to subjects announced by the club.

MASON CITY, IOWA

T. C. Kelly, Correspondent

A Red Crown Social Club has been formed and the frequent get-togethers afford much pleasure. C. L. Mansen was elected president and A. O. Ofstie and I. B. Eberhardt were chosen vice president and treasurer, respectively. Miss Cora Ridenour, Miss Lucille Nolan and J. B. Welsh comprise the entertainment committee. The club has held two parties.

An interesting feature of the early activity in the new field was the "Safety First" parade, held on February 7. The parade rolled by during the noon hour and the townfolks, en route to their lunches, stopped and lined up, a la circus day, to watch it. It stirred them to the realization that the company is giving much time and thought to the worthy movement. Nine freshly-painted trucks and three official cars formed the line, and the clever juvenile band of the Lincoln grammar school provided the music. B. J. Hansen, legal, tax and accident man, is in charge of the movement in the field.

R. H. Thomas, our manager, is a cub lion in the Mason City jungle of the Lions Club, having affiliated with the national business men's association recently. H. E. Hansen, the assistant boss, is a member of the Kiwanis Club.

"Jack" Welsh and his tenor voice has made a big hit in Mason City, and the chubby record clerk is much sought for social festivities. He sings in the church choir on the Sabbath, and then fills engagements on most every night in the week. He has an apartment on the floor above the office, and there he sings for the family, with Tom Flynn, the construction superintendent, playing a dainty accompaniment. When Jack wants to listen to himself, he goes to a dictaphone machine and makes a few records.

Captains of bowling teams in the city fell over each other rushing up the stairs to sign "Abe" Eberhardt. Abe's quite a bowler, you know. Two years ago he and a Des Moines man took second place in the A. B. C. tournament.

Speaking of sports, Ted Galbraith, Peter Hobbs and Elmer Larson are starring with the I. O. O. F. basketball team in a city league. The Odd Fellows suddenly spurted into the thick of the race when these Des Moines boys came to town. No fooling.

The "bunch" ate chocolates and smoked high class cigars on three brothers during the past few weeks. B. J. Hansen and W. A. Wells set 'em up in honor of new arrivals and John Barber brought his treats back from a honeymoon trip.

It's a long step from the crowded streets of Chicago to the corn fields of Iowa, but C. J. Mansen and F. H. Doten enjoy life in the country. They appreciate those home-cooked lunches every noon and they are not a bit lonesome for those one hour rides in a packed elevated train with everybody standing on somebody else's feet. Doten will not pass final judgment on the new location, however, until he has played over the golf course.

Lawrence Hanna, efficiency man in the northern division, was moved in here to help organize things.

The new office is now pushing the candidacy of Juanita Wilburg as "the perfect flapper" of the Standard Oil system. She was transferred from Des Moines when this office was opened. She has already set fire to a few desks with her speedy manipulation of the comptometer.

John Morris thought he had discovered the north pole when he froze his ears a few days after landing here. Mason City is 200 some miles north of Davenport.

The birthdays of two great men—Abraham Lincoln and Tom Flynn—passed without much notice on successive days.

R. E. Nuebel is a good acrobat, according to those who witnessed his tumbling act one day, but he would prefer to perform on a soft mat rather than the hard floor inside the chief clerk's railing.

R. W. Pinney, chief clerk at Mankato, called on the Mason City office recently, and spent a few days with the officials. He and Mr. Nuebel had a good chat about things in the Mankato field, which is familiar to the latter, he having been associated with the Minnesota office before coming here.

Harold Bell Wright, who is connected with the equipment end, was stricken with a severe attack of appendicitis late in January, and was moved to Chicago for an operation. He has recovered and is expected back in the office soon.

Agnes Eaton of the stenographic department passed candy around one morning, but it was not a case of "setting 'em up to the house." The sweets were a present to her from "Sofe" for excellent service on the stencil machine.

Field News

John J. Leu was called in from his duties as agent at Fort Dodge recently to take over the sales managership of the entire division. His successor at Fort Dodge has not yet been selected.

Dale Lawrence, former newspaper man, who is now serving as the agent at Charles City, comes into the office frequently. He seems to be getting a little bit fatter and a little bit better looking every time we see him.

Wallace Barry and R. H. Parkhouse have been added to the sales force, the former being stationed in the Humboldt territory and the latter working out of Odebolt.

Judd Berryhill has accepted the agency at Whittemore following the resignation of J. W. Robbins. Mr. Robbins leaves after giving the company four years of faithful service.

We are glad to welcome Elmer Pangborn back into the family. Elmer, who was formerly a S. S. instructor, has returned to the company at Fort Dodge.

Roger Humphrey, the lively son of our Hanlontown agent, had a birthday, February 12. He is not quite able to lift a five gallon bucket, but he's sure there with backin' for his Daddy.

Amos McDonald, agent at Denver, is the proud papa of a ten pound boy, born February 10. The boy is already showing signs of the usual Scotch shrewdness, and has all the ear marks of a good Standard Oiler. Amos says he will have him on the tank wagon as his assistant before the Summer is over.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Otto A. Petersen, Correspondent

Cullie Thayer, our enterprising agent of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., recently traveled all the way to Waukegan, Ill., to be married. What we can't understand is why Cullie went to such great distance to accomplish the feat.

Agent Le Count of Hartford, Wis., has purchased a flivver truck to take care of the increased business he is getting in that circuit. Good work, G. A. We understand the truck is going to have all the extras, too, such as Moore transmission and Lincoln brakes.

New motors for replacement in Pierce-Arrow trucks are arriving and in a few weeks the reliable Hinkley's will be doing their bit to increase our sales.

We were pleased to hear the good news about our Mr. Townsend being married recently. Mr. Townsend is the construction man working out of Madison, Wis., headquarters. Congratulations!

The following are some of the newer members of the sales force in Milwaukee field having passed through the various stages of education being given them before starting for their territories: E. Erb, A. T. Millot, C. H. Kurz, L. L. McMasters, R. W. Bowers, E. R. Smith, R. C. Raasch, E. G. Meilahn, J. H. Prudlow, R. W. Crawford, A. H. Mohr and B. D. Terwilliger, the latter being appointed lubricating salesman to replace G. J. St. Louis who resigned recently on account of poor health.

The following are some of the new S. S. attendants that have recently joined the ranks of the S. O. Co. family: F. Burow, H. Blank, M. Dusenburg, R. Hoonig, N. Hodges, A. Knutson, M. Neils, O. Pergole, K. Rogers, C. Radcliffe, N. Roche, H. Stoll, S. Terkelson, Geo. Washburn, A. Wiedeger, J. Davis, J. Powliski, B. Kellog, J. Wrenn and H. Pritzlaff. With the above array of material Milwaukee field hopes to make great strides the coming year.

Francis Keyes, S. S. attendant, was held up by an auto bandit February 12. Francis' voice saved the contents of the safe and also several tickets for the fights which he had on his person.

Martin Lange, attendant at S. S. No. 38, Milwaukee, on March 1 has taken unto himself a frau. Good luck, Martin. We smoke LaPalinas.

The following conversation recently occurred at one of our service stations: Stout lady drives into service station: "Some oil, please." Attendant: "All right, heavy?" Stout Lady: "You're too fresh, I'll get my supplies elsewhere.'

We are glad to see A. Boginski and T. Czerwinski, S. S. attendants, back on the job after their vacation, which were caused by colliding with a taxi.

We extend our sympathies in the late bereavement of Fred Grell, office boy, whose father died recently.

These crisp mornings gives the nose of our Appleton, Wis., truck salesman, Carl Ulman, a bright red tinge. This looks bad, especially since it is long past 1918. But never mind Carl, some of us are still hopeful of getting it back.

Harold Sievert, S. S. attendant at Appleton, Wis., recently joined the ranks of the has-beens, when he took unto himself a wife. We wish you worlds of happiness and good fortune.

Amos Davis, general salesman of the Edgerton territory, recently paid us a visit at the office, and upon questioning him as to the reason for the increase in the size of his chest, were politely informed that it was a boy. Good reason for swelling up, Amos. The youngster will be named David Robert.

H. F. Carney, salesman in the northern regions, was recently married, but we are sorry to say that we are not acquainted with his new boss and cannot give her name.

Harold Pett, one of the former employees of the stock department of Milwaukee office, recently passed away. Former associates of his expressed their sympathy over this loss.

Tom Kane, formerly of the lubricating sales department, wishes to be remembered to the boys. He states that he is the livest dead man in the Milwaukee field. (By way of explanation, we wish to state that it was recently reported in a local newspaper that Tom Kane had passed away. Of course it was some other Tom Kane.) Ed

Kellog, also formerly of the same department and a chum of Tom, recently wrote him from California saying that he is in the best of health and also wishes to be remembered to the Standard Oilers of Milwaukee and elswhere.

We have been having quite a bit of matrimonial news lately, but were certainly surprised by the fast one pulled off by Miss Minnie Ehlert of the cashier's department, when she announced her engagement to William H. Owen, and then her marriage a month later, February 21, 1924. Good luck, Minnie.

Miss Emlee Dulak, also from the cashier's department, recently informed us that she is no longer a miss, but has become Mrs. Halph Heun. Congratulations.

Miss Irene Hays of the coupon book department, announced her engagement to Ed. Flatz. When is it going to happen, Irene?

Why does our shy Anna Pagel keep it so quiet? Come out with the ring, Anna, and let's see it. Miss Pagel of the filing department is engaged to Mr. Cutright, formerly of the accounting department.

Harvey Sims of the accounting department and Miss Elinor Kuechli, formerly of the billing department, were united in bonds of matrimony on January 19, 1924. Best wishes to both.

Clarence Ott of the stock department has become very much enamored of a certain Miss Margaret Sprink, so much so, that he actually walked (or run) in to a local jewelry shop to purchase her a diamond before someone else beat him to it. Remember, Clarence, love is blind, but not stone blind.

We welcome into the Milwaukee family H. L. Boyles, recently of the Decatur division. We hope you will like us, Hal.

Bob Lee of the order department recently went to Madison, Wis., first stopping off at Beloit and then Janesville. Just before leaving the office Bob put various articles in his grip, such as price book and other data. He thought that the valise seemed rather heavy. After lugging the heavy grip through the streets of Beloit, Janesville and Madison, he meandered over to the hotel for the night, and lo, and behold, found that someone in the office had slipped a large brick into it.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

R. M. Mix, Correspondent

Fred Turner, formerly at S. S. No. 96, and Orval Olson, formerly at S. S. No. 338, have been rewarded for their good work in the S. S. department and were placed on the sales force in February. Keep up the good work, boys, and prove that good S. S. attendants make better salesmen.

Pat Person, agent at Willmar, recently delivered to the State Asylum Farm a barrel of Mica Axle Grease. One of the patients was going to unload it from the truck by lifting it off on his shoulder. Pat showed him it was easier to use a barrel skid.

Pete Johnson, agent at New London, was elected temporary town constable. While he was an officer of the law it became his duty to serve two legal notices. Pete had an unauthorized 090 ticket on one of the gentlemen and he said the star shining on his manly chest also assisted in collecting that 090.

Arnold Hauck, our new agent at Raymond, informs us that he likes his work, also the country and people around Raymond. Good luck to you, Arnold.

Charles H. Geist, our agent at Clare City, has a new adding machine, and Charlie says it is now easy to add up his sales.

Adolph Johnson of Willmar and Fred Olson of Benson, both S. S. attendants, have commenced on the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, and they are going to do their part to "make the stock pay big dividends."

Of course George Mahowald is chiefly concerned with the sale of Stanolind Furnace Oil, but by way of diversion, folks, have you noticed his remarkable impersonation and likeness of Ed Wynn, the comedian who recently appeared at the Metropolitan.

Messrs. Kasparek and Welker, our hustling agents at Delano and Loretto, respectively, were recent callers at the Minneapolis office. They both predict substantial gains at their stations again this year. Fine work, boys, that's what makes the stock pay dividends.

"Solite" Little from Young America, who believes in putting up the advertising signs we furnish to our bulk stations, was also a recent visitor. In driving through the Young America territory you sure can see that we're competently represented there.

Since Klebba's famous initiation by Hamlett in discerning the haunts of the succulent blueberry, we expect he will be able to pick a few quarts in the northern part of his territory this summer. But remember, Louis, they don't grow on trees.

"I have an appointment with the barber" seems to continue in the popularity of its fascination. Selma Boyum of the stenographic department is the latest victim. They look classy, Selma.

A strange coincidence happened as we are writing these items, for Norma Clarice McCarthy, our versatile telephone operator, has taken away the honors from Selma Boyum of having the most recent hair cut. Oh, you, Norma!

However, "Sparky" Nevins is the genuine and original advocate of shorn locks, and she must be given due credit for having braved the critics until the girls finally prevailed upon the barber fraternity to accept their half dollars.

Walter Jehn of the check department says that Jim Connolly and his able-bodied protege, John Dahlquist, of the credit department, better get busy and buy the refreshments and candies they have promised, or a young army of bob-haired ladies is going to set them up in the Red Book as "Tightwads."

Up to the time we submit these items, we have nothing favorable to report regarding the success of getting Assistant Manager Shallenberger on the dance floor at our parties. Perhaps the St. Louis girls can give us some suggestions. Send them on, girls.

We are all glad to hear that Esther Kendrick of the stenographic department, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia since the first of the year, is recovering and is expected to leave the hospital soon. We certainly have missed you, Esther, and hope you will be with us again soon.

We understand the girls in the office are all lining up to have their pictures taken. What is

it, girls, a beauty contest? On the Q. T., we hear E. L. H. is in on this also.

R. E. Clarke from Home Office recently paid us a visit. Come again, Mr. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan of the S. S. department surprised the bunch at the last dance by bringing their own vamp with them. Mrs. Jordon says it's less hazardous that way.

Of late we have noticed Warehouse Superintendent Ray Jaeger hanging around the filling station at the warehouse making surreptitious casts at various trucks with his new grounding device, built something on the order of a rod for fly fishing. Keep it up, Ray, you'll land 'em yet.

Carl Wickman has returned to work in the paint shop after about three weeks' absence caused by sickness. Carl says he doesn't know whether it was the measles, the grip, the flu or the pip, but it had him going for a while.

Bill McGaughey is back on the daylight shift in the machine shop. Bill has been on the night shift so long he goes about blinking like an owl. He says the light hurts his eyes.

George Larson, formerly clerk in the machine shop office, is now a Knight of the Brush. George says he painted up everything he could find to paint at home, so his wife asked him to get transferred to the paint shop where he could indulge in his favorite pastime to his heart's content and give the furniture a chance to dry.

We have been wondering why Agent Joe Earley of New Richmond, Wis., is so popular with the ladies and have discovered that he is making personal calls demonstrating Semdac. That's the way, Joe—Semdac makes you shine.

Mr. Vincent caused quite a ripple of excitement the other day when he appeared at the office all dolled up in a "Bob La Follette" collar. It is unofficially reported that J. C. has been appointed "prime minister" of the Sandwich Islands, but up to the time of going to press we have been unable to confirm the rumor.

Bert Dower Boyd, S. S. attendant at Wadena, was married on February 2 to Miss Mabel Quincer of Wadena. Our best wishes, folks.

Roy Carlson, S. S. attendant at No. 26, Brainerd, gets his S. O. Co. mail mixed with his Fort Ripley mail. Better get two mail boxes, Roy.

Bob Elder, agent at Brainerd, says he can sell more Semdac with the help of his wife. Better talk nice to her, Bob.

Larry Fischer enjoys going to Brainerd because Mrs. Elder bakes such lovely pies. "Oh, boy!" Larry says. (What are they, Larry, elderberry?)

Carl Nelson, agent at Ortonville, says, "Watch me get the business this year. I'll knock 'em dead for gains." Attaboy, Carl! We're with you.

The Bowling League is rolling right along in great shape. The Renowns, champions of last year, have again resumed the lead, but steady and accurate shooting is necessary to remain there. Roy Hanson, who led the league with 192 average for 51 games, has left the employ of the company and we sure miss his hook ball. Hank Steffes shot the grand total of 728 for three games and had his picture in the paper as one of the city's best bowlers.

Harry Bean, our agent at Clayton, Wis., owns a Ford and a toboggan. He favors a school teacher especially, and we are wondering if the toboggan is for the pupils.

We have not as yet been able to determine who sent Mina Thompson that awfully nice valentine with the very affectionate verse on it but we have a flock of bloodhounds on the trail and hope to solve the mystery very soon.

Lemoyn Guerkink, our Baldwin, Wis., agent, claims his list of proposals to the fair sex outnumbers those of any other agent. Now, L. G., you are still single, but Leap Year is your golden opportunity. (No, there's no street or number necessary, girls—just Baldwin.)

V. F. Christensen has joined the family of radio enthusiasts and expects soon to broadcast S. O. products from Roberts, Wis.

John Dahlquist of the credit department claims he's the hard luck champion of the office. Preparatory to being fitted for glasses he had the pupils of his eyes dilated on the very day that Miss McCauley wore her new black dress to the office. While the vision has returned to John's optics, he is still in the dark as to the "outstanding features" of Mac's latest gown.

Albert Tylee, our Spring Valley, Wis., agent, reports an eight-pound baby boy born December 15. The "Spring" has offered its prizes also as he has two more boys—no not triplets.

Frank Knight, our agent at Wilson, Wis., has a fair rival in the field of salesmanship. His wife sold a one-gallon can of Semdac to a widow and refuses to permit her husband to deliver it.

The Renown team in our Bowling League stepped out of the ranks and rolled a picked team from the White Eagle Oil Company. Of course the opponents were snowed under by 211 pins for the three-game match, 2871 to 2660. We hope to be undisputed champions of the Oil Leaguers in the Twin Cities. The Renowns, twice champions of Standard Oil League, and leaders at the present time, are Roy Anderson, Mike Anderson, Hugh Moshier, Paul Dickey and Hank Steffes.

If any of you boys and girls want to see a real Standard Oil truck fully equipped and redecorated for the Spring styles ask Ole Haugdahl at Deer Park, Wis., to send you a picture of same. (Why not have Ole give it to the RECORD?—Ed.)

Pete Pederson, S. S. attendant at Montevideo, says Larry Fischer can raise more dust around a S. S. for a little fellow than any one he knows of.

Adolph Johnson, S. S. attendant at Willmar, Minn., says he is going to show the country attendants how to sell Polarine this Summer. All right, Adolph, let's go!

News from the Stenographic Department: "We're too busy to write any up." (No kid, boys, they are.)

"Flavin's Follies" (as our basketball team is best known) are going strong. They lost two games to start with, but won the third game from the Northrup-King team and apparently scared out the famous Gold Medal bunch last week, as they failed to appear. Capt. Eddie Flavin of the cashier's department is putting his team through some strenuous work-outs and if the rest of the boys are now buckling their belts in the third hole instead of the first, as Eddie is, their labors will not have been in vain. In other words, the wonderful figures aren't always in the score column.

Oh, girls! Mr. Syre has a new car. Ask Rosie Ginsberg what she was doing out on Blaisdell avenue on Sunday recently.

MINOT, S. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

The new Minot division is well into the third month. All of the employees are getting well acqainted with their work and from now on, not only results will be gotten, but much pleasure as well.

On February 13 the employees held a farewell dance in honor of Ralph H. Reed, who had completed his work at Minot and was leaving for Chicago.

Charley Frank, agent at Bowbells, N. D., was one of our recent visitors.

Spring has sprung. When making a recent trip in the country, Salesman Pass and Truck Driver Louis Williamson were called the "Harbinger" of Spring by a farmer, who said he would start at once to make arrangements for Spring's work.

Saleswriter Phil Hetzler gets so wrapped up in figures and dates—he not only told us how many hogs, horses, cows and chickens there were in our division, but added, "One man out of every four is born in China."

Eddie Lindberg says he only lacks thirty degrees of being a thirty-third degree Mason.

Hugh Westmiller's steady diet for breakfast—little pigs with buckwheat blankets.

Mel Rufer after completing a trying case of credits, said, "Sure, the world is a grindstone, and whether it grinds you down or polishes you up depends on the stuff you are made of." Then he turns to Jack Schneider, saying, "Do you know why Ireland never had a navy?" Jack pondered awhile, then answered, "Don't believe I do, but I never saw an Irishman that could fight on water."

Ella to Marie, "Yes, Marie, it is proper to call snoring sheet-music."

Nick Ebeltoft says to C. C. Burleigh, "Why do they call curling a gentleman's game?" Burleight: "Because it originated in Scotland." Some people are klanish.

Harry Overby says to Fred Tucker, "For the smokes, you can't tell me what a hiberian is." Fred: "Sure can—that is an animal that goes to sleep like the bears, now, in the park, are doing." "Hope," Harry says, "Jack Hay is a hiberian—he's Irish." Harry smoked at Fred's expense.

Roy Dunbar travels to foreign countries. He spent Thursday night at North Portal, Canada, and *claims* he never got a drink.

Sam Miles just received a letter from J. H. Judd, retired employee, saying his health was good and that in Canada they know the quality of Polarine.

Clarence Twight says the quickest relief for grief is action.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Rutten drove to Bismarck to see Mrs. Rutten's mother, Mrs. J. G. Belanger, who is quite ill.

August Schmidt, our payroll clerk, insists that he is connected with the Gump family—doesn't Sidney Smith write 'em?

Our only office accident: Miss Margaret Brauer, file clerk, broke out a tooth eating peppermints. We understand Miss Moe is the guilty party.

H. E. Grim (not grin) comes into the office to assist Construction Man Roy Dunbar. With a grin, we welcome you, ol' kid.

Ferm Kathrun Petry, daughter of Night Warehouseman Petry, was operated on for appendicitis and is reported to be getting along nicely.

The following salesmen have been on the sick list: W. B. Sherman, A. M. Olson, E. C. Lang and L. C. Johnson. Here's hoping for swift recoveries.

Salesman Pass states he could nicely use a pair of skates in calling on city trade as the streets are very slippery.

The family of Salesman Harris, Carrington, has been quarantined with scarlet fever. They are coming along as well as could be expected, it is reported.

Special Salesman Hay's family is quarantined with the measles.

Salesman Miller has been laid up with measles. You know his hair is red—now his face is red, so from now on we will call him "Reddy," which applies, as he sure is always ready to sail on sales work.

Who's the fellow, Miss Rube? We know the time and place, but what's his name?

Tom White, one of our agents who pioneered this country with us, made us a pleasant visit recently.

Captain Pass, whose bowling team went down to defeat in the last game with the Northern States Power Company, said, "My boys have good delivery but the pins won't receive."

Minot not only stands out as one of the newest divisions, but it claims to have one of the best automobile drivers in the Indiana corporation—Miss Mary McAllister. She sure can drive, especially when Juanita is along.

Here are two happy men, Gingrey and Hetzler. Their families have just arrived. Both of these boys now have dropped out of the cake-eaters class.

The following made a short trip to Fargo to visit their wives and sweethearts: Fred Tucker, Mel Rufer, Iver Twedt, Carl Lunde, Oscar Covert, Mel Paulson and Frank Grimsgard. Mistake—all except Mel.

If anyone thinks Assistant Chief Clerk Ebeltoft does not know general manger's instructions, check him up.

Mr. Hay and C. C. Burleigh are making a trip over the southern half of the field.

Miss Billie Wouters, our head stenographer, was recently visited by her sister, Marion, who is employed in a bank at Fargo.

New Rockford

By Salesman Warnken

Mr. Lucht, agent at Juanita, recently returned from a three weeks' visit in Iowa.

C. J. Holton, agent at Hamburg, wife and son, just returned from a recent visit at Luverne, Minn.

H. F. Leader, agent at New Rockford, finds a lot of enjoyment these days selling Eureka Harness Oil and attending Kiwanis Club meetings.

Agent J. M. Dulmage and family of Leeds spent a pleasant week at Williston.

Linton

By Salesman Rotta

"Mike" Ryan, agent at Braddock, N. D., spent a few weeks in Northern Canada looking after a sick brother. He says it is a fright what they charge there for gas and that he will tell those fellows who are always kicking about gasoline being too high something in his town.

By the time this goes to press, "Nels" Nelson,

agent at Hazelton, N. D., will be the proud owner of a new baby. (A Red Baby, alias I. H. C. Speed Truck.)

Joe Fettig moved to Linton, N. D., to take over our bulk station. Local people like to see him here, he being a valuable addition to the local baseball team. The prediction is that he will be as good a Standard Oil agent as he is a ball player.

Agent Olaf Olson, Plaza, makes himself conspicuous. Why? 'Cause he hasn't sold any Eureka Harness Oil, and our manager bet the cigars with the assistant manager that he would sell at least thirty five-gallon cans.

Manager Beaton and Assistant Manager Hathaway are spending most of their time on the field, calling on agents and salesmen. Reason? That 'ere Red Crown Banner.

Lou Perry, agent at Sawyer, spent a few days at Crosby visiting his daughter.

Hettinger Agent St. Marie, known as the frog, was the first agent to make his February quota.

Harry Overby's latest joke on Ed Lindberg. While busy in searching for future orders, Harry asked Ed, "What is a zebra?" Ed said, "A striped mule." Harry replied, "Wrong again, Eddie, it is a 'sport model' jackass."

All the girls are glad to see Harvey Barnaby so cheered up. Watch 'em, Harvey!

Mrs. Harvey Gerdes spent the week-end with Harvey. We hope that she will soon make her home with us.

Agent Cuffe of Berthold delivered a record number of cans of Eureka Harness Oil in one day. Smile that off, agents. He is the party that offered to bet a cigar he would lead in the Eureka Harness Oil campaign. As yet, no one has called the bet.

Ed Will, our genial agent and chicken fancier of Stanley, "stepped out" with a couple of his birds and captured some of the prizes at the big event in Stanley.

It keeps Herb Allen busy picking out nice girls for the "singles" that came from Fargo.

Pat Mulroney is one of the busiest agents in the division.

Mike Maher, agent and wolf hunter of Columbus, reports business slow.

Sam Miles, former clerk at main station, was transferred to main office. We believe he will like the change.

Earl Armstrong, construction man, was recently married to a young lady from New Salem. As yet we have been unable to get all the facts in the case. However, we feel sure Mrs. Armstrong made no mistake.

In a class all by themselves, Ann Richards, Lillie Erickson, Helen Rincker, Miss Daly, Miss Brunelle, Miss Brauer, Miss Vandenover, M. E. Gingrey, Clayton Berdahl, Smilin' Peter Graber, John Wood, Irvin Profrock, M. Kemmer, Gilman Molden, Albert Wau, Art Burgum, Ed Simmet, Gus Rheault and Ben Carlson, admit they don't know anything—when it comes to news for the STANOLIND RECORD.

(*But you're doing fine, Duane.—Editor.*)

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

W. L. Reyburn—"Say, listen—"

Certain irreverent youngsters, with no respect for gray hairs, recently hailed the arrival of Spring because the humble author of these lines removed his coat.

Driver Elliott of Hoopeston, convalescent after a serious illness, is being welcomed by his customers along his route.

Kelly wore a different shirt recently. Did someone die and leave it to him, or did the stock department buy it?

Listen to Agent Taylor, down Greenview way: "Roads have disappeared from view; old timers say their condition is the worst in 16 years. Found a man in the road in mud up to his arm pits. Sez we: "Mister is the mud that deep out there?" Sez he: "Deep—! I'm standing on top of my Ford."

Now you tell one.

We're no Volsteader, Powell. Bring us down a quart of that stuff you soaked up just before you climbed up on the chicken house and fell off.

Baseball affairs about Peoria office are looking up. The Red Crowns will enter the Commercial League for the third year, and with the best prospects to date. At the initial meeting of candidates, February 23, Norman Barrett, who twirled so excellently in the closing stages of the 1923 race, was elected manager.

Golmar Livasy "walked the plank" on February 23, when he took Miss Anna Brant to share his future. The newlywed is still absent on his honeymoon as we go to press, but here's best wishes from everybody.

"Foamite"—A One Act Thriller. Scene, S. S. No. 11, Lincoln; time, recently:

Enter Salesman Britt. Rushes into S. S. "How's business Fred?" Sees Foamite Gun. "New Extinguisher, eh." Looks it over, picks it up, sets it down, admires its beauty. Decides to read directions. Lifts to a horizontal position. Noise like a subdued cat fight, and Foamite does her stuff. Brief struggle between Mr. Britt and Foamite. Latter finally pacified in the driveway. Finale—Mr. Schafer, with mop and bucket, giving the S. S. floor a much needed scrubbing. (Reporter's comment—"If we'd had a fire, we'd know how the durned thing works.")

D'ja see Ruth Sutton "hooking rides" on Elizabeth Street during the big snow?

Peoria welcomes A. G. Pyles, late of the Des Moines field, who succeeds W. H. Flanagan, as station examiner. Mr. Pyles and his seventy-two and then some inches of brawn have made quite a home for themselves in this short time, and will do more. May you prosper, Young Man. Doggone it! There we went and mentioned Salesman Flanagan's name again, after promising not to. Gosh, we're careless, and not an eraser in the house.

Agent Richardson of Weldon is in a Decatur hospital recovering from an appendicitis operation. Mr. Richardson's brother-in-law, running the station in the agent's absence, fell and injured his leg after one or two days' service, and took the same route to Decatur. Salesman Howard had to "pinch hit" at Weldon Station. The invalids are recuperating nicely.

Agent Johnson of Cameron emits a wail over the road conditions in his vicinity. We know all about it, old man. Remember you're not alone in your misery.

Engineer Hamlin, Peoria, sold 32 chickens to the grocer, and he said they weighed 1½ tons. Now Ben has a new Ford, also one rooster weighing 30 lbs.

C. P. L.—"I make a motion to meet on Sunday." P. H.—"I second the motion."

Ed. Kinser says he couldn't have been knocked colder if someone had hit him with a club.

February 22 was Washington's Birthday, a holiday. But it was also Friday, and so the South Side barber shop remained open to take care of Red Ludwig and his weekly shave.

Chris Wyss saw his shadow, February 2.

The plaintive lament of Joe Wombacher: "Where do they get all the barrels?"

February 16th witnessed the second social gathering sponsored by the Standard Oil Social Club. Despite atrocious weather, Oilers' families and friends gathered at the Women's Club for a card party and dance, the size of the assemblage being a decidedly heartening surprise to the hard working committee. The spacious Club parlors were divided, one being set aside for cards, while in the other the "Younger set" tripped gaily to the strains of LaRocco's Orchestra. Refreshments, favors, and prizes proved added features, which combined to well repay those who defied sleet, snow and treacherous pavements to attend.

Guy Rees spent a week recently in the old home town of LeRoy. While there he visited his friend, Miss Eunice Shipley.

Serkowich says he's immune from mention in the RECORD. You see, Julius, it isn't that you never do anything, but because of the things you do (?) that keep you out.

Agent Falkingham of Lexington requests our aid in a little fun at the expense of one Murphy, Towanda representative, now known as "Fig". Seems the genial "Murph" undertook to tell a certain story involving a "date". Murphy progressed famously that far, and said "fig." Then the fun began.

W. A. Peterson, S. S. attendant, salesman and more recently of the office force, departed February 4 for Memphis, Tenn., to resume his profession, civil engineering. Goodbye "Pete", take keer o'yerself.

Attendant Schneffs of S. S. No. 26, Springfield, welcomes his new sidekick, L. E. Arrin, who succeeds J. F. ("Baldy") Caldwell.

Phil and Joe were riding along the road, and Phil caught a 'possum, and threw it into the car under Joe's feet. What happened, Attendant McCabe, S. S. No. 6, Canton? (We're not sure, Mac, but we've got a darned good idea.)

Driver Joe Anderson of Clinton is the proud daddy of an 8½ pound girl. Shake, old man, and the next time that sinner, Stahl, undertakes to report an event like that, tell him to include the name of the new arrival.

"Old Reliable" Andy Vliet, boss of Rossville station and known to Standard baseball fans as the only good umpire in captivity, is recovering from a bad case of pneumonia, and making the grade in fine style. Can't keep a good man down. Andy, you've demonstrated that before.

Daily attraction at Peoria office—the noon bucket parade to Conners Grocery. Jim Flanigan usually is in the lead.

Zillah, the beautiful salary executive, says, "St. Patrick's Day can be any day—only what do you want to look for?"

Frank Westphal didn't get his Ford license from the county clerk.

Bowling note—Bornholdt's Coca Colas won two games from Wantling's Kleins, February 20. One dollar won and two dollars lost.

E. L. Carnahan joins up as driver for Agent Huff of Hartsburg.

Evans of Hanna City rises up to tell the world that his station is going to exceed its Polarine figure, or he'll use it on his cakes every morning.

Messrs. Hinds and McCready jointly claim the discovery of another Caruso in the person of Assistant Manager Maulsby. A recent night trip over the rough roads in Hinds' field brought about the find.

"Fluff's" guest at the Women's Club was a very pleasant young girl, but as a youthful niece of Ralph Waugh remarked, "She looked considerably younger than Mr. Lindenfelser."

Now, guess the contributor.

Ward down at Murrayville, bounces up with a stentorian announcement regarding his new International Speed Truck, also a Ford Truck recently added. Brother Ward is going strong, and wants the world to know it.

"About a week ago, I ran my truck into a shell hole out near Buffalo Hart, and while I was sitting on the top of the cab, watching the bucket box sink into the mud a friend came by on horseback. I said, "Bill, what time is it?" He replied—"What do you care; you ain't going no place."—Hap Mohan of Dawson.

Newcomers in the Peoria ranks include: Harry J. Miller, mechanic, Peoria; Harold Kempton, driver, Galesburg; William Fleharty, S. S. attendant, Galesburg; J. G. Brashear, agent, Rochester; J. C. Sieverton, driver, Canton; L. A. Carter, S. S. attendant, Peoria; J. S. Douglas, S. S. attendant, Peoria; Raymond H. Grant, S. S. attendant, Peoria; Max H. Grush, S. S. attendant, Peoria; Arthur A. Arnold, S. S. attendant, Peoria, and H. D. Pritchard, traveling mechanic, Peoria.

Our front room girls are a versatile lot. Witness emergency tailor service for W. I. W.—Marguerite Hanson mending his coat, February 15.

With much enthusiasm and general interest, the Standard Oil Educational Club was organized upon February 14, thus inaugurating a movement which has been suggested upon various occasions in the past. The Club is composed only of Standard Oil employees in Peoria proper; membership is purely voluntary and no dues are assessed. The object of the organization is the dissemination of a thorough knowledge of the company's products among the members. Officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, P. B. Bornholdt; vice president, W. C. Wallace; secretary, E. J. Brennan, and directors, W. C. Wallace, H. F. Melzer and A. S. Coleman. The initial meeting brought out an attendance of fifty-two and the second one on February 26, of sixty-eight, the indications thus being most promising. A distillation test by Mr. Taylor featured the opening session, proving decidedly interesting and instructive. On February 26, Assistant Manager Maulsby was scheduled for an illustrated lecture upon "Petroleum."

Salesman Ted Hasbrouck joined the ranks of the "benedicts" on February 8, when he took for his life partner, Miss Lenore Norton. Long life and best wishes, folks. Yes, we enjoyed the smokes.

W. H. Caldwell, P. W. Adams and Lloyd Snyder have not yet received their membership cards, but all unite in boosting Kennel 23, nevertheless.

Cupid seems to have galloped loose in Peoria field of late. Now comes advice of Agent Newtson of Milford entering double harness with Miss Agnes Hoskins. The happy event transpired some little time back, so our congratulations are rather tardy, but nevertheless, Newt, old top, you have 'em.

Attendant White at S. S. No. 16, Peoria, will some day get his fill of telephone dates. Very painful after you wait at a certain corner, for numerous minutes, with the wintry breezes whipping your shins, to have another chap appear and waltz off with the fair "datee."

Another use for our products. Salesman Melton rolled into Weldon, hungry, muddy and suffering from chapped lips. Vest pocket full of Polarine samples. He announced that Heavy was the proper grade for the ailment, and proceeded to doctor himself.

Too bad that really clever bit of verse about "Fluff" beating the ladies to it up at the "Dirty Spoon" the other day can't be used, but rules is rules, and the muse can't shine in this here colyum. Anyway, Frank's uncanny witchery over the other sex, in the person of the waitress, was again demonstrated although he came in late whereupon Nellie, Wanda and Olive told that waitress to go hence and did likewise themselves.

Painter Howland appropriated a pair of khaki pants he found over the windshield of a truck brought to Peoria recently. Later, he discovered 11c in one pocket. Now he's going into the old clothes business.

Attendant L. A. Carter, S. S. No. 10, Peoria, submits a profane and irreverent story about a S. S. man who went to a drygoods store to buy a certain garment for his wife and got in bad because he called for a "Roosefelt" instead of a ———. Well, anyhow he got in bad. Carter, aren't you ashamed, making us print such things?

Salesman Froehlich claims the palm for his territory. He reports W. B. Falkingham, Lexington agent, as a deacon in the church, and Guy Miller, Chenoa representative, as a Sunday school teacher. Fine, but how about yourself, Fred? What's your aim, to balance the other end of the scale?

Salesmen Hanback and Howare recently collaborated in selling Mica Axle Grease in a certain territory. As proof, they had "Exhibit A" photo labeled, "Frank Howard Ten Years Ago," and "Exhibit B," "Frank Howard Today." Hanback gave the bally-hoo, "Before and after using Mica Axle Grease." Did it work? Boy, ask 'em. Mr. Maulsby's Mica Milk Stool can't hold a Kalochrome to it. Frank and Ira have left that territory now, bequeathing "Exhibit A" to the regular representative. And the landlady's daughter insists that the photo is "phoney", that it portrays Frank's granddaddy, and that "Mr. Howard is only twenty-four. He told me so himself." So the Mica business has taken a flop.

Speaking of marriages, Bernie Fuchs, "The Georgia Peach," star of the 1923 Red Crowns until his accident, put one over on the office by getting "hitched" during his vacation in January, and not saying a word for a month. Miss Marie Pfeiffer became the slim pitcher's partner. Bernie had to take a lot of kidding when the news leaked out, and his infectious grin worked overtime. Good luck, folks.

Dave Lemmel, the "little boy" who delivers Red Crown Gasoline at Petersburg, has turned out to be a basketball star, according to Salesman Wieties. He recently featured the game between the Fats and the Leans at Petersburg. (Wieties, you sinner, why didn't you send in his picture?)

Chester of Havana reports himself as recently spending the afternoon with the Verkler-Curless Company, at Peoria.

B. V. M. Sent This One In

P. A. Johnston has a desk 'phone on the left hand side of his desk, the same side at which his dictaphone stands. The other day while preparing to dictate Mr. Johnston was reading over his files and in reaching out for the speaking tube of the dictaphone, encountered the telephone first, and in his preoccupation grabbed same, placed transmitter to mouth and receiver to ear, settled back in his chair, and proceeded to deliver himself of a flow of rapidly spoken English, of which he is renowned. Meanwhile, our telephone operator seeing the light on the board, plugged in on the line and awoke Paul from his trance.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Another hustler on his way to the top. We are glad to announce the promotion of Otto Freiburg to general clerk. Even Ot himself is glad of the change—he might never have seen the Follies otherwise. Good work, Ot!

The salesmen's meeting saw G. J. Smith back on the job again. Garnett had to lay low for several weeks because of an operation for appendicitis, but he couldn't resist the call of a spirited sales meeting. Glad to see you in the front line again, Garnett.

Our Jayme has went and done it! Jayme Cason, she of the sparkling eyes and cheery smile, has signed one of those "for better or for worse" contracts. Frederick Conrath is the lucky man. The ceremony took place at 8 p. m., February 21, with the Rev. Robert Van Meigs officiating. The happy couple will make their home in Kansas City.

Emmett Thompson of the R. & M. department, has gone back to his first love—the life of a salesman—boosting the full line. Let us hear from you, Tommy.

Carl Rooney is a new member of the machine shop force. If you've ever wondered what a hard day in the United States senate is like, start an argument about the relative merits of a Briscoe and a Ford. Slinger Smith, Ford expert, will take care of Henry's car.

Jack Williams, veteran driver at Quincy, got all "het up" at a movie the other night. According to reports, Jack dozed off to dreamland and when he came out of it there was a fist fight in progress on the screen. Jack can give you full details—we're not saying he will.

Why the disguise, Radtke? Has your upper lip been complaining of the cold weather?

Although it's a far cry from April to quail hunting time, we can't resist the temptation to stir up that wild longing in the heart of Ed Boltz. Gorin's famous agent would rather hunt quail than eat.

H. A. Lewis, assistant general manager, and E. F. Engles of the equipment department, were with us recently. They are two very welcome visitors.

We've a note from O. A. Vanden Boom at Keokuk which says: "Kindly arrange that I get STANOLIND RECORD." No sooner said than done, Oscar, but why so brief? Reports indicate that

Oscar likes his work better by a dam site than he did in Quincy. (Editor: There's a dam across the Mississippi.)

Several of the fellows have voiced their desire to give Perry's domicile the once over. What's the big attraction, Blanche?

Overheard in Ben Haverland's chow parlor: Neuer: "Say, Ben, have you got any cherry pie?" Ben: "Yeh, sure." Neuer: "Alright, gimme a bowl of chili."

How that boy do move! Aldo is now delving among the figures, figures, and more figures, the juggling of which constitutes the work of the record and marketing department. How about that wedding, Schwagmeyer?

We'll have to say goodbye to Margaret before long. That St. Louis Romeo isn't making these trips up here to see the city.

R. C. Boger almost suffered a light stroke when he learned he had taken in one of the Safety first pocket pieces in lieu of a half dollar. Bill King and Charles Heitz were the counterfeit passers, and having kind hearts, relieved Bog's distress by restoring his lamented coin.

Wanted—By Tom Cochran: A comfortable home in which to hang his Red Crown banner. The fair sex is eligible between the ages of 21 and 40 years (widow preferred). For further information see the attendant at S. S. No. 302, Milan, Mo. (Gosh, Tom, you shouldn't have any trouble about that. Why not try your banner-getting methods?—H. B. H.)

The annual salesmen's gathering was a genuine success, as usual. The program was a "humdinger," being topped off with excellent addresses by T. J. Thompson, general manager, and H. A. Lewis, assistant general manager. Manager A. L. Martin also gave a splendid talk on the importance of the "B" station agent.

Salesman R. J. Smith took unto himself a wife recently, but failed to allow a single detail regarding the event to reach this office in time for this issue. For shame! A long life of success and happiness to you just the same, R. J.

John O'Donnell is in the midst of a Harness Oil and Mica campaign just now and can't be bothered about any news, thank you.

Salesman R. R. Hedrick is leaving us. W. M. Cook is taking over his territory, while E. W. Thompson is in charge of the territory formerly covered by Cook. Success be with you, boys.

Morgan believes in being early and avoiding the rush. Bill grabbed off a week of his vacation and went straight to Dubuque, Iowa, to get better acquainted with the town, and incidentally pay a visit to the sweetest girl on earth. The check department was a dreary place without you, Bill.

We are delighted to be able to state that our "A" stations are coming to life at last. L. G. Bramblet at Hannibal, J. G. Lannon at Moberly, H. A. Brunat at Keokuk and Miss Katherine D. Helling at Fort Madison are going to place and keep their stations on the STANOLIND RECORD map from this day on. Hooray!

M. E. Jolidon says: "For some unknown and inexplicable reason you always ask me for news just at the precise moment when I do not know of any." Why not hasten our way then when you do know of some, Jolly?

Keokuk

Charles Blink has taken a thirty-day leave of absence on account of ill health. Charlie is a very good man and his friends and fellow employees will be glad when he is able to be up and at 'em again.

Bob Parsells, home from college on a thirty-day vacation, came in very handy in filling the vacancy caused by Blinky transferring to the sick list. Besides being an expert with a truck, Bob's the champion football player of Parsons College at Fairfield.

Bill Meyers, attendant at No. 26, is fixed up with a roll-top desk and everything. Bill sure keeps things shining. However, shoveling snow has been his specialty for the past thirty days. Look for a record from Bill this Summer.

But Sam and Bill, the team at No. 22 (men, not mules), are just about ready to take the weather over. But this weather can't last forever and they are planning to outsell the best on coupon books and Polarine oils the remainder of 1924.

We had a parade to Argyle and Vincennes recently. The roads were so bad we thought we couldn't make it, but by sending one truck ahead light we managed to make the trip in nine and a half hours and put out a nice gallonage. (Where and oh, where, is that camera?)

Siney McCarthy has taken over the country truck on the Argyle-Vincennes route and claims he's going to make a record for himself this Spring and Summer. Next Fall will tell, but we have every confidence in Siney, and when an Irishman yells, "Look out below," something is on its way down. Go to it, old man, we know you can.

Elmer Hartman was transferred to the Summitville-Montrose route and avers that Siney McCarthy can't pass him up. Elmer is a man of his word and his word is out, so that's that.

Heitman, on the city truck, is making new friends daily and holding up the gallonage in regular Heitman style. We are glad to have a man like Harold that we can slip into this job in an emergency, knowing that the work will be carried on efficiently.

We are always glad to meet, work, or visit, with any of the Standard Oil family when you may be in Keokuk. The latch string's out!

H. A. Brunat is the reporter for the Keokuk gang and a darn good one, too. Give him a show, boys, by furnishing good material for news and pix. By the way, have you any prize-winning roosters this year, Brunat?—Correspondent.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

For sale or will trade for something useful, a 1923 model comb with good ivory bridgework. Hasn't been used since Christmas. Inquire, Reuben Kern.

Joe McGrath, one of the soloists of the anvil chorus, has reduced said quartette to a trio since his new duties as general supply and material stock clerk will necessitate his absence from the office.

John Leahy recently visited the Detroit office and while there was shown unusual courtesies by Carl Buchbinder, our former mathematician, who could think of more numbers than a garage mechanic the first of the month. Hey, Detroit! Don't you realize you are selling your birthright for a mess of string beans?

Miss Marie Remer and Aubrey Jackson spent the week end in Detroit. He came back with about as much money on him as Little Jake. Oh,

it's all right, Mrs. Garney. They were the guests of relatives.

"Stewie" Reid has gone in for jazz bows and now views all four in hand displays with supercilious contempt.

A. D. Cuthbertson, formerly of our sales force, recently escorted Manager Keating and Mr. Parker, cashier at Whiting, around the large plant of the Flint Motor Company. He is still a Standard Oil enthusiast and was very generous of his time and attention which was greatly appreciated by them.

Robert Allardyce, biller, has collected a few pieces of copper wire and a telephone receiver with which assistance he is able to get the radio program from Station WABM. He says it is about as distinct as the back talk from a military draft discard to his wife who gets a bargain on the arcade scales.

We were surprised to learn that Bill Reid, salesman, had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. We rejoice that he is better and is sending in extra editions of the 030.

J. B. Rust, salesman, has also been confined to his home account of sickness.

L. C. Havens, Flint, Mich., agent, passed away at his home February 23, after suffering a brief illness from an attack of pneumonia. He entered his services with this company eighteen years ago as a stenographer in the Detroit Office and since that time was promoted from various positions in the sales department to the Flint agency which he held with credit until his death. Besides his wife and mother he leaves three children and a host of friends to mourn. The Saginaw Division extend to the mother and children their kindest condolence.

The S. S. attendants of Saginaw recently gave a party on L. E. Patterson, collector, formerly of the S. S. department. A luncheon was served and "Pat" was presented with a very artistic pair of book ends as a token of their regard.

William W. Bryson, agent at Evart, Mich., Grand Rapids division, was a visitor in February to see his brother, Frank. Those boys don't look any more alike than two gold pieces.

Preparations are under full swing for the Annual Spring Party which is scheduled for April 26 at the Masonic Temple and from what the correspondent can gather it looks like any one who isn't figuring on being present is going to miss one of the best opportunities he ever had to add a few years onto his life. (Pix?—Editor.)

Yes, Clem Kolb and Fred Dettenthaler still ride their velocipedes to work. They boast with one breath that the past Winter worried them about as much as the Einstein theory. While other vehicles of transportation were snowbound they were models of punctuality.

Julius C. Ahrens, formerly of the advertising department, has resigned. H. E. Anker, salesman, has assumed his duties.

C. H. Proestel, one of our new salesmen, has been assigned to the territory formerly called upon by W. R. Smith who will relieve J. W. Morse as tank wagon superintendent at Flint. J. W. Morse is now S. S. superintendent at Flint.

Miss Alberta Ringot has treated herself to a pair of specks so that she now gets first hand information from the clock over on Washington avenue.

Miss Irma Kawfield, hello girl, treated herself to a trip to Detroit on the occasion of her birthday. We couldn't get the official figure.

H. E. Miller provides the setters of the accounting department with an occasional diversion by offering whistled fragments of ragtime on which all copyrights have expired. We appreciate the effort he puts into it but the results are not so worthy of praise.

W. C. Friers was recently appointed specialty salesman in Flint. We are glad to see him promoted but will miss his pleasing personality and capability.

Miss Koepke recently entertained the girls of the "harem" at her home on Barnard street. It was a birthday party and the appetizing cake has concealed within its tempting layers several charms which sealed the matrimonial fate of its recipient. It is reported that Marcella Thompson broke off a tooth on a bachelor button; Vera Burt dislodged a thimble from her windpipe and Miss Otillia Holl was lucky enough to get the ring. Miss Price got the wish bone and made a silent wish in the interests of her matrimonial aspirations.

Robert Gray, our Almont agent, was a caller of the main office the latter part of February and talked over stock losses. Bob says he hasn't had his lawnmower out this Winter.

Owosso

Mrs. R. D. Harryman, good wife of our city tank wagon driver, is recovering from a recent operation. We all regret the misfortune but rejoice with "Harry" that she is rapidly recovering.

Lester Winterley, rural tank wagon driver, carries a snow shovel on his truck and he says that it was the most essential part of his makeup during the February days when "snow" occupied a permanent place in the weather forecast.

Joe Weber relieved J. G. Richard, stake truck driver, during the time he was taking treatments at Ann Arbor.

Dudley Jones and Bob Zahn of Saginaw were here on business recently. Bob has one of the most beautiful blond pompadours we have ever admired.

A school was recently conducted for the edification of S. S. attendants. Out of town members came from Alma, Ithaca and Mt. Pleasant. Interesting lectures were given by Assistant Manager E. R. Soop, Superintendent L. C. Reip, and Field Mechanic Elmer Kressley. Much enthusiasm was manifested and the boys are eager to hear more.

J. M. Weed, our versatile salesman, resigned his position March 15. He was relieved by Leo Hendricks, whose services will be replaced by F. L. Barnard, a freshman.

Bay City

On St. Valentine's evening we held our midwinter frolic at the K. of C. Hall. About forty couples were present and represented quite a generous turnout considering the roads. Notwithstanding, several members from Saginaw braved the elements and contributed in a large measure to its success. They were Manager H. H. Keating, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Vanderbeck, the Misses Thompson, Zwerk, Ringot, Kawfield and Zander and Ollie Richards. Belated Saginaw guests were Clifton Friers, Martie Volz and Glennie Niendorf. We were particularly pleased to have Mr. and Mrs.

Hutchison of the tank farm present and enjoyed them very much. Music was furnished by the Stanolind Orchestra. During the intermission a luncheon was served and we were favored with a short address by Mr. Keating. It was a fine party and we look forward to the next with much anticipation.

E. W. Large, S. S. attendant at No. 50, plays a large saxophone and is now rehearsing with the orchestra. He plays in a professional manner.

Mrs. I. N. Baker, wife of our coupon book salesman, has just recovered from a brief illness and we all share Ike's gratitude.

Dave Stark, S. S. attendant at No. 10, decided that it is not good for him to live alone and on February 15 promised to love, honor and obey Miss Marget House of this city. They seemed to be enjoying themselves at the party but we never once suspected the motive.

Gene Monaghan stopped in at the station recently for the express purpose of bawling us out for the article in the February RECORD but lingered to find out what she said about the candles, tarried to find out if she was pleased and missed the next train to learn if we thought he had a chance.

Cheboygan

On February 23, Agent R. P. Fitzpatric brought to an abrupt halt a lonely existence and is now indulging in all the comforts of a married man. Yes, he got married on the above date to Miss Ida I. Greenfield, one of Harrisville's most popular young ladies, and will make his home in Cheboygan. The members of the main office wish them a long and prosperous wedlock.

Roy Stokan, Indian River agent, and daughter, Pearl, were visitors a few weeks ago. Roy wanted to visit with us and Pearl wanted to shop so as a compromise they went shopping. We understand the Mrs.—his head bookkeeper—was ill for a time but glad to learn she is again striking balances.

Messrs. Beffrey, Simpson and Bargeon were with us for a few days fixing up our tanks. E. R. Soop was also present and attended one of our meetings.

Heinie Mertz, attendant at S. S. No. 12, spends his time in the trenches with his snow shovel.

Lew Berry saved himself the embarrassment of being snow bound in Posen where the shelter consisted of a hay barn without any hay in it. He used a little precaution and transferred his capital to Cheboygan.

Ben Hill, Millersburg agent, says he doubts if the team he is using on his tank sleigh will renew friendly relations with the automobiles on their return as they have been convinced as to their superiority over such weaklings and they haven't forgot how they used to be crowded over into the ditch and suffocated in dust.

Flint

We wish to welcome Tank Wagon Superintendent W. R. Smith. Here's to you, Walt, and hope our real live city agrees with your good health.

J. W. Morse, former T. W. superintendent, has been transferred to the S. S. department and is now superintendent of same. We believe he will be the right man in the right place.

L. C. Reip asked us to be sure to announce his weekly trip to Flint. O. K., Louie, you can pay us any time.

Talk about Salesman Sam. We found one the other day by the name of John Mead; that boy could sell candles to a blind beggar.

What about Bob Morris moving to Bay City. Has any one heard the story, ask "Bob".

We welcome to our Flint Sales Force, Clift Friers, specialty salesman. Here's the best in the land, Capt. Friers.

L. E. Patterson of Saginaw paid us an official visit. We are always glad to see Pat and would like to see him oftener.

We have for the convenience of Saginaw boys a fine smoking car for their exclusive use. Elmer Kressley will tell you more about it.

H. G. Ruth's Go-Getters

I. R. Lyon, Grand Blanc agent, recently confined to his home with the heating stove in his lap, is out again grabbing up new business like a drake in a fish aquarium.

M. C. Gregg, Mt. Morris agent, says there is going to be a lot of satisfied cows in his territory this Summer, thanks to SOCO and Bovinol.

C. M. Bronson, Flushing agent, can hardly wait until the Spring rains are over and he can start in reducing Gasoline and Perfection stocks and incidentally shake off some of his own excess baggage.

H. F. Osborne, Swartz Creek agent, recently had the lamps stripped off his truck by a party who was driving with one hand and courting with the other.

R. J. Arnold, Durand agent, bought a new Tudor Sedan for the express purpose of demonstrating Semdac Liquid Gloss. (Psst, Record department, get your pencils all pointed, you're going to need them badly.)

Otis Cook, Clio agent, is thankful for the Dixie Highway. It was a bread winner during the Winter months when other roads were out of sight.

M. E. Hunt, agent instructor and hair tonic addict, admired a Flushing bull dog who carried mail, barked the hour and performed an optical illusion on a pork chop. He was offered a brother to the prodigy for five dollars. Employing his business acumen he acquired ownership for four medals and made the party buy him a cigar as good faith. However, there was no inducement at Emmett and the cat eradicator changed scenery causing M. E. an outlay of $1.00 to regain possession and two T bone steaks with mushroom gravy as an inducement for the dog to stay.

M. E. Hunt's Hustlers

F. R. Comstock, Ovid agent, recently made a pancake flop with his truck. When he made an inventory of his short ribs he found that two of them were double jointed and he thereupon employed some of his Gasoline Engine profanity as a safety valve to his emotions.

A. C. Henry, Laingsburg agent, says that after going through the past Winter which was attended by the death of his father and scarlet fever and measles, he feels prepared for anything.

Roy Varty, agent at Emmett, bought the truck that M. E. Hunt used when he was agent and he says the darn thing won't work for him at all but whenever M. E. shows it begins to purr like a tom cat in a creamery.

Bernie Andrews and Howard Beardsley, S. S. attendants at Lapeer, attended the S. S. meeting conducted at Flint, February 21. Query, how

come the wives were present? Elmer Kressley, field mechanic, attended the above meeting and made the boys marvel at his knowledge of the habits, good and bad, of the automobile motor. He has the dope and is a regular talking encyclopedia of information. One party said he'd walk a mile to hear his lecture again.

Lew Berry's "B" Liners

The time has arrived for us to chronicle the fact that the Honorable Roy P. Fitzpatrick, commonly known as "Fitz", former division superintendent, and at present agent at Cheboygan, has ended his period of anticipation and has entered upon the period of realization. Now be it known that upon the twenty-third day of February, A. D. 1924, he did, while in his right senses, take unto himself a wife, the party of the second part being one Ada Greenfield of Harrisville, Mich. We understand that "Fitz" wooed and won in this particular "field" while he was superintendent of the Northern division of the Saginaw division, and that in that capacity he was afforded ample opportunity to display the attributes accorded Romeo of prehistoric days. It is needless to say that "Fitz" let opportunity knock but once and that he received her with wide open arms. It is understood that the happy couple will make their home at Cheboygan. The boys at the Cheboygan plant have been saving their "rumm" money for some time and have entrusted it to Bill Schmidt, with instructions to invest it in a china set of some description. It is hoped that the memento of this occasion will recall the happy event to the minds of the couple, to whom it will be presented, in the long years to come. If the writer is at home when the newlyweds arrive he will endeavor to have a corn roast for their benefit. Rumor hath it that the flag on the Harrisville city hall was at half mast while the ceremony was being performed.

Our old friend Joe Hale of Gaylord fame is still depending upon crutches for his means of locomotion. It will be some time before he can depend upon his own "dogs" again and we hope that he enters no contest for skating honors until such time as he is able to use both feet.

Don Bailey, attendant at the Gaylord S. S., went to Bay City to attend a meeting of attendants, but it happened that the meeting was adjourned and Don took in the sights of the big city until the next train north. We understand that the roof of his mouth was terribly sunburned from looking at the tall buildings. He returned to his native soil with two dozen coat hangers. The sheriff from Bay County has not as yet put in appearance.

Joe Follette, the Onaway Bearcat, let his wife go home to visit the old folk, and it was necessary for five men and two boys to keep on the jump supplying milk for Nancy Rose, while en route back to Onaway. The train was late, the weather was fierce, and the baby was hungry, so what could you do. Mrs. Joe says, "never again, until the baby walks", so you can see how she stands on the question.

Bert Clute, Onaway S. S. attendant, has broken three snow shovels thus far this winter, but the company continues to furnish more. Now, wouldn't that discourage a Saint! Bert purchased a cross-cut saw and is figuring on joining the band.

Bill Gross, the Rogers City veteran, is still on the job and reports that there is nothing to the rumor that he could be president of the United States if only the widows voted. Bill says that he is German, but the Spring catalogues describe him as a handsome Frenchman. Bill explained that he sings second tenor. We take it from that, that it is only necessary for him to get into action when the first tenor is in the garage for repairs.

Ben Hill, Millersburg agent, is trying to figure out some way to use the sleighs sent to him from the Saginaw plant. They happen to be standard width and as Ben's is the only one that width in the entire county, you can figure just how much use they are to Ben. He reports that he believes that they will work to advantage in the Fourth of July parade.

The last time we were at Posen, Phil Lewandowski was collecting the dog tax, and one rather agitated farmer proceeded to show us what he would do should the sheriff come to his farm in an attempt to collect such tax. It was understood between Phil and the farmer that I was to take the part of the sheriff, but the farmer was too good an actor and it was necessary for me to call in an understudy. That farmer does not know the meaning of the word "sensational," but take it from me, he was nothing else but.

We haven't visited Albert Cook, the Hillman agent, since we went to press last, but understand that he is still on the job. We have been waiting word from him that he had sold his Harness Oil and wants to know where he could get further supplies. But the train service is bad and the mail is no doubt delayed.

Chester Clark, Rogers City S. S. attendant, had his hand in a cast for a few days, owing to the fact that he misjudged a hit made by Ty Cobb the Second in one of the fast indoor baseball games staged in this fast burg. At this writing he has again gained the use of his lunch hook and is on the road to recovery.

We will be in Atlanta this week, but it will be too late to tell much about Claude Sherwood, agent, so we will have to make up a little yarn. Claude showed Mr. Timmons the country thereabout at the time he was sent up to show the then new agent everything pertaining to his job. We understand that Timmons decided that there were better places than Atlanta in which to spend the Winter. It is rumored that Timmons is still snow blind, but we doubt this tale.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

S. D. Zimmerman, Correspondent

We stole one of Carl Gardner's gasoline customers. Carl is agent at Burlington Junction and we slipped up in his country territory one night and secured the services of John Houston for S. S. attendant at Maryville. Cheer up, Carl, your loss is our gain.

Uhl Bennett, our new attendant at Cameron S. S., is learning rapidly. His motto is "Expect great things of me."

Milo Sekavec, salesman at Belleville, is gathering his furniture from the seven corners of the world, as he is moving into permanent quarters.

Has every one taken a ride in "Blackstone" Steinhauser's new car? It's a pippin.

Jack Troutman, our agent at Hamilton, has real road handicaps. In February he had to use a team on the front of his truck to supply his trade. Jack never lets them run out. No matter what shape the roads are in, he gets there.

"Hiawatha Bill" and "Piano Stool Warmer" Waddill, our foreign representatives from the West, attended our February sales meeting.

H. H. Carr, our agent at Chula, sprained his back recently when he fell off a barrel rack.

Wayne Dixon, S. S. attendant at Norton, challenges any S. S. attendant in the division on the sale of Semdac for any period of time as to sales or percentage of gain.

Arnold Hendricks, Lenora agent, spent two days in February shoveling snow so he could get to the station.

E. E. Keckley, our Almena agent, was not discouraged by bad roads in early February. He waged an "individual" Semdac campaign with gratifying results.

Our Hanover agent sold a case of Eureka Harness Oil while stuck in a mud hole. Come on, Joe, there are plenty of mud holes.

John Pilgram is in Colorado on a leave of absence but expects to be back with us soon.

"Jake" Jacobs, St. Joseph country truck driver, says there is no bottom to the roads. He saw a bicycle stuck in the mud, the other day, so deep that only the handlebars were sticking out.

P. H. Sawyers and "Spennie" Spencer were recently observed operating a fruit filling-station.

Harrison Hill, agent at Burr Oak, has invented a barrel lock to protect his customers from loss of gasoline by theft. For additional information apply to Harrison.

Ross Cline, our new Lebanon agent, has already joined the "Quota-Busters" club, having gone over on the Eureka Harness Oil Campaign.

We wonder if Joe Imming, agent at Hanover, is still keeping away from "Lady Nicotine."

Ivan Nash was successful in winning the prize in the specialty sales contest at Concordia.

Harold Keil, S. S. attendant at Concordia, has been off duty with an attack of scarlet fever.

The St. Joe warehouse under the leadership of "Shag" Young has challenged the office force to a basketball game.

Bill Arensberg sold a butcher 50 pounds of Standard Cutting Compound, last week, suggesting to the butcher it was a great help in cutting meat. Must be some tough "Cows" around Goodland.

O'Neil and Arensberg came upon a mail carrier who had skidded into a ditch with his car; they immediately sold him a barrel of "Anti-Skid Grease." Nothing like knowing your line.

Harry Pullen was seen leading an opossum pup around the office. Heavy's idea is that he can now stay up later at night, letting the opossum do his sleeping for him.

Arensberg and O'Neil surprised Zimmerman with a "bootiful walentine". Oh! girls! You should see it!

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

Employes of this division regret to lose our chief clerk, S. D. Skinner, who leaves the company to engage in the real estate business. In the four and one-half years he has been here, he has earned the esteem and respect of all of us and we wish him all the success possible in his new undertaking. Prior to coming to St. Louis as chief clerk, he served in the same capacity at Davenport for a period of four years, taking into account one year with the A. E. F. in France. He has been thirteen years with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The employes of the office presented him with a beautiful mahogany roll top desk as a token of their esteem.

Our manager, T. B. Clifford, has recently had a new carpet put in his office. We have our own opinion as to how the old one was worn out; suffice it to say that the next one called in will at least have a new carpet to stand on.

Kenneth Head is our new salesman in St. Charles territory, succeeding F. M. Sapp. Records in our office had to be changed accordingly, and through an oversight the old name was not scratched out, making the records read "Sapp Head". This is no reflection upon either of the gentlemen.

Salesman Rutter's territory was transferred to the Quincy division the first of the year. In blocking out new forms for the current year Frank Koecker had to inquire the names of the newer salesmen, who were not shown on the old record. He asked "Who has Rutter's field now" and received the reply "Quincy". He proceeded to look for "Quincy" and said, "We haven't any salesman by that name, I don't know him". Now Frank if you will put that Dodge of yours in running order, we'll take a trip over to Illinois with you and introduce you to the "gentleman".

Friend Hamilton has been sheiking again. A certain blonde young lady in the office wanted to know the words to "I Love You" when writing a note recently.

Ed. Wittmond was seen leaving the office in company with one of the fair sex the other afternoon. I wonder who this is—Come on, Ed, out with the secret; let's know where you were going.

I wonder why Mrs. Hamburger has been dolled up every day since her trip to the warehouse with a certain young man in the office.

One of our friends have followed Charlie DeWitt's example and have been attending the Ladies' Sewing Circle; namely Chester McLaughlin. What's the attraction?

Daniel Boone came back to life. Everyone in the office thought so when Vail walked in one cold morning recently disguised as either Robinson Crusoe or Daniel Boone.

The "Ace of Clubs" held their monthly meeting in the office February 18. Dancing was enjoyed by everyone to music furnished by Karbach's Orchestra. It's a good thing the "Ace of Clubs" held their meeting the same evening the salesmen were in the office. How about it, Frank? It cost Homer Brown about $3.00 to find out he'd better leave the drum alone. President Riechers was seen leaving the dance floor to remove his vest. These fat people ought to know better than to dance too much. Bruce arrived at the dance just in time to play the hero to Katherine when she fainted. Was this a frame-up? The dances have been very entertaining to most people, but a little costly to Willie Huber.

At last we have a professional man in the office —Dr. Scholl. Any young lady desiring free treatment, kindly call on him.

Who said Burke was not handsome? Ask Huber.

A new service station collector arrived at the home of G. M. Brown on Washington's Birthday.

It cost Charlie Tabor 25 cent cigar to find out a certain girl's name. Better be careful, Helen, Charlie is making eyes your way.

Beckmeyer had better watch Helen. This Char-

lie makes 'em all fall. Youth will outdo experience.

Harry Summers and his "rock crusher" have resumed activities for the Spring and Summer. Girls get in line and don't crowd; there's plenty of room in the Ford for all.

In taking inventory the other day, Ed. Weder found he had lost two more hairs. Better hurry and get married, Ed, or your wife will be out of luck.

Ray Tell has been transferred from the main plant to main office. We are glad to have Ray with us, we fought with him over the phone long enough.

The sympathy of the St. Louis Office is extended to Paul Hoch, whose sister died recently.

Bruce, it's easy to say, "I was out with a customer last night." Say, bo, how'd she like that "Cadillac Sport?"

I guess *Frank* doesn't deserve his name. Why you can him "Air (his) Heart" when tickling the ivory. You win Frank, "Music hath charms".

Southwest Missouri

Tank Wagon Salesman C. L. Fullmer of Joplin, Mo., reported it absolutely necessary to have a half day leave of absence without giving us any specific reason. Upon investigation within the following week, we find that he took on a life contract with Miss Riley of Waco, Mo. We wish him all the success and good wishes.

We have added to our force at Joplin, Roy Westbrook, mechanic, who is giving wonderful results to relieve the aches and pains of the motor equipment of this territory; also C. R. Johnson as a tank wagon salesman in Joplin, who is mixing right up in the Perfection business.

Roy Hilburn, lubricating salesman, is getting real foxy, having a breakfast party at least once a month and buying the latest styles in clothes (the sheik kind). From all appearances something is going to happen.

We notice Cupid is shooting his darts around Met Welch. We look for him to get a fatal blow most any day.

Jefferson City

Mr. Blanton, our hustling agent at Sullivan, Mo., would not let roads without a bottom to them slow him up in his drive to sell Polarine to truck owners. When the roads got so he couldn't get over them with a truck, he took to horseback riding.

The sympathy of the employes is extended to A. P. Hoff, agent at Union, whose wife died recently.

The agent's and salesmen's meeting at Jefferson City was a great success. Everyone present was glad of the opportunity of knowing more of our new manager, T. B. Clifford, and assistant manager, George Coldsnow. All we can say is, "Keep all eyes on this end of the St. Louis Division in 1924."

Emil Walthers comes to us as new tank wagon salesman at Jefferson City, and from all indications promises to be a banner winner. More power to you, Walthers.

Tank Wagon Salesmen Rollin and Kolb are in a hot race for Polarine honors. Surely looks like a close finish. We will announce the winner.

Clyde Gibler has been transferred to S. S. No. 36 as relief attendant to Mr. Hopen. We are sure they will put S. S. 36 over the top.

Mr. Wiebel is our new mechanic at Jefferson City. Be careful Wiebel, girls here are hard on our mechanics.

Sam Hager says we've lost it and can't get it back. We are wondering what he means by this.

Hy. Struempf, our Freeburg agent, announces the arrival of a nine pound boy. Henry says he is going to make a Standard Oiler out of him.

Mr. Wallace, Belle agent, has been on the sick list. We hope for your complete recovery very soon, Wallace.

Martin Paulsmeyer, Chamois agent, has everything set for the biggest year at this station. We are for you.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

Hey, there, Allan Boggs and S. Stevens, we know all about running that chicken to death. Come across with a drum stick or we'll sic the Horse Thief Association after you!

South Bend Office has a brand new fire escape. We haven't tried it out yet, but do think we should have fire drills a couple of times a day.

E. Templin says the radio speaker had a wonderful voice, but he put one over on him all right! How? Well, he was telling bedtime stories and "Temp" stayed up until 3 A. M.

Leo Freese says, "I used to have a nice shape but I haven't any more! Be yourself, Leo! Be yourself!

Agent H. Porter, Morocco, writes, "J. Reddin has sold his service station to E. E. Russell and H. Billings and is now solid on Red Crown and Polarine! We are going to put Morocco on the map."

St. Joe comes across with this, "Our new agent at Spencerville, E. R. Steward, sure can sell Perfection Oil; seems strange that Ralph McLellen should insist on placing red headed men like him!"

Clarence Eberhard, new agent at Claypool, is getting to be a heavyweight.

Harry Howard, our Akron agent, sure can get Perfection customers. Harry says, "I Get 'em All!"

C. O. Schmalzreid is wondering what Charles Weymire, North Manchester agent, is drinking since the cider season is over. A wireless report from Charles says he is gradually becoming accustomed to water once more!

B. O. Harmon, agent at Monroeville, writes that he is almost too busy talking Perfection and advertising SOCO products to send in any news. He says there is a scarcity of Polarine signs on his territory, so look out post hole digger.

Pat O'Reily says that W. X. Snyder doesn't know his rivers. How about it Walter?

Ed Hagerty, notice: We were glad to see you and yours in the February RECORD. Your old friends at South Bend have long wanted to see your lifetime choice. A real choice, Ed!

R. F. McConnell, our new manager, is now driving a new Studebaker Big Six Sedan.

Salesman R. B. Harris has purchased one of Henry's latest "rattlers." Bob says, "Every little rattle has a meaning all its own."

A. Vanderbosch spent three days on the territory during February. Van was guided rightly by J. McLaughlin.

Mel Swank took good care of Walter Johnston a couple of days in February also.

Prosperous Art Tyler couldn't stand to see Bob Harris get the lead on him so Art bought a new four door Ford Sedan. How does she rattle, Art?

W. E. McGriff is our new district S. S. superintendent, succeeding E. H. Beech, who is now doing special work for the management.

W. Kuhnle, who is succeeding D. H. Campbell who recently resigned from the sales force, spent several days with us getting "started right."

Lyman Harris also was in for instructions. Lyman now has P. A. Moulder's former territory.

D. L. Guilfoyle, former manager, has been appointed president of the Service Printing Company of South Bend, Ind.

How come, Frank Tschida? We understand your new "monicer" is "Deacon."

Ye Gods! What carelessness, George Gale! What kind of bait did you use in fishing the Dictaphone mouth-piece out of the "Gob-Boon"?

Harold Hensel has been transferred from the machine shop to fill the vacancy left by John Stiner, who resigned.

Roy Curry is now holding down a desk at the machine shop office. We miss you, Roy.

We'll wager Al Cortier doesn't try to catch any ganders for a farmer again. At least, not until he has sold him some Red Crown! How about it, Al?

Raymond Scholl, South Bend dray operator, is all smiles these days. Of course, it was a girl. Name, please!

If Edwin E. Ray, our prize radio operator of the South Bend station, keeps on sitting up nights listening in on those late "Jazz Parties" he will not even last until dog days.

E. N. Restler, genial driver of the Furnace Oil Special, who generally arrives at the homes in the city about the time of day breakfast is being served, is getting to be quite a coffee-drinker. It seems the odor of Furnace Oil doesn't admit him to the table so he takes his on the back porch.

The boys from New Carlisle field send their regrets at the loss of Jess Kerns, agent, who recently resigned. S. Fraderburg succeeded Mr. Kerns. We are expecting great things, Seymour.

A. L. Lenwell, agent at Royal Center, was on the sick list a few days in February; but was soon up and at 'em again.

It is a much discussed subject in Stanoco Club circles as to who was responsible for the moonlight dance at our February party. Certainly that wasn't you, was it, George? Anyway, to a few of us it brought back fond memories of the dear "Dead days beyond recall." Fred Irvine "bowled" several on-lookers over, getting to his overcoat at the dance when President George Gale announced the left pocket as leaking!

Leo Pasczkiet sprung a new green shirt the last of February, and since that time the stock department doesn't need any light, morning or evening, in the Northend upstairs. (Is Leo Irish?)

Our Double E. E. Lee, agent at VanBuren, recently sent in an 090 ticket charging out five gallons Red Crown with the following notation: "Slipped on ice, spilled". We wonder if Mr. Lee spilled also.

Anna Kaminski offers a reward to anyone who gets rid of the barking dog who lives across the street from her corner of the office. May be he is serenading you, Anna.

Earl Bradenberg, S. S. attendant, was laid up a few days with the mumps. Uh, huh! got the swell head!

Measles made a very sick little girl of the daughter of Roy Maddox at Tab, Ind.

The Stanoco Club held a Washington Birthday Vodvil-Dance, February 22nd, at the K. of P. Hall. At 8:00 the program started with a "Bang", led by the seven piece orchestra, recently organized. Second on the program was a specialty act by Miss Eloise Long, assisted by Aurice Long. Miss Long's act was a series of acrobatics and we claim she was quite the "cutest" ever. Following Miss Long's act, the Stanoco quartette bounced a couple high ones off the shingles. Their main feature was a new Stanoco song, the words of which were written by Mrs. Long and music by Miss Shaffer. Fred Irvine Irvine simply couldn't be kept quiet, so we had to let him have his "say" next. Fred's offering was a report on the race of the Standard Oil Company's famous horse "Mica", as written by Frank Heummer. It was a Whizz too; wasn't it folks? Fifth was a solo by W. E. ("Billy") Condon. Billy simply had to answer to a curtain call! In order to keep peace between Fred Irvine and Fred Webb, it was absolutely essential that Fred Webb be allowed to talk a few minutes. Gena Murphy was next on the program. Gena drew a wicked bow across her violin rendering us a highly enjoyable solo. She was assisted by Miss Shaffer at the piano. After a few more selections by the orchestra, Mr. Bannister introduced our manager, Mr. McConnell, who spoke a few words on the good accomplished by our club and its effect on our everyday life. At the conclusion of Mr. McConnell's talk the evening's dancing started. Favors were presented each individual during the Grand March. Punch was served throughout the evening and ice cream in the national colors was served. Between 250 and 300 people were present. Mr. Steack saved the day for someone; he was seen gathering pins from the decorations. J. J. Marcus was right in the swim and say, girls, doesn't he push a mean heel over the wax? Twobits says Lester Hug and George Gale didn't eat dinner before coming to the dance. George even forgot the ice cream would melt and put some in his pockets for breakfast. With the possible exception of Jack Hatch, our sales manager, we don't believe anyone had any more fun than our manager and assistant manager. We can't fathom it. Can you? "Jack" Hatch started to "jigg" before he even had a glass of punch. While talking about punch, get this and weep. Twenty gallons of punch were at our disposal and only ten gallons vanished. Charlie Maggert hereby apologizes to those ladies he could not favor with a dance. Charlie said the evening was entirely too short. Jim Kemp sure made a dent in the moonlight while singing. That's all right, Jim. We're for you! Pat O'Rielly was heard singing as he left, "I'm tired but I'm happy." Same here, Pat. What the entertaining committee heard next day, "When is the next one?" John Strang and John Moore, both retired employes, were with us. Come again, we know you will enjoy each and every affair.

Logansport, Ind.

How about it Baer, didja? What? Have to push the "darned" Ford a half mile or so through snow drifts while with J. R. Fraser recently?

M. E. Sparks, the new salesman at Logansport, is rapidly getting acquainted.

A very interesting meeting was held here February 19 and 20 attended by S. S. attendants and agents from Peru, Wabash, Kokomo, Delphi, La-Fayette and Monticello. Talks were given by Mr. Beech, Mr. McGriff and Mr. Hatch.

Mr. McGraw, shipping clerk, has been transferred to Peru, Ludders from S. S. No. 54 taking his place. Crain was transferred to No. 54 and Koch, a new man, was broken in at S. S. No. 15.

Manager R. F. McConnell and Assistant Manager W. T. Bannister paid Logansport a visit February 21.

Goshen, Ind.

This is good, Listen: D. H. Neff writes, "Myself being appointed as a reporter for the STANOLIND RECORD, is like the Buck Private in the Army. When they put him on K. P. (Kitchen Police) he informed his mother that he was now a K. P., so, he got a letter in return telling him to be careful now and treat the men right because he was a private once himself."

"However," Don writes on, "The other day my tankwagon driver, D. H. Decker, asked me if I had ordered him an Angle Mite gun yet for that new oiling system Harding put on his Truck."

By the way, Goshen has a bowling team. We are now in second place in the City League; we would relish trimming South Bend Standard Oilers or, any other team. ("Relish" is the right word to use, Goshen. We'll say you would if South Bend had a team. "Relish" is right. It couldn't be did!—Correspondent.)

Outside of mumps, measles, whooping cough, tonsilitis and bad colds, Salesman Swank's two small children are doing very nicely.

Mr. Neff also slipped in a few remarks about Lester Hug of the South Bend Office, but, for fear Lester might want to slip a brick back at Don, we'll leave them out.

Portland

Hear Ye! All Service Station Men! Ray McKinle at No. 39, Portland, has some record. A gold star for November, another for December and for January a bouncing baby boy. Some record!

Who's your friend, Van? We don't know where this comes from, but, here goes. Someone says that H. H. VanKirk, salesman, is hitting on all six again, and gives as a reason the absence of Van's mother-in-law on her semi-annual vacation.

Chet Ulrey lost a good raincoat and a blanket in Portland. How about it, Chet? Rather careless, eh, what?

Mr. Brake, clerk at Portland, is sporting a new pair of high topped shoes. He says when VanKirk is in the office he needs boots.

What's that under Agent Walburn's nose?

R. E. Mangans: "One of my customers has three kinds of water on his farm." J. W. Douglas: "I never heard of such a thing." R. E. M.: "Yeh, hot and cold well water and rain water."

Michigan City, Ind.

"Bill" Harding, truck mechanic, was given a dollar bill recently to stop shooting in a "shooting gallery". Bill was breaking everything in sight—and some things that weren't.

Radio fans now number among them, George Dittmer, clerk, Paul Hanse, T. W. driver, and Bert Salisbury, S. S. attendant at No. 302. They all fall sooner or later.

Leave it to "Chuck" Eldridge to fill those "gift barrels" with Polarine. "Chuck" says, "let the other fellow give 'em the barrel, I'll fill 'em afterwards!"

Salesman Lyman Harris and Agent Jenkins spent an evening together the middle of February. We are unable to account for the "barked" skin of Harris and the rip in Jenkins' trousers! Hey, you guys! How do you get that way?

LaPorte, Ind.

E. E. Shead, traveling "fixer" for Ford cars, says he never did anything to get his name in the RECORD. There, Earl, you don't have to break your neck to get notice. Just visit LaPorte.

Elkhart, Ind.

G. D. Beisel from North Dakota says our unusual Winter weather makes him homesick.

M. R. DeVoe, agent, says he likes Elkhart very well. Well, we sure hope he does.

R. E. Everly, S. S. attendant, has closed a deal for a new home.

F. E. Holderman, S. S. attendant, recently married, is now complaining of the high cost of living. Too bad, Floyd. You were warned!

Lost: Fred Webb has lost his gloves again! Has anyone seen Fred's kids?

Wabash

O. G. Moore, salesman, says, the next time he plays "Weary Willie" at a Standard Oil Party, he wants to know where the stick is laying. How about it, O. G.?

Speaking of "after-effects": The Semdac campaign in December last, sure had them in Wabash. The losing side treated the winning side to an oyster feed at the home of O. G. Moore. Those Wabash hills were slippery and Oh! man, it was an effort to get there. An enjoyable evening was spent at the party. Music was furnished by a local orchestra, featuring Jess Troxel with the mandolin. The Polarine Quartet's selections were very good. That is, what could be heard, for they gave their program from the kitchen.

H. M. Badgett of S. S. No. 45 favored with a good vocal selection, "Ain't you ashamed?" Also, some "classy" clog dancing. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Maddox, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. George Toles, Mr. and Mrs. Don Wertzel, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Sloop, Jess Troxel, Tyler Martin, V. R. Coy, H. M. Blodgett and F. W. Asay.

It is to be hoped that Van Ducen's "fair lady" will not have to miss the next party, as Van can't afford to let her hand get cold at this point of the race.

U. R. Coy, have you found a place to put the apples when they come? You can look for them most any day. Jess Troxel says he will deliver them for you.

A real "pep" and get-together-meeting was staged at the Wabash Plant which lasted until the wee hours of the morning. Mr. McGriff, S. S. superintendent, dropped in and was made chief speaker of the evening.

F. W. Asay made a few remarks in regard to service and methods of getting business, after which the meeting was turned into a cussing and discussing affair.

LaFayette, Ind.

Recently the LaFayette Police were called to get a drunken man off of the railroad, just back of the Bulk Station. When they arrived and searched the man they found a pint bottle two-thirds full of what they pronounced to be gasoline. We are wondering if this is what is causing some of the stock losses.

Sotto Voce

Good work, J. T., a fine mixture of gossip. We like you.—Editor.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*
C. C. LAKIN, *Assistant Manager*

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J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
J. H. BUDDIE, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
A. E. RALSTON, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

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P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

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L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

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K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

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H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
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M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
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W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

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W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

If We Only Understood

Rudyard Kipling

Could we but draw back the curtains
  That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
  Know what spur the action gives;
Often we should find it better,
  Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better,
  If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
  See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
  All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
  To overthrow integrity,
We should love each other's errors
  With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
  Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
  Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim eternal roughness
  Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder,
  Should we pity where now we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
  Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
  Is less turbid at its source—
Seeing not amid the evil
  All the golden grain of good;
We would love each other better
  If we only understood.

STANOLIND RECORD

VOL. 5 MAY, 1924 NO. 7

NORRIS H. REED

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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RECORD
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C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
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Vol. 5 MAY No. 7

12,133 EMPLOYEES NOW PARTNERS IN COMPANY'S BUSINESS THROUGH STOCK OWNERSHIP; $60 WILL BE STOCK PRICE TO EMPLOYEE-PURCHASERS TILL APRIL 1, 1925

Twelve thousand, one hundred and thirty-three employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) on April 1, 1924, owned stock in the company which employs them. Thus employee-partnership in industry ceases to be a mere phrase and becomes an actuality.

Coincident with this announcement by Mr. M. H. Seegers, head of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan Department, came the announcement from the trustees, Col. R. W. Stewart, Dr. W. M. Burton and Mr. E. G. Seubert, that the price of stock to employee-purchasers during the twelve months from April 1, 1924, to March 31, 1925, inclusive, will be $60 a share. This is the same price which obtained during the year ending March 31, 1924.

The Stock Purchasing Plan enters on the fourth year of the five-year period covered by its provisions, with almost twice the number of employee-participants who signed up when the plan first went into effect. This is partly due to an increase in the number of those eligible to participate, and also to realization on the part of many of those who did not at first subscribe, that they were passing up one of the greatest opportunities of their careers.

Under the terms of the plan, for every dollar paid for stock by an employee, the company adds 50 cents. Thus, at the $60 price, the employee pays $40 for a share of stock, the company paying the additional $20. Dividends are accredited to the employee's account and are applied toward the purchase of additional stock.

The plan covers a five-year period which terminates March 31, 1926. During the period covered by the plan, stock is held in trust for the employee-purchaser, but upon termination of the plan will be turned over to him with no strings attached. Participants who withdraw before termination of the plan receive back the money they have paid in plus 6 per cent interest. Participants who are forced to drop out through no fault of their own, such as through permanent layoffs made necessary by a slackening of business, receive the full amount of stock which they and the company together have purchased on their account.

The following statement shows the number of stockholders according to departments and divisions:

MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT

Executives	72	
Home Office	218	
Whiting	2,476	
Wood River	843	
Sugar Creek	402	
Casper No. 1	194	
Casper No. 3	424	
Drumright	53	
Florence	7	
Greybull No. 1	12	
Greybull No. 2	36	
Laramie No. 1	7	
Laramie No. 2	28	
Superior	4	
River Rouge	6	
Muskegon	1	
Carlinville (Coal Mine)	29	
Independence (Producing Dept.)	4	
Glenrock	9	
Olmstead (Clay Dept.)	6	
Home Office Building Employees	36	
Total Manufacturing		4,867

SALES DEPARTMENT

Executives	132	
Home Office	176	
Chicago Division	637	
Davenport	247	
Decatur	206	
Des Moines	249	
Detroit	436	
Duluth	251	
Evansville	298	
Fargo	164	
Grand Rapids	334	
Huron	95	
Indianapolis	376	
Joliet	211	
Kansas City	436	
LaCrosse	137	
Mankato	123	
Mason City	114	
Milwaukee	333	
Minneapolis	295	
Minot	73	
Peoria	207	
Quincy	133	
Saginaw	229	
St. Joseph	129	
St. Louis	195	
Sioux City	97	
South Bend	330	
Wichita	178	
Total Sales		6,821

MIDWEST REFINING CO.

Denver Office	163	
Field Divisions	282	
Total Midwest Refining Co.		445
Grand Total		12,133

CASPER FOREMEN ELECT OFFICERS

Casper, Wyo.—An election of officers for the coming year was held at the regular meeting of the Foremen's Club in the auditorium of the Industrial Relations Building, March 4.

L. G. Smith was elected president and C. E. Hooper, J. H. Arbuckle, H. E. Cotton, E. P. Landers and W. F. Melvin were named directors.

At this meeting, R. E. Wood, assistant superintendent, talked on "Refining in Foreign Countries," and J. E. Rouse read a paper on "Greases in General." Both men handled their subjects with ability and won high praise from their hearers.

Entertainment features of the program consisted of selections by the Standard Orchestra and solos by John Arnott and Curtis Swallow.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

F. P. ALLEN RETIRES

Mr. Fred P. Allen, manager of the asphalt department, has been placed upon the annuity roll of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer. He will be succeeded by Mr. C. C. Lakin.

Other annuitants are:

Mr. Otto Mahlitz, 431 New York avenue, Whiting, formerly stillman, tower stills; with company 31 years and 4 months.

Mr. Felix M. Calbert, Shelbyville, Ind.; formerly S. S. attendant; with company 18 years and 1 month.

Mr. John McDonald, 100 Johnson street, Saginaw, Mich.; formerly assistant order clerk; with company 26 years and 6 months.

Mr. John Sanji, 410 Steiber street, Whiting; formerly laborer, refinery ash gang; with company 28 years and 9 months.

Mr. Philip Carlson, 233 Cleveland avenue, Whiting; formerly employed in barrel cooper shop; with company 15 years.

Mr. Patrick Crotty, 9546 Commercial avenue, South Chicago; formerly boilermaker; with company 34 years and 8 months.

Mrs. Hattie Godfrey, Iron Mountain, Mich.; formerly employed as sub-station cashier; with company 17 years and 10 months.

CHICAGO PARTY PLANNED

Chicago.—The Standard Bowling League will hold a May party, Saturday evening, May 10, in the Capitol Building Drill Hall, State and Randolph streets. The party is planned as a get-acquainted meeting of Chicago employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Tickets may be secured either at the door or from any of the bowlers.

EXECUTIVE ORDER

Due to an oversight, the following executive order, dated February 18, was not published in the April issue of the magazine:

John Catterall has been appointed assistant auditor of the manufacturing department at Chicago.

L. E. Harmon has been appointed assistant auditor of the manufacturing department at Chicago.

JERK US TWO POLARINE SODAS, KIDDO!

Regent Ball Room
Auto Carnival
Auto Suggestions

FANCY SUNDAES

WILLYS-KNIGHT	$ .30	LINCOLN SEDAN	$ .25
PACKARD	.25	FORD COUPE	.25
OVERLAND	.25	OAKLAND	.25
STAR	.25	DURANT	.30
FLINT	.30	BUICK	.30
STUDEBAKER	.25	RED CROWN	.20
HARVESTER	.25	PERFECTION	.20

CHEVROLET, 20C

RED CROWN SODA, 15C POLARINE SODA 15C

FANCY MIXED DRINKS

TRANSMISSION OIL	$ .20	LIGHT OIL	$ .15
SPECIAL HEAVY OIL	.25	FINOL	.15
FIBRE OIL	.10	NEOLITE	.15
NUDE OIL	.20	PERFECTION	.25

GASOLINE, 10C

Fountain Filling Station
ATTENDANTS

MISS FIRE MISS WINDSHIELD
MISS IGNITION MISS SPOTLIGHT
MISS SPARK PLUG MISS BEARING
MISS BATTERY MISS BUMPER
CHIEF DIFFICULTY---ENGINE TROUBLE

"ALAS, THE DAY OF THE HORSE IS DONE."
GRAND RAPIDS' 15TH ANNUAL AUTO SHOW WEEK

Grand Rapids Division—No. 1—One of the most novel exhibits at any automobile show was that of the Grand Rapids division at the Auto Carnival. This picture shows the Fountain Filling Station. The Red Crown soda was delicious, but the Polarine soda was smoother. In the fancy drinks department, gasoline was offered at a dime. Pretty cheap for such a kick nowadays. No. 2—This is the menu with various offerings.

WE HOPE NOBODY GOT LUBRICATED?

Duluth Division—One of the outstanding events of the year in this field is the annual banquet of the sales organization. This year, the banquet, which was followed by a dance, was held in the ball room of the Spalding Hotel. The tables were arranged in the form of a large Polarine Triangle. Incidentally, the Duluth employees have been going strong in the Red Crown sweepstakes. (Followed by a dance? Then where are the dancers? Can it be our Duluth men are so unchivalrous as to banquet alone and invite the ladies in afterwards? In Chicago the girls have to be fed first, or later, or both.—Ed.)

PRETTY SOFT TO BE A STANDARD OIL SALESMAN!

Competitors Have Reason to Envy His Lot When They Consider the Tremendous Power S. O. Men Have Back of Them in Advertising Campaign Which Is Reaching Every Person in Midwest

By NORRIS H. REED, Advertising Manager
Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

From the vantage point of the man who is struggling to secure a profitable business for any one of our many competitors, the position of salesman for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) must seem a sinecure. With the tremendous volume of advertising which confronts him wherever he may turn, and which he, at least, recognizes as an overpowering force behind our sales effort, he must think that about the hardest job the Standard Oil man has is to do the secretarial work necessary to write up the orders which anxious and insistent customers force upon him. He knows that the Standard man gets from every department of the business a complete and wholehearted co-operation and he recognizes, as a priceless asset, the wonderful reputation which this company enjoys for quality goods, fair prices and square dealings.

Is it any wonder then that he should think that the Standard Oil man has a soft time making a record of which he can be proud?

Of course we, who are in the Sales Department, know that the picture he has drawn is somewhat overcolored and not exactly illustrative of conditions. We know that to win and hold a satisfactory percentage of the business it is necessary that we devote all of our time and energy, and our utmost of salesmanship to the problems which confront us. We know, or we think we know, that the competition, which we must meet, is keen, powerful and well directed, and that we must perform miracles of labor to secure the share of new business which we know the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is entitled to, while taking care of and protecting the business we already enjoy.

Still, when we take stock of ourselves; when we tabulate for critical review the number and variety of the helps which this company has provided to make our work easier and more resultful, we must, if we are to stand four square with the world, admit that not one of our competitors is favored as we are.

Without considering the tremendous advantage we enjoy in having behind us a closely knit, ably led organization, with ample resources and a policy of fulfilling every promise its representatives make, we are provided with facilities for prompt delivery of the goods we sell, products of unvarying high quality and positive uniformity, and prices always fair. And back of all this is that priceless hearitage of accumulated experience covering many successful years.

To complete this background the Board of Directors has authorized one of the largest and, beyond comparison, the most highly concentrated advertising campaigns ever provided to multiply the efforts of a sales organization.

This advertising is now in force, and it is squarely up to us, the men and women of the Sales Department, to get behind it and, by utilizing every item in this advertising program, produce such results as to justify the faith and courage of the directors in approving this huge investment.

Consider this mass of advertising as a commodity which must be sold. To sell it at a profit is the job confronting us. This we can do if we will but use with intelligence the material which has been provided, and focus upon our individual problems the concentrated power of this publicity.

Advertising is but another word for selling. It cannot take the place of the salesman, but if used intelligently it can and will multiply his effectiveness. The salesman is intent upon the individual sale; advertising is concerned with selling the mass. It prepares the way for the salesman and after he has sold the goods, it remains to help the dealer move them from his shelves and to keep the ultimate consumer satisfied with the purchase he has made.

(Continued on Page 6)

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT FOR SOLITE GASOLINE

Minneapolis Division—This passenger-carrying plane at Rice Lake, Wis., uses Solite gasoline Winter and Summer. Mike Knoll, our Rice Lake agent, is bent over the wing making out his 090. Mike is so busy he couldn't take time to turn around.

(Continued from Page 5)

To those of us who are on the firing line, who represent the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in the field, this big campaign is a tower of strength. We can show any live dealer that because of it he can make more money by selling our products than he possibly can by stocking those of our competitors. It is not necessary for him to be cautious, to feel that he might take on an overload which he would find it difficult to dispose of. The mass of advertising which is bombarding the buying public every day is a guarantee that there will be a steady demand for the goods and that within a reasonable time he will want to reorder.

Perhaps it may help you to visualize the scope and completeness of this campaign if we review briefly a few of the high spots, and point out specific instances showing how this effort reaches the mass of buyers.

First in size and importance is the Red Crown advertising. Every week more than 10,000,000 newspapers containing large Red Crown advertisements come from the press and are spread evenly over the ten states in which our company maintains distributing facilities. If you could know the number of these publications which reach your home town, and the territory surrounding it, you would be astonished. You may be sure that there are very few families who do not get one or more of them every week. Supplementing these newspapers is a long list of class and trade papers having an especial appeal to the garage man, the dealer, or other definite groups of buyers.

At our own service stations, or along the highways, there are, or soon will be, more than 1,500 painted bulletins, while in the towns and cities are more than 2,300 stands upon which Red Crown posters are displayed. These are all directly or indirectly working for every man who sells Red Crown Gasoline.

To tie the dealer tight to this campaign and to allow him opportunity to profit by the effort, we have an assortment of signs, many of them in porcelain enamel, which we put up at his place of business to identify him as an authorized Red Crown dealer. And where the circumstances warrant it, we will use direct by mail methods to help him build his business.

The Polarine dealer has just as intensive an effort put forth in his behalf, although the campaign is built upon a plan somewhat different, though designed to accomplish practically the same results.

There is a Standard Oil Company (Indiana) advertisement for every man, woman and child in the ten middle western states, coming from the press every week. That is what the investment made by this company for advertising means to the salesmen who represent it.

This tremendous effort is known to every man who has petroleum products for sale. He sees it everywhere and he will continue to see it for months to come. Is it any wonder that he thinks that, with such

WHAT MAKES A SERVICE STATION BEAUTIFUL?

Indianapolis Division—In the Spring, every service station, like every ball team, starts equal, but the station and team that get intelligent care become champions in the Summer. In the series of most beautiful service stations that has been running in the STANOLIND RECORD, the most beautiful were always the stations with the most beautiful gardening. This is a photo of S. S. No. 83, Indianapolis, which illustrates what good gardening plus a good location, will do for a station. However beautiful this station is, we believe somewhere in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) territory there are many others more beautiful. Incidentally, this doesn't mean that this station has been awarded the honor of being the "most beautiful."

co-operation, we of the Sales Department have a much easier time than he has in securing customers and holding them after they have been booked?

With such a campaign to back his efforts, it is less needful that a salesman spend a large portion of the time he is in the presence of a customer, introducing his line and arguing about the quality of his goods. The customer knows that no sane business man would invest millions in promoting the sale of a product which was not as near perfect as he could make it.

The American public believe in advertising and they put their faith in advertised goods. Experience has taught them that the advertising alone is their positive guarantee of quality. They know that the manufacturer has too much at stake, too great an investment in good will, to take even a little chance of losing it all by failing to keep his product up to the standard set by his signed advertisements.

These are facts which save our time when we are out after business. And these are the reasons why salesmen who market advertised goods make so much better records than do those who have to fight alone.

That is why your competitor envies you. He knows that all you have to do is to work hard, merchandise the advertising and display your wares and orders are bound to come.

He thinks you have a snap—and you have.

* * *

Definition of a radio fan: One who adds $100 worth of doodads to his set so he can get Schenectady, and then adds another $100 worth of doodads to his set so he can tune Schenectady out.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

* * *

Madge—"So Charlie is teaching you how they play baseball,"

Marjorie—"Yes, and when I asked him what a squeeze play was, I think he put one over on me."—*Exchange.*

AGENT W. H. McCART, JUST RETIRED, IN FISH TEPEE

Fargo, N. D., April 1.—A fish tepee is a strange and unique sort of thing, but Mr. W. H. McCart, just retired as Standard Oil Company (Indiana) agent at Detroit, Minn., has seen many strange things in the course of his thirty-two years as agent at Detroit. This photo was taken some years ago, before Mr. McCart's hair turned gray in his rather successful effort to do more work than the next man. The Detroit agency has belonged to the McCart family since 1885, Mr. McCart succeeding his father in the position in 1892. In the course of his long service, Mr. McCart has had many interesting and hazardous experiences. Mr. McCart is the type of the true pioneer. Six feet and three inches in height and weighing at this time 250 pounds, he impresses one with the power of his personality. It is with a great deal of regret that we record his passing from our ranks, though we know he will always remain a Standard Oil man. Mr. McCart has taken over a large transfer business, in which we wish him every success.

Things have reached the point where nothing discourages a farmer more than to pick up a paper and see that the government is going to do something for him.—*Yates Centre (Kan.) News.*

BEG YOUR PARDON

In the March issue of the STANOLIND RECORD, news items credited to Mason City should have appeared under the heading of Davenport. The editor's apologies are hereby extended to both Davenport and Mason City.

Mistress (annoyed)—"How do you manage to make so much noise in the kitchen, cook?"

Cook—"Well, you just try to break four plates without making a noise."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Books are the masters who instruct us without whip or rod, without harsh words, or anger, asking naught in return. If you seek them, they are not asleep; if you ask counsel of them, they do not refuse it; if you go astray, they do not chide; if you betray ignorance to them, they know not how to laugh in scorn. Truly, of all our masters, books alone are free and freely teach.—*Selected.*

HARD TIMES AIN'T WHAT IT USTER BE!

La Crosse Division—No. 1—A regular old-fashioned hard times party was celebrated by the Social Club on March 3. Every kind of style from bustles to self-rolled were in evidence. No. 2—The annual salesmen's meeting was held at La Crosse on March 22. Hard times mean nothing to these fellows. Good times or bad, they keep on selling that old Fuel Line!

UNIVERSITY MEN TAKE UP S. S. WORK IN CHICAGO

Graduates of second service station school of 1924.
Photo by *Chicago Tribune.*

Chicago, Ill.—With the idea of getting young men who will be able to climb upwards in the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), C. F. Hatmaker, manager of Chicago division, has undertaken to secure as fine a group of young men as is possible to manage service stations in his field.

To do this, he has insisted on certain mental and physical requirements that are so strict that only one in ten applicants is accepted. After the applicant is accepted, he is sent to a service station school for a week's training in Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service and products.

Ninety-five men were in the second school. All have had either the equivalent of a high school education or better. The universities and higher schools of learning represented by these young men include universities of Illinois, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Notre Dame, Cambridge (England) and Loyola; Armour Institute, Boston College and Liverpool colleges. The men averaged 24.2 years of age.

Besides Mr. Hatmaker (talking) are the following members of the faculty: H. S. Monroe, R. H. Patterson, C. G. LeForgee, Leslie Wise, G. S. Van Eman, C. C. Inglefield, E. L. Des Jardins, J. E. Sayers and M. C. Peterson; Assistant Manager J. W. Wilson (standing at right) and members of the school, C. W. Cundiff, D. R. Nelson, R. C. Schnaud, J. S. Brenken, A. C. DeHaan, J. J. Birmingham, L. G. Rockway, C. H. Mossberg, J. W. Hilton, R. E. Dunadin, W. J. Drennan, A. C. Benoudy, C. S. Nichols, F. C. White, J. P. Flood, J. T. Swartz, K. McLeod Grabb, A. H. Alexander, G. W. Martin, E. V. Maloney, W. L. Priddy, H. F. Snyder, L. H. Johnson, H. S. Walsh, C. L. Lamont, W. S. Kipp, R. E. Morris, W. K. Andrew, R. A. Wheeler, C. K. Green, T. J. Gallagher, C. C. Tryling, P. R. Singler, R. W. Muldoon, E. Z. Tomkiewies, J. H. Dunne, E. M. O'Neill, H. F. Transe, C. L. Curtis, C. Couley, J. J. Coughlin, G. Oosting, R. L. Buckley, W. K. Egan, S. J. Harding, K. H. Deering, E. Sorensen, N. Cameron, W. A. Bradec, E. E. Kaden, L. E. Saplin, W. F. Wood, J. E. Casey, S. J. Umsted, J. E. Conklin, S. J. Shimonek, R. F. Metzger, J. E. Stooman, C. J. D. Stevens, H. A. Wood, C. J. Burger, R. J. Hughes, F. A. Moore, F. J. Tynam, R. Hefter, W. F. Orr, J. R. Hall, J. R. Kozel, N. C. Mallery, L. E. Heinberg, W. B. Hart, G. B. Kallish, J. J. Prochaska, M. A. Lessin, D. A. Cass, H. C. Swisher, K. E. Lloyd, H. C. Freeland, F. H. Miller, J. A. McCabe, J. B. Baer, G. Dygert, C. R. Yapp, W. C. Johnson, C. C. Hanley, E. F. Kelliher, E. J. Deegan, E. Holmboe, A. H. Cook, P. K. Ray, H. H. Arnold, R. W. Seymour, M. T. Johnson, R. O. Guguenin, V. M. Gray.

C. F. HATMAKER IS PROUD TO PRESENT—

Blue Moon Orchestra, Punch and Judy, Gymnasts, Warbling Wonders, Ventriloquists, Drama, Magician and Black Face in the Chicago Division's Greater Road Shows

Whiting, Ind.—Playing to the kind of a house that show people dream about, the artists of C. F. Hatmaker's Greater Shows put across a program that embraced everything from an opening gymnastic exhibition to the regulation jazz orchestra back to Punch and Judy, in the Whiting Community Center building, March 21.

The S. R. O. sign was hung out long before the orchestra tuned up for the overture. The auditorium seats 1,000. There were approximately 1,200 present for the performance. The show was given primarily to please the children and about 900 of these turned out.

Every act "rang the bell" and the talent of the Chicago division needs no excuses.

The show opened with F. S. Ulz and Company, gymnasts. They performed in good style on the parallel bars. The crowd appreciated their efforts with abundant applause.

Cameron, Looby and Cameron showed well in the second position of the program and their rendition of "That Old Gang of Mine" had the kids out front screaming for more. The act was a good one.

Punch and Judy can never lose their charm. Compton as operator had the kids hissing the devil and feeling sorry for the countless victims of Punch. He went across in fine style.

Russel Walsh probably could be showing yet if time was the only consideration. He had a clever line of patter mixed with sleight of hand tricks that won him to the boys down front in a moment. He is one of the first magicians ever appearing who, upon asking for the aid of some youth in the audience, started a near riot by the rush to be the assistant. Everybody liked this act.

Rudd Lowery, a former professional, held the crowd in this position of the program. He got a good hand at the end. His act was the one presented as "drama" in the headline.

The Blue Moon Orchestra, Leonard ("Buck") Lawrenz, director and banjoist, had the crowd asking for more by truly professional ability. With Buck were C. P. Schwartz, pianist; M. Savage, cornetist; L. Klein, saxophonist, and George Buske, drummer. As a regular vodvil critic would say, "They got bows ennumerable."

C. C. Ulrich was another that put across his ventriloquist "stuff" as it should be delivered. The kids liked his dummy and C. C. got a big hand and overflowing enthusiasm. He "knocked 'em outa their seats."

Wheeler in blackface held the closing position well. His declaration that the audience was "cold" was not warranted, however, by the facts. He got a big hand and helped the distribution of toy Polarine balloons that made the night blaze with their many colors.

A word of praise for Gene Utz as official announcer should be given. The audience liked Gene and everything he did in his clown makeup.

All in all, it was a good show and the enthusiasm aroused was a tribute to Mr. Hatmaker's ability as a showman.

With Mr. Hatmaker, business manager, were associated J. W. Wilson, properties and transportation; Gene Utz, announcer; Rudd Lowry, stage manager, and Buck Lawrenz, musical director.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE RESIGNS

Sugar Creek, Mo. — Mrs. Grace Key Mullin, public health nurse of Sugar Creek, resigned from the local branch of the American Red Cross to accept a position with the Division of Child Hygiene, State Board of Health, Missouri.

It was with profound sorrow that citizens of Sugar Creek learned of the departure of Mrs. Mullin whose work, especially in the campaign to eradicate trachoma, was such that won her the love and respect of all who knew her.

Upon learning of her departure, the special committee of the Sugar Creek branch of the American Red Cross, composed of A. S. Hurt, George N. Rodman and J. M. Hexton, drew up a resolution lauding Mrs. Mullin.

LEGION COMMANDER VISITS WHITING REFINERY

By LEO T. MUHA

When John R. Quinn, national commander of the American Legion, informed Whiting Post No. 80 that he would visit Whiting, Ind., on March 29, to attend the Tenth District Conference of the American Legion and Auxiliary of the Department of Indiana, he requested, that if possible, arrangements be made whereby he could make a trip through the refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

This request was fully complied with. Upon arrival at Whiting on the morning of March 29, Mr. Quinn was taken to the main office, where he was greeted by Dr. Humphreys, Dr. Cash, Mr. Evans and Mr. Glair. Dr. Cash's motion picture camera was then brought into play. After several photos of Mr. Quinn and the Whiting management were taken, Mr. Quinn was personally escorted through the refinery by Dr. Humphreys, Mr. Evans and Mr. Glair.

The trip through the plant was concluded by a visit to the candle shops. Here a real surprise awaited Mr. Quinn. The interior of the building was decorated with large American flags and on one long table the words "American Legion" were spelled out with lighted red, white and blue candles. While Mr. Quinn was looking on, a special set of candles bearing the emblem of the American Legion were made up for Mr. Quinn. These candles were later presented to him at a public mass meeting, which was held in the auditorium of the Memorial Community Building.

In his public address Mr. Quinn complimented John D. Rockefeller Sr., John D. Rockefeller Jr., and the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for the beautiful $650,000 Memorial Community Building, which was erected by them to the memory of those from Whiting who served in the armed forces during the World War and in memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice. He pronounced the Legion clubrooms and Memorial Room as the most inspiring Legion quarters he had ever visited.

The conference was the largest and most successful of its kind ever held in Indiana, and Whiting Post No. 80, American Legion, publicly thanks the management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for the courtesies extended Mr. Quinn and the cooperation given the post in making this conference so successful.

WHITING DIRTY FACES

Whiting, Ind.—A total of $22,350.56 was the balance on hand March 1, 1924, of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association, according to a report of W. O. Walker, secretary. The cash on hand February 1 amounted to $21,866.06, to which was added $902.25 in receipts and from which total was deducted $417.75 in disbursements.

The funds are invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	14,771.02
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	1,149.58
Checking Account	2,429.96

There are 1,300 members in good standing.

* * *

Dear Editor: "I went out with a young man a few nights ago, and drank two gin fizzes, five glasses of red wine, a taste of moonshine and two coffee royals. Did I do anything wrong?" —Mabel.

Answer: "You probably did."—*Exchange.*

Dot—"Florence swears she has never been kissed by a man."

Agnes—"Well, isn't that enough to make any girl swear?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

"I'm surprised at you, Sammy," said the teacher, "that you cannot tell me when Christopher Columbus discovered America! What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?"

"Columbus—1492," replied Sammy.

"Well, isn't that plain enough?" asked the teacher. "Did you never see it before?"

"Yes'm, yes'm," answered Sammy; "but I always thought it was his telephone number."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Mr. Spendix—"Any installments due today?"

Mrs. Spendix—"No, dear, I think not."

Mr. Spendix—"Any payments due on the house, the radio, the furniture, the rugs or the books?"

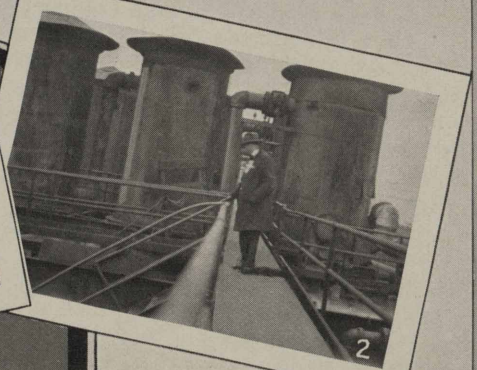
Mrs. Spendix—"No."

Mr. Spendix—"Then I have ten dollars we don't need. What do you say we buy a new car?"—*Life.*

* * *

If you're a self-starter, the boss won't have to be a crank.—*The Vanguard.*

LEGION CHIEF VISITS WHITING REFINERY



Whiting, Ind.—No. 1—John R. Quinn, national commander of the American Legion, was a recent visitor at Whiting refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), during the tenth annual conference of the Legion and Auxiliary of the Department of Indiana. In the photo are Thomas McConnell, Dr. R. E. Humphreys, Commander Quinn and Dr. Maurice Ritter. No. 2—Commander Quinn is shown inspecting the third battery of tower stills. No. 3—After the trip through the refinery, Commander Quinn went to the Community Center where the Legion held an all day session. Mr. Quinn declared that Whiting Post No. 80, with its enrollment of 425 and its beautiful Memorial building and clubrooms, had achieved what other posts of the Legion are striving for. Mr. Quinn is shown with Mayor W. E. Schrage.

NEWS DISPATCHES ON REFINERY-SALES WAR

(Because of conflicting reports from the scene of action in the Whiting-Indianapolis War, the editors are submitting to the readers of the STANOLIND RECORD *the story as it came into the magazine's office by* STANOLIND RECORD *Special Wireless.)*

Whiting, Ind.—Challenges and counter-challenges are being made by the basketball teams of the Whiting Refinery and of the Indianapolis division of the sales department. It is only a question of time before diplomatic relations will be severed, experts say.

Indianapolis, Ind.—"The time for action has come," W. W. Harshman, correspondent, told Indianapolis employees in a stirring speech. Feeling is high. A declaration of war is expected—

(FLASH)

War declared by Indianapolis.

Whiting, Ind. — Whiting Refinery has formally thrown down the gauntlet.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Basketeers en route for Whiting. Thousands cheer departure.

Indianapolis, Ind.—W. W. Harshman, penslinging bowler, entrained with basketeers.

En Route (Indianapolis to Whiting).—The Red Crown basketball team, composed of John McCallian, manager; B. L. Strickler, George Stasand, Steve Bowman, William Love, Jimmy Dawson, P. W. Robbins and R. P. Beverly, is in good condition for the battle of Whiting.

Whiting, Ind.—After being taken through the refinery, the Red Crowns were escorted to the Community building for the basketball game with the Red Circles.

Whiting, Ind.—Game begins.

Whiting, Ind.—Whiting Red Circles defeat Indianapolis Red Crowns, 42 to 28.

Whiting, Ind.—W. W. Harshman, official historian of Indianapolis, again threw a challenge in the face of Whitingians, threatening to do divers and doughty things to their ten pin records.

The first challenge was sent by Mr. Harshman by mail. It follows:

"It is quite possible that a few 'cushion busters' of your association bowling team would enjoy some action against the undersigned (some bowler, too), who will be up with the Red Crown team.

"Look over your talent, such as Banks, Gadish et al., or any who desire to doubt my ten pin cunning in a three-game individual match, advising me of your 'discoveries' so I can toughen up my thumb to stand 9 or 12 games straight."

Whiting, Ind.—Zubay defeats Harsh in first of series of three-game matches, 599 to 572. Scores follow:

Zubay	216	195	188—Total 599
Harsh	184	216	170—Total 572

Whiting, Ind.—Banks defeats Harsh in second of series of three-game matches, 597 to 573. Scores follow:

Banks	154	175	268—Total 597
Harsh	210	196	167—Total 573

Whiting, Ind.—Groat defeats Harshman in third of series of three-game matches. Scores follow:

Groat	220	162	181—Total 563
Harsh	173	193	189—Total 555

Indianapolis, Ind.—No tooting horns, no screaming thousands, no wild, enthusiastic disorders, no nothing greeted the returning warriors as they got off the train here at the Union Station following their rout at Whiting. Harshman was seen sitting in a corner humming as tears rolled down his cheeks, "Sitting in the corner, that's all I do, but when I try to bowl, boo-hoo-hoo."

The basketball team also appeared to be more than a little despondent and none of the players seemed to sorrow for the teeming thousands who did not appear at the station.

* * *

"What became of that gate you and your girl used to swing on?"

"She gave it to me!"—*Exchange.*

* * *

Conductor—"Watch your step, Miss."

Flapper—"It's not necessary; there are several sapheads behind doing that!"—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Was your husband cool when the burglar broke in the other night?"

"Cool? I should say so. He shivered all over!"—*Exchange.*

* * *

Mrs. Motorist—"Why don't you ask someone where we are?"

Mr. Motorist—"What difference does it make? Five minutes from now we shan't be anywhere near here."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Maid—"Mum, there's a revenue officer at the door."

Mistress—"Tell him we don't want any.—*Exchange.*

* * *

Every Employee a Salesman!

STANDARD OIL SERVICE

One of the reasons competitors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) lie awake nights worrying is the service that is given to our customers as a matter of course. Service, anywhere, anytime is a slogan that has the backing of every employee in the company.

Some highlights of service follow:

Employees of the Belleville plant, Decatur field, helped put out a neighbor's bonfire which had got the best of him.

Bert Whitacre, wagon driver of Portland, South Bend division, helped to save a number of trucks from a burning garage.

Agent L. D. Kaufman of Byron, Joliet field, helped a non-customer up a hill when his truck was stuck. L. D. drove his machine uphill in the deep snow, "breaking a trail," and then went back and pulled the stranded stranger over the top. Incidentally, he made a new customer.

In one of the largest fires in the history of Menominee, Agent Willmarth stayed on the job until 12:30 keeping the fire department trucks filled with Red Crown and Polarine.

Mr. Hartman of Keokuk, Iowa, Quincy division, won the thanks of a customer for extra service shown when Hart filled his tank by "carrying Red Crown clear back to his place." It was a long way, too.

Down in Clearwater, Fla., Standard Oil Service is known. A family, planning to tour to Chicago, wrote to our Cairo representatives (Evansville field) for information concerning the roads. Of course they got it.

A beautiful service station is an ornament to a city. Bill Spencer, attendant at S. S. No. 6, DeKalb, Joilet division, won the compliments of a local newspaper for his work with the paint brush.

Gibson and Marksbury, general merchandise dealers of Maywood, Mo., wrote to the Quincy office as follows:

"The Standard Oil Company has again demonstrated to us that it is the company of 'Service'. You men in the office have heard something of the awful condition of the roads, but we hope you won't have to find out just how bad they are by personal experience.

"Your Mr. Herst had delivered to us today 118 gallons which required four horses to pull. We were almost out of oil, and with so many incubators running, things were looking serious.

"We have told salesmen for other companies that they could not give us this service, and still believe it. We have been accused of being 'married' to Standard Oil and we guess it is true."

* * *

The modern girl may have her faults, but at least she is not effeminate.—*Exchange.*

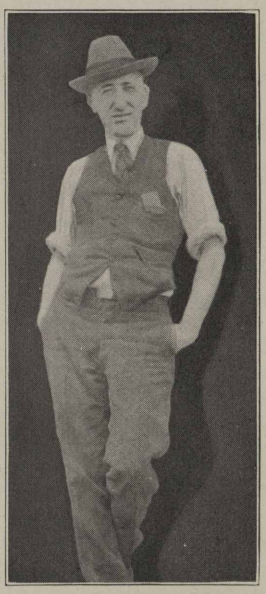
* * *

As Pat and Mike were driving their coal wagon down the avenue, they were suddenly halted by a funeral procession. Pat waited in silence until the hearse had passed and then turning to Mike, he slowly said: "Mike, I wish I knew where I was going to die!"

Mike—"But sure, Pat, what good would it do ye?"

Pat—"Why, Mike, I'd never go near the place." —*Exchange.*

LANGUID LEMUEL



Wood River — Leonardo De Vinci, the great Italian painter, sculptor, architect, musician, craftsman, goldsmith, engineer and natural philosopher, was "all there", truly an exemplification of the versatility of genius. Down here in Wood River, where many a Mute and Inglorious Milton has been born to fame unknown, we trust we may be permitted to pay tribute where tribute is due while the culprit is still alive. We call attention to the likeness of our versatile and languid-Lemuel-LeRoy-Munchausen LaPorte Beau Brummel Tuley, who besides being store house manager at the Wood River Refinery, is a man of many qualities—inventor, singer, rhetorician, stock raiser, goats and rabbit specializer and a fruit grower who would make both Ahab and Naboth envious could the shades of those bibulous gentlemen imbibe. Last but not least, he is a diplomat of distinction. W. A. Tipton's opinion is that no man at the court of St. James can vie with Languid Lemuel in diplomacy, especially when it comes to persuading a Madison County Court Official to excuse him from jury service. It is a pity that one of such talents should be affected with vicious or petty traits of character, yet in the picture you see him registering envy and jealousy simply because his wife's picture appeared in the STANOLIND RECORD and his did not.

WOOD RIVER REFINERY INTERPRETER WEDS

Wood River, Ill.—One of the prettiest weddings of the season was celebrated recently at Wood River. The photo shows Mr. and Mrs. Mike Korich and their attendants. In the picture are (standing, left to right) Theodore Choloe, Sam Choloe, Anna Korich, the bride; Mike Korich, the bridegroom; and Charles Dopsh; (seated left to right) Katherine Senovich, Anna Kabic, Mary Senovich and Sveto Millitich. The marriage was solemnized January 19. Wood River employees wish Mike and his lovely bride much happiness.

ADVERTISEMENT

Month after month in every way, the STANOLIND RECORD is becoming greater and greater. Here's what the *Leroy*, Ill., *Journal* has to say about us:

"STANOLIND RECORD

"The above is the name of a very interesting magazine that comes to our desk each month. It is published by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for their great army of employees, and is replete with illustrations and news of the workers in this great organization. It is just another example of the interest in the human side of the daily life of the employees which the large corporations are injecting into the scheme of things, and no doubt is a large factor in creating good will throughout the personnel. The successful industries, large and small have come to realize that they succeed only in the proportionate sense that their co-workers succeed and find contentment. Therefore they extend themselves in various ways to bring about these conditions and the return in good will and faithful endeavor justifies the effort a thousand fold."

* * *

Mother (viewing daughter's new party dress) —"It's all right, but the waist doesn't match the skirt very well in the back."

Daughter—"That isn't the waist, mother. That's me."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Darling, I've made up my mind to stay at home."

"Too late, George. I've made up my face to go out."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Jack—"What kind of a fellow is Blinks?"

Bill—"Well, he is one of those fellows who always grabs the stool when there is a piano to be moved."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Wife—"I dreamed last night that I had a perfectly lovely hat."

Husband—"That's the first dream of a hat you ever had that didn't cost me money!"—*Exchange.*

MINNEAPOLIS PUTS POLARINE ACROSS IN AUTO SHOW

Minneapolis Division's Exhibit at Twin City Auto Show, one of the smallest in amount of space, attracted more attention and occasioned more favorable comment than probably any other exhibit at the Show. Beautiful air-bubbles were blown up through the different oils in the big, flood-lighted, glass tubes of the Polarine Pipe Organ at the rear. In front, Lake Polarine, with the cake of ice in its center circumnavigated by the good ship Polarine, aroused a lot of interest. E. N. Shallenberger, assistant manager, who invented the Polarine Pipe Organ, superintended the construction and installation of the exhibit and was responsible for its success. Lake Polarine was conceived in the fertile brain of Ray Jaeger, warehouse superintendent. William Ogrosky, Minneapolis Division's versatile tinner, who played a large part in the successful construction of the exhibit, is the gentleman in the picture. "Bill" not only operated the several mechanical features of the exhibit, but did some effective Polarine proselyting himself.

WHAT IS VALUE?

One man spends several weeks of work in painting a picture and at the end the picture is worth many times as much as was the canvas upon which it was painted. Another man spends just as much time and works just as hard yet the canvas with the picture on it is worth less than it was before. The two men have done just as much work and the second may have been just as conscientious and as intelligent as the first. What is the difference? The difference is that somebody is willing to pay a large sum of money for one picture, while nobody wants the other.

This story of the two painters illustrates one feature of the law of value. It shows that value depends primarily not upon the cost of production, but upon what the consumer is willing to pay for the product. It is because of this fact that in times of business depression many merchants and manufacturers have to sell their goods for less than they cost.

But there is another sense in which value is fixed partly by the cost of production;

AND THEY HAVE ALL THE PEP OF RED CROWN, TOO!

South Bend Division—Ft. Wayne has just completed a most successful basketball season, finishing in the first division of the Commercial League. The men in the picture are (sitting, left to right) M. R. Minniear, back guard; R. G. Gappinger, forward and captain; M. R. Cook, floor guard; (standing, left to right) R. L. Michael, forward; E. J. Zurbuch, center; R. W. Carington, business manager; H. L. Sell, forward.

because if over a term of years a product could not be sold for as much as it cost to make it, the producers would quit work and the resulting scarcity would increase the price which the public would have to pay if it secured the product at all.

A vast proportion of the time and thought and effort of the human race is taken up with the production and accumulation of things that have value. The farmer produces value directly from the soil, although usually he does not feed and clothe and house his family with the crops from his own fields. Those of us who work for wages are producing values for our employers and receive in return for our work other values, either in the form of things which we need for our own support or in the form of money which we can exchange for such things.

Since so much of our effort is concerned with things of value, it is worth while to think for a minute about what value really is. We observed at the beginning of this article that human effort and cost of production do not always produce value. What then does produce it?

In the first place, a thing to be of value must be of some use; must satisfy a want. If nobody wanted to eat sugar, sugar would have no value. In this connection the science of economics makes no distinction between good wants and bad wants. Whiskey has value because some people want to drink it; it makes no difference whether or not they ought to drink it.

Then, if a thing is to have value there must be a limit to the supply of it, and it must be possible for some one to keep possession of that limited supply. The air

GRAB YOUR PARTNERS FOR THE POLARINE GLIDE!

Duluth—The annual banquet of the sales force of the Duluth field was followed by a dance in the hotel ballroom. Business cares were forgotten and revelry reigned. Even Manager Shields donned a dunce cap—and oh, doesn't he look natural! (Considering Duluth's sales' record in 1923, and so far this year, and that Duluth has favored the STANOLIND RECORD with most excellent co-operation, that was most unkind, and we are sorry, Mr. Shields, but we just couldn't resist the opportunity—ED.)

which we breathe is perhaps the most useful thing in the world, and yet ordinarily it has no economic value, because there is enough for everybody and nobody owns it.

Another interesting fact about the value of goods is that it is reduced as the available supply is increased. To a hungry man one beefsteak has very great value. He may be able to eat two beefsteaks, but the second one will not be as valuable to him as the first. He might possibly be able to eat three beefsteaks, but before he finished the third he would surely find himself reaching the point where any more beefsteak had no attractions for him. From the standpoint of immediate consumption three beefsteaks are not worth three times as much as one beefsteak. But if there are three beefsteaks on the table before us, we do not care which of the three was set down first; they are equally valuable.

Therefore, to a hungry man faced with an unlimited supply of beefsteaks and with no chance to make any use of them except to eat what he wants all at once, the value of a beefsteak, whether it be the first, second or third, is only as much as the usefulness to him of the last steak which he can eat with any degree of satisfaction. If you should ever hear a college professor talk about the theory of "marginal utility," what he means is not unlike the things we have been saying about the beefsteaks.

* * *

Rowley—"You ain't one of them blokes wot drops their tools and scoots as soon as the whistle blows, are you?"

"Red"—"Not me. Why, I often have to wait for five minutes after I put my tools away before the whistle blows."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Every Employee a Salesman!

Chicago—Photo shows members of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), managers and assistant managers of twenty-seven sales branches and home office executives at a banquet in the Auditorium Hotel, March 12.

DECATUR CO-OPERATES WITH ST. LOUIS

St. Louis Division—The co-operative spirit in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) organization was shown recently when the Decatur division loaned three men to the St. Louis division to teach the Missourians how to run certain demonstrations. The three from Decatur are standing (left to right) Messrs. Bartlett Watson and Shadow. The "Home Guards" are (left to right), Arch Cameron, T. W., superintendent; J. J. Tenge, and L. C. Crain.

YES-ING THE BOSS

Yes-ing the boss is a great indoor sport —agreeing with him in everything that he proposes or suggests.

Two weeks ago on a train from Chicago I met a man of big business, a vice-president of a big corporation, and he told me that his hardest job was to get men who were big enough and who had backbone enough to disagree with the boss; men who had opinions of their own and ideas of their own, and who were not afraid to express these opinions and ideas.

There are two classes of men who yes the boss.

The first is the peanut-brained individual who never did and never will have an original idea. All he can say is "yes." He is the original specimen of Mary's little lamb. He is a good follower. He gets in at 8:30 and takes an hour for lunch even though he has to stand outside the office door for fifteen minutes. He quits on the stroke of five as religiously as the cock crows at dawn. He is necessary to every organization because there is always routine work to do, and he can do it.

The second is the chap who has ideas of his own and plans of his own, but who is so spineless that he does not dare to suggest them. The boss makes a suggestion for handling a certain piece of work, and this chap knows that his own plan is better, for that work lies in his department, and he is more familiar with the details of that department than is the boss. But water

A WHITING BRIDE

Whiting—Miss Anna Dybbel was bridesmaid at the recent wedding of Sophie Bartkow and John Climusiowicz, still cleaner, which took place on February 5 at St. Adalbert's Polish Church. Her escort is Edward Stanez, who is employed in the welding shop. The photograph was furnished by Miss Dybbel's mother of the filtering oils department.

runs through his veins and he mumbles a "yes." He is on the third rung of the ladder above the fellow described in the preceding paragraph; but he stays there. He dare not proceed farther for fear that it wouldn't win the approval of the boss.

Then there are two classes of men who don't yes the boss.

The first is the pin-headed fellow who is so petty and so small that he can't see value in any suggestion unless it be his own. He argues and argues over every miserable little detail, and when the question is decided against him, he continues to bring up some petty objection. The boss keeps this chap around because the pin head has ideas and is not afraid to suggest them, and the boss hopes that some day the narrow mind will become broader.

The second who does not yes the boss is the chap who has ideas, who is not afraid to suggest them, but who is big enough to admit that the other fellow's plan is better and then to get behind the big idea. He brings up every point that favors his plan, but also weighs carefully every detail of other suggestions. He judges by the standard of what is best for the business, what is best for all concerned, regardless of whose plan or whose suggestion may be under consideration.

If you've an idea to offer, a plan to suggest whereby this or that work can be done more effectively, offer it! The boss cannot know the detail work of every department and of every desk. He wants you to study your work, to improve it, no matter how unimportant your job may seem to you. He wants ideas from you. But if a better plan than yours is suggested, be broad-minded, admit it, and get behind the big idea.

Failure to make suggestions is not helping the boss. Agreeing with him in everything he suggests is not helping him. Nor is it grooming yourself for a bigger job and bigger responsibilities.

—*Forbes Magazine.*

* * *

A system of identifying dogs by nose-prints is being started in Paris. Our plan is to whistle. If the animal takes no notice, we know he is ours. —*The London Humorist.*

* * *

A little girl from the city had been visiting in the country. Someone said to her, "I bet you don't even know how to milk a cow."

"Bet I do," she replied. "You take the cow into the barn and give her some breakfast food and water, and then drain her crank case."—*The N., C. & St. L. Ry. News Item.*

* * *

"Huh! Women in politics!" snorted the old-timer. "Makes me sore. I don't believe in petticoat rule."

"Calm yourself. We don't wear 'em any more," replied the modern woman, sweetly.—*Judge.*

* * *

Alice for the first time saw a cat carrying her kitten by the nape of its neck.

"You naughty cat!" she cried. "You ain't fit to be a mother! You ain't hardly fit to be a father."

* * *

The savage made everything for himself. The modern man has everything made for him, and in making things for others he earns money to buy things for himself. Whatever interferes with any industry adds something to every man's cost of living.—H. B. Thayer.

WHITING, IND.

Agitators

To William Paschen: "We, the men of the treating department, extend our sympathies in the recent bereavement of your beloved wife and mother."

William Schweikert has become quite a dog fancier, having obtained a blue ribbon winner fox terrier.

Harry Etter says if they do not print the pictures of the men of the agitator pump house pretty soon, he will cancel his order for the twelve magazines he intends to send to his friends.

Oren Mackey missed his calling when he became a treater. Where Oren should be is in the drafting room, judging by the sketches he had made for new lines and mixers.

Ikey Joost and Earnest Deeken have a co-operative apartment. The only trouble they seem to have is the fact that Earnie has to do all the co-operating.

The fishing trip is all planned. William Schweikert furnishes the car, Heinie the fishing tackle, Deeken and Griffith the refreshments, and Charlie Parker the air for the carburetor.

Henry Holtz was a recent visitor at his farm in Michigan.

Louis Moore Jr. is the proud father of a baby girl, born February 16. Mother and daughter are doing nicely.

Sam Bronson, treater, has resigned his position as treater at South Side treating plant.

Charlie Parker will take Sam's place as treater and Clarence Joost as swing man for treaters and pumper in Agitator Pump House.

Tower Stills

The entire tower still department extend their deepest sympathy to A. D. Buchanan, tower still foreman, in the death of his mother, March 11.

The Whiting Community Center is now giving medals for the various sports, also one for the highest bowling score for each month, which is now being held by Ted James of the tower still bowling team. Ted had a score of 256.

Andy Kubeck had the misfortune of slipping and cutting his forehead, but Andy doesn't seem to mind it much. The following day he was all shaved up when he went to the hospital to get his wound dressed. Now, Andy is singing, "I don't want to get well."

Tower still bowling team No. 2 withdrew its team from the race, in order that tower still team No. 1 could get enough bowlers from the stills without depending upon the pipe shop or docks.

Joe Graves of the gas engine room has quite a bit of trouble with his right arm. The peculiar thing about this is that his arm only bothers him two days out of every three weeks. Joe had an x-ray taken. Doctors say the only thing that could cause the trouble is bowling. You can figure the rest out yourself.

George Karney, fireman at the rerunning stills, is quite ill at his home on John street, having been laid up for the past two months. We hope to see George up and around again soon.

Black Paul of the first and second towers is some sheik, and, believe him, it costs money to be a sheik. Paul just got set back $1,500 for playing the role of a sheik.

Tower still team No. 1 fell down to defeat, losing two out of three games to the storehouse. Of course, Gus Allrich lost the two games. Now, Gus is warming the bench.

Herb Brown's Oakland comes into the limelight during the cold wave that hit Whiting. Herb's car had to be towed home by Frank Eaton's Ford. Herb did not know when he would be able to return the favor, as these Ford owners claim a Ford never fails. But the other day Frank's Ford stalled, and the trusty Oakland was called to the rescue. The Oakland not only rescued old Lizzie, but towed her with such lightning speed that she had to run. Now Herb and Frank are even until the next time.

The boys sure will be glad when the bowling season is over. Frank Eaton hurt his leg when he stepped in front of a ball while Al and Gus were bowling in the ninth and tenth battery receiving house.

The new battery of rerunning stills is going up fast and it won't be long now before some of the boys will be wondering who will be the ones to move.

Candle Factory

Our sincerest sympathy is extended to Hannah Kelleher in the loss of her sister, Mary.

The candle office was a little bit surprised to hear that Glenn Henry and Blanche Shadiker were married in Chicago on March 29. They kept it very quiet until after the deed was done and then out it came. We all wish them the best of luck in their new life.

It has been rumored around the candle factory and printing department that Miss Edith Haman is intending to resign her position in the printing department. She is another of the many girls who have been bitten by that busy marriage bug.

Here's some news, girls! The other night one of the candle factory girls spied Anna Honula, an up-to-date Sheba, at the Hoosier, Whiting's newest theater. Hitherto Anna has considered Whiting shows beneath her notice. But when reminded of this fact that night, she said, "Hush! don't publish it, please." What's come over Anna?

Mr. Grieves has entered the Scotland Yard of detectives. He has a clue to one of the greatest mysteries in the candle factory. He has discovered that through a little note left on a table overnight a beautiful romance has begun. Gladys Gilman goes with the watchman who left the note. To be solved: Who is the watchman?

Mr. Muffet to Clarence Stratton: "Is this Cina Stratton any relation to you?" "Yes! she happens to be my wife."

Mrs. E. Radloff beat Elizabeth Fauth to it this time. She had her hair bobbed before Elizabeth did, although Elizabeth had her bangs cut first.

Every Saturday afternoon it seems that Anna Kekich swallows a feather. She surely has a severe attack of laughter every time she swallows one, too.

Mrs. Radloff asking about the color of some stickers: "Hay! is it brown or dark brown?" Anna Kekich seeing a good joke, replied: "No! hay is yellow."

Steam Department

No. 2 boiler house is now back on coal after burning oil for some months.

Ed Servse is back at No. 2 boiler house in charge of the coal unloading gang. Ed was working at the machine shop while No. 2 was on oil.

Mat Henio, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, resigned to go back on the lake boats this Summer.

Mike Riwalski, coal unloading foreman at No. 5 boiler house, is back on the job after a long spell of sickness. Glad to see you back again, Mike.

Paton Richardson, meterman, is back to work after being laid up from an injury received at the swimming pool at the Community Center.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Long were shocked to hear of the passing on of their infant son. The men in this department extend to them their heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Zallar are the proud parents of a baby boy. Congratulations.

It would seem as if some posted rules relative to our fire signals would be of great help here at the plant. There seems to be some misunderstanding in regard to them.

Spring must be about here, for the other day Parks, Richardson and Whelan were talking about horseshoes. I am from Missouri.

The men in this department are very much interested in the petition before the Joint General Committee for annual vacations and are hoping that some method will be worked out whereby they will be granted this request.

Quite a few of our old force of operators are back at No. 2 boiler house: Firemen, Steve Kralj, Frank Yager, Martin Novosel, Joe Pevac, Joe Gestaud, John Zyara, Carl Medwit, Joseph Karin, George Hamady, Mike Dudas and Stanley Andryszek; ash handler, Joe Ollo, and coal unloaders, Ed Servse, Arthur Freel, Peter Hrbka and Gerwasio Gennorelli.

Drafting Room

Phil Krauel is now running continuously in high with his duties as a new benedict, a purchaser of a new home in Whiting, and as captain of drafting room No. 1 bowling team. On March 7 he was married to Miss Helen Tharp, a talented Whiting girl. We received our quota of cigars and candy and some of us greeted him at an informal reception at his home, at which he was married a second time, much to our amusement, by Dr. Roscoe Reeves, assisted by Dr. Brice Reeves and others.

Machine Shop

Arthur Wade had the misfortune of breaking his thumb while at work the other day.

Chester Kahl suffered a slight attack of blood poisoning last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Becich, otherwise known as "Young Canary," our pug, are the proud parents of a baby girl, born March 7. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

"Our Band" is getting ready to do things again real soon. Professor Earl Jackson Cox made a trip to Kansas City a few days ago with the instruments and had them overhauled. We understand rehearsals will begin shortly.

Among the Sugar Creek employes who made the race and also ran in the city elections at Sugar Creek and Independence April 1 were: Jess Flowers, still supervisor, also ran for mayor of Independence, but wilted by the cold blast of Democratic votes; Tom Chandler of the central tool room, or "Mistah" Chandler of the first ward in Independence, elected councilman; Elmer Baker also ran on the Independent ticket for the Independence School Board; J. W. Kelly, refinery foreman, elected to the Sugar Creek School Board; Curtis Wright and Frank Phillips also ran for the Sugar Creek School Board, and I. D. Sutton and George Burnett also ran for alderman at Sugar Creek. All the boys were fine fellows, but the ones that ran on the Republican ticket made the mistake of running in 1924 instead of 1920.

The Sugar Creek S. O. A. A. put on a drive for funds among the employes of the plant, March 21, and came in with approximately $225. The money will be used to renew the lease on the athletic grounds and help finance the baseball league, the horseshoe league and another grand and glorious picnic. With the picnic several months off, talk of *the* picnic is heard on every hand. There are more baseball players and fans this year than ever before and they are all simply boiling over with pep. Some horseshoes have already been bought and the boys are tossing the rings morning and noon out by the experimental house.

Several changes in the clerical force were made April 1. Wallie Hodge comes to the main office from the yard clerk's office, Frank Searcy goes on Wallie's job in the yards and Kenneth Jackson goes to the refinery office to fill the vacancy created by Searcy.

Main Office

In the March issue of the RECORD we had Douglas Bailey's name used in the same article about a cat that turned up its nose at boiled ham. Douglas thought we were inferring that he is a boiled ham, but far be it from us to call a 200-pound six-footer, who was fast enough to make the center position on Texas varsity foot-Douglas.

It is rumored about the plant that Kenneth Jaques is setting an incubator on snake eggs which he and Sally Starks found at the foot of rattlesnake hill.

"Speedy" Roth of the main office gang went around for a few days with a sort of growth on his upper lip. However, he now has a clean shave. We heard it was either one of two things: Get rid of it or pack up and leave the house for good. He says it was the result of a bet.

Wally Hodge, who has been with Pewee Hancock's force for some time, has been transferred to the main office to help "Jim" Hinde. Welcome, Wally.

When it comes to speed, Fred Miller has them all backed off the map, so he says. One afternoon recently, Fred ground the valves and cleaned the carbon from his Ford coupe and then painted it. After doing this, he went to the matinee at the Orpheum. Can you think of any more, Fred?

Mike Kobe, the famous prize-fighter of Sugar Creek, has joined the forces of office boys at Sugar Creek, and is now in hard training carrying the mail route.

We are glad to have C. E. DeLand, timekeeper, back with us again after a severe illness.

Matt Butler of the main office spent a week at the court house in Kansas City recently, playing checkers. That is, while he was not giving someone a jail sentence.

The girls had better look to their hair-nets

for Harold Echternacht of the inspection department has purchased a 1923 Ford roadster.

We understand that an order has been placed for all new glass in the windows at the garage and are told that the reason is that "Brother" O'Hara has polished the windows so much since becoming foreman that the glass is too thin to withstand any degree of wind and panes are fast being blown out.

Wilford Bressie, head office boy, says he is going to give up the girls this Summer and play baseball, thereby making a financial gain. Wise head, boy.

Joe Roby of the filling sacks has purchased a Ford touring car.

John Grinter has painted his 1923 Buick car. John certainly swings a smooth as well as an artistic brush.

Refinery Department

The continuous still boys are glad to welcome Fred Puckett back to work after a long illness.

Clarence McMechen has moved his family out on the farm and all the continuous still crowd have been eating lightly the past three months in anticipation of a grand feed about the time the spring chickens tip the scales at three pounds.

Joe Bostian reports the tower still baseball team is getting under way and says it looks like another championship year for them.

Carl Brown, pressure still fireman, carried his left eyebrow in a sling for a few days as the result of a kick absorbed from a round up with his Lizzie.

Frank McCarrol, stillman on the pressure stills, had his home in Independence ransacked by robbers while he was visiting next door. About all they left Frank in the way of clothes was a suit of unionalls.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Johnny Burke, pumper at the Crawford Tract., in the death of his father.

George Smith's wife collided with the Airline train while driving a Dodge truck on West Farmer Street in Independence recently. The truck was turned over and badly damaged but Mrs. Smith escaped serious injury. After several trucks had failed to right the car our own Young Samson Lindsay of the inspection department and Hercules Wiley of the Independence division of the sales department came along and with the help of a couple of bystanders picked the truck up and set it aright.

Tippy Howard's Safety lessons have certainly soaked in on George Sutherland. He purchased a horse this Spring and let his boy ride him first to see if the horse had any hidden qualities.

Lete Hite's Chalmers sedan came to a complete stop the other night on Benton boulevard and after arguing with it for about five hours and having everybody in the neighborhood throwing at him he called a garage and had them tow him in.

Jack Pate of the steam stills is getting to be some dancer. He takes them all in—one night in overalls and the next night it is full dress.

One of the boys said if his wife had her hair bobbed he was going to have his head shaved and grow a mustache. Prepare to do so, Ross Higbee.

Shift men take notice: A new alarm clock is now made from Standard Oil products. For particulars, see Henry Waller.

Frank Soapes of the steam stills has all the confidence in the world in our official forecaster, P. Conners. Frank is some little weather prophet himself and when questioned as to his method he said he always guessed just the opposite of P. Conners and had never missed yet.

The pumpers at the paraffine works want to know, "What would a press cleaner do with truth serum?"

As the weather warms up Chuck Taylor's Ford is getting over the cough it has had all Winter.

Mrs. H. A. Shondell was operated on for appendicitis recently and the report is that she is getting along nicely.

Albert G. Keepes, helper at No. 3 house, has traded his home in Fairmount for a small farm on Blue Ridge road.

Buck Weaver is the latest to make the back to the east of Independence farm movement.

Mechanical Department

Our own dreamy Herbert Fraher sometimes gets his subjects and time mixed up. One morning he thought it was 8 p. m. instead of 8 a. m. and he was replying "Yes, honey," to Harry Crawford over the telephone.

Frank Kroll of the boilermakers has sold his home on Evans street in Sugar Creek to George Smitke of the Acid Works.

George Hackett has invented a flue puller; for particulars as to its operation see O. C. Hite.

Joe Povlich's house in Sugar Creek burned April 1.

Will and Marion Berry are back from Kentucky where they were called on account of the serious illness of their father.

As a climax to the Winter's sports, Shorty Wright won the hotly contested pinochle championship tournament at Grove's card room in Independence, eliminating Earl Kresge, Charlie Kruse and Will Berry in the finals.

Ernest Bird reports the birth of a 11¼ pound baby boy, March 19. Mother and baby are doing fine.

The Independence election disclosed something new to the population in our own Johnny Overcast, who was out every night with his nine gallon and one quart hat electioneering. "Alabama" proved true to his name by changing his politics overnight. The election happened to fall on an odd day so Independence now boasts of an Alabama Republican.

"Zora Willie" Milliron has traded his old off-brand car for a new off-brand car.

Fred Gore has traded his old Dodge roadster and bought a new Ford roadster.

Elmer Baker is the proud father of a nine pound baby girl born April 1.

Bert Hafer is gone. He left the employment of the company March 1 to enter the insurance business in Independence. Our best wishes go with you, Bert.

Edith Atkinson, daughter of Henry Atkinson, pipe fitter, and Frank Liebold were married in Independence March 15.

Leonard Neilson, pipe fitter, recently purchased a home.

Geraldine Hackett, daughter of George V. Hackett, head of the boilermakers, and Harry Robinson, helper in the new boilerhouse, were married March 20 in Mt. Washington.

The employees of the Sugar Creek plant sympathize with John Schneider, whose wife died March 8 after a lingering illness.

We have two men at Sugar Creek whom we will match against anybody in their line. They are: Chuck Masters, who can see a mushroom under six inches of leaves, and Bill Beatty, who can catch fish where everybody else gives up.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

L. D. Palmer is not only a strong advocate for Red Crown gasoline for the consumption of an automobile, but, according to Palmer, the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana) product is good for drinking purposes. He cites an instance of his own experience when he drank a supply of the extract from the crude product, thinking it was an extract from some other product. One day in bed with a headache was the only bad result.

Employees wish to express their sympathy to Otto Ratz in the loss of his wife.

Walter Van Duesen, who had been off from work for about five weeks, returned March 24. After working a few days he was again forced to go home. The boys at the filling racks express their sympathy to Walter in his illness and hope he is able to return soon.

John Adams of the Industrial Relations Department is wearing a broad smile these days. What is it, John?

Since the beginning of the year sick and death benefits amounting to $428.00 have been paid to eight members of the Dirty Face. Four claims are pending. New members are coming into the association and more would be doing the same thing if they realized the benefits to be derived from protection against loss of money during illness. A great number of sick employees have been visited recently and without exception they made one of the two statements, "I am glad I joined the Dirty Face," or "I am sorry I did not join the Dirty Face."

"Doc" Payne is considerably joyed up over the arrival of a baby boy. Robert Montague is the lad's name. Won't some one please pass the cigars.

Laboratory and Inspection Departments

Homer is leaving to take colors and Elmer tells him to look cross-eyed at them. Good, ain't it?

Mr. Buck, the inspection chief, was given a larger and better desk and he has been moving for two weeks. We were in hopes he'd soon be settled but just the other day he got a new filing case. We are wondering now what will be next.

On March 8, John Doan had a serious accident by cutting his arm, very badly, and we are very glad he is getting along so nicely.

Miss Opal Savage spent the week end recently with her folks in Coffeen, Ill.

We are all sorry to hear of Lloyd Payne going to the lubricating works, but just the same we wish him the best of luck in that new department.

Miss Alvera Clawson, our phone operator, is leaving us for her home in Leelsville, Mo. We are sorry to see her go. Miss Ethel Hooper is to be our new operator.

Miss Kathleen Halloran of the laboratory office is taking a leading part in the play given by St. Bernard's Church. "The path across the hill" is the name of the play. We know she will make a hit.

Pipe Department

Carl Lenhardt is going to buy a car. That is, all the agents think he is and there is one up at his home every day to take Carl out riding. Carl has made one decision. He does not want a Ford because he wants everything quiet when he takes a ride. He expects to entertain the girls and says they make enough noise. We understand, lately, that he has decided on a Gray. All the girls who want a ride, step up.

Speedy Lovell has just received a second-hand Ford. Speedy says it has no self starter but does a self commencer, that is, when he pushes it, it commences to go. It is one of the '84 models and Riley Hefner is learning to drive it.

Tom Kinsella is taking a trip to St. Louis every Sunday now. Tommy is surely a sweet boy.

It has been decided among the tube cleaners, that Newt Green and Charley Henick of that department are the best looking boys in the plant.

Ben Weimers and Troy Kessinger attended the Gayety theatre recently. Ben is willing to talk some about it and proclaims they had some time.

Mrs. S. Miller and family wish to thank the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), especially the pipe department, for the beautiful floral offerings at the sudden death of her husband, S. Miller.

Herb Miller, son of the late Bass Miller, has accepted a position as clerk in the pipe department as assistant to Simon Halloran.

Otto Ratz wishes to thank employes, especially the pipe department, for the beautiful floral offerings in respect to the death of his wife, who passed away so suddenly.

Jerry Kennedy, Bill Woods and D. Maxwell attended Mardi Gras dance given by the K. of C. of Alton and all report a great time.

Melwin Dillon was secretly married March 5 and all the boys were surprised to hear it. Melwin received wedding presents when the boys of the pipe department heard of the happenings. They got together and bought him a nice baby buggy. Melwin gave all the boys a piece of the wedding cake. Everybody wishes him the best of luck.

Tom Williams has purchased a Ford coupe. Tom is strutting around some now.

Louis Miller has accepted a position in the pipe department.

D. Lyons, famous Chesterfield, Ill., ball player, is going to get a tryout with the St. Louis Browns. Go to it and good luck.

Bill Woods got on a crowded car in Alton recently and immediately everyone started to get off. Bill was taking a pound of limberger cheese home. Now you can try this, Bill, but personally, we much prefer to ride in a crowded car or walk.

Louis Ritter claims he has a new way to make wine and evade the federal agents. He feeds his cow on wild grapes and adds a cake of yeast. From this feed he gets two gallons of wine. When he has company at the house he just goes out and wines the cow.

Machine Shop

Bob Richardson, our well known engine man, had considerable trouble with his radio Sunday, March 23. After an hour of tuning he found that his radio set was O. K. but that the concert was all in German.

The big fight between Carol and Clarence, held March 25, was called off by Promoter Joe Schenk as Burroughs could not train down to Bandy's weight.

Notice: Anyone wishing to know what the ponies did today should not ask Ed Bennet.

Ed Kerwin has recovered from his last operation and has been removed to his home. Ed has had five operations now, but is not feeling bad about it. He said he read of a fellow having had ninety-eight and is still living.

I. Steele, J. Bone and Charles Davidson were transferred to the machine shop from other departments. Steele said, "I suppose, Herman, it is customary to work with steel, but I wonder how Clarence will like working with Bone."

Tony Ehrhardt is back at his lathe after being off a couple of weeks with a few crushed toes. Mighty glad to see you back, Tony.

Abie Meyers, our prominent book agent, reports the sale of fifty machinist handbooks.

Carpenter Department

Ben Bryant has left the company to engage in the contracting business.

Warren William Lutz arrived February 5. He is the first child of Eddie Lutz. Congratulations, Eddie and Mrs. Lutz! The smokes were fine .

Lee Jenkins, Carl Mans, Jess Curry, Henry Maxeiner, H. Koehne, W. Serf and B. Haggerman have been off sick for several days but we are glad to report all present and accounted for at this time.

Earl Scott, we understand, is a strong advocate of the a. m. work hour, we are told.

Shelby Mather was called to Edwardsville for jury service but he took with him a letter from some close friend and he was excused. Let us in on the secret, Shelby.

Oliver Brown's son is up and around after having had his leg broken while coasting.

Jack Stroher left the company March 29 to try his luck in the great northwest. Don't get too far from home, Jack, and good luck.

The boys extend their sympathy to A. Woolsey in the loss of his father recently.

Just ask Ed Duecker of the boilermakers department about humane fire extinguishers, or speak to Maxeiner.

Boilermakers

"Gotlob" Stalhut had Claude Batchler of the tinshop make him a special dinner pail. It is rumored that Stalhut's fellow workmen at first mistook it for a part of the bubble tower. This is the last word on the "full dinner pail." It has seven compartments, each of which is larger than an average lunch box. Some boilermakers were examining it one day and found the first section had six pieces of pie and three slices of cake, a glass of jelly, three oranges, two apples and a half pound of bananas. The second section was loaded down with ten sandwiches, the third section was full of coffee and at that point in the examination Stalhut came up and, of course, the boilermakers skipped. However, Stalhut has explained that he carries lunch in the first three sections and his "real dinner" in the last four.

Bill Cook has been accused of sleeping in church. He couldn't recall what was said but insists he was awake. Some doubt that he was even present.

William Westbrook is away from work on account of illness. His arm is reported better.

Hugo Dooling has been absent for about six weeks on account of illness and is down on the farm at present with his father.

L. Rebenack makes regular trips to the Merimac River every Sunday to paddle his canoe. He tried to explain to J. Jones and W. Cook how the paddling was done with one paddle but didn't have any luck. They did agree with him that it must be great sport.

J. G. Jones says he is in favor of the 8 a. m. starting time because he does not have to work before breakfast but does have to work before supper, and he wants leisure when he can enjoy it.

Curley Beiser laid off March 28 to dig a sewer that a certain man was not doing to his liking. And then it rained all day and not a spade of dirt was turned. Let the shoemaker stick to his last, Curley.

B. Halsey was not with us March 29. He awoke that day and found his garage had been blown away.

Jack Haderline was a customer recently. He got some I-beams for the Alton foundry. We understand Jack is one of the large stockholders in the Alton foundry, which shows it has good backing.

D. Stafford has another valve grinding machine working now. It is a machine to grind larger valves and is working fine.

Pressure Stills

At last the doors have been thrown open and the door mat with welcome on it turned right side up for the radio bug that has been buzzing around Charlie Beasley's home since Rich Dawson became an addict.

Raymond Jenkins has purchased a fine "King Tut" decoration for his Chevrolet, that is he claims it is fine, but the boys are waiting expectantly to see it installed before they take up with the new fad.

Starr Oulsen of No. 3 pressure house has finally gone to live in the country, in the land of sunshine, raspberries and asparagus, with his former friend and neighbor, Harvey Moore. Now all he will need in the way of equipment is a couple of extra pairs of rubber boots which we are told will be purchased as soon as Rubenstein takes the Ford away.

Frank Hendrickson has returned to the fold. He made a noble effort to live out in the old watermelon patch, but at present is one of the proud property holders on Madison avenue.

George Wilkins, going back and forth from home to work, has used the machine, horse cart, saddle and boots.

Walter Smith, cello player, is taking a musical vacation now. He got one of his fingers mixed up with a stick of kindling wood. We are glad to say the accident was not serious and he will be with the band soon.

Bob Keeling tried a little early gardening this Spring. He put some seed in the ground March 1. The Spring snows might be good for wheat crops but can't be counted on to help gardeners very much.

Ed Jensen is building a new home in Central place. He is moving away from the banks of the Mississippi.

H. Jenkins took a trip to St. Louis recently. He visited the Gayety, the Garrick and the Claridge, but talked mostly about the Gayety.

Crude Stills

Earl Custer has decided to engage in the practice of law, so we are told. The argument started

over the report that the doctor had quarantined Custer to keep him away from the danger of a motor accident during the bad weather. After a prolonged line of automobile trades had left Custer with a Ford coupe that was new about twelve years ago, the doctor thought it best to keep him off the highways until he mastered the art of driving the Ford.

A stray chicken decided to roost on one of the tank valves near the steam stills. "Dick" Thompson had several chicken sandwiches in his lunch the next day.

Louis Hoffman is greatly elated over the arrival of a fine baby boy. It is understood the main pump house boys helped him celebrate the event. Congratulations.

Main Office

It took considerable sleuthing but we finally learned that Miss Stoneham was leaving us Apirl 1 to become Mrs. Tom Hutchinson. Our loss is his gain—but they have our congratulations and consolations. Further particulars unknown at this writing.

John MacDaniels won't admit he was going to California April 15 to get a job as "prop" man for Mack Sennett, but we have our doubts. We are sorry to lose him regardless.

An article in an Alton paper explained to us why Pete has worn such a guilty look here lately. It was headed "Kitty Snipes moves out of Duck Lake."

Earl Robinson has been appointed special police officer at East Alton and his feet aren't exceptionally big, either. Wonder if he feels it his duty to set a good example by drinking a bottle of milk every noon.

It would be only fair to admit that in another match of three games, the timekeepers' bowling team beat the office team by three pins. We believe, however, that it was made possible for them only with the help of Auditor Bergeson, with whom we have just had a most pleasant two weeks—and that includes E. H. ("Red") Crown also.

Just when a messenger boy is at his best he is transferred to some other department. That covers Keith Cox' transfer to the laboratory.

Athletics

The outlook for athletics this Spring is better than it has been for several years. Plans have been made, tentatively, to place a baseball team in one of the local leagues this season or organize an independent league.

Notice in an East St. Louis barber shop window—S. J. H. Dance, etc. This is covering some ground way out in the field, Simon. Why not grab him off and put him on a steady salary as publicity manager.

Scores in the bowling league are getting better as the season is closing. The standing of the teams March 27 were as follows: Burris, Lamm, Kocher, Jolley, Christy, Adams, Forsting and Koenneker. It has been reported that Mr. Koenneker has purchased a fine pair of bowling shoes that will eliminate slipping. Louis and his teammates may slip, but they won't fall very far. R. Flick rolled the high game of the season, 240. Joe Lamm rolled one game of 236 and Jules Kocher a game of 234. The high score for three games to date, March 31, goes to J. Lamm, with 651. High average for season to date is 181, by William Adams.

Horseshoe pitchers have started warming up for the Spring drive. The association has promised new shoes this year. The shoes will be the latest spring model of horseshoes. One pair will be ordered and this pair being used as a model, others will be cast up at the brass foundry. Six courts are provided in the plant and enough shoes will be furnished to supply all the courts. This year Joe Lamm will again have charge of the tournament but will have men to assist at each court in keeping scores and keeping track of games as they are played off. Every employe has a chance in the tournament and all are urged to get in the game. The same rules will be in effect as last year, except as regards the champion. It has not been decided whether Russell Durham, the present champion, will be entered in the regular way to defend his championship all the way through the elimination games or will be asked to only meet the person who comes out best in the elimination games.

The athletic association promises an entertainment every month now. One right after Easter and monthly thereafter. They can't come too often.

Two mighty fine tennis courts are located near the main office for the use of employes. The courts are in good condition, and since the association has decided to furnish free the nets and balls, the cost of the racket would be the only expense to the employe. Two tournaments are to be arranged. One for beginners and the other for regular players. This arrangement will give everyone a chance. Mr. Gorman of the main office has charge of this department of athletics and will be glad to supply any information required.

CASPER, WYO.

On account of the serious illness of his mother, Roy Kincade, fireman in No. 1 plant acid house, left March 17 for Wardzille, Okla.

Jim Connell of the lead burning department has deposited the $25.00 side bet for his bout with Jim Wiederhold to be held at a meeting of the Foreman's Club. Both Jims are agreed that the bout will not last long.

B. L. Lewis has been transferred from Al Flowers' "sticky fingered junk collectors" to the acid works. He should be a good man after Gerber has had him for a while.

A new Ford has been purchased by Mike Kellar, lead burner. There will be plenty of fishing done after April 1.

J. J. Jacofi, pumper at No. 1 plant, announces the arrival of a baby girl.

A new Oakland car has recently been purchased by Tom Young.

Walter Bowman also has a new Oakland.

On account of the death of his father, R. L. Crockett has been called to San Diego, Calif.

Harry Cotton, former head of Plant No. 3 engineering department, announces the arrival on February 29 of a baby girl.

Fred Kistler, pressure still fireman, has been transferred to the treating plant.

J. T. Wright, treater, has resigned and bought an eighty acre irrigated farm at Fallon, Nev.

Ted Huffacker, pumper helper at No. 1 house, has left the service of the company.

Joe Sonnenfelt announces the arrival of a baby boy.

Having recovered from a long illness, Harry Hendryx is back at work.

John Thomas, tower still fireman, reports the arrival at his home of an eight and one-half pound baby boy.

M. J. De Clue and Elmer Turner are on the sick list.

W. R. C. Miller was very anxious to learn the requirements of the ice cream eating contest up town—ask Bill Lang for further details.

Tom Goodman, machine shop foreman at No. 1 plant, lost his father January 29. Mr. Goodman, Sr., had been making his home with Tom for some time. Tom's fellow workers offer their sympathy in this time of bereavement.

Alva Sparks, acid house stillman, took unto himself Olive French, uptown telephone operator, as his better half. We enjoyed the "ropes" and extend best wishes for a happy journey on the great sea of matrimony.

Ralph Andrus, recently transferred to Wyoming University as a sophomore, spent tournament week in Casper. He and his friend Ormsby, each purchased a Ford "bug" in anticipation of an early Spring. On the fatal day Ormsby's bug refused to operate, so the two started back in one chariot. We understand that it was a cold dreary day, that Douglas was hidden in a snow drift and that recently R. M. Andrus accidently drove the bug to work!

On March 12, A. H. Lichty, vice-president of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, gave a most interesting talk to the members of the Luncheon Club. Mr. Lichty explained the steel industry from the iron ore to the finished steel products in a comprehensive manner.

The Standard Athletic Association held a very enjoyable dance in the Industrial building, March 17.

Robert Turnbull has left the employ of the company. He was in charge of the combustion department at Plant No. 1.

After spending several months in San Francisco, Mrs. Lucille Van Burgh is back at her old desk in the lubricating department. We are glad to welcome you back, Mrs. Van.

E. H. Clendennin and Joseph N. McClure have entered the employ of the company as draftsmen at Plant No. 3.

If anyone wishes to know why saddle horns are put on saddles, ask Frank Francis as he just found out a short time ago. (So did Bob Williams.)

Mrs. Clara Warren has decided that her new home needs her more than the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and severed connections. Mrs. Warren will be greatly missed about the main office.

Joseph Jennings has been seriously ill in the Private Hospital for many weeks. His many friends hope he will soon recover and be back among them.

Homer says: Rudy is the shebaless sheik of the shipping department. Some California camel driver is his successful successor. Rudy vows vengeance on the Sacramento sheik who has stolen his sheba.

Glenn says he has found a potent corrective for his eyes when they are out of focus after a hard week's work. He says a liberal application of this treatment enables him to see double what he could before. Jim Lanouette and Jack Angehrn, who occasionally accompany Glen when he takes the cure, say it is easy to take and gives very satisfactory results. He must use the same thing that Wagner uses for cough syrup.

The motor bug is buzzing around in the shipping department and Homer reports that in a recent talk-tour Messrs. Turner and Rice broke all records. You need to be strapped in when you ride with these birds.

Uncle Rudy says his new niece is a spiffy little chick, but she can't scratch yet. He likes 'em when they scratch. Ray Turner says that Rudy is a rough sheik but he bums his Camels and that any chicken will scratch if she has occasion.

Homer Gerbig, a man of many talents, in demonstrating the ease with which a slow handspring may be turned, tore his silk shirt. We didn't know Homer had a silk shirt. This must be a new acquisition.

Jean says he isn't going to teach his next wife how to drive his car—he wants to use it himself once in a while.

Jack Angehrn, after a thorough investigation of real estate values in Casper and numerous consultations with experienced investors, has decided to buy a lot in the Standard sub-division.

If Crone doesn't quit buying new houses and painting them, he'll have the painters' union after him. Crone has improved the looks of North Casper considerably by this method.

E. N. Henley and Paul Briney are the recipients of frequent calls from the representatives of automobile agencies—from the Chevrolet salesman down.

Derril Hathaway, Ray Traylor and Maurice Post, members of the champion team in the City Basketball League, spent a week in Denver with the other members of the team trying to win the Rocky Mountain championship. The boys were highly commended by the Denver sport scribes for their clever floor work and ability to hit the basket. Although they didn't bring home first honors, they made a very creditable showing.

It looks as though Brian Daugherty is seriously contemplating a change in his status as a taxpayer. Like all old bachelors, Brian has a Patrick Henry disposition, but from all reports concerning the other party involved Doc can't be making much of a mistake. No Irishman has the proper back ground without whiskers, a clay pipe and six little "bits o' heaven."

If the wearin' o' the green makes an Irishman, St. Patrick's Day is a wonderful melting pot. But how you can say "Pat" to a Pennsylvania Dutchman is beyond our ken.

Jack Angehrn has bought a new hat. I suppose this doesn't mean much to most of you, but for Jack it's just like leaving home. The battle-scarred vet which the new purchase is to replace is reported to have done duty for seven years on the same head.

H. M. Robb says he's giong to spend a barrel of Red Crown and a couple of quarts of Polarine on his vacation trip to the Park and back. We can't make the stock pay dividends that way. Maybe we can persuade the management to keep him home.

The combustion department has been working so hard it hasn't had time to give us much news, but we did manage to extract a couple of secrets. Paul Otto and Thorvald Laursen were recently transferred to the combustion department and Royce Mundell is the latest acqui-

sition. Royce comes from the same department at No. 3 plant.

Dr. Roscoe Reeve of Whiting spent several days with us in consultation over the plans for the Emergency Hospital at Plant No. 3.

Friends of V. E. Hanson enjoyed the cigars he provided—the occasion being the arrival of his third son on March 24.

J. J. Lewis of the accounting department appears to be very downhearted and blue these days, especially since Saturday. What's the matter, Lewis? Oh, yes, Mrs. Warren bade us adieu Saturday noon.

H. R. Bates is rejoicing over the birth of a son, Burton Richard, on March 12 and his friends rejoiced with him (over the cigars).

Miss Etelka Boling has recovered from la grippe and we are glad to see her circulating around the building again.

A new Chevrolet touring car has been purchased by E. J. Hanson—the drafting room force expects to hear a good many fish stories after April 1.

A regular meeting of the Foreman's Club was held in the auditorium of the Industrial Relations Building April 1. A. V. Forbes, outgoing president, briefly reviewed the events and accomplishments of the club during the past year and paid a glowing tribute to our new president, L. G. Smith, who responded saying that while he had not the flowery eloquence of the gentleman from Tennessee, he would do all in his power to make the new year a success.

Moved by C. B. Pierce that the by-laws of this club be amended to read as follows:

"Termination of membership."

"Section 1. Article 1. Membership dues are payable on the first regular meeting of each quarter. Any member in arrears for a period of ninety days automatically becomes delinquent and his membership is terminated. Article 2. Any member whose membership has been terminated as provided in Section 1 of amendment No. 1 to the by-laws, may be re-instated by the payment of the initial membership fee of 51 and the payment of his subsequent quarterly dues in advance." Motion seconded by W. C. Goodwin. Carried.

Pitt Covert Jr. gave us an address on "Rerunning and Finishing."

The meeting was turned over to the entertainment committee, Huff, chairman, Messrs. Abbott, Blanton, Degan, Canady, Francis, Glendenning, Hanson, Hamilton, Holden, Hooper, Pierce, Watson and Wiederhold. To the strains of "The Bohemian Girl," the members of the entertainment committee took their places at a table on the stage, while Hughie Henderson, who ministers to their wants at the noon hour, proceeded to tell their likes in Mother Goose Rhymes. J. A. Degan said grace, asking for everything but liquid refreshments. Miss Watson, very daintily costumed, danced the "Irish Lilt," receiving a hearty encore. Mrs. F. L. Abbott gave an illustrated lecture on "Home Life in Japan." Mr. F. L. Abbott took the pointer toward the middle of the lecture and showed us some of the difficulties of building wax plants in Japan. This number was one of the mostinteresting and instructive yet delivered to the club. Miss Glendenning, in full sailor costume, danced the "Sailor's Hornpipe" so well that her audience insisted on an encore. D. M. Lobdell put "The Shiftmen's Benefit Association" in the home by showing how we were tearing up the benefit check for our loved ones by not joining the Association.

GREYBULL, WYO.

John Collins, still cleaner at No. 2 house, is the proud father of a brand new girl.

Bartie Bentley has been confined to his bed with a severe attack of the grippe.

Albert Meyers and family left Thursday for the Pacific coast on a two weeks' vacation.

Andy Thompson, superintendent of plant No. 1, Casper, accompanied by Waldo Roberts, also of Casper refineries, is spending a few days reconnoitering the local plants. When asked the nature of his mission, Andy intimated that he was desirous of establishing training quarters for his Red Crown ball nine somewhere about Greybull.

Anson Higby, formerly of warehouse fame, paid the boys a recent visit during noon hour. Anson has more pepper than a barrel of monkeys and says he is returning to Salt Creek where there is no danger of a fresh guy spoiling. He warned "Red" Dunn about loitering in the park this Summer, says, "You can't be a kid all you life." Righto.

George W. Snyder says his choice bull pup has "pulled up" with a severe case of distemper. He says, "It isn't the coff that will carry him off, but it's the coff-in they will carry him off in." We certainly hope not, George, especially while his future is in front of him—he hasn't seen his day as yet.

Kid Dockery, sanitary engineer, says that one Joseph Zednick, official trapper for plant No. 2, would cry with a loaf of bread under each arm. He says that when things really break good for the old boy that he has not the necessary courage to take the pelt off his catch without hollering for help—it was a bear.

G. R. Barton has returned from Washington, where he buried his mother. Useless to say, every member of the refineries extend to him their profound sympathy in this hour of bereavement.

Steve Krajicek, civil engineer, returned from Nebraska where he was called by his mother's serious illness. He reports his mother well along upon the royal road to recovery. Steve returned quite enthused over his brother's rabbit ranch, and contends that the business, as an enterprise, shall "eventually, why not now."

Sol and "Ted" Epperson failed to appear one day last week, and they had to start the air compressor without the air-dale. It runs all right in Ted's absence, but is not frightened to such intense energy.

Louie Smith never did it; he never caused the suspension of his wife's school—so we apologize for boardcasting such false reports, and we won't tell of the difficulty encountered during his last visit. Maybe a rancher pulled his car out of the mud and maybe he didn't—we can't know.

Daddy Gregg, watchman-artist, has contributed a cheerful and appropriate assortment of artistic sketches along with a correct announcement of temperature, as registered by mercury. There is something about the creations, especially, that seem to give the boys a cheerful start. Keep it up, Daddy.

Billy Kizzire, foreman of the heavy gang, was called to his old home in Iowa by the death of his sister. You have our sympathy, Bill.

Andy Hurst says that Jim Ruddy might kid the boys along about tonsilitis, but he has the dope on Jim—says the old kiddo is taking a short cut on the gland cure, hypo-ing the essence of eternal youth.

Louis Luft ventured into the power house in quest of empty oxygen cans—quite an adventure for Lou. Some people have been farther around a ham bone looking for meat than he has been away from the warehouse for many moons. He says he can't depend on Mike to look after things; the mystic power of Spring juggles her kitten heart.

"Black Mountain" Berry, glutton for his altitude, and a friend to those who thrill to the beauty of Summer moonlight upon crags and cliffs, says that grotesque shadows with ruins of real antiquity shall yield soon to his "mountain gear"—going up.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Dick Williams of the office force was elected exalted ruler and E. L. Knight, chief clerk, was elected esteemed loyal knight of the Laramie Lodge No. 582, B. P. O. Elks, at the regular election on the first Monday in March.

"V" Knight, chief clerk of plant No. 2, was appointed captain of the 115th calvary troop, which is to be stationed at Laramie.

George Nottage, pipe machine man of plant No. 2, has been promoted to treater, while Ed Polidna, the heavyweight, is keeping pace in the machine shop.

Earl Johnson is back on the job again after a week's layoff with a severe cold .

"Frenchy" Choquette is on his way to the land of sunshine and roses. He expects to spend about ninety days in Los Angeles.

Russel Morris attended another of those Bosler dances last Saturday night. Must be some swell "dames" up there.

Bad Jimmie Dolan, the watchman, had an operation recently, having his tonsils removed. We notice he has also lost much weight, but we are certain that he'll soon be stepping again.

Basil Oakley traded his Franklin in on a new Studebaker. It looks like a twin to the one that Stricker has.

Ralph Cook has a new radio set and says that he is able to get stations at either coast.

Andy Winchell has been ill for a few days but has returned for work and is feeling much better.

Robay says if these frozen Spring showers don't let up soon, April 1 and fishing season will be out of place, and he thinks it will tickle the fish if he cannot get out. (They only laugh at him when he does try to catch some.)

Cash Miller is singing, "Hurrah, my wife has gone away." We understand she has taken a month's vacation and will spend most of her time in Tulsa, Okla.

D. E. Hunton is the proud father of a gold-plated Buescher saxophone and will use it to serenade the fair dames.

E. L. Keesee and P. E. Elmore are playing the "Boilermakers' Blues" with their chipping guns. Sounds like old times.

B. Ferris is making regular trips to Fort Collins. We wonder why? Maybe smokes soon.

Mrs. A. J. Jones, who underwent a very serious operation, is on the road to recovery, which relieves "Farmer" of much worry and brings back the old smile.

J. L. Cornish has been promoted from still cleaner to fireman. Good work, John, we are glad to see the advance.

Bob Elliff is trying to find a hill without snow, on which he can try out the new Jewett. Better leave it in the garage. We have snow till June.

Ben Minter, a still cleaner, is getting ready to answer the call of the wild. He says he's going to make the old ranch pay.

T. C. Kellogg's little baby boy has been quite ill and we are glad to hear that he is getting much better.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Distribution Department

Fred Tamblyn's pet peeve is to go into a barber shop and have to wait until somebody's grandma gets her hair bobbed.

Jean, Dora and Elsie emphatically declare that they just won't have their hair bobbed.

Hot dog, Williard got a hair cut, but they had to give him gas.

'Tis rumored that Charley Little had a job in a mattress factory before joining our family. We were further informed that he made one mattress, then laid down on the job.

We certainly have a cosmopolitan luncheon crowd in our end of the office every noon. The following nationalities are represented: Italian, Scandinavian, Irish, French and German. However, they are all of the fair sex and they sure look good.

The scribe that is writing this knows the printer that sets it up and if he doesn't do it right, we'll meet in Chicago Lawn. Choose your own weapons.

"Q." Who is the luckiest left-handed card player in Chicago Lawn? "A." Lewis Yocum. Ask Kelley, he knows.

Cooperage Department

Miss Colbert has decided to commit matrimony. She left us April 1. We all extend hearty congratulations.

We thought for awhile that the Cooperage Department would be 100 per cent "bob," but some of the girls backed out and decided to retain their tresses.

Fifth Floor

As a heart player, John Lagenza sure would make a wonderful bareback rider.

We hope you all have noticed the knock-'em-dead sweater Dock Holland has been wearing lately. He sure is there.

Herb Modert sure got a thrill the other night. The flying squad pulled up to Herb's car just as he was putting a mysterious box into it. They searched Herb and found nothing but radio parts.

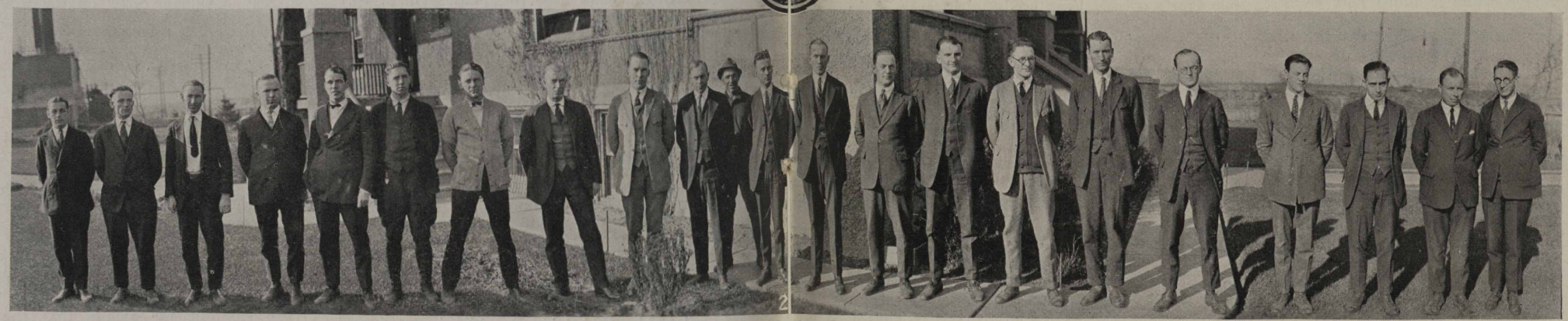
Sarg. Henshaw would have made a wonderful success of his tulip beds if old man rheumatism hadn't socked him one.

We note Miss Exerine ("Polarine") Julien has been sporting a big diamond lately. What is the date, Rene.

We take this opportunity to announce the arrival of a wonderful baby girl at the home of Harold Foote.

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATING A GIRL SHORTAGE IN THE GOLDEN WEST



Casper, Wyo.—No. 1—Left to right is the office force of Casper Plant No. 3: Ned James, Carlo Colibraro, George Brown, J. J. Lewis, H. G. Holstein, Charles Burdick, Clyde Gibson, Frank Robinson, K. C. Bass, J. E. Rouse, C. Carboneau, R. E. Wood, Jack Catterall (now of Chicago), L. A. Varnadore, George Lytle, M. E. Reynecke, T. S. Cooke, Miss Adeline Gilbourne, Miss Catherine Coyle, D. J. Smith, Miss Betty Tolhurst, Miss Etelka Boling, Cy Rynolski, Miss Gene Lown, Al Leak, A. W. Swanson, W. J. Stilt, E. W. Fassett, D. L. Rankin, S. S. Parker, J. A. Richards, J. K. Roedel, Bob Lithredge, Joe Jennings, Henry Benick, Joe Saland, Chas. McGrady, Doc Doherty, Tom Haines, Tracy Canady, Leigh McGrath, V. E. Hanson, J. H. Arbuckle, Barney Borgstrand, F. C. Paine, C. A. Hughes, Larrey Cullen, Herman Duis, Roy Heap, Eddie Slater, H. E. McKnight, Vance Shepard, Myron Utick, E. S. Walker and E. J. Hanson. Because the editors understand there is a shortage of girls in the Golden West, the names are published for the benefit of the girls of the sales department. Y'welkum. No. 2—Left to right are men of Plant No. 1: Shea, Turner, Smith, Gibson, Daugherty, Rice, Dettwyler, McKinney, Henley, Crone, Pellitier, Lanouette, Forbes Howland, Angehrn, Lyttle, Robb, Knittle, Gerbig, Briney, Mignolet and Larson. As our correspondent states, the picture is a good one and any one in the photo can be easily recognized. He may not look that way to himself, but he looks that way to the rest of the world.

(Continued from page 31)

Traffic Department

We were favored with a visit on March 28 during lunch time by one of our "former pupils," Dan Cammero, whom some of you may know. We didn't get his number, so you may trust to luck to ride in his "Yellow"!

Our esteemed fellow Socoite, Julius Koop, in Mr. Tyrrell's department, left the last of March. We're very sorry to see you go and wish you every success in whatever new work you take up, Mr. Koop.

Another member added to the bobbed-headed clan! Edith Swanson is the latest achievement of this beneficent organization.

Mr. Craver, our erstwhile Van Dyke, wants to become a candidate of the above-named clan. We'll forgive *him,* though, because his chin was clean shaven last year.

A hint to the hopeless: The ultra modest females who have sacrificed their crowning glory on the altar of fashion only to find, to their dismay, their ears pushing through the hirsute jungle will welcome a sugestion made by Helen Buldman. She says to refrain from using soap and water on these postiferous portions of the anatomy and in due course of time they will assume a hue which will render them visible only upon close inspection.

Jim Tyrrell is sporting a brand new twenty-year service button. He is rather disappointed because none of the girls have asked him to let 'em wear it, like they do the frat pins . Nothing personal in it, Jim. You must realize how inappropriate a twenty-year service button would look on a Sweet 16.

R. C. King spent the first week of April at home. Cause, flu.

Spring has come, releasing "Ernie" Persons from the shackles which enslaved him to the furnace and all Chester Highlands resounds with the joyful clank of his lawn mower. By the end of Summer Ernie will have a "figger" not to be outdone this side of Hollywood.

Florence Johnston is making a new dress, which you will have the opportunity to admire if it has not gone out of style by the time she finishes it.

General Manager's Office

Will someone please ask Mr. Blodgett where he spent the noon hour that he should come in with the sleeve of his shirt torn out.

We understand quite a few of our men in the general manager's office are rushing back from lunch these days to hear Mr. Long render his daily whistle recitals. Mr. Long, we can now understand why you wear the "Community Service Button."

Our own Edith Stonehouse has made her debut in Chicago recently. She sang at the Central Theater and didn't get stage struck either.

We think Mr. Shaw has the right idea when he makes it a point to drive by the office for Mrs. Shaw promptly at 5 p. m. Otherwise, we think a number of our boys might be tempted to say "Going North?"

It must be wonderful to have a disposition like Miss Swenson, our file clerk, even McCahill and Daly do not get her excited.

Our office boys must have a grudge against Messrs. Essery and Longhenry. Either that or else they dictate such hot letters that the boys are unable to carry them safely to the dictaphone department.

Among our new radio fans is Jack Nilest. Jack sits up with his radio until the wee hours of the morning and we are wondering if he has ever gotten Chilly.

Anybody wanting instructions on how to play checkers, we would suggest they get in touch with Bob and Art.

The girls of the general manager's office certainly do miss Ray's jolly voice as he kept them pretty well posted on the latest jazz hits.

Mr. Essery is wearing a broad smile—and here's a reason. He announces the arrival of an eight-pound baby girl on March 11.

Joe Parmelee, who was recently transferred here from the Detroit office, has returned to go into business for himself.

Bert Stanke was a visitor today. He was sick for three months with typhoid but is now doing well.

Commodore Jones has returned after a few days in Canada, and upon his return endeavored to pay the taxicab driver with a Canadian two-dollar bill.

All the girls of this department are jealous of one of our junior clerks, Earl Clark's, hair. Some wave — we'll say — a regular Thomas Meighan.

The "shingle" bob has reached the general manager's office. Very pretty, girls, even if the men don't seem to approve of it.

It's a wonder Miss Wilkey would not give the rest of our girls a chance and introduce us to a few of the Evansville fellows. Wonder if we would get the warm reception that she gets when any of them come into Chicago.

Miss Franket evidently believes in safety first. She purchased herself a bunch of sweetpeas, and when asked the reason, she merely announced her engagement with a dentist.

Miss Burton already has visions of making the little Oklahoma town sit up and take notice when she goes home for a vacation soon.

See here, Miss Stonehouse, do you expect us to believe that in your rush to catch your train, that you fell accidentally. Better watch, Edith, these I. C. conductors perhaps mean well, but—

For different shades of hose see Miss Tillisch. She seems to specialize in a different shade every day.

We feel that someone is going to be out of a job, now that the warm weather is coming, and Miss George will have no further need for assistance in removing her boots.

Has everyone noticed the difference in Mr. Gately recently? Wonder if he is eating Jack Sprat bread. Come on, Gately, give some of us pleasingly plump ones the secret.

Albert Fischer, the young lubricating department prodigy, is growing "one of those things," it looks like a dirt mark now but maybe it will improve.

Mr. Gutgsell doesn't care whether he can hear anything over his radio or not after he gets a long distance point, just so long as he gets it. As for us, we put on a phonograph record and tell ourselves it's London, England, and enjoy ourselves.

If you are ready to dispose of your old automobile see Mr. Kluender. He has two now and room for more.

We are still curious to learn about the mysteri-

ous telephone call for a seamstress immediately. Mrs. Gillette can qualify as such but arrived on the scene too late, it seemed. (Ask Jack Lannin why.)

Our girls were glad to get back in their "own office" which they were obliged to vacate for the managers' meeting.

The only time we get a rise out of Miss Sandhagen is when she tells someone he "ran off the cylinder."

Manufacturing Department

The bobbed hair company is getting results. Betsy Roche's famous auburn tresses have fallen victim to the shears and Miss Ward has followed suit. There are still a few lingering on.

Heard in Stewart's Restaurant: Charlie Aucoin to waitress, "I think I have some beans coming."

Sandy's family keeps on increasing. A few months back a baby; now the cat has kittens. If things keep on coming, Sandy claims the wolf will be at the back door with pups.

The bookkeeping department is all "het up" because the wife of one of the bookkeepers had her picture in the society columns of the *Tribune*.

Koehler: "Lightning, where do you get that name from, your forefathers?" Lightning: "Hugh," go W-A-N now, I only got one father.

Spring is here! Thomas bought his girl a diamond. George Johnson is feathering a nest and Benny Wolfe shaved off his misplaced eye-brow.

Tax Department

R. D. Perring has become addicted to the use of bandoline and glazo nail polish, the reason being he is now the father of a new baby girl, born March 5, 1924.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente (General Offices) and D. B. Hill (Field), Correspondents; Harry Blix, M. C. Peterson and Art Emrath, Associate Correspondents

Congratulations to our old friend C. L. Manson, president of the "Red Crown Social Club," Mason City, Iowa.

Salesman Stassen has fallen, too. But Stassen is lucky, he didn't have to move from California to get her as did our able Bill Bryant. That's it, girls, make 'em chase after you.

Fred Appel got a brand new pipe and now he doesn't smoke it any more. I guess Fred got tired of explaining to people that it was a new style pipe and that he really wasn't smoking it upside down.

Howard Gerrish took a trip to Buffalo several weeks ago to see his new son, born February 1. Howard says, "He's some boy," and we'll take his word for it.

Sure signs of Spring! Al Burns with a couple of new suits. D. T. Rooney wearing a pair of "golf socks."

Rogers Park Station is surely growing fast. Charles Perry and Edward Rumann are both proud papas, and both of them are boys.

Now that "Spring's Come," Max Rosel of Gary likes to try out his lungs by calling to his dealers, while quite a distance from their stores. He started this on April 1 and everyone thought Max was playing "April Fool" jokes on them.

Fred Kriewitz, also of Gary, seems to have a lot of "pep" on account of the Spring fever. And with his territory running over to the Dunes, he keeps his old flivver going on high. Ask Fred about his friend "Dad" Arvidson.

D. B. Hill, the Chicago advertising man, spent two days with the sales force in Gary and Hammond. Claims he drove over 300 miles. Bradley of Hammond was with him—part way.

"Russ" Kershaw, the office man of the advertising department, is worried over the fact that Spring painting will soon be over and he won't be bothered by the salesmen calling him up. One question that he would like to have answered is, "When will the pumps be painted?"

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

Gee, have ya seen Mr. Bragg's new bus—a powerful six-cylinder Essex with a shine that nothing else but Semdac could beat. The question is now, when do we ride? The remark has been made that if Mr. Bragg drives like he dances, he'll be arrested for speeding. And in this connection, anyone who is not educated as to the speed and tail light laws in Bettendorf can get first hand information from Glen Slater, at least that's what he says.

Ed Day is such a firm believer in the beauty of a clean desk that he works overtime shining plate glass and mahogany. Yeh, he'll get over that, too.

Miss Marie Most, who, a year or two ago, worked at the main office in Minneapolis and was STANOLIND RECORD correspondent there (poor thing), is now pounding keys in the sales department at the Davenport office, and believe us, she knows her typewriter.

So, Mr. Watson calls for Miss Ticktin at 9 p. m. Well, well!

Miss Hazel Sutherland was in the office for a few minutes the other day, and her hair is bobbed. "It gets them all."

A gang of girls from the second floor were playing Chinese poker the other noon and made so much noise that the Gordon Van Tine menage got out fire extinguishers thinking a tank of Red Crown had exploded.

We hear that even Mr. "It-Can-Be-Done" Stewart couldn't get the train to Burlington in time for the dealers' meeting.

Vivacious Red Roland from Mason City was in the other day. Glad hand all around. Isn't he the healthiest looking thing you ever saw? Wonder if that brisk, biting air up north is giving Flo and Tylle red cheeks, too?

Pat Bostrom, "B" station salesman at Garrison, has allowed us the privilege of publishing his last and greatest poetic attempt, which follows:

"The Lord has a place in Heaven
For all who'll work and boost,
But the fellow who's always knocking
Must go elsewhere to roost."

Bob Lacock, "B" station salesman at Tipton, says: "Let it rain and be damp," but when the roads get good he's going to give twenty-four-hour service. Attaboy!

Iowa City tunes in: "Our friend in need, Art Minor, mechanic and champion pitch player, has been with us again a few days this week. Boy, he sure has them all running out of here on high gear. You can't tell 'em from Packards. Howsoev, yesterday noon he lost his title of champion pitch player by neglecting to cut the cards. We had a real nice get-together meeting a few days ago, with all the cowboys present

from West Branch and West Liberty. Everything was quiet until 7 o'clock, when they started handin' out grub and there was a lot of static from the Rogers' silver when little Fat Carter and all the rest got into motion. In spite of their vigorous exercises, everyone was able to get to the warehouse where the meeting was held, but our friends, Harney and Gibson, have to take the bus. Then about three hours were spent in opinions from all, and a lot of wonderful good stuff from our leader, F. J. Jennings."

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

K. B. Gardner, refined oil correspondent, took a little hike to the Windy City as a member of the I. T. S. Indoor Baseball Team on March 22, the team playing the Hebrew Institute nine. K. B. says, "We took a good beating."

L. W. ("Joe") Cannon says that young son which recently arrived at his home will surely make a congressman, as he has already brought several bills before the house.

On first seeing the wonderful new diamond Dean Morris has been wearing recently, Porter Simcox was heard to exclaim, "My gosh, it looks like a nickel's worth of ice."

Chief Clerk Honomichl and P. J. Cantoni, credit man, have been spending several of their evenings of late around a certain jewelry store, and from the amount of stuff they carried home with them (purchased, of course), they must be contemplating starting a store of their own. It is reported they found some "rare" bargains.

What we want to know is, can the following incident be taken as another sign of spring, or what? E. E. Schroeder, city salesman, appeared on the scene about 8 a. m. all dressed up in a new tuxedo collar. It was a great success, apparently, but evidently Schroeder couldn't appreciate it as he took "it" off at noon.

Chief Station Examiner Charles G. Owens was in Venice and Granite City the day the two safes were blown. The strange part of it is he came to the office next day wearing a new suit of clothes.

We are very sorry to have to report the death of Mrs. H. O. Linkhart, wife of our Lerna agent. The sympathy of the entire Soco family goes out to you, Mr. Linkhart, in your time of trouble and sorrow.

Vernon Smith, T. W. salesman at Granite City, asked a friend of his if his wife spoke at a meeting. "I don't know your wife," says his friend. "But there was a tall thin lady who arose and said she could not find words to express her feelings." Mr. Smith interrupted with the remark, "That wasn't my wife." (Better keep this from your wife, Smith.)

Mr. Kachelhoffer held an interesting and enthusiastic meeting with the Alton and Wood River sales forces March 6. Mr. Powell and C. G. Owens of the Decatur office were present and made interesting and helpful talks. Other speakers were Messrs. Kachelhoffer, White and Norris.

They do say Agent Manlove of Wood River is some salesman. This was demonstrated when he sold Polarine to "Farmer" Kie Manion. (Did you get the cash, Cliff?) They call it a dummy sale, but who was the dummy?

At a recent ball given by the Alton Poultry Association, the S. O. boys, as usual, carried off the lion's share of the honors. T. W. Salesman W. F. Davitz was voted the best looking man, and Salesman H. C. Norris, the tallest and fattest man present. Salesman White, who by the way is a good Methodist, was heard to remark, "My, how those chickens can dance." When it comes to that, those Alton boys shake a mighty wicked foot themselves.

Clifford Neill, attendant at S. S. No. 31, Alton, who was called to Chicago recently to one of Uncle Sam's hospitals, has returned and again taken up his regular work. He is so everlastingly wrapped up in that service that even Uncle Sam could not hold him.

Peter Walters is the new attendant at S. S. No. 2, Alton. Welcome to the great S. O. family, Pete.

Homer Hausafus, our Granite City agent, was detained at an agents' and drivers' meeting one evening recently and it was rather late when he got home. The next morning Homer had a black eye and minor other bruises. In explanation of this, Homer says he was going home that night and a bad dog got after him, and in his hasty retreat one of the planks in a board walk flew up and hit him in the face.

The sympathy of the entire organization goes out to Agent Manion of Alton, who recently lost his mother. She was born in Fayette County, Ill., and her entire life of 80 years was spent in that community.

Homer Hausafus, our Granite City agent, has a smiling face, but you should have seen the grin on his face March 28. Reason? A bouncing baby boy who arrived March 27.

Our genial representative at Paris, Ill., Charles F. Spaulding, received the thirty-second degree at the recent Consistory Reunion at Danville, Ill.

Agent Schaeffer of Mascoutah, Ill., station is certainly a lucky guy. His wife doesn't like an electric vacuum cleaner she has, and so asked Joe to get her an old-fashioned Bissell sweeper. On his next visit to East St. Louis he was fortunate enough to find just the kind of sweeper Mrs. Schaeffer wanted. Along with the sweeper they gave him a ticket which called for a chance on an automobile and Schaeffer was lucky enough to hold the number which drew the car. Some of you other fellows take notice and buy your wife what she wants.

It develops those frequent trips which T. W Salesman Grant Binegar of Arthur has been making to Tuscola were not made in vain, as word has just come to us that he was recently united in marriage to Miss Mary Bostic of that place. You slipped one over on us that time, Grant, but we'll forgive you and extend to you and the "Missus" our best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous life.

Messrs. Launtz, Honomichl, Jarrett and Deem attended the Shrine ceremony at Moolah Temple, St, Louis, Mo., February 29.

The second series of education meetings were held recently, as follows: Decatur, March 18; Danville, March 20, and East St. Louis, March 25.

G. J. Delaney, T. W. driver at Pana, with the assistance of Salesman Bowman, made a business trip to Tower Hill with a motor tank truck while the roads were not the best. They returned with an empty truck an eleven-dollar expense bill and reported they were not truck drivers but *salesmen.*

Wanted: A man or woman to out-argue W. C. Smith, driver at Pana. Oscar Martin, we *know*

you have no chance. (Oscar says he will try anything once.—Correspondent.)

Clyde Ricketts of S. S. No. 44, Champaign, has been sent to Chicago for an operation. You have our best wishes for a speedy recovery, Clyde.

The following men from the Urbana station attended the meeting in Danville which was held for drivers and attendants: L. M. Sands, Rollie Rhodes, Ernest Colson, Ellis Coon, Marion Brownfield, Clarence White, Allan Steel, Glen Wright and Joe Lustig.

Driver Rollie Rhodes has resigned and his place has been taken by Rollie Mottar. Here's hoping the second Rollie can hit the ball like Rollie No. 1.

Danville can and does boast of having the best looking fleet of trucks in the Decatur field. We have just completed repainting all of our trucks. (Some modest, aren't you, Danville?)

Driver Hallett, Danville, is the proud driver of a new International truck. He says that it is the best looking truck at the plant.

Driver Brewer, Danville, is the owner of a new Ford touring car and also the driver of a new Ford truck, so he is in the same boat with Hallett.

Salesman Don Black still maintains that he is the champion checker player of the Decatur field. Look out for Mr. Beshoar, Don.

Since Mr. Beshoar has learned to dance, every time he hears some good music he gets "loose feet."

James Dalbey, Danville, has purchased a new Ford coupe to ride back and forth to work in.

The employes at the Danville plant have organized a Bulldog Club. The members are Jean Lewis, Abe O'Neal, Carl Kieser, Miles Jeter and Clarence Dickerson. Since Mr. Beshoar has only a "mouse hound" he is considered a pledge.

We are glad to welcome Carl Kieser to our midst. He is driving motor stake dray at Danville, Ill.

Drivers Hallett and Brewer, Danville, are praying for a little sunshine on their country routes. The roads are almost bottomless and each man has been assigned a brand new truck and is "rearing" to get out and show his "stuff."

Salesman D. R. Black's smile has been a little forced lately. He has been visiting the dentist and says the drill hit his back collar button twice.

You will do well to keep your eyes on the Danville bunch, for they are making some mighty big promises to Agent Beshoar. It is beginning to look as though Salesman Black was going to have some mighty "keen" competition right among his own fellows. We are sure, however, that it will be all right with Black, for he is a bear for punishment.

Amos Bell, assistant general manager, visited East St. Louis on March 25 and attended a meeting held for the East St. Louis employes.

Allan Markert has joined the East St. Louis force as a stake truck driver.

C. E. Rode, our East St. Louis agent, announces that one of his valuable employes has asked permission to be away a few days in June. We can use our own judgment as to what this party wants off for in June, but the question is, Who asked him such a question?

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Miss Mary Strain, bill clerk, has returned to work after a severe seige of sickness. Glad to see you back, Miss Strain.

Russell Wallerstedt, office sheik, has started on his third bottle of Stanolax. He says he likes it much better than Sta-Comb for the hair. Looks fine to Maxie.

The remodeling of S. S. No. 307, Ames, is nearing completion. Attendants Weagley and Grund are wondering how it will seem to step outside the door without a shingle or something bouncing off their head. Of course Weagley don't mind it so much, but Grund, being a newlywed, hasn't acquired the habit yet of dodging flying objects.

Attendant Corey, Ames, has some beautiful flowers in his Essex coach. Coney says he doesn't need a heater, he just looks at the flowers and thinks Summer is here.

Our agent, Harold Reistter, Cambridge, Iowa, says muddy roads are no place for a fat man, when you have to push.

Charles McDonald, S. S. No. 89, Ames, believes in "saying it with flowers." Anyhow, the flowers in Charlie's station look mighty cheerful when the snow and wind is blowing outside.

Agent R. L. Hoff, Grimes, has purchased a new Ford truck. Ray says the competitors might as well move out of Grimes territory because "there hain't going to be no leavings," now.

W. R. Brown, Ankeny agent, has purchased a new truck. Roy says it is service always with him.

Joe Kosilak, order department, is the proud father of a new baby girl. Mother and daughter doing fine. Congratulations, Joe!

We regret to report the death of Miss Agnes Fillmore, former telephone operator at the Des Moines office, who passed away at Fort Worth, Tex., on Monday, March 17. Burial will be at Marshalltown, Iowa.

Our new office boy, Paul Erickson, is a liberal sort of a chap, as he offered to put a shanty on Eisenhauer's eye and not charge for the lumber.

Roy Clark, tank wagon driver at Des Moines, is the proud father of an 8¾-pound boy, born March 5. All doing fine. Congratulations, Roy!

Our sympathy is extended to Bernard Hart, tank wagon driver at Des Moines, whose father passed away on March 11 at his home at Rolfe, Iowa.

Ivan Eisenhauer, mailing room, is an unlucky bird. One night he left his Ford for a short time and someone drained all of his gasoline from the tank and a few days later someone stole the generator. Better lock it up, Ivan.

We were all pleased to see Amos Ball, assistant general manager, who paid the Des Moines office a short visit recently.

We would like to find out why all the garage gang at Des Moines call J. M. Robinson "Molasses." Mighty sweet name!

Elton E. Mann, formerly of the Des Moines office general supply department, who moved to the sunny South, is now assistant manager of the Western Auto Supply Company of Atlanta, Ga.

Elmer Noonan, salesman, and Miss Margaret Strief of Dubuque on March 4 were married at the Visitation Church. Mr. and Mrs. Noonan left immediately after the ceremony for a short

trip to Omaha and are now at home at 1920 Jefferson St. We liked the cigar fine, Elmer.

Rudolph Hanson, stenographer at the warehouse office, is suffering from another boil. This time it appeared on his neck. We hope that Rudy has no more boils.

Agent Roy Brown, Ankeny, is recovering from a severe case of mumps. Roy did not want to be cheated of any of his childhood joys.

The Soco Bowling Team lost one game out of three in the Industrial League on Monday, March 3—even with Carlson's 200 and Wright's 230. Two of our best bowlers, Farley and Baier, failed to show up or it would have ended in three straight for the Soco. Loud noise was heard at the Grand alleys early in the month when Wright rolled a 267 in one of "them ere" pot games. We hope this game stands high for March so we can smoke some of Wright's cigars. On March 10, Rube Peterson of the Soco Bowling Team came to the front and pulled two games out of the fire, making it possible to win three straight from the Still College team. Good work, Pete.

Paul Mills, attendant at S. S. No. 44, is passing out the cigars. It is a boy, and weighs about ten pounds. Paul says he will bring the boy around for extra help during the Summer rush.

Victor Boals, attendant at S. S. No. 97, is wearing a broad smile. The reason is that there is a new ten-pound boy at his house. Mother and son both are doing nicely.

Congratulations to Robert Metcalf, attendant at S. S. No. 98, who is the proud father of a baby girl. Mother and daughter both doing fine and everybody's happy.

Tom Ross, agent at Glidden, is sporting a new Ford truck.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Ross, father of Tommie Ross, Soco agent at Glidden.

W. D. Raker and A. J. Thieleke, T. W. drivers at Carroll, have placed their orders for new Buick cars for Spring delivery. P-s-s-t, girls! Raker is getting a coupe.

Harry Farrell, cashier at Carroll station, has just brought his wife from St. Anthony Hospital, where she underwent an operation.

We extend our sympathies to W. H. Sullivan, salesman at Carroll, who mourns the loss of a brother who died at his home in Ireland on January 9, 1924.

Jim Traner says he isn't going to plant any sweet corn this year. Why not, Jim, when brooms are selling at $1.25 per each?

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Being unable to improve on an article appearing in the Jackson paper for Sunday, April 6, we quote as follows:

"Standard Oil Company dinner dance is enjoyable event. First annual party held Friday evening. Guests entertained.

"The first and a bright forecast of what others will be, was the annual dinner and dancing party of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for the local employes, their guests and out-of-town guests, which was enjoyed Friday evening at the Wildwood Inn. At 8 o'clock a chicken dinner was served, with places being arranged for a company of 100. During the serving of the dinner vocal numbers were sung by Leonard Aldrich, accompanied by Mrs. Aldrich. The inn was decorated with spring blooms and brightly hued ribbon crepe, which added to the pretty effect. Following the dinner, dancing to Gage's three-piece orchestra was enjoyed. Cards were also played by those who did not care to dance. Out-of-town guests were: E: P. Galbreath, manager; A. E. Ralston, assistant manager; Joe Abbot, Al Bailey, Detroit; Gordon Smith, F. E. Cuttler, C. H. Treadwell, R. B. Wallace, R. J. Thompson, L. H. Torrence, Lansing, and E. J. Fallon, Adrian, who were accompanied by their guests." We can say, however, that the Detroit folks who attended this party were very much enthused over the good time shown them and are more convinced than ever that Jackson has one of the peppiest crowds in this field.

A new addition to the city garage sales force is Mr. Dreisbach, former city specialty salesman, and whom readers of the STANOLIND RECORD remember as the man of "Apteka Chain Drug Stores" fame. He started out in his new position in mighty good shape and there is no doubt but what he will prove the confidence that has been placed in him. To fill the place left vacant by Mrs. Dreisbach, H. M. Kiser, former T. W. driver at Bellevue, has been selected as city specialty salesman.

Another new member of our specialty force is F. W. Sweetland, formerly of the S. S. department.

Harold Clamage, S. S. No. 35, has a brand new, big, baby girl at his house. Glad to hear it, Harold.

A touch of sorrow entered into the life of members of the Detroit division owing to the recent death of Joe Schiller, our "B" agent at Orion. Schiller had been with us for quite a period and had made many friends among those who had come in contact with him.

There is one party in the personnel at Jackson who cannot be surpassed in any feat, whether at work or play. This is our jovial "A" station agent, Mr. Patterson, who during the past month has given considerable thought to the party reported above.

Jack Powell, S. S. No. 54, has just lined up two new five-gallon Semdac customers. Jack is the boy who sold and collected for a record amount of Semdac at his station last October.

The main office during the past week has been greeting the prodigal son who has returned in the form of Ray Hill. Ray, former specialty salesman and supervisor, wandered for a time into the foreign lands of the lubricating sales department, but returned last week in charge of specialty sales. In doing this, our office has lost our two-pair artist, Jimmie Poulson, who has taken the position vacated by Mr. Hill.

Supervisor Dinsmore says Cincinnati lost a good man when Lionel Applegate decided to move to Detroit. Mr. Applegate is at S. S. No. 73.

A matched game has been arranged between the candle sales department and the specialty department, but what we have all tried to find out is what kind of a game is to be played. Joe Kenrick, in charge of candle sales, says that is still a dark secret, but has promised us that he will find some game at which his "corps of salesmen" can outdo the specialty men. We suggest hide and seek, Joe, as it is hard to find your department.

Sheldon Smiley at S. S. No. 19 now more fully appreciates the words of the bard: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be, for lending," etc. Be-

cause why? Sheldon's station is out one new, shiny master bucket, which Sheldon loaned to a suave stranger.

Agent E. J. Fallon, Adrian, has boosted Adrian to such an extent that it now sports a new specialty man all its own. L. J. Bragg, former "A" station clerk, is filling this position in fine shape.

It has been decided to hold the S. S. supervisors' meetings at the garage hereafter. They all meet there once every four days, anyway.

A ten-pound daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kurzhals on March 13. Mr. Kurzhals is attendant at S. S. No. 12.

We are pleased to announce also the arrival of a baby boy at the home of Ernie Spann, maintenance department, on March 21.

Walter Meyers, S. S. No. 48, Strathmoor, got himself elected to justice of the peace for Greenfield township. Among other things this new job carries with it the privilege of marrying folks. Walter says he will be on the job twenty-four hours any day for ambitious Standard Oilers. No reason why we can't have a few marriages to announce next month with all the necessary equipment to be had right in the family.

Art Remington, our genial salesman, has devised a new means of increasing Merusol sales. He states that he is selling it to moonshiners to mix with moonshine, four ounces to one pint, and is very enthusiastic about the mixture. In his own words, "it goes down like the old stuff." Attaboy, Art, we shall look for you on top this year on Merusol.

With one week to go, bowling teams of the Detroit division league teams are lined up as follows:

Accounting and garage departments, tied for first; check department, second; sales department, third; specialty department, fourth; order department, fifth; West Detroit, sixth; River Rouge, seventh.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

It is with the deepest regret that we report the death of William H. Craig March 29. "Bill," as he was familiarly known to all of the employes, was draftsman in the main office at Duluth. He was 33 years old. Mr. Craig has been with our company for nearly five years and we of the Duluth field shall miss him very much. We all extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved relatives and especially Mrs. William Craig, his wife.

We missed John Horgan from the stationery room for the last three weeks. John was taken ill and was for some time confined to a local hospital, but we are glad to hear that he is again on his feet, though still too weak to be at work. You can't keep a good Irishman down, hey, John?

Bill Bell recently underwent an operation and is still confined to his bed. We sincerely hope that Bill will soon be well again.

Florence Lufholm was pleasantly surprised March 9 by a group of her office associates, the occasion being her birthday, "not mentioning which one." At 6 o'clock covers were laid for the following young ladies, Hattie Dwyer, Christine Larson, Esthyre Pomroy, Helen Dwyer, Ella Hatley, Leah Fontaine, Lill Bergstrom, Elenora Johnson, Myrtle Johnson and Mrs. F. Elander (nee Weatherby). Mrs. Elander at one time worked in our office and it seemed like old times to have her back again. On departing Miss Lufholm was presented with a beautiful traveling bag, a gift from the girls. Everyone wished Florence many more such happy birthdays.

We regret to report that Mrs. Nelson, mother of W. O. Nelson, clerk at the Escanaba main station, died on February 18. We extend our deepest sympathies to the bereaved family.

The annual convention for the sales organization of the Duluth territory was held at Duluth on March 22, 23, 24 and 25. All salesmen, agent instructors and "A" station agents were called in. The first meeting was started with a luncheon at the Holland Hotel. On Sunday a buffet luncheon was served under the able directions of Ivar Anderson at the Fortieth Avenue West main plant. The following girls from our office crew handled the serving admirably: Ann Lynott, Christine Larson, Myrtle Lindstrom, Hattie Dwyer, Florence Lufholm, Eleanore Johnson, Norma Patterson, Lillian Bergstrom and Helen Dwyer. On Tuesday afternoon fine talks were delivered by T. J. Thompson, general manager; Norman Grimshaw, assistant general manager; H. R. Cochran, assistant general manager of the Eastern division; Manager I. J. Shields; M. W. Dock, sales manager, and E. G. Rounds, lubricating correspondent.

A tableau representing the advantages of using advertising and good salesmanship in attaining our quotas was given with the assistance of Ray Lufholm and Clarence Jenkins of the office at a banquet to the sales department. Art Olson proved a very successful and enthusiastic song leader. Addresses were given by Dean Harry Walker and County Prosecuting Attorney Mason M. Forbes. The banquet hall was decorated in the company colors of red, white and blue. Impromptu talks were given by Mr. Dock, Mr. Shields, Mr. Trevathan, Mr. Mountford, Mr. Sullivan and some "Cousin Jack" stories were excellently told by our iron country salesman, R. G. Carlson.

Ella Foster of the seventh floor recently underwent an operation for removal of her tonsils. She came out fine.

Hattie Sawyer of the seventh floor recently motored to Hibbing and back on a Sunday. She enjoyed the trip immensely.

On April 5, we lost the services from the Duluth division main offices of our assistant chief clerk, Scott W. Marshall, who became chief clerk at Sioux City, Ia.

It is rumored that we will lose Miss Leah Fontaine from the main office on May 31. We certainly hope to have a piece of the wedding cake, Leah, and even at this early date we all want to extend our wishes for your future happiness. Also, we extend our congratulations to Charley Foster, the man in the case.

H. C. Jarvis, attendant at S. S. No. 25, has left for other work at Iron Mountain, Mich.

Edward Carlson, better known to Ishpeming folk as "Andy," is getting ready to put up the harness and bring out his official truck again. He says you can't get a quick enough start with old Dobbin, the hay burner.

Mr. Walters, lubricating salesman at Ishpeming, has his Ford out again and says it sure is fine to get behind the wheel again after traveling via railroad, horse-drawn vehicles and whatnot.

Mr. Silsbach, our mechanic, has repaired and painted all the motor-driven equipment.

Marinette, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sahaida recently journeyed to Milwaukee to consult specialists regarding the health of Mrs. Sahaida. Mrs. Sahaida is improving nicely at the present time.

Frank Bilek, attendant at S. S. No. 3, was severely injured when he was thrown from his bicycle in a collision with a truck.

We had M. W. Dock, sales manager of the Duluth division, with us recently.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

While John Limp was working the Anna circuit with C. W. Fisher, he stepped out of the truck into mud halfway up to his knees. Poor John had to go to bed while he dried his shoes and socks.

Johnson Reeves of S. S. No. 20, West Frankfort, has secured the enmity of the company employees who have been in the habit of stopping in West Frankfort for on Easter Sunday he is to take Aunt Doll's best cook to be cook for himself "now and forevermore, amen."

Fred J. Ahrens is handling the newly opened S. S. arrangement at Nashville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lamb of Petersburg have a baby boy about two months old. Ray advises the question of hiring another tank wagon driver has now been settled. He claims the boy is "Perfection" all through. Ray will need a helper as he has been recently elected to the city council.

They call Harold Berges "fire chief" in the Evansville office. Harold saw a house burning the other day and called up the fire department to send out all the trucks as the whole end of town was afire.

The fellows over at New Albany would like to know what Harold Guthrie, chief clerk, found so attractive in the seat he was occupying that kept him from getting up and giving it to the lady who had to reach so high to hold onto the strap just in front of Guthrie on the street car. It might have been the view—but then he wasn't looking out of the window.

The advertising program was put over big at the March salesman's meeting in Evansville by N. R. Grimshaw, Amos Ball, H. A. Lewis, H. R. Cochran and N. H. Reed of Chicago. And the good work was carried forward immediately by a series of meetings with the salesmen and agents at Vincennes, Bedford, New Albany and Murphysboro. Manager W. J. Lang, Ewald Brauns, Charles Taylor, John Edmonds and Chief Clerk H. E. Guthrie spoke at the four divisional meetings.

Ed Eberhart is originator of the following: "William Ralston will sing 'I can't be a carpenter because I haven't any nails'."

Percy Wightman suddenly turned several shades paler than white a few moments before Mr. Lang arose to introduce Wightman's speech before the Chicago officials at the salesman's meeting. The reason was that "Gas Charley" Hevron had stolen the copy of Percy's speech from his coat pocket and that Percy had only then discovered the loss when he had attempted a last minute glimpse at the pages.

Ernest Tarrant, Norris City agent, says he has swum through more mud trying to make deliveries the last three months than he had ever imagined to be on the face of the earth.

Norman Lipking had only been with us a couple of weeks when he announced the arrival of a new daughter at his home. Norman says the new mistress of the house is relentless.

We notice that Nettie Klein is becoming very much interested in the advertisements pertaining to house plans that are received in the mail each morning. She seems to be saving each and every one. How about it, Nettie, has he asked you to help pick the style of bungalow?

Rex and Margaret Gilleson are the proud parents of a new eight pound girl. When Margaret (nee Blondin) left the company to get married she kindly sent her husband to us to take her place. The entire office is naturally quite interested in the new arrival.

Harry Shriver came back from Chicago with a stiff neck. Some unkind person dropped the correspondent a note to the effect that it was a good thing it didn't rain while Harry was in the big city or he might have drowned.

What has DeTreville been wearing recently? Julie says it is nothing but a stiff back acquired in an accident with a taxicab. That's a little flimsy for the Safety first man to pull, Julie.

Our credit man, Ernest Mentzer, thought he had received a visitation from the black hand when he glanced down at one of the ledgers the other day; but investigation developed the fact that the feared sign was caused only by Otto Brill having reclined upon his hand while the hand was resting on the ledger page.

The two comptometer girls have quite an argument between themselves every time the expense book of L. D. Schock comes into the office to be added. Reason: Mr. Schock, the new and handsome addition to the sales force, has been in the habit of waiting near the comptometer operator's desk while his book was being proved.

Charlie Bamberger and Al Kleinlein were on the train recently with H. O. Wolfe, who was going up to open one of the new bulk stations. Wolfe told his companions that a conveyance would be waiting for him. When they reached the station there was no vehicle waiting except a hearse.

"Old Buck" Hugh Buchanan at Lawrenceville forsook the single life March 5 and took unto himself a bride, formerly Miss Sadie Montgomery.

Charlie Taylor had a terrible time keeping track of his bags and overcoats on the trips to the various agents' meetings. Charlie wouldn't leave the train for even a look at his old home town at Lincoln City without carrying his coat and bags along. Mr. Brauns thinks Taylor must have been carrying the family jewels with him.

In the pullman, where all the Standard folks and a few others were dressing, Taylor remarked to an old man near him: "Wasn't the snoring awful last night? It seems to be worse among men than it is among the women, doesn't it?" And the old fellow replied: "Sorry, pard, but I couldn't enlighten you. I've always been a bachelor."

Lewis P. Stafford is working hard on his new territory as agent-salesman at Herrin. Good luck, Stafford.

Albert Tafel had a grin from ear to ear March 20. The reason? A brand new bride, just secured the night before. The callers at the Main and Michigan Sts. service station certainly received sprightly service the latter part of that week.

Each employe of the company extends to H. L. Anderson their sincere sympathy and regret the loss of his father.

The boys at Duquoin, Ill., were all glad to see Roy Keller back on the job as S. S. attendant after his absence of almost two weeks on account of sickness.

Oscar Schneider is getting very impatient at Duquoin for fair weather, so that he can get out into the country and make his regular rounds among the farmers.

Of course we wouldn't breathe a word to a soul—but: isn't it strange that of all the nights in the world when Gilbert Heldt could have sprained his ankle, he picked out the night when the cops had all those folks jumping out of back windows?

Charley Taylor was discussing the merits of Bovinol when one of the salesmen interrupted to tell of its success in keeping fleas off of dogs. Charley said the company would not make claims along that line until they knew more about the effect the oil had on fleas. Then turning abruptly to Lonnie Brown, he asked: "Lon, do you know anything about fleas?" The meeting was halted to reinstate order.

Mrs. P. C. Marable, wife of the man who is painting all our stations this Spring, died suddenly after a week's illness from pneumonia. Mr. Marable has our heartfelt sympathy.

The correspondent was certainly pepped up by the numerous contributions received from those in the field. Some budding journalists are unburying their talents and we think the result is self-evident. Next month we hope to be so covered with material that the management will have to give us a private secretary (to be picked by ourselves, of course).

Roy Hudgens says this has been a bad month for sickness at Harrisburg, Harry Engleby, C. E. Wing and William Lengelsen having all been off at different times.

Bill Mofield, circuit driver, started to Raleigh with a load and about an hour afterwards 'phoned in to say he had lost his four horses in one of the southern Illinois mudholes.

The fellows at Harrisburg all want to know if Gus Bader knows any more Odd Fellow stories.

Franklin G. Charley at Bicknell was another of our contributors for this issue. He says the Bicknell Standard Oilers are just recovering from an acute attack of muditis.

Bill Steimel will be in the limelight delivering goods this Spring with his truck overhauled and newly painted.

Stake Truck Driver O. E. ("Benny") Benjamin had a call from the long-billed bird on March 16, which left an eight-pound doughter, Nina Rose.

D. A. ("Mac") McGlone, the burley Irishman of Bicknell, is back at work after having been out an entire week with a "hitch" in his back. Mac says he had to lay "other side down" and let the back rest.

Ray Wallace, city tank driver at Bicknell, persisted in trying the dirt streets with his big truck until he was forced to throw up his hands and yell enough.

The Evansville correspondent has been sitting back and allowing things to sort of slide along, but now he has to sit up and take notice, for his job is no longer the cinch he had begun to imagine it. Comes along one Harry M. V. Shackelford and shows the aforementioned scribe how news should be gotten and handled after obtained. Witness ye, therefore, the evidence with your own eyes:

Attendant James Murphy of S. S. No. 9 is strutting his stuff. The reason: a big baby girl. The cigars were like a dream, Jim. (A bad one.) The father is doing nicely.

Earl Vandermark, assistant warehouseman, who sustained painful injuries recently when his car was hit by a fast train, is recovering nicely, and is back on the job. Earl, m'dear, although we back you in your contention that Red Crown is there with the kick, don't you think it good policy to refrain from further tests with steam locomotion as an opponent? A word, etc.

We hear that recently Roy Kaufman and Heinie Strange were the participants—sans opponents—in a foot race, a street car as the prize. Such an event would have to be seen to be appreciated.

William Duncan, the golden-voiced mechanics, caroled blithely recently at our leading theatre as one of the Hoosier Quartette. We think we know the secret, Willie. Finol? For all delicate mechanisms. Yeah, that's it.

Frank Danes, clerk, received some pencils minus the all-important erasers. Was Frank mad? Not a bit. He just laid it to the company's way of commending him for his flawless methods. Henry Laakman will vouchsafe no comment.

Eugene Kieffer, attendant at S. S. No. 69, is some sheik. One langourous lady became so insistent and attentive that Olaf Gard firmly insisted that said young lady desist from beautifying the scenery around the station. How horrid, Olaf. (Maybe, 'twas Spring.—Ed.)

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

While other states, other localities, other towns, are wearing long faces and talking gloom, various towns in the Fargo division have started a refreshing argument. It started by Zeeland, N. D., claiming for itself the reputation as the wealthiest town in the state (in fact this town was real optimistic and took in the United States for good measure).

The stenographic department is now 100 per cent—bobbed hair. Ann Wynand was the last to give in. Mabel Foy also joined the bunch and now wonders why she wasn't the first to visit the barber.

Rose Meyerle of the order department has returned from Manistee, Mich., where she was called by the death of her mother.

William Brovold, agent at Baudette, Minn., reports the arrival of a brand new boy. (Had him out on the truck yet, Bill?)

Cy Gerrells, mechanic, is back on the job after an absence caused by illness. Looks good to see you around again, Cy.

Mr. Carnine, our chief clerk, objects to some of the names he has been called at salesmen's meetings and banquets in the past. He claims to have as much pep as any. (You ought to see him fox-trot!)

O. M. Ranger, radio bug extraordinary, reports

listening in on Glasgow, Scotland, for a couple of hours. Maybe he did, but some of the boys say it may be what he serves when they visit him to listen in.

Rudolph Benner, shop mechanic, is becoming very much interested in the cost of housekeeping. Who? When? Where?

Hofstad, truck driver from Grand Forks, came in to get his rejuvenated Pierce Arrow truck. He and that truck make a fine looking pair, now. He says, "They sure dolled the old girl up fine, this time."

Anderson of the equipment department has been getting his car in shape for the busy season.

E. H. Steffarud, equipment department, and A. E. Asleson, assistant chief clerk, made a trip to Grand Forks recently.

Mrs. Emma Nelson Thompson of Barnesville was a recent visitor at the office. Mrs. Thompson was formerly one of our stenographers and says she is still one of us.

The salesman's meeting which was reecntly completed was a thing of pep and enthusiasm from Mr. Packard's opening remarks through the inspiring talks of Mr. Thompson, Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. Cochran, down through the various speakers until the after dinner speech of A. W. Dahl. (That boy sure has some snappy stories.) The theme of salesmanship and advertising was brought home in a wonderful manner and the sales organization today gives one the impression of a race horse, champing at the bit, and "raring to go."

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

Mrs. Martin Timmer, wife of our congenial salesman, is convalescent at her home following a recent operation. We wish you a complete and speedy recovery, Mrs. Timmer.

B. H. Bishop came in the office the other day with a large smile on his face, laid down the cigars and candy and then proudly announced the arrival of Virginia Lee, eight pounds, on March 16. Mother and child are fine. Congratulations.

Ed Venema, assistant credit man, had the misfortune of losing his mother on March 6. We extend our heartfelt sympathy.

We were sorry Miss Zella Pritchard of the Peoria office could not stay awhile longer, so we could get better acquainted. Come again, Zella, we hoped you liked G. R. as we did you.

A. J. Stratton, head of the checking department, was asked where a Form 073, customers' refund, was. He said is wasn't "run" through, it coming through on "the March."

George Hanley has left us to enter other lines of work, and Elmer Gaikema is now stationed at the construction desk. We wish both good luck in their new undertakings.

Mr. Angle, S. S. superintendent, evidently had leap year on his mind and thought every month was a day shorter, or something to that effect. However, he has since realized he can't cut off any day and has added the "31" to March, on the various calendars.

Hugo Pierson, head of the order department, always comes out on top. We understand Hugo is to be the recipient of a neat little package of money, as the result of bowling high in the bowling tournament held in Chicago, March 21 and 22.

Ford Scheidler, sub-station cashier at Niles, "took unto himself a wife." Ford believes in being safe, for we understand, Mrs. Scheidler is the daughter of the chief of police. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Scheidler.

Everett Smits, stock department, is back again, having recovered from a severe case of sore throat, while Pat Keating, sales department, still has his hand tied up, the result of blood poisoning. However, Pat is back again, pushing the pen.

A. S. Hanna of Joliet and L. Hanna of Chicago only dropped in for a minute on March 4, but they always look good to us. Come again and stay longer.

Peggy Carr and Ethelyn Yost, ediphone department; Ila Tyde, checking department, and Dora Walters, coupon clerk, have joined the ranks of the bobbed-haired girls. If this keeps up long tresses will be a curiosity in the Grand Rapids office. Who's next?

Watch Polarine and specialty sales go up! Don Seeley and H. S. Coon have entered the sales force. We welcome them into the Soco family.

A meeting of all warehouse employes, tank wagon drivers and S. S. attendants was held at the home of A. Seif, agent at Holland, March 20. The house was gala in its decorations of green, evidently in honor of W. J. O'Donnell, salesman, who delivered an address. Mr. Seif, C. W. Wright and J. J. Pettit of Grand Rapids gave "toasts." Refreshments were enjoyed by all. We understand there was no "dry toast."

A most successful party was held in the Grand Rapids office on March 22. The office was gayly trimmed in green, the event being at St. Patrick's masquerade party. The De Molai orchestra rendered wonderful music to which many tripped "Zaza, the Bearded Lady," "The Cigaret Fiend" and "The Tallest Man in the World" were the attractions and afforded much amusement and laughter. Frank Hyland is to be given credit for the clever posters advertising "The Greater Show." Mrs. J. J. Pettit received the prize for being the most comically dressed lady. Esther Davis, ediphone department, as a gypsy maiden received the prize for being the best dressed lady. L. V. Suey, construction superintendent, as a Dutchman, received first prize as the most comical man. Opinions may differ, and we must not fail to mention Jessie Lee, ediphone department, who was a scream in her outfit, while Blanche Warren was attractive in her "Red Crown" outfit.

Now that morning ride with Ila Hyde, says Vera, is all right, but durn'er, I ride with Turner, and I get the ride at night. However, Vera Laubscher is bound to say, I'd rather take the Chevrolet.

March is well known for its winds. March 19 was an especially windy day in G. R. A large figure was seen going out of the upstairs office window. George Zylman, stock department, missed it a bit later, but couldn't get the tape.

Neal Pease, our genial office boy, is at home suffering from the chickenpox. It may seem funny, Neal, but we know it's no joke, and we're wishing for a speedy recovery.

There will be no stone unturned in G. R. now, as far as "oil business" is concerned. P. J. Fouts and L. G. Marshall are entering the field as general salesmen.

Mrs. C. M. Mauterstock, wife of our salesman, is convalescent at her home after a recent illness.

We welcome A. Jansma into the office as assistant stock clerk. Mr. Jansma was formerly employed at home office and has come to Grand Rapids, "A good place to live."

Al Terpening, stock department, has now taken a fancy to alligators. He says they're ideal companions, won't talk back like girls do, and have ideas that never differ.

Henry Veltman, stationery clerk, doesn't feel so cheerful these days. Who would? He just invested in a new Ford sedan, then one night, when he wanted to get into it again with his fair damsel, it was nowhere to be seen. The next morning it was located, but it didn't look the same. Henry hasn't looked the same since, either.

Muskegon

O. V. Cobb, smoke stack salesman, is back on the job after a two weeks' illness. We're glad to have you back, Orie.

Pat Murphy is now trying his hand at selling Perfection and Red Crown. Go to it, Pat, and good luck!

"Runky" Runion received a tool chest from Mr. Suey the other day. By the looks of the tools in it, we believe Mr. Suey should have sent them to some curio institute. Thanks, anway, Mr. Suey, for the good intentions.

Bill Winters, champion fish eater of the world, had a bit of trouble with his teeth a few weeks ago. They are adjusted now and he is now back in trim to meet any of his opponents.

"Bunny" Press, T. W. superintendent, has gone on a diet. His dinner consists only of one pound of cheese (Limburger), one-half pound of soda crackers and one-half pound of fig newtons. Really, how can a person exist on such small rations and work like you do, Bunny?

Harry Budde, T. W. driver, has joined the Ten-and-Two Club at the Muskegon police headquarters. You had better hold that "Lizzie" down a little, Harry.

John Cramer, sub-station cashier, also joined the club at police headquarters, but his dues were only $3.

"Bunny" Press and L. Leaf also donated their share toward a new motorcycle for the Muskegon auto cop this year.

Our bowling team is so good that Ed White, the originator, won't admit he is the captain. Never mind, Ed, "practice makes perfect."

Benton Harbor

Roy Johnston, former T. W. superintendent, has recently been transferred to Manistee as agent. We were all sorry to lose Roy. Mr. Johnston also took our mascot, "Hungry Bob," his famous Lewellyn Setter, who knew the calls as well as Leo Merchant himself.

Laurel Barney, S. S. attendant, has taken up duties in the office now, and is going right to it.

Loy Spencer recently joined the Standard ranks here. We welcome him into the SOCO family.

Manistee

Everyone enjoyed the "get acquainted" party of Roy Johnston, new agent, and all had a good time. However, part of the time A. F. Steffens and F. A. Nelson seemed a bit lost, downhearted and anxious over something, but who is to blame that they made Roy's house without a cellar.

"Babe" Nelson challenges anybody in the field for reach. He paints a service station canopy while standing on the driveway. Don't push, boys.

It has been discovered that Max Grieshammer, hustling T. W. driver, has an interest in the supply of Perfection at the Goshen Shirt factory, other than to increase his sales. Bring her around, Max.

HURON, S. D.

H. F. Lutgen, Correspondent

C. S. Pierce, truck driver at the Aberdeen "A" station, was married on February 6. As yet, we have received no candy or cigars.

L. C. Dusell, attendant at S. S. No. 305, Salem, is laid up with the measles. We all hope he has a speedy recovery and that he will soon be back to work.

Our old friend, Chauncey, check department, has lost his ring. Any young lady knowing where it is, kindly notify him. We would suggest that he look in the vicinity of Iroquois.

Since the style show, Hawley has been having his mail addressed "The Model." Upon looking up the meaning of this word in the dictionary the definition given is just an imitation of the real thng. How about it, Hod?

Miss Bessie Stammer, Casey, Iowa, and Miss Hildegaard Roether, Huron, are new members in the stenographic family.

Miss Dorothy Lawrence admires Mr. Campbell's hair so much that she has ordered a Spring coat of the same material (camel's hair).

Mrs. Helen Larkin has resigned her position as comptometer operator which she has efficiently held for the past three years.

Ruth Dines, comptometer operator, spent the week end at Minneapolis.

What the matter was we do not know but we understand that when R. L. Smith was in for the salesmen's meeting last week he could not locate his teeth the next morning.

F. J. Danforth, agent at Raymond, is back on the job, having visited in Wisconsin. No doubt, he has things humming by this time.

We all join in expressing our sympathy for A. S. Townsend, agent at Letcher, following the death of his baby daughter, March 10.

E. J. Cully is now city driver at our Aberdeen "A" station, succeeding Art Logan, who recently resigned.

Al Geske, warehouse man at Aberdeen "A" station, was laid up with a bad cold. Careful, Al, or the boys will have to be sending you flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKay, agent at Henry, announce the arrival of a baby daughter on January 15. We figure that this should be reason enough for a large increase in sales at this station in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. George McDeid, Onida, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on Tuesday, March 20. The Onida newspaper gave a complete account of the celebration.

Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Bailey, accompanied by Mr. Palm and Mr. Miller, conducted an agent's meeting at Mitchell on March 27. They report that a good time was had by all present.

M. O. Kenner, former traffic man, has been transferred to the sales force. Mr. Mercer succeeded to the position of traffic clerk. We wish you luck, Mel, because we know that with your line you can sell almost anybody anything.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Snyder, warehouse man at Aberdeen "A" station, announce the arrival of a baby girl.

C. M. Butler is our new agent at Wessington Springs. Mr. Schryer is devoting all his time to the S. S. No. 310, also at Wessington Springs.

Now that "Shorty" Meyers has equipped himself with a dog and radio set in addition to a furnished house, we sure feel as though our 25c is beginning to slip. Come on, Shorty, bring her in from the wilds of Montana.

Those who missed the party at Fay Cooley's home March 11 surely missed a good time. Those who didn't miss it had their fortunes told, played Bunco, Mah Jong, had their pictures taken and their fill of everything good to eat. Two bells marked the reluctant departure of the guests, all of them wishing Eleanor Peterson a pleasant journey and a safe arrival in sunny California. The party was a farewell for Miss Peterson, who was the recipient of many beautiful kerchiefs.

H. F. Didn't Send This One

Speaking of models, our own little correspondent, Henry Frank Lutgen, with only a few years of experience added to his natural ability as a model, did wonderfully well the first two nights of the style show, but on the third evening the juice of figs was too freely indulged in by both his charming partner and himself and she almost lost her balance when Henry was a bit too slow in reaching for her arm to aid her in stepping from the platform.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Concerning ye fatal leap! The extra day of leap year, she took Virgil Charles William Henry Blue down and bought the "permit to wed." To go on with the narrative, just two days later pay day rolled around and our Benedict had his orders to be on a certain corner at 12:09 p. m. He made it by running all the way from the office. After a somewhat lengthy session with his new boss, Virgil finally "dragged down" $1.98 and the office got cigars and candy—for which we are duly thankful and appreciate very much. We are betting on her, formerly Miss Mildred Stahl, to make a model husband out of some very promising material. Congrats to both 'use.

Iron Barrel Paul, who says salesmen are useless in that they will not go out and haul in the equipment steel packages, got one lone chicken out of a hatching. We understand he went home the next night sworn to pass up the chicken business forever. Then the Mrs. said if Carl persisted in spending his money buying chances on automobiles, he would still continue to take chances on raising chickens.

Walter Thomas, the bookkeeper-philosopher, speaks thusly of his co-worker, H. D. Ferris, "You can't be a trial-balancer and play the sheik, too."

S. O. Davis, stock department, bumped his coupe into another coupe. Slim has visions of "beyond the bars" as bills for damages, summons, etc., roll in on him.

Mark Phipps, missionary in the interests of "Safety first," hit a sleek spot on a Richmond pavement. As he climbed back to consciousness he muttered, "Well, ah, in looking over my papers in this case, I am inclined to report my foot slipped."

L. B. Davis, newly appointed S. S. supervisor, carried his inspection of S. S. 318, Cambridge City, slightly too far. He stuck his head in the chimney and was buried under a ton of soot.

Here stands A. P. McCracken, S. S. No. 312, Indianapolis, pleading for justice before a squire's court. A. P. was trying out the "miles per" of his new 1924 model Nash and was overtaken by the constable in a 1910 vintage Buick. What might be classified as a hard life.

"B" Station

"I made no deliveries today, but the stork was able to fly over the mud and bring us a baby girl," signed George Fatch, agent at Centerpoint.

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Glen Thatcher of Glenwood in the loss of their daughter, Alice, aged 6 years. The child died March 17, a victim of diphtheria which developed after an attack of measles. Mr. Thatcher is our agent at this point.

Julius Morton Hobbs, 9 pounds net. Arrived 3-31-24. How's that? Signed, C. C. Hobbs, agent at Carmel.

Salesman Walter M. Miller of Frankfort is the intended ring fitter of an announcement of the engagement of Miss Noline Mae Wright of Anderson, Indiana. Walter, who sells the "full line," certainly has complicated matters by selling himself to "Noline."

Anderson

Ray Rector, M. T. driver, is recovering his old time pep, after being on the sick list for some time.

Sam Hughel says he likes this canvassing idea. That way he gets a chance to see Anderson's fairest without their makeup on. Oh, you, Sam!

Jack Lukins went down to Indianapolis and was in too big a hurry to see the basketball tournament. He got pinched for speeding. He blames it on the pep in Red Crown.

Bloomington

Red Crown Specials threw a feed at the home of Voss Cox, agent. Manager J. C. Marshall brought down a message in pictures of the scenes around the Whiting refinery. The meeting was a dandy. Agent Cox acted as toastmaster and never wobbled. P. S. Salesman Billy Isom arrived too late for the potato salad and other filling but in time to make a good speech and give a passable alibi for being late.

D. A. Warner and Bill Isom are enthusiastic students of "bushology," not mentioning the collecting of rocks. If they slip off to Tennessee or West Virginia over a week-end don't be surprised, they have heard of a new kind of bush or stone.

Richmond

And here is a welcome to Herb Terrill, M. T. driver, who has just joined our organization.

Johnny Galvin is around again and we hope for his speedy recovery.

C. E. Evans, Fred Eastman and Walter McKee, circuit drivers, have shown good gallonage lately. Keep up the good work, boys.

The motion before the house is that Agent Glen Whitesell appoint a committee to sling some soap and water on the office windows. Front, Professors Miller and Harper.

Jake is back on the job at S. S. 12, but poor Perry Moore will have to stick to soup until he gets his new store teeth from the mail order in Chicago.

We should receive some cigars from Guy Nothern, if he is not married he ought to be.

Terre Haute

Had we known that Big Boy Burford was the lad who hitched his coupe to a fire plug, we

would not have been so anxious to give his hitching rack proclivities so much publicity. 'Cause we are so small and bald and Burford is so big, we fear for our safety, having too high a blood pressure to run very far or fast.

Hot Spot Sparks set the fashion and now our 6-foot athletic clerk Omer Lungsford, has fallen in line. As these were right optic "shiners" and we know of neither having any left handed friends, it proves they were not in a fight.

Now that Bill Croxton is a proud papa there are times when he has to go out in the garage to do his saxaphoning practice stunts, so as not to awaken Bill Jr. Bill Sr. has not gotten this instrument of torture down fine enough to put the baby to sleep but believe us he has reached a point where he can keep the baby awake, not mentioning the putting of a howl in all the dogs of the neighborhood.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondent

Kewanee

L. N. Fredeen, formerly agent at Kewanee, has resigned and will be succeeded by William Beaman.

Kewanee is very sorry to hear of the resignation of V. D. Wadey, formerly salesman in that territory, and extend their sincerest wishes for his future success.

A. S. Hanna, A. G. Stratton, H. R. Motherwell and Mr. Beaman made an auto trip from Joliet to Kewanee recently in Mr. Hanna's Chevrolet. Having to take the air mixer out and clean it in a mud hole, Mr. Hanna decided to leave his "Puddle Jumper" in Kewanee and go home on the train.

Mendota

We wonder why L. Buchman, our hard working Mendota agent, is not able to talk above a whisper the past few days. Of course, we think it is because he had to change brands of chewing tobacco, in order to gain a new Red Crown customer. Lewy claims he lost it in the mud.

We did not recognize our high powered salesman at Mendota when he came in from Triumph the other day. We knew it takes more than mud to discourage Mr. Edwards.

We would like to know why it is that Don Herbert, our popular Mendota T. W. driver, is so anxious to learn when the next party is to be given in the Joliet office.

Thanks, Harry. Harry, by the way, has been transferred back to his old stand, Mendota. Good luck, Mr. Kaufman.

Dixon

A. D. Wright, George Acker and Clarence Good, S. S. attendants, report they had a very nice time at the meeting in Joliet. They think it's a fine town. No arguments.

M. E. Potter, the hustling agent (we wonder if he wrote this himself), is working hard for one of the new coupes to be awarded to the three salesmen showing the best sales. Why not trade your roadster for Don Smith's coupe at Sterling, Maurice?

C. E. Poisel saw a new IHC truck in transit the other day. Cliff would like to trade his relic for one like it. He said he'd throw in a pail of Dark Diamond to close the deal.

The "old reliable," L. C. Good, has an awful mess to contend with sometimes, but up to the present time, he is still on top.

We have an athlete in our midst. Ralph Matthews is quite a high jumper and at the present time is in training. Staying out until the wee sma' hours of the morning doesn't do you any good, Commodore.

It's been a long winter and a tough old Spring, but the ladies of Dixon say they have one sure way of telling when Summer is here. When Ross Crawford is perched on the bank steps waiting for an ill wind to blow, lay your odds that it's here.

Frank Kness is out of the S. S. and on the truck again. It seems to agree with him as he's putting on weight fast. With that little yellow mustache, he looks like a relative of P. H. Sanno.

Kankakee

Wilbur Hobson, driver at Kankakee, has taken upon himself a wife. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson. Mrs. Hobson is employed by the Illinois Bell Telephone Company.

Fred Heppe is back at Kankakee as driver. Glad to see you back, Fred.

Dekalb

Mr. Harold McCartny, driver at Dekalb, has moved and now lives down close to the Kishwaukee River, down where the mosquitos grow as large as grasshoppers. However, Mr. McCartny doesn't fear these little man eaters—as he claims to be immune—too tough for those little night prowlers.

Driver Ralph Coffey lost a perfectly good pair of Woolworth pliers the other day and after accusing everyone around the place of taking them, he found them all wrapped up in a nice clean cloth in his tool box.

Freeport

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Coomber are the proud parents of a ten-pound boy. Mr. Coomber is one of the country drivers at Freeport. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Coomber.

H. E. Kaiser, city driver, who unfortunately had his first accident in twenty years with the company, is recovering from a broken finger. Mr. Kaiser says he will not let the truck back fire any more.

We understand that Mr. Finkboner and Mr. Bray taught Mr. Graff how to play. How about a feed, Graff.

I. H. Black, city driver, claims he is a T. W. salesman. How about that, Jerry?

Oscar Walz, our new city salesman, is out rustling up the new business. Oscar says, "I'm good on selling, but poor on collecting."

Al Neusse has just had his car painted. Look out, girls.

E. W. Greb is now on his new duties as assistant sales manager. The boys at Freeport wish him good luck in his new venture.

Sterling

Bovinal is guaranteed to be odorless and tasteless. R. W. Crawford and George Otis will vouch for that. Ask D. R. Smith.

Bill Limond, city truck driver, has been passing the cigars around and we have been unable to find out what for. Anybody know.

Ray Walzer, S. S. No. 25, made a trip to Tampico one night and got stuck in the mud.

D. R. Smith says he is going to sell more Polarine oil than any other "A" station in the

Joliet field. We are for you, Don, go to it. All eyes are on Sterling.

W. F. Bennett, city truck driver, claims to be the champion duck shooter. W. F. saw a bunch of supposed-to-be ducks, he pulled the trigger—and down came two sparrows. Better put on your specs next time, Bill.

Robert Laursen, warehouse man, wishes to express his thanks for the beautiful floral wreath sent by the Sterling employes upon the death of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Amanda Dunn.

Field Notes

This comes from Aurora and concerns the clean-up squad, C. L. Beck, H. A. Kent and C. Goodrich. The last mentioned gentleman, Mr. Goodrich, has had various exciting experiences not scheduled on squad work. Chased by a tame gander from the barn lot into a farmer's house, Goodrich, who says he is 6 feet 3 inches, says he could have made better time from the barn yard to the house, if he'd been in his stocking feet. His shoes were too heavy. Clarence Beck, also of the clean-up squad, is undisputed champion in at least one item. The cook at Sugar Grove Hotel says he could eat more pan cakes than anyone else she ever seen. Salesman H .A. Kent had a regular morning task pulling Goodrich around each morning to start his car. Kent was unfortunate enough to have a tow rope with him. Once or twice he had to go out in the country to tow him, and on one occasion Goodrich wanted to have a mechanic, because his Ford would run with front wheels in one rut and the rear wheels in another.

These little incidents furnished considerable amusement and a goodly number of orders were taken, assuring Elmer Meyers, our Sugar Grove agent, of delivery of his Spring carload.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to I. G. Fritz and his mother in their late bereavement due to the death of his father.

H. O. Prestigaard, agent at Shabbona, who took over the station in July, 1923, has made his station one to be reckoned with in refined oil and gasoline. Now, he has a large supply of Polarine coming through. He is also putting on a second truck due to the increase in business.

E. E. Rees, agent at Scarboro, has also put on a second truck, as his station came through February with a big gain on Red Crown, second in line for the banner. Mr. Rees says he is going after the banner as he wants to see what it looks like.

Our famous old war horse, Roy Eberley, agent at Hinckley, is selling a big amount of lubricating oil. Owing to the bad road conditions, Mr. Eberley is a little late—but he's getting there. Mr. Eberley has put on another truck, which makes three trucks for Hinckley.

Chauncie Munson, S. S. attendant at No. 17, Sycamore, and Thomas Berry, S. S. attendant at No. 6, DeKalb, William Spencer, swing man at both stations, attended the S. S. attendants' meeting at Joliet and report that they are greatly benefited by the information which they received, while at this meeting.

Agent Pyfer, Polo, has received and delivered his Spring quota, and claims it came easier than any he ever sold. Twice as much next year, Al.

G. F. Sauers of S. S. No. 35, Polo, has been laid up with pneumonia for the past two weeks. Mr. Bray, Freeport, is relieving him. We trust Mr. Sauer will soon be able to again take up his duties.

Agent Oscar Vietmeier of Forreston and his friend, Miss Dorothy Paul, were Sunday visitors at the home of Salesman R. S. Buzard and wife. Oscar, when can we buy that wedding present?

John Voss, agent at German Valley, sure keeps his Ford tank wagon looking grand. It ought to last ten years, the care he is taking of it.

Mr. Long, agent at Mt. Morris, still claims he is going to have that Red Crown banner before the year is out. We're with you, Mr. Long.

Harry Allen, between his new neutrodyne radio set and delivering S. O. Co. products, is a very busy man. He claims to have received a broadcast from every station in the country, but the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) station.

Allen Grant, driver at Oregon, is recovering from the mumps.

Will Starnes, S. S. attendant at No. 35, Polo, has moved into his new home which was just recently completed.

Joyce, 7 year old daughter of Salesman R. S. Buzard, is a staunch Standard Oiler. Recently finding some advertising material at home and wanting to help dad, Joyce took it and distributed it around Polo, unknown to her parents. She claimed she was only helping Dad 'cause he was so busy.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ayers at Ohio, Ill., on the birth of a little Ayers, March 5.

Harry J. Kaufman has been transferred from the main office to S. S. attendant at No. 301, Mendota. Harry's one ambition is to sell goods and if he can put Mendota on the map, we may see him in the salesmen's ranks after he is 21 years of age.

George Benner, mechanic, has been added to the family at Princeton. Now the Jakey's Ford trucks will have the doctor close at hand when they are in need of a stimulant.

"Father Murphy," agent at Princeton, is all puffed up since No. 8885 has a new coat of paint. Mr. Crossley is prepared for the Spring rush and wishes to advise other agents that Princeton will show a large percentage in gains on all brands of oil and would like to have some competition.

George Acker of Polo is the new S. S. relief man at Dixon.

Mr. Wright, formerly chief clerk of the Rock Sanno Oil Company, Los Angeles, is our new attendant at S. S. No. 30.

We hear it is sometimes necessary for Harold Hartley's parents to call the police in order to find Harold. He sleeps anywhere.

That was a good one Miss Gumaelius pulled, wasn't it. And she blamed it on iodine. Who's he?

Miss Gladys Gallagher, dictaphone department, is quite ill at a sanitarium in Michigan. We all hope for Gladys' quick return to good health and to the office.

Bill Shearer was quite disappointed last month because he wasn't written up in the RECORD. We wondered why, but he may be sorry at that.

Art Anderson, check department, is resigning to return to Hutchinsons' and is succeeded by Bill Ziech.

Doesn't Mildred look nice with her hair cut? We all like it. Another one is Louise Staley

of the dictaphone department. Just a few left.

Miss Rimke is having quite a time with one of her eyes. Instead of being black, it's pink.

We would suggest that Doc Kirk be more particular in the future about the language he uses when dictating into the dictaphone. Also, smashing things doesn't do much good, does it Mr. Kirk?

Where is Ralph Mathews at 10 a. m. every day? At S. S. No. 4, eating pie.

R. M. Schmaling, former tankwagon driver, is now stock clerk at the Mosher Motors, Dixon, Ill.

Wenstrom and Poisel should bet their small change first, where snow drifts are concerned.

No, Dixon, we can't quite figure you out. Who are you? We appreciate the notes sent in.

Office

Miss Morrissey is getting religious these days, in fact so religious that she is afraid church will start without her. One fine morning, Patsy heard the alarm, got up and beat it for church. After waiting for an hour, Pat began to wonder why they hadn't opened the doors yet. Upon further investigation Pat found it was only about 5:30 then—and that she had been up since 4:00 a. m. We wager she'll look at the clock next time.

Wonder if George Johnson got his coat stolen on purpose, so that he could wear that new gray suit.

Mary McMillan, Hilda Anderson, Helen Rimke and Mildred Lindgren were off a few days last week with the grippe.

Doesn't Annie make a good looking "God Mother" for little Shirley Mildred Harmon?

Bert Ingold has just returned to work after being off with the grippe.

Miss Edna Mae Macier has been transferred from the dictaphone department and is now working in the record department.

Please Explain, Miss Reece

We can't understand what the trouble is with our correspondent, Evelyn Reece. She seems sort of absent minded lately. Must be thinking about entering the bonds of matrimony. All the girls were working very diligently at 4:00 p. m. one afternoon. Evelyn couldn't understand. Suddenly, she powdered her nose and put on her rubbers ready to go home, thinking it was 5 o'clock. That's all right, Evelyn, we'll excuse you this time.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

Well, look who heads the list this time. Our old friend, Sam Turner, one of the most popular T. W. drivers at Independence, Mo., was married on March 19 and will now be more popular than ever (with the grocerymen). Congratulations, Sam; and Mrs. Turner.

Billy Henderson is looking like a new man since his wife came back from the hospital, having undergone an operation. J. B. Moore says he could never get along without Bill now. Come in and pay us a visit once in a while, Bill.

Miss Mary Webster and Miss M. Carpenter are the latest young ladies in the office to have their hair bobbed. And they certainly look stunning, we all agree, and we hear that some of the bolder ones among the boys have told them so to their face. When these two popular young ladies fall for it, then it's safe for the rest to go ahead.

We are pleased to hear that Leo Ford of the construction department has been promoted to construction superintendent of the Mason City division. This popular gentleman will be missed by all here; and we certainly wish him success in his new field. He says as long as it's the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) he doesn't care where it is.

We note that Salesman H. L. Asher, Parsons, Kans., has changed his address. Not having any particulars, we do not know why. Information, please.

F. W. Belt is the new agent at Columbus, Kans. Welcome, F. W., and may you flood the country with Red Crown and Perfection this year.

B. F. Cole is the new agent at Cherryvale, Kans. Welcome to our family, Mr. Cole. Let's knock 'em back on that old territory this year.

R. C. Michael, welcome to Westphalia, Kans., and the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) believes you will put them over at that point.

Other new agents are: F. E. Williams, Galena, Kans.; J. W. Noakes, Fall River; M. W. Stewart, Overbrook; C. W. Welliver, Amoret, and G. W. Hull, Valley Falls

Percy Green has been placed in charge of Polarine sales. Watch Polarine from here.

Well, well, look who's here. Nadine Hill has changed her name. It is now Mrs. Vanderham. Congratulations, Van and Nadine.

Anna Enright has left our company and although she would not commit herself, we have our suspicions that the next time we hear from this young lady, she will also have "Mrs." in front of her name

We wish to welcome to our midst Miss Wilma G. Gorman. She says it's "Billy" but we have yet to hear someone address her as such. But if we ever do, it will come in for mention in STANOLIND RECORD.

Mr. Hanna is still with us and if he so desires we will be glad to have him with us all Summer.

We wish to welcome Albert Olson to our family, succeeding Paul Miller as messenger. This is a wide-awake young man who steps on it all the way.

Bill Austin and Miss Martin have just returned from their vacations.

Billy Merrick is now in charge of the record department and same is functioning 150 per cent. The next thing we will hear that Bill is saving his money; and then all will be off.

Paul Fraser is leaving us, having been promoted to the position of assistant chief clerk at Quincy. The best wishes of the entire organization go with you Paul.

Fred White, Paul Miller and Billy Spicker won all the hearts in Rosedale at a recent dance.

Morris Rogers has been transferred to the cashier department.

Harold Austin was seen at a recent dance with Miss Summers; and Ward Egbert with Miss Rachford. Nothing escapes the eagle eye of our society reporter. Watch out.

We are glad to hear that Albert Ware's young daughter is progressing favorably after having broken her arm.

J. R. Capper, agent at Paola, Kans., is the proud father of a nine-pound boy, born March 13. Who said "unlucky." Both mother and baby doing nicely. Congratulations.

Any questions as to the mayoralty race should be referred to Candy Evans or Daniels of the credit department.

Bill Nordberg has acquired a new Dodge coupe and may be seen taking it out for exercise almost any time.

Grundy Shuck has also invested in a Dodge coupe; and is certainly the envy of all the old timers. They say, "How does he get that way?" And, by the way, he doesn't take the back streets with it either. He's a Boulevardier.

There seemed to be a great lot of excitement in the office during the recent basketball tournament in K. C. caused by Ole Olson backing his home town bunch (The Lombards) to the end. And they stayed in there, too. Ole's son has now resolved to take the papa's advice and become a basketball star.

Earl Felts, formerly of Eddie Fraher's wild Armourdale crew, is now tamed down and has entered the main office as price clerk. Welcome to our family, Earl. The girls all felt very disappointed when it was noised around that you were single. They found out it wasn't so.

Dean "Sheik" Butts, our talented stock clerk, is now again at work (?) after a two weeks' vacation.

Earl Baughman returned to work with renewed vim and pep and vigor after spending a wild time on his two weeks fling.

John ("Brassy") Potts is getting itchy for a round or two of golf. What about you, Mr. Glass? Getting the fever this fine weather?

Reid and Berry are rarin' to go on the next S. O. Co. party. Watch these two birds, girls.

The following salesmen were recently in the office on their regular Spring schedule: Messrs. McFarland, Rees, Fikes and Russell. These four sheiks made the boys in the office sit up and take notice.

Frank Morrison, Joe Sullivan and Charlie Swoboda have been attending our regular Monday meetings for city salesmen. Funny, though, the same bunch always "forgot to bring their cigarets."

We hear that Bill Reno is making things hum up around Leavenworth. Selling Mica for 1930 delivery. He has the whole country booked on S. O. Co. goods.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Miller of La Crescent, Minn., attended the Hard Time party given by the Social Club.

Al Nashold succeeds R. H. Hoppin as agent at Grand Meadow, Minn. Lots of luck, Al.

We are glad to report that C. R. Jacot, construction man, is now able to return to his duties. He was confined to his home on account of having the smallpox.

Omar Johnson is surely proud of his little Red Briscoe, but every time he goes to Ettrick an unfriendly bull, tantalized by the color of the car, gives chase. Better take a gun along next time, Omar.

H. E. Bruce, manager, and J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, attended a meeting in Chicago.

Leonard Dupee enjoyed several days vacation.

Our new agent at Prairie du Chein, Wis., is Henry Haman. Now, watch for the increase of sales.

Fred Miller, agent at La Crescent, Minn., has just been elected alderman of that city.

Ed Groves is commencing to wear political clothes of late. At least he was wearing an alderman's pair of trousers at the hard time party. Go ahead, Ed, you would make a corking good President.

Don't get foxy with Bill Ratz because we understand he is now taking boxing lessons and can lick his weight in wildcats. Page Jack Dempsey, please.

Skaff, "Say, Shields, did that guy really saw that big pile of wood in the picture?" Shields, "Yes, sure, he is sawing that by contract." Skaff, "Gee, it must have taken a long time to saw that pile." Shields, "Yes, he started when he was 16 and he is 80 now, but I don't know when the contract runs out."

Farris, "Say, Juno, where did you get that—er—new Ford?" Juno, "Sears-Roebuck."

J. W. Shields, lubricating engineer, has been confined to his home for the past week on account of having a severe cold.

Henry A. Steinke has been employed as aegnt at Fall Creek, Wis.

Schroeder, "How many buildings between your ears, Art?" Amundson, "I dunno." Schroeder, "Just one solid block."

We are very glad to welcome C. Anderberg into the sales force. Mr. Anderberg will cover the territory formerly covered by K. Stewart.

Carl H. Bierbaum is our new agent at Eyota, Minn.

'Twas some "spill" Milton Boleng, clerk at Marshfield, Wis., took while showing some of the stunts he could do on his bicycle. You may have to take many more, Milton, before you join Ringling Brothers circus, so cheer up.

"Any news items, Mr. Farris?" "No, don't know a thing." "Funny, Mr. Klick always gives me some." "Oh, well, Klick's a regular old woman, talks to everyone."

Stanley Sebion has been employed as agent at Westby, Wis., succeeding Mr. Skundberg.

Erna, "How old is Francis?" Etta, "He is about a year younger than I am." Erna, "Why, I didn't think he was that old." (Etta says this is her first year to vote, figure out for yourself.)

E. W. Olson has joined the S. O. Co. family as attendant at S. S. No. 3, La Crosse.

H. F. Krueger, agent at Wisconsin Rapids, was taking E. W. Farris and F. Klick out to see the Ford car which was stored at Salesman Richman's home. After driving what seemed to Mr. Farris quite a distance, he inquired as to how much farther they had to go. "Oh, 'bout six miles," answered Krueger. Farris, "Say, why doesn't he move in town."

A meeting of agents and salesmen was held at Prairie du Chein, Wis., March 25, and at La Crosse, March 27 and 28. Talks were given by H. E. Bruce, manager, J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, A. B. Nichols and E. R. Remp. A banquet was held at the Tea Shop

Eau Claire

Roy E. Wrigglesworth has left S. S. No. 21 for a sales job with an auto accessory concern. Alfred L. Anderson is back with us again at S. S. No. 21.

After looking at the pictures of the Mattoon, Ill., plant, the boys at Eau Claire began to devise ways and means of dolling up the old plant here so that it would look like new.

Henry Huse, driver at Eau Claire, was off the

boards for a couple of days on account of an infection in his hand.

Marshfield

E. S. Palmer is getting settled in his new quarters after having accepted the position of agent at Marshfield, Wis.

Wenzel Knoblauch is installing a new heating plant in the garage.

Jos. Zilk, agent at Neillsville, Wis., visited the Marshfield plant, March 8, with a view to lubricating his Spring business.

Marshfield Station has run out of Eureka Harness Oil and is awaiting a new supply. Every farmer coming into the yard went away with 5 or 10 gallons. How do we do it? Ask Palmer.

Merry was the bunch of Standard Oilers that gathered at the home of S. E. Huber, salesman. Even Mr. Sudmeier and Mr. Knoblauch can shake a wicked heel when Mr. Huber tickles the ivories in accompaniment to Mr. Boleng's violin.

Salesman E. L. Nall is seriously considering the purchase of a pair of hob-nailed driving boots as he believes there will be so much water that the best possible method of transportation will be to ride around on a saw-log.

Tank Wagon Salesman W. Heckel is fast developing into a wrecking engineer. Getting the tank sled back on the road after upsetting two or three times a day is giving him plenty of experience. Pretty tough sleddin', eh, Willard?

City Tank Wagon Salesman William Juno is anxiously awaiting the time when he can drive his pet Wilcox truck around the town all dolled up in the new coat of paint which it is now receiving.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

A lively spirit invaded the Mankato office on March 8, when J. A. Conway, Waseca S. S. attendant, gave us a call. Mr. Conway enlivened the downstate office with some up-to-date comment and informed us that his mission in the city was to witness the downfall of various basketball teams before the team representing the Waseca High School. He returned to Waseca in a jubilant frame of mind because his team won.

Wallie Anderson, check department, has taken unto himself a brand new saxaphone. This is considered a first degree crime in some vicinities.

We understand that the packing industry has become of such interest to Anghild Nordgren, stenographer, as to cause a trip and a week of vacationing in Sioux Falls, S. D., during the early part of March. Results count! See the pretty diamond ring!

C. C. Hirschy, Pipestone agent, had the misfortune to fall and fracture a bone in his wrist on March 11.

A warm time is anticipated when Louis Kuebler, guardian of the stationery department, delivers his celebrated address on "The Whichness of the Whereof." Louis is always ready and willing to argue upon any subject and various members of the office force will doubtless join his band of disciples after hearing his exhortation.

About the first of March, Frank Brown and Joe Meyer made their annual pilgrimage to the fresh-water springs near Kasota where they gathered watercress to their heart's delight. They returned with huge quantities of the Spring delicacy, a portion of which they distributed to appreciative friends. It is rumored that either of the two gentlemen mentioned can get away with a half bushel of watercress at one sitting.

Police court records of Mankato show that Enger Green appeared before the judge on the afternoon of March 6 in answer to an arrest for exceeding the speed limit. The RECORD reporter finds that Green's indiscretion netted the city exchequer the bounteous sum of $8.65. Reckless driving may be all right in the city of Balaton, but while in Mankato Enger will have to throttle down his old can and abide by the regulations.

Ralph Fields, construction man, says that it is always wise to run out of gasoline within a few feet of a curb pump. One dark night in March "Bunny" was driving towards Mankato when the engine in his car sputtered and came to a stop. He peered out into the night and discovered that he was directly opposite the Red Crown pump operated by L. A. Chipman at Kerns.

One of the neatest service stations in this division is that operated by C. R. Smith at Springfield. The spic and span appearance of the entire property is indeed a pleasure to gaze upon.

At the election of officers of the Red Crown Club for the season of 1924-1925 the following people were elected to serve: President, F. C. Brown; vice-president, C. J. Hum; secretary, Leona Halvorson; treasurer, A. W. Otto. The new officers plan on starting their year of activity with a booster party to be held directly after the lenten season.

We report with sadness that death invaded the family of L. M. Larson, Beaver Creek agent, on March 16, when his 5-year-old daughter succumbed to the effects of pneumonia.

Due to a severe attack of illness, Minnie Fischer was unable to attend to her duties during March.

T. J. Thompson and N. R. Grimshaw were visitors in Mankato, March 20.

Well, the goils went and did the horrible deed! Angy Hunt, Lily Paulsen and Hattie Kircher all went to the tonsorial artist's parlor and had their tresses shorn. They certainly do look too sweet for anything, fellows, and now there are only four in the entire office who still flaunt the heavy coiffures.

For various unavoidable reasons the regular March 14 meeting of the Petroleum Educational Club was postponed until March 24 at which time R. W. Pinney spoke on the assigned subject, "Stock Markets." Mr. Pinney spoke interestingly on the many phases of stock market operations and gave definitions of the various terms in general use on the market. J. W. Grimes, who led the discussion, gave a very interesting discourse on the manner of making and losing money in stock market operations and dwelt for some time on the method of operation of the so-called bucket-shops. Reliable brokers and members of the various stock exchanges were discussed and members were informed as to how to differentiate between the reliable and unreliable house.

At the meeting of April 14, the subject of "Service Station" will be discussed by L. A. Gode and Oran Davis. On April 28, Earl Johnson and A. W. Otto will give the results of the investigations of "Employes' Stock Purchase and Profit-sharing Plans." The Petroleum Education

Club is growing in membership and in enthusiasm because the membership, after a year of intensive study, is commencing to realize upon the investment which it has made in a more comprehensive knowledge of the petroleum industry.

F. McK. Blough was confined to his home for a few days during March with a severe attack of the influenza. During the sales meeting in the office Mac had his apartment connected with the office by direct wire so that he would not miss anything for the benefit of the S. S. department.

Ed Soucy, for some time attendant at S. S. No. 10, Faribault, was transferred to Faribault city truck salesman early in March. Ed looks mighty well in the cab of the big truck.

MASON CITY, IOWA

Herman Kuhl, the champion Eureka harness oil salesman of the world, told the salesmen and agents of the field how he does it recently. He was called in from his service station at Odebolt to talk at the divisional meetings in Mason City, Waterloo and Fort Dodge. He told the boys the "canvass" that has enabled him to make a remarkable number of sales.

Charley Chamberlain, J. W. Sopher and Ed Tobin established a Bachelors' Club at the Chamberlain house recently while the wives were visiting in Des Moines. "Bill" Kern, chief clerk, was also alone for a few days when his family went to the capital city.

W. K. McAllister, formerly of Mason City, returned recently to accept the position of agent at Mason City.

Lucella Sweiger is the first girl to break a record in the steno department. It was a dictaphone record.

"Bill" Kearn and E. J. Zeigler, who handles the coin, have been caged up since the last news letter, but don't mistake it to be a case of misconduct and the city jail. The cashier's department looks like a zoo after the placing of a steel cage around it, and its occupants, Miss Frae Cleeves, Merle Rogers and the cashier himself, are kidded about their resemblance to Darwin's proteges. The department of the office boss, which includes Mr. Kearn, Mr. Nuebel and Margaret Murray, who prepares the ever welcome pay checks, is fenced off by a wooden railing.

Juanita Wilburg has become a school ma'am and is teaching the art of comptometer punishing. She has two pupils, Miss Lucille Nolan, file clerk, and Frank Pirkl, head of the mailing room.

Murray Mulkern, erstwhile theatrical man, has forsaken the show business to become iron barrel clerk in the main office.

The Ziegfeld Follies on their palmiest night couldn't even be good between-act entertainers to the performances of the apron dancers we saw at the last Red Crown party. Mrs. R. H. Thomas, Mrs. H. E. Hanson and Mrs. F. H. Doten, who were doing "K. P." duty to prepare the refreshments, deserted the sandwiches and coffee to dance a number. Mrs. Thomas opened the performance by hanging her full-length apron around the neck of her partner, L. B. Irwin, and then Mrs. Hanson and Mrs. Doten made Mr. Thomas and Mr. McAllister, respectively, look like two good housewives when they did likewise. The men completed the dance in true Denishawn splendor.

Brother Bob Sharpe of the tax department has been bitten by the well known radio bug. He gets the big stations with his home-made set every night, he says.

M. O. Shea, who came from South Bend to do the lubricating engineering for the field, totes a derby and he's a mean looking job in it. When "Sofe" saw it for the first time he asked Shea if it was the kind of a hat they make in Kentucky, for, he said, he has heard so much of the Kentucky Derby.

They tell us that Frank Doten also wears a dome-like top piece, but we've never had the pleasure of seeing him in such a condition. He doesn't dare wear it to work.

Our credit man, C. L. Manson, every once in awhile, tells us how much he likes Mason City, but it sounds funny to his Chicago friend, Doten, for the reason that the former is out on the road so much of the time. It seems to Doten that he likes the city at a distance.

H. C. Arvidson, the traffic clerk, welcomed a little one into his home recently. It's a boy.

Jack Welsh, the singing record clerk, was a principal in the Elks Minstrel Show early in April.

The office is pushing Glenne Keidle, Jack Welsh's aide, as an opponent for Charley Paddock at the Drake Relays. He's a fast boy. He ran away from rival runners when a member of the high school track team and last fall he ran over and around opposing tacklers as a halfback on the Mason City Independent eleven.

L. B. Irwin, chief station examiner, and Ralph Parkhouse, Odebolt salesman, lost a few pounds in perspiration somewhere between Odebolt and Kiron the other day when they were forced to push and pull an automobile through a mile of Crawford County mud.

Harold Bell Wright, he of the famous name, is back on the job again after undergoing an operation for appendicitis at a Chicago hospital. We're glad to see you again, Harold.

Elmer Larson and Jimmy Maitland were "A. W. O. L." on Monday morning after they drove to Des Moines for the week-end. The boys believed they could reach Mason City easily by leaving the capital city at midnight Sunday night. They forgot the roads were muddy.

Three new salesmen were sent out into the territory recently to sell the folks the world's best in the way of gas and oil. E. J. Neville of Algona and H. F. Haakenson of Decorah were assigned to their own home territory, and H. F. Newman of Mason City was placed at Waukon temporarily.

E. S. Daughhetee was recently promoted from S. S. attendant at Eldora to the sales force. He has been assigned to the territory around Sac City.

"Jake" Kaiser, the popular warehouse superintendent at Fort Dodge, has been made salesman in the Webster City territory. "Jake" is off to a nice start and is getting the business. He replaced A. L. Hemness, who resigned.

Elmer Brisbey, who has given the company faithful service as the agent at Manson, has been appointed agent instructor, becoming the fourth in the new field. The others are E. P. Quam of Waukon, J. M. Stokes of Spencer and H. D. DuBois of Cedar Falls.

A recent change at Fort Dodge finds Floyd Perkins, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 27, at

the "A" station as a truck man. W. P. Apland advances from Perkin's assistant to the command of No. 27 and J. C. Nelson has been taken on as his assistant.

E. R. Nettcott has been made superintendent of the plant at Mason City. He is a Hazelton, Iowa, man.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Otto A. Petersen, Correspondent

L. Bonnin, our hustling agent at Bonduel, Wis., certainly knows how to make use of his spare time. Recently while snowbound and unable to get around with his trucks, he decided it to be a good time to clean up his outstanding collections. He started to walk from one farmer to another and met with such success making these collections, that by the time he collected his last outstanding account he had covered 19 miles of snow covered country roads.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kresal are the proud parents of a baby boy. Carl is one of our tank truck drivers at Kenosha. Congratulations.

Anyone desiring information on "Radio" is invited to call on H. C. Huntoon, our Kenosha salesman. He's tried them all. But what we can't understand is why, when he has all these modern conveniences, he spends his Saturday evenings and Sundays in Milwaukee.

C. Lantow, Kenosha furnace oil truck driver, recently begot himself a wife. The boys say the cigars were fine.

Carl Ziegler, Clyde Brown and F. A. Collins have recently been added to the Kenosha force of S. S. attendants.

Alcid Germain, tank truck driver at Kenosha, recently broke his arm while cranking his Ford. He is expected back on the job shortly.

C. H. Moorehouse, one of the newcomers on the sales force, does not wish to offer alibis nor cast reflections upon the salesman that battled 16 foot snow drifts to sell S. O. Co. products, but claims that he is now struggling with sixteen feet of mud.

Our friend, Alvin, of Neenah, is rather undecided as to whether he ought to get a Ford or not. Perhaps he hasn't been able to find out just what sweetie thinks of it.

We are very sorry to hear of the death of the son of F. I. Merrill and the illness of his wife, but are glad to know that Mrs. Merrill is getting better. Mr. Merrill is tank truck driver at Neenah.

W. Hanson, tank truck driver at Wausau, is the proud dad of a baby boy. Congradulations! What ya goin ta name him?

Our Wausau agent, A. E. Heldt, and City Truck Driver A. Abraham grabbed third prize in a bowling tournament held here. Couldn't you fellows do better than third?

We express our sincere sympathy to H. F. Wilson, electrict railway lubriction salesman, in his bereavement over the death of his mother.

The monthly "Get-together" meeting at Racine on the evening of March 20 was quite an event. It being the first birthday of these meetings and also the end of the first year of service of C. A. Merritt as agent at Racine. The educational talks given by the various men were greatly appreciated.

Racine Tank Truck Driver Larry Boyle has the trade in Rural districts buzzing about Neolite and Geo. Schuette has been demonstrating Mica Axle grease quite successfully.

Pete Bolton, has established the record for Semdac sales at Racine. Pete modestly says it is his luck, but we know it is his way with the ladies.

Homer Deininger, new S. S. attendant at Racine, is going to show the fellows that the best salesmen come from the country.

We hear that Tank Wagon Salesman Fred Weber, while delivering Furnace Oil, met up with an unusually fair damsel, with the result that on April 22, next they will be united in bonds of matrimony.

The boys of Oshkosh extend their smypathy to agent A. H. Schroeder, and wife in their bereavement over the loss of their daughter, Ruth.

S. S. Attendant Phil Blake has the reputation of a Go-Getter and his largest customer last year was a local trucking contractor operating four Oshkosh F. W. D. Trucks and two Hudson pleasure cars. Good work Phil, that's real S. O. Co. pep.

Our clerk at Oshkosh, Edwin Zuelke, recently paid a visit to the Milwaukee office. We're always glad to see some of the boys from the field.

Snow drifts and bad roads mean nothing to E. R. Marsden, our Jamesville agent, when some good business is in the offing, and a 100 mile drive is nothing in his young life as is proven by a drive he recently made from Janesville, Wis., to Eagle, Wis., and return to secure some good piece of business and closed up a deal for five years. Good work Ray.

Among the latest newcomers are the following:

Adolph Peterson, appointed agent at Franksville, A. J. Galligan, appointed agent at Cuba City, and Walter Zauft, appointed agent at Sauk City. We welcome you to the S. O. Co. family.

Oscar Vangsness, our Lancaster agent, blushed a bit, then a broad grin covered his countenance when asked how the matrimonial ship was sailing. Finally he said, "We named her Anna Marion." A future clerical problem solved again.

Hank Gorman, T. W. driver at South Wayne, has been staying pretty close to home the last couple of weeks. Reason? He is minus all of his teeth.

Miss Pass, we ask that in the future you do not open your grip until you arrive at Campbellspoint, as you have spoiled somebody's fun the last time.

Mr. Parr, assistant T. W. superintendant, was presented with an eight pound baby boy on March 22. He is going to name the youngster James McDonald Parr The smokes were good, but the girls are still waiting for their candy. (Mr. Parr says, "Nothing doing." If it had been a girl he would have brought candy.

We'll get seats for all who can take the time to see the next champion Bowling game played here. We wish to state right now that Eddie Rice better be careful.

Roy Spindler, construction department, is considered a shark at checkers. In a recent game with W. H. Kolka, traffic department, Roy won the first game and hollered out to Otto, also of the construction department, "Otto No. 1." He also won the second game and repeated "Otto No. 2," but the following day he played Knickelbine of the traffic department and Roy lost the first and second games and then Roy quit playing saying, "I lose the title of Shark." Why not

make it three sets between the two departments for high honors?

The Check Department is sorry to lose Frank Peters and Fred Engels, but are glad to see them promoted.

We have in the check department four new members: Miss Gevers, Mr. Feuerstein, Mr. Sell and Mr. Joers.

ATTENTION—QUINCY, ILL.

We would like to know if H. D. Thomas' conscience is bothering him since he became back from Chicago, or did he pay all of his meal bills?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

R. M. Mix, Correspondent

March 21 will long be remembered as the date of the best annual salesmen's meeting ever held in the Minneapolis division. Home office was represented by Allan Jackson, T. J. Thompson, Harvey Cochran and N. R. Grimshaw.

All business cares were laid aside in favor of the monthly funfest of the Red Crown Social Club February 28. This time it was in the nature of a combination dance and card party and was held at the main office. Will someone please explain why Mr. and Mrs. Shallenberger were among those not present? Heretofore they have been active participants at our social affairs. Mrs. Shallenberger enjoys the dancing immensely and Ernest manipulates a wicked hand at Five Hundred.

Harry Mills, our popular purchasing agent, has been laid up with pleurisy, but will be around again shortly. Hurry up, Harry, we miss you.

When we succeed in getting "Sheik" Moshier to one of our parties again, we are going to designate the occasion a "Past President's Night" with Moshier, Eckman and Connelly occupying the chairs of honor.

Professor Walter Graham, our personnel chief and head of the department of instruction, has been out of town quite a bit lately, lecturing on the subject of correct lubrication. We sure expect a big gain in Polarine sales, Walt.

Ed Rother, agent at Hampton, was sick on March 12, due to the strenuous campaign he put on March 11 at the election. He was elected village constable.

Leroy Schultz, agent at Farmington, Minn., has kept one road east of town open all Winter. We often wonder why this certain road has preference over others. (Later: Her name is Miss Duff.)

Miss Harmsen of the stenographic department now fully understands why fish don't sleep at night.

Lost: One "was-to-be" mouser; born white but for many weeks a general supply black; flyweight feline champion of the world; answers to name of "Lawrence." Call Mike Zimmer, general supply department.

H. A. Damkroger is now making things hum on territory No. 23.

George Duncan is operating in his usual efficient manner at the St. Paul warehouse.

Agent Frank Olson of Hudson, Wis., is the father of twin boys. Another reason why Hudson sales will show a good gain this year, or rather, two reasons.

Gregor Voit, agent at Melrose, Minn., is now driving a new Red Baby truck. He says as long as he is selling first-class goods he must have a first-class truck.

A. A. Fox, agent at Albany, says litho goods are selling like hot cakes this year. He challenges any agent in the Minneapolis division on Polarine Litho, one-fifth gallon cases.

E. E. Taylor, agent at Sauk Center, is so busy selling Neolite he even has to make deliveries on Sunday. (Home come?)

Charlie Young, agent at Holdingford, says his slogan for 1924 is "Knock 'em cold."

Leo Hoeschen, agent at Freeport, has been in the habit of nursing a Charlie Denby. He has changed to a Seal of Minnesota. What's the idea in the change?

Agent W. J. Bailey of Long Prairie challenges the manager that he will not find him home except between 9 p. m. and 5 a. m.

Robert Bartylla, agent at Browerville, has promised to make things hum at Browerville this year on account of Leap Year and the raise in commissions.

Agent Peter B. Nelson of Eagle Bend is out to break all records this year.

Claude Kilbourn, agent at Bertha, has installed a radio. He doesn't want to miss any of the Tea Pot Dome details.

Eckman, what makes you call up Luedtke so often when you go through Sauk Center? (Give us one guess, Heinie.)

George Hornzee of the bookkeeping department is now a full-fledged citizen of the United States. George bade his kingly namesake a final fond bye-bye several weeks ago. You'd never know now George had ever been an Englishman. No!

Jay Jaseph is now head of the check department.

Agnes Venus McGetrick has joined the ranks of the file department. Thinks are in better *shape* down there already.

The Standard Oil Bowling League is nearing the finish. The Red Crowns and Renowns are putting up an interesting battle for top honors.

Do you remember way back when Miss Munroe "bawled out" the girls for bobbing their hair? It looks spiffy, Gladys.

Francis Paquin, our efficient blacksmith, has our heartfelt sympathy in the serious illness of his wife.

"Honey" Umnack has acquired the title, "Queen of the Ivories," and she sure lives up to the title when it comes to picking off the jazz melodies.

The Red Crown Jazz Quartette rivals the Pipes of Pan when they broadcast "Lovey Come Back" and "Linger Awhile." On April 3 the Red Crown Social Club was to step to the irresistible moans and groans of the combined harmony dispensers in the persons of "Chuck" Banning, college bonjoist; "Cliff" Stenning, howling sax hound; "Honey" Umnack, sizzling pianist; "Shorty" Northfield, Washington U. jazz drummer, and "Sheik" Baldwin, famous tank driver corneter.

Everybody is resting easy again. They've got Larry Fischer in a steel cage now.

The "Bobs" have added Miss Sylte and Miss Madsen to their ranks.

Anyone wanting repairs to their typewriter, please see Miss Boyum. She also repairs ediphones.

Miss Tuffley has been unusually happy these last few days. She is now Aunt Margaret. Sounds dignified, doesn't it?

Hank Broska of the bookkeeping department attributes his rosy complexion and plump figure

to the fact that he is now dining regularly at Ham Bergers.

The new cashier's cage fits Nick Ericcson like a high priced Kabo.

That's certainly a pretty dress that Miss McCauley sewed onto those five white buttons.

We understand that Joseph of biblical fame had a coat of many colors, but we doubt if it stirred up as much excitement as Blanch Paddelford's new black and white raglyn.

Paul Dickey, formerly our St. Paul agent, was given a very pleasant surprise by St. Paul and Merriam Park tank drivers before taking up his new position as Minneapolis agent. The men and their wives surprised Paul at his home and everybody had a fine time, especially Paul, who was presented with a beautiful Elgin gold watch and chain, which he proudly displays at every opportunity.

Warehouse

Walter Beaudoin, our new warehouse superintendent, is all set for a big year. "Let the 082's come" says he.

Someone taught Miller and Jaeger how to play chess. It sure looks funny as they sit there laughing at each other. (Chess-nuts.)

J. L. Carmody, our movie hero or stock clerk, is commencing to breathe easy—Furnace Oil.

A. Gustafson, our receiving clerk, is looking for the bird who hit him on the ear with that snowball.

M. A. Szpawski, foreman, is called "Paw" for Short. He's not a Scandinavian but you ought to see Paw ski.

The groundhog predicts a late Spring. But we have more faith in Carl Christopherson.

Wonder who sold Henry Roggandorf that loud speaker?

Walter Anderson says he can't do anything with that blame elevator when G. A. Johnson, 314 pounds, rides with him.

R. M. Gallup is anxiously waiting for Spring. He is our horseshoe shark. (No wonder—look at his name.)

J. Dzvoik is known by all his associates as "Black John." But you'll notice he keeps everything white.

Bill O'Grasky and Bob Bowler of the tin shop have a cage of Angora mice. Bill says he is going to cross them with a Siberian chipmunk. Bob wants to give them the acid test.

Girls, this is Leap Year. Why don't you come over some noon and call on Sir Frank Welch. He's Irish.

Girls! Here's another, Henry Dagnault (completely Irish). What in the world is wrong?

"Yus, my boy is so smart he yust turn a little knob and get Chicago. Och! Dot's nothing. My poy turn liddle knob and get New York." "You think that's great?" says Pete Johnson. "My boy turns a knob and gets Copenhagen."

Paul Weiss is right on the job as usual.

Charles Titchen is still checker champion.

Girls! Here's another! Rex Lee of the candle room.

MINOT, N. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

Manager Beaton called the office force together February 28 and arranged for a social club, at which time by-laws, rules and regulations were adopted. The following officers were elected: Nick Ebeltoft, president (Nick was the first president of the Fargo Social Club); Grace Reed, vice president; Herb Allan, secretary and treasurer; executive committee, Mickey Dolan and Duane Clapp. Right away the bunch got busy and held a dance and card party, which was a marked success. There was also an excellent program for this event, but John Hay put in on the bum.

Found in the force: Two sharpshooters, Assistant Manager Hathaway and Equipment Man Kincaid; these two are dead shots and there isn't a sparrow left on the ranch.

Salesman Banks, Parshall field, paid a visit to the office, stating that things were coming fine, especially on the Indian reservation.

Word has reached us that Mrs. H. M. Wetzig, wife of our agent at Manfred, is quite sick and has been taken to Detroit, Minn., to regain her health.

It was thought that someone was in deep distress in the stationery room, when it was only Miss Brunelle trying to straighten out the advertising material.

Frank Grimsgard is back from a week's vacation spent in Fargo.

Lou Perry, our agent at Sawyer, N. D., dropped in the office and said we could count on him to make the March quotas.

We were all shocked by receiving the sad news that our efficient agent, Al Miller, at Penn, N. D., was killed. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his bereaved wife and daughter.

Marie Tiber was visited by her sister, Ann, who is teaching at Anamoose.

Harry Overby just spent a week's vacation in Fargo and we notice that he returned alone. Enuf sed.

Mr. Wilkinson of Fargo was here a short time ago visiting his son, Ralph.

W. J. Kilber, agent at Zeeland, has decided to plunge into politics and make a run for the office of county treasurer. We are not sure if we wish him success, because we always hate to loose an agent of many year's good standing.

Rufer attended a meeting of credit men at Fargo, where he gave an address on "How to Get the Money When the Banks Are Closed."

S. M. Wilson, agent at Starkweather, reports that he had a pleasant trip to Ontario, Canada, where he visited his mother and father.

Messrs. Hay and Westmiller of the Minot office paid an official visit to Salesman E. C. Lang of Cando.

Agent Haugen of Churches Ferry is the proud daddy of an 11-pound baby boy and says that now that he has made a gain in the family, he will break all records for the Churches Ferry station.

Salesman A. J. Pass demonstrated the aid of advertising in selling Red Crown to our sales force in an efficient manner.

Salesman E. C. Lang of Cando, N. D., writes that all the agents in his field have been making rural routes and any gains that have been made are due to that fact. He also feels that his field was the deciding factor in the winning of the Red Crown trophy for the Minot division.

Anyone desiring to hear a good story ask Nick Ebeltoft for the one on the meaning of W. C.

All the salesmen report that they got a "real kick" out of the sales demonstrations put on by A. J. Pass, E. L. Miller and J. J. Loberg.

The bowling match between the married men and the single men last night on the Central

alley resulted in favor of the single men by a margin of 96 pins. Herb Kincaid, our equipment chief, claims the only reason that he made but 95 in the last game was that he tripped on his mustache in rolling the last ball. Both Lunde and Grimy put across a lot of "strikes." Hugh Westmiller, master of the so-called "hook-'em-cow" ball, rolled 188, the highest he has rolled for the past 20 years. Fred Tucker tried to show us all how to roll the "ankle" ball.

Oscar Covert, our traffic man, spending a few of his idle moments in the Soo depot, questioned a man in uniform as to what his job was. The man answered, "Calling trains." Oscar said, "Call me one."

While Agent Emil Bratvold, our agent at Bawer, was at Harlow February 25 with a load of Red Crown, he was notified by telephone that a baby boy had just arrived. Yes, he unloaded the gas, but you couldn't see his truck for dust on the way home.

Howard Leader, son of our agent at New Rockford, kept his dad up a few night on account of having the measles.

A. H. Ebentier, agent at Grace City, has a new truck on the job.

Agent Reinhold of Balta and Salesman Matt Warnken took in the Catholic debating club at Balta. Both were called upon for a talk.

The Northsiders and Southsiders in Oberon put on a basketball game March 3. Mr. Fred Baker, our agent, was captain of the Northsiders and won, but Fred says never again. He gets more pleasure out of selling Standard Oil products.

Salesman E. L. Miller taught us how to use advertising in putting across sales of Polarine. Everyone was benefited.

J. H. Tillema, agent at Strasburg, has put into service a new Ford truck stating that no one in his field need be out of Standard Oil products.

Helen Rincker, who has been laid up for the past few days, has now returned to the office.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hay in the loss of her mother, Mrs. Roebeck, who was buried at Thief River Falls.

I'll bet my money that Miss Daly can make the best coffee of any girl in the office. But she has nothing on Miss Erickson when it comes to making sandwiches.

Frank Grimsgard sure made a hit in his Gob uniform at the St. Patrick's ball.

The youngest Irishman to attend the St. Patrick's ball was Ralph Willard Wilkinson, five months old, who attracted the attention of all the dancers.

Selmer Flom, our agent at Parshall, N. D., recently purchased two new motor trucks.

Neil Littlejohn, agent at Sherwood, N. D., was one of our past weeks pleasant callers.

Mike Maher of Columbus, who supplies everybody with Red Crown, was seen on the streets in Minot with a "white collar" on.

Our newest member is Leon L. Sperry, agent at Arnegard, N. D.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

"Old Reliable" Brown of Rantoul chortles gleefully over another big Red Crown and Polarine order, and announces that he is adding another Ford truck to his equipment. Also expresses a wish to take ten dollars away from Mr. Maulsby. If we know our new assistant boss, friend Brown will get a chance to show the color of his money.

P. C. Hanson, credit man, and Salesman Hal Davis "rode out" the blizzard of March 20 in Hal's coupe. Now Perc is telling everybody about the "frozen North."

Now one G. Heser believes all the strange tales the Duke told about Chicago hotels. D'ja hear about the telephone call George got at the Congress from a mysterious young lady? Our handsome bachelor hasn't recovered his poise yet.

And still the little fellow with the bow and arrows does his stuff. Nell Redfern's left hand is now adorned in proper fashion, on the proper finger. Say when, Nellie.

Agent Chester of Havana and Tractor Mechanic P. M. Rhoades felt the fury of the storm on March 20 when they were marooned in the drifts and had to send an S. O. S. to Havana for help. The "castaways" whiled away the tedious hours singing hymns.

The latest method of ascertaining the contents of tank cars is that used by Agent Stahl of Clinton. He tastes it.

Ask Bob Spitler about his mama doll.

Agent Vliet of Rossville is recovering from a bad attack of the "flu." Hurray back, Andy. We miss you on the "firing line."

Agent C. W. Benson wins promotion from Virginia to Beardstown. Fine stuff. Look out for Beardstown, now.

"Chubby" Hellman, heavyweight of the checking department, reduced twenty-five pounds during his vacation by a five-mile hike every morning.

Salesman Jarratt pulled one for the book at the LaPalma recently when he ordered two eggs on what he thought was toast—and found out he didn't like fried mush.

Sympathy of the Peoria Field is extended to Salesman Wieties in the death of his little daughter, March 22.

Agent Case of Callom emits a mournful wail of "mud—mud—mud." He says, "How can I make my quota when touring cars get stuck on Main street?" 'Stuff, old man, but a lot of others are with you.

Heskett, down at Hillview, gets poetical over what he'll do in 1924. Sorry, Claude, but no sonnets can be printed in this highly artistic publication, by order of the ed.

Attendant Grant, at S. S. No. 301, Springfield, opposite the Illinois Watch Company, rubs his hands gleefully over the prospective customers among the hundreds of employees who daily throng the factory gates. Go get 'em, Grant.

Nels Reistad, clerk, warehouseman, stenographer, etc., at Springfield, is preparing for a matrimonial plunge this Summer, and is glad Stacy has moved to Peoria, so he can visit him on his honeymoon.

Speaking of Stacy, the handsome "Bill" is welcomed in Peoria Office, succeeding P. W. Adams, who advances to salesman. Shake, Stace, old man, and good luck.

"Genial Gene" Martin of Bloomington wandered back to his old Springfield haunts on his vacation.

The many friends of Salesman Britt will learn with regret that the little fellow is a patient at the Mayo Brothers Hospital, Rochester, Minn., preparatory to an operation for stomach trouble. Here's hoping our diminutive Springfield pepper-

pot will soon be on the road to his usual spirits and health.

Agent Swanston of Oneida is a good husband as well as a hustling agent. On March 11, his better half was surprised with a handkerchief shower, the "drops" totaling 36, and a pot-luck supper in the evening, all arranged through the mail by "hubby." R. H. neglected to tell us whether the occasion was a wedding anniversary or birthday.

Paul Adams is a particular cuss. When he wants light blue garters, he wants 'em, although the clerk has to dig 'em out of the basement.

Miss Sutton has had her hair bobbed, and we understand the manager of the watch department at Goldstein's likes the side puffs much better.

Hear Ritchey's latest Broadway success entitled "Don't Leave Me, Bill, Don't Leave Me."

Speaking of bad roads, Brown of Rantoul, and Salesman Davis were out recently in the latter's coupe, and they lost a tire in the ooze, and drove three miles without knowing it.

Bill Neal over at Fisher is right on the trail of the Polarine bonus. Stick to it, Bill. We're betting on you.

Agent Eberle of Springfield has taken a course in cellar inspection this Winter. As tools for his midnight calls he uses two ten gallon jacket cans. Keeps 'em parked on the back porch. (Peculiar utensils, Charlie. Most chaps use a stone jug.)

Springfielders are curious as to how that beaded bag came to be in Mel Houston's car.

Emil Webb, Springfield driver, who was badly injured in a truck accident some weeks ago, is rapidly mending, and will soon return to his old haunts. Oscar Lemon, who was a participant in the crash, got off lightly and was not disabled. Emil wishes to express his appreciation to the Peoria Office force for the plant which they sent him.

On March 8, Salesman Steidinger had the pleasant experience of starting his honeymoon and his vacation simultaneously. Congratulations.

Agent Benson, over at London Mills, sends in a neat little poetical clipping entitled "Let's Go." Sorry, old man, but rules is rules, and we can't print it. It's good stuff, too.

"Jimmy" Brown, erstwhile Peoria T. W. driver, left us recently to engage in the S. S. business in his home town of Atlanta. Jimmy is a live wire and a hustler, and sorry we are to see him go. However, here's to his luck. (Is he gonna handle R. C.?)

The two Chrises, Wyss and Ludwig, veteran Peoria warehousemen, enjoyed their vacations simultaneously. Ludwig missed two Friday shaves.

W. H. Gray, formerly of Olney, Ill., joins the S. S. force at Peoria. Welcome, stranger.

And welcome likewise to the following additions to the ranks: Roy Gillott, mail clerk; F. H. Addington, mail clerk; H. L. Dunbar, city salesman; R. W. Frame, White Hall, R. M. Anderson, Galesburg, W. E. Knight, Springfield, S. S. attendants; E. E. Walters, Adair, and E. West, Knoxville, C. G. Falkingham, Towanda, J. E. Wilson, Delavan, R. A. Donaldson, Elkhart, N. C. Coy, Virginia, agents; A. H. Wolfe, Springfield, A. Buchanan, Bloomington, L. J. Bryant, Springfield, R. C. Stremmel, Beardstown, H. E. Kyle, Peoria, W. W. Fleharty, Galesburg, J. DeWeerth, Peoria, F. E. Sample, Springfield, and V. E. Williamson, Canton, tank wagon drivers.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Oscar Durham, formerly agent at Monroe City, Mo., is now on the sales force, handling the territory formerly covered by W. C. Edwards, who is agent-salesman at Fort Madison, Iowa. That shows what good old hard plugging will do. Success be with you, boys.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Rutledge, of Good Hope, Ill. Barbara June is the young lady's name and she weighed nine pounds at birth. L. G. had reasons for overlooking his reports.

Edith Soebbing, former head of the stenographic department, is now in the legal department at home office. A letter from her bears the news that her new work is much to her liking, also that she had quite a scare one morning when her umbrella closed down on her suddenly while she was crossing a busy street. We miss you, Edith, but are glad to see you moving on toward the top.

The stenographic department is now headed by Margaret Ernst. Although Margaret's hair is of the right color to make you think twice before disturbing her, she is as sweetly accommodating as her predecessor.

Ester White, one time agent at Green City, Mo., is again with us, this time as agent instructor.

Assistant Manager T. P. Jones and Sales Manager W. J. King tried the map-making art recently. We haven't seen the result of their effort yet but we'll bet it's grand.

We are glad to report that Milo Pierce's son, who was accidentally shot by a chum, is well on the road toward recovery and will soon be as full of pep as his dad. Milo is agent at Queen City, Mo.

G. F. Middleton, salesman, is another brand new papa. It's a girl. Congratulations!

R. A. Bibb is the new agent at Bowling Green, Mo., replacing S. D. Thompson, who has gone into the dairy business. Here's a chance to place a big order of Bovinol, Ray.

Another new-comer is D. M. Hall, agent at Centralia, Mo. Welcome into the family, Hall.

After reading a letter from Gibson and Marksbury of Maywood, Mo., regarding the unusual service rendered them by the SOCO we have a hankering to hand Alva Herst a good whack on the back along with our best line of cigarets on his style of service. Good work, Alva.

Alma Bradshaw, Margaret Ernst and Esther Taylor have joined the ranks of the bobbed-hair girls. Looks good to us.

The latest members to join the SOCO family in this office are Margaritea Turner of the stenographic department, J. G. Smith of the order department and D. R. Feely, file clerk. Eddie Herring is also with us again, this time in the R & M department.

Otto Freiburg, general clerk, is vacationing in Milwaukee at present. A card from him bears the information that he has found plenty of

signs (about the stuff that made Milwaukee famous) but none of the goods.

Although his promotion to chief clerk at Saginaw was pleasing news to everyone, it was a subdued gathering that bade H. D. Thomas goodbye. Mr. Thomas is a Quincy product, some of us having known him since boyhood. The office force presented him with a handsome Gladstone bag, and "Dean" carries with him the friendship and affection of every Standard Oil employee in this division.

Warehouse and Service Stations

M. T. W. Driver A. F. Wisehart in making a delivery of refined oil recently, had his truck mire so deeply that the rear axle was buried. An accommodating farmer, a friend of the SOCO, soon had him on his way, after a lot of assistance given by a team of hard tailed mules. The delivery was made in time to save the chicks in the incubator. And "no charge" for the pull.

Drivers Fritzmeyer and Tandy, on a recent trip to Payson, had the misfortune to break a bearing in the transmission of the truck driven by Fritzmeyer which resulted in the near drowning of McGartland of the garage force. Ted says Mac had a young strawstack under the truck to lie on, but he managed to wiggle through it into the mud and had to be pulled out.

Warehouseman William Grimmer advises his father has returned home from Blessing Hospital where he was operated on for appendicitis. His condition was serious for some time. Glad to hear he is better, Bill.

A. M. Mann, warehouse clerk, says there is nothing to the article in the *Herald* that he was married recently. 'Tis true he did "lay off" Saturday p. m. but he was back on the job Monday morning. Perhaps "someone" in the main office knows.

Reported on the sick list is Mrs. Paul Ingram, wife of the assistant attendant at S. S. No. 2.

If we don't get some sunshine and good roads soon, Bill Snider of S. S. No. 2 will be a fit subject for Jacksonville. Bill is used to being busy, handing out SOCO Service with a smile.

Bud Williams, in charge of S. S. No. 29, wins them every time with his pleasant smile and courteous treatment, and the products he has to sell. They repeat.

Bob Christie, S. S. No. 5, is getting some new business in this sort of weather! Keep it up, Bob.

Hannibal, Mo.

T. E. Bailey, one of our handsome drivers, seems to like delivering furnace oil. Says there is more desert with this product, especially cake and pie. Look out, Ted, some husband may get jealous.

Whiting, Lissen!

M. T. W. Driver W. T. Tipton has installed a new radio and claims he can hear the Whiting refinery turning out Red Crown. (It's too bad he can't see the Travertine Girls' basketball team.—Corr.)

A. O. Bell and Ralph Taylor, attendants at S. S. No. 15, are running a race to see which can sell the most R. C. to the lady drivers. Why specialize on the ladies?

Miss White claims that if this weather continues she is going to purchase a pair of (and right here ye reporter breaks off and forgets to complete his story. We did our best but couldn't decide what it was she threatened to buy. So it's a mystery.—Corr.).

Harry Hays, T. W. driver, and Charles Bennett, mechanic, seem to have some hot arguments in regard to trucks. Charles claims the power comes from the motor, and Harry says it comes from the wheels. E. O. Bailey comes along and tells them they are both wrong—it comes from Red Crown.

Bryan Hayden is a new member added to our family, being attendant at S. S. No. 3.

Moberly, Mo.

Our esteemed and peppy agent-salesman, Billy Howell, doesn't seem to lay so much stress on the bad roads for the lack of business but says it is due to the copious precipitation of the aqueous elements! Everybody who knows what that means stand on your heads.

Our mechanic, T. E. Harris, was called to Quincy to take a four weeks' course in auto mechanics, but who should show up for work the following Monday morning but Mr. Harris. Just think, a four weeks' course in one. Ain't we smart?

We were agreeably surprised by a visit from W. C. McAdams. It had been a long time since we had seen our friend and we were glad to have him around. Come again soon, Mac.

Keokuk, Iowa

Mr. Brunat has purchased a new pair of trousers. The way he struts around in them you'd think he was a sheik. (What makes you think he isn't?)

Hurrah! Spring is here. Jim Hanlin, warehouse foreman, has purchased his annual quota of garden seeds, consisting of onion sets, strings of garlic, lettuce and radish seeds. If Jim works as hard in the garden as he does in the warehouse he'll have enough for us all. Here's hoping.

Siney McCarty, the sheik of Vincennes, is looking for a fair sheba. He is willing to exchange photos. Any leap year girls in the crowd?

A very pleasant meeting was enjoyed by the employes of this station, March 13. A six o'clock dinner was served, after which short talks were given by Messrs. Altes, Miller, Hanlin and Brunat. A pledge to put 1924 across to the satisfaction of Manager A. L. Martin was made. Those present were: F. E. Miller, E. Moffit, O. Vandenboom, Bobbie Brunat, C. Altes, E. Hartman, W. Haisch, H. A. Brunat, J. M. Hanlin, H. Heitman and S. McCarty.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

R. A. Lilly, our chief clerk, has been transferred to Grand Rapids, where he will serve in the same capacity. While we all loved him as a brother and are going to miss him more than we can tell we are very glad to see him step forward and will always feel that he is a Saginaw member wherever he may be. On the eve of his departure, March 31, he was presented with a beautiful "Howard" watch and chain as a token of our esteem.

H. D. Thomas, former assistant chief clerk of the Quincy division, has succeeded Mr. Lilly as chief clerk and we offer him the hospitality and co-operation for which Saginaw is famous.

It is reported the only thing that kept Harold Lester from going to California last Fall was

the fact he had two suits of fleece lined underwear that were good for another season.

Mary Ryder, W. G. Oliver, Ted Mayville and Mathews are the four cribbage experts in the building. The rest of us can't understand how they get any sense out of that 7, 8, 15, 2 stuff.

If you are interested in a house, you can get any information you desire of James Keho, who has been in close touch with the housing situation for the last few months. He can look at a bug house and appraise it better than a veteran assessor.

"Bob" Allardyce, radio fan, has been trying to get Los Angeles with a crystal set he made out of tin foil, hair pins and a cat's moustache but without results. However, he says he got the devil when he forgot to pick up his traps after himself.

W. B. Ross, our new civil engineer, is a Canadian citizen and was astonished at the wonders of our country when he passed a sign on the Dixie Highway which read: For Sale, Fresh Cow, Eggs. Wait till he sees the horse radishes.

We knew it would happen: Clem Kolb, Lochinvar of the tricycles, lost control of his velocipede which developed one of the characteristics of an empty banana and precipitated him to the terra firma with an abruptness that shook all his vertebrae out of alignment. The excruciating pains he experiences when he takes a sitting position prompt volleys of wrath upon the bike.

Clarence Young attended the policemen's ball dolled up two pay days in advance and came away with his birth mark and a lot of chills.

Martin Volz of the order department recently purchased a new Ford coupe. When interviewed, he said he did it as an act of humanity with the sole thought of preventing Clarence from becoming flat footed.

Miss Laura Schauer of the iron barrel department devotes her noon hours to the manufacture of the most beautiful pieces of apparel which we understand quickly finds their way into a well filled hope chest.

It is noticeable that Miss Koepke takes a brighter view of life just after she has visited relatives in Detroit.

Miss Remer recently had her tonsils removed and during her convalescence got behind with her daily recitals, however her tongue is now operating from both ends.

John McDonald is putting aside the work he has been performing so faithfully for the past twenty-eight years and will now take a dignified rest for his remaining years. On April 1, he was made beneficiary of the annuity. We are going to miss his kind face and fatherly advice, but we are glad he can spend his remaining years out of the harness and we hope they will be many.

The Sour Seven recently put on a musical extravaganza at the Auditorium, notwithstanding "Dannie" Russo is just as popular as ever.

"Bob" Zahn has been quarantined from his home for several months on account of his little family being afflicted with scarlet fever. We are glad to learn that they are rapidly recovering under the tender care of a devoted mother. The correspondent can sympathize in a fair measure of appreciation since his three children are victims of the measles.

Erwin Richards of the equipment department is a firm believer of the term, "The Lord will provide." One Sunday on his return from church he found a five pound Plymouth Rock shadowing his kitchen door. The bird accepted "Dick's" hospitality, but will never be the same. It's a good thing cows are not allowed to run at large.

To the unsuspecting we have a choice bit of gossip: Miss Crane will be married this Summer. While she frankly admits she only takes "booby" prizes at bridge but at the game of hearts she has all the trumps. Editor: Lay off the scissors, she gave me all rights on this article.

The good wife of our cashier, B. H. Hoerauf, we are glad to learn, is rapidly recovering from a very painful operation.

"Bill" Villenauve has changed his seat again. "Bill" says the nearest he can get to an outside job is to move closer to the traffic department. The bookkeepers and cashiers also rely on that source of supply as they can get invigorated without any discomfort.

If you think Evan Price hasn't statistical ability, ask him what appeared on page 24 of the March RECORD.

Clifton Friers reclaimed his airplane and as soon as it gets a new set of wings and another cash reserve it will probably put on another unsuccessful season.

Harold Bendein has traded in his old car for a Tudor sedan. He figures he will be in a position to enjoy the scenery instead of sitting all ready to land feet first in case the expected should happen.

Harry Seaman has a new Hudson coach. He says he knows a lot of secrets about the one he traded in.

W. G. Oliver can't hardly wait until he can get his superheater out on the main highways.

Paul Black has relinquished 50 per cent of the stock in a good used car. He says there "ain't no such thing."

Fred Carle has trained his car to jump puddles and snatch apples off the trees.

Glen Niendorf still sports the old hack that makes waves on the asphalt and shakes paper money into small change. Well, when it finally dismembers in transit he can fall back on the horse which is enjoying life until bologna goes up.

Cammeron Dawson has a 1915 model Olympian that has an awful appetite for 1924 gasoline.

For Sale—good bicycle with attachments for riding trolley wires. Clem Kolb. Fred Dettenthaler can't understand why Kolb wants to sell, since a "bike" has unlimited possibilities for getting his name in the papers. He claims that if they would keep the Franklin street door open he would ride right up to the lockers.

Saginaw Garage (Grease Rats)

"Holy Crow" Herlick, the two-fisted Canadian, has been training for a long seance with "Berries."

"Gee Whizz" Sperling is still wandering from his bench to the stock room.

Aaron Breiter, a new member of the SOCO family, joined us a short time ago as a stock clerk. Stand off, girls, he has signed the pledge and recognizes only one petticoat.

Ford Kuebler, our vocal instructor, rehearses

his party program while he works and if this wasn't a free country we'd all be a party to a murder.

Hey! Berries, throw that muffler belt, put some wind in that fan and put some ruby oil in that tail light, here comes Louis Reip, he's wise to all that stuff. He's taking a course from Arthur Clements at a dollar per insertion.

"Pittsburg Slim," alias Glen Scholar, has been touring through Carrolton, the place where the 'Dudes" eat sledge hammers for breakfast. Some day he will have an eye in the mourning. Wooooooooo.

Charles Turner, our chief injunear, who took a stake job from Alma in the fobby webber, had to keep on the alert to keep out of the ditches. Maybe you didn't rack it off soon enough, Charlie. See "Jimmie" Baird of Elizabethtown, Ky., who just got back on his two "ones" after a week's indisposition. He claims he'd just bottled it.

Edward Symons is the inventor of a developer that is going to be popular. Where he got the inspiration we don't know unless he was suffering the need himself. However, they say it's the last chance.

"Hey Mister" Harry Jelneck and Art Schmidt claim there's going to be a lot of eye strain when the Messrs. Keating and Soop go by with their new paint jobs.

HEY, INDIANAPOLIS

"Bill" Johnson has been trying to avoid publicity by staying under a Packard tank wagon. He's trying to pull that George Hintz stuff. Oh, by the way, Indianapolis, a few months ago we let you have our "Georgie." Be awful good to him, won't you?

Alma, Mich.

Charles Plowman had the misfortune to loose a twenty-dollar bill some time ago and has decided to regain it at the horse races this Summer. His intimate friends know he was trying to show up the first robin by hogging all the worms for his fishing trip.

C. B. Lehr, our agent and salesman, has a few customers that are in such a receptive mood that they can't wait for his regular call but call him on the 'phone and demand his presence with an extra order book so he can cover their needs.

Every indication points to an early spring. Sales on alcohol are nix and Roy Crist says public favor is swinging over to Semdac.

When Mr. Billgren, city tank driver, walks into a clothing store and asks for one of those $35 suits, the dealer starts to hum and haw and explain that he has no tarpaulins or canopies in stock.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Plowman in their reecnt bereavement when Mrs. Plowman's father passed away.

Charles Plowman and Charles Rowley, our St. Louis agent, are some conversationalists. When they get together a package of Beechnut contains only two chews. If a pair of rhesus monks could see them stow that nourishment away they would die of envy.

L. Hicks and Bill Johnson, S. S. attendant and agent of Ithaca, we understand, are a team that can't be beat when it comes to prescribing power and lubrication for cars and tractors.

Bay City

A S. S. meeting was conducted the latter part of February and interesting talks were given by the Messrs. Baker, Wagner, Lawler, Church and Kressley.

Earl Wagner, our T. W. superintendent, moved his family to Bay City the latter part of February so guess that is a sign that he likes us better than he does Saginaw.

Cheboygan

Mrs. Roy Stokan, wife of our Indian River-Wolverine agent, was a visitor the other day. Roy is watching the weather signs.

"Heinie" Mertz, attendant at S. S. No. 12, has been washing, polishing and painting until his station gives a pedestrian the blind staggers. He attended a meeting at Alpena and thoroughly enjoyed Elmer Kressley's lecture and motor demonstration.

Mrs. R. P. Fitzpatrick says she likes her new husband and Cheboygan very much and she extends a casual invitation to the members of the family to call when in Cheboygan and see if "Fitz" is gaining any since she started to prepare his meals.

We are grieved to announce that Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Glendon of Hale had the misfortune to lose their infant daughter after an attack of pneumonia.

"Busy B's" on M-14

By Dale Richmond

Shepherd—Agent William Kirkconnell has this territory under his large wing and to keep up with his enthusiasm has purchased a new Graham Bros. truck. "Bill" showed a big gain on Perfection and Red Crown last year of which he is just proud. He has a wife and three wee bonnie lassies which makes a nice little SOCO family.

Mt. Pleasant, the "Friendly Town"—It is here that George Chamberlain downs competition. The old saying, "you can't teach an old dog new tricks," doesn't apply to George. He has a special set he uses on collecting S&NC tickets. He has a good wife and six children who boost SOCO with one voice. There are two Service Stations here which thrive under the close attention of Attendants Charles M. Hall, J. Earl Cole and Frank A. Mead.

Rosebush—Not a town of Roses as one would think but from the sales of Bovinol one would think there were a lot of pests here. Merle became agent here after the roads got bad but from the way he has started out we may expect to see a blue streak when the sun gets to shining on both sides of the fence. Merle has a wife and two fine baby daughters.

Clare—Russel Koch, veteran agent at this point, got his first experience when T. J. Thompson was manager at Grand Rapids. "Russ" certainly dispenses good service. He has a good wife and a family of eight boys and girls.

Harrison—Clyde Curtis is our agent and is probably in a class by himself since he has never held over seven S&NC tickets at any one time since 1923. When asked how he did it he replied, "I trained my customers during the period of prosperity and after the war, didn't tell them any difference. He has a wife and three children.

Port Huron, Mich.

Giles W. R. Wedge says that since he has all the chimneys clean he can devote his attention to a carpet beater and a few dish rags.

Bill Latham actually bet a hard dime on his Harvester which which he claims has been handed down to four different generations this June. After calling three hardware stores and the city ash collector for the time he declared himself the winner, as was expected. The only thing wrong with it is the size. Bill has to carry it in his side coat pocket.

The four little robins which Frank Stinson has mothered all winter flew away at the first indication of Spring much to his grief but he has become reconciled since he heard that Mr. Davies had led him beyond the bounds of reason by his clever imitation of the birds vocabulary.

Silas Bell of S. S. No. 304 has become the proud owner of a Ford coupe which he has equipped with a rack for five gallon cans and a tank car trailer.

Flint, Mich.

Since Mrs. Joseph Dierich visited friends in Saginaw for a few days, Joe is living the enforced life of a bachelor, all of which brings him to a full realization of the joys of married life.

"Pa" Lauer makes a very good referee for two bald heads around a billiard table. He wanted to get his picture in the RECORD but we couldn't get him to stand still long enough. He's a busy man these days.

The next time you go out after any of the soup, Clare, you had better take a small rope to hold the other rubber on. Furnier of the T. W. department will help you find it this Summer when the ditch drys up.

Mrs. Havens, wife of our late agent, is much improved after her attack of pneumonia and has moved to Ann Arbor where she will make her home.

We are sorry that Mr. Dunn of the Flint office hasn't time to view the scenery out of the west window during the noon hour.

We had Elmer Kressley with us at the Flint plant on March 25. All "B" station agents in this district were present and enjoyed his talk very much. Other fine talks were enjoyed, especially those of Manager Keating and the Messrs. Seaman, Bryson, Theobald and Jones.

Harold Jones, T. W. department, still sleeps in the country. He says he rather enjoys it now that the roads are clear and he can get home before it is time to start to work again.

If any one wishes to have their Polarine changed, call at S. S. No. 13 and inquire for Glenn Seder. He will drain your crank case with a smile. It makes no difference to him whether you buy a fresh supply from him or have your reserve in a jug.

If anyone wants to buy a candle or two, see the Hon. John Meade. He still has a few on hand and is prepared to make immediate delivery.

The Rest of the Field

D. W. Bye is our new attendant in charge of S. S. No. 32, Midland. We are watching his activities with a hopeful eye.

H. M. Beardsley has been appointed attendant in charge of S. S. No. 31, Lapeer. He seems to be taking his job seriously.

R. P. Eymer, new salesman, has been assigned to that territory formerly covered by H. E. Anker.

F. E. Packard, Tax Attorney from home office, was a Saginaw visitor, March 26.

We noticed an account in the *News Courier* of the birth of a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Dale Richmond on March 17. Seems to us like we have a salesman by that name.

We were pleasantly surprised on March 22 to see our old office associate Clyde Ullery of the South Bend Office. We had given him up for dead since we have scanned the South Bend news consistently in an effort to locate him but he says the only way he could appear in those columns would be to call out the window or come to work in his pajamas.

"Lew Berry's 'B' Liners"

We must advise you that Roy Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Roy have arrived in our midst as per our prediction in the last issue. We were surprised to find that the bride seemed to take a liking to us and we are glad that we never traveled the territory in which she lived prior to her wedding to "Fitz" as we wouldn't have cut him out for the world. The boys at the Cheboygan plant made the newlyweds a present of a rubberstove poker.

Bert Clute, attendant at the Onaway S. S., was a busy boy the past week, owing to the fact that Baby June, his daughter, was suffering with pneumonia. We are pleased to report that she is improving and will soon be her fat little self again. Bert claims that she should have been a boy as she has all the "pep" required of a football player. Mrs. Clute was busily engaged doctoring an attack of whooping-cough, so you can readily see that she has a long ways to go before she suffers from any of the ailments caused by senility.

Mrs. Joe Follette, manager at Onaway, reports that she is having difficulty making the assistant manager, Mr. Joe, obey orders. Joe retorts that since the appearance of Nancy Rose, Mrs. Joe has done nothing but give orders and that as far as attention is concerned, "Joseph is a cooked goose." Joe has the truck in service again and has begun to "hit the old apple on the nose," for, says our friend Joe, "Nancy needs a new pair of shoes."

We were in Millersburg the past week and were greeted by Ben Hill, who was waving a copy of the STANOLIND RECORD in one hand and frothing at the mouth at the same time. Ben demanded to know who put that there stuff in the RECORD and to prove that he could get in and out of the Ford without a shoe horn he took us to the livery barn and weighed in. Well, sir, he only weighed 253 pounds ring side, so you see we were mistaken about it being difficult for him to get into the cab. Ben is on a diet at the present time and is eating but four meals a day.

Bill Gross of Rogers City fame has the bus all shined up and varnished for the Easter parade. We will back the appearance of Bill's truck against any in Michigan. Bill reads the advertisements and believes that if you "save the surface you save all," but he maintains that this does not apply to tires. Bill's youngest son saw a picture in the RECORD showing a small boy with a can of Semdac and a rag, and he has insisted that Bill get him an outfit like it and take his picture. Believe me, the STANOLIND RECORD sure gets read from cover to cover in this home. They were very much interested in the copy which showed the "mugs" of the several correspondents of the different divisions and

when they "spotted" S. P. Johnson of Saginaw they remarked, "so that is the boy who burns up the pictures we send for the RECORD," so it is a darn good thing that "Sharn" doesn't have to call upon these people. Bill says that in order to get any of his pictures in the RECORD he has to have what "Sharn" calls action, and he asked me what to do about it. My advice was for him to buy a moving picture outfit.

Chet Clark, attendant of the Rogers City S. S., is waiting for the perch to start biting, and when they do he promises us a feed. Chet says that his station is similar to a boiler shop, as it sure is noisy when the compressor and water pump get to hitting it off at the same time. The last time we were at this station we were obliged to wear rubber boots to get into the place and Chet was busy digging holes for the water to run to. When he had one hole filled he would dig another to put the dirt in which he took out of the first one, so you see he had a steady job. This "boy" asked us if we would be surprised if he was married in the Fall. We replied that we would be, and he answered as follows, "So would I."

We haven't had the pleasure of visiting with Phil Lewandowski since our last issue, but we understand that he is still taking lessons on the bag-pipe so as to qualify as a Scotchman. Phil announces that he has four dozen dog tags left from the last session of tax collection which he will dispose of cheaply for pocket pieces. Phil has two children, a boy and a girl, the oldest of which is three years, and to show you how well we take with everybody, they asked Phil who the funny looking man was, the last time we happened around that way. It's a cinch you can't fool the "kids."

Claude Sherwood, agent at Atlanta, is looking forward to the moment when he can pension Dobin off for the balance of the year and get the truck to bringing in the bacon for him. Claude claims that harness oil is one of the things which will keep him from getting lazy, as he finds that few, if any, call him on the telephone and tell him to deliver a five gallon can.

Joe Hale, the Gaylord agent, is still using crutches to navigate with. He reports that he never knew how fast he was until he broke his leg. Joe figures that he can get around a little just as soon as the snow leaves for good and that he will "jazz" up the trade a little so that he will have no time for sleep when he gets back on the job.

Don Bailey of the Gaylord S. S. reports that our article upon his good looks helped him a lot at home. He believes that Mrs. Bailey has just begun to appreciate him as she shows a great deal of interest in him since we announced that we would sell pictures of his smiling face at two bits per each. The sales have not been very numerous to date but we expect business to pick up in the near future. Don says that Semdac gave him his girlish dimples and that Stanolax gave him his school girl complexion.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

T. R. Ridge, Correspondent

Bryan Bushong, new S. S. representative at Atchison, has assumed paternal duties. It's a girl. We understand her name is Meredith Jane, and she weighs nine pounds.

The little daughter of Salesman Sarvis at Norton is getting along fine and is now at home. She was in the Norton hospital.

Lillian Cavey surprised us all the other day at noon, after a telephone conversation by remarking, "My daddy is back in St. Joe again."

Wayne Dixon of Norton S. S. spent the day in Goodland recently, mending a few fences.

George Arnold says he is short of "pin money" since Monte Carlo was closed.

Shorty Manning, agent at Jennings, has been transferred to Oberlin.

Mrs. Roy Livingston, wife of our Rexford agent, is recovering from her recent illness during which time she was at the Atwood hospital.

Ray Carlson, salesman on the Seneca territory, is developing a case of radio-itis. Put up a broadcasting station, Ray, and radio your sales to the St. Joseph office.

Walter Sutton, agent at Menlo, has a good start on Semdac. Let's all get the bug.

Edgar Grindstaff has returned to work after a fight with the chicken pox.

Clay Waddill has worn out page 5 of the "What Is Good Gasoline" booklet.

Agent Johnson at Belleville is now properly addressed as "Grandpa Johnson." He is contemplating moving to Los Angeles, and we are all sorry to see him go.

T. W. Superintnedent Reichard, St. Joseph, who ran four mule teams out of St. Joseph during the March blizzards, said some of his customers thought we had gone into the Borax business.

Walter Buster, our new tank truck representative at Atchison, was out with Frank Lane, and they got stuck in the mud near Doniphan. While they were waiting for assistance, Lane ran down a wild duck in the brush.

Ted Ridge was reported as being seen herding four horses out around Garrettsburg during the muddy weather.

There seems to be no doubt as to the versatility of SOCO employees. Machemer of the Belleville S. S. took the villain part, and T. W. Representative Kipper, the role of father of the heroine, in a recent drama put on at Belleville. According to "Sek," as an actor, Mack makes a good S. S. man.

Dan Crawford, one of our tank truck representatives at Atchison, has been humiliated by having a Ford kick him.

Grace Veregge is certainly proud of her six months' old "knees."

Carlson has an Airdale pup. Ray is teaching him to stand on his hind legs. Wonder if Bovinol is good for making fleas fly?

Charley Culver had a compulsory job as night watchman nearly wished on him when someone unknowingly locked him in the warehouse.

The Beloit newspaper recently made comment through its columns of the neat manner in which Jay Gould keeps the building and premises of our Beloit S. S. at all times and venture the suggestion that they wish everyone else would be equally energetic.

Frank Lane "lost" his car on 5th street in Atchison. Had to patronize the street cars for a while.

Mr. McCollough of Concordia office visited St. Joseph during March and told us all about the seventeen inch snow they had in central Kansas.

When Mr. Keller, the safe expert, was working on the combination of the office safe recently,

he had a very attentive audience. This is just a tip to the secret service.

John Pilgram has joined the "daddy" club. It's a girl.

Ollie Turnbull of Atchison sleeps with his radio headphone on. One cold morning, he forgot to take it off when he went out on his truck and everyone thought he was wearing earmuffs.

When "Hiawatha Bill" Arensburg is finally retired on an annuity he can easily get a job as newspaper reporter, as he is one of our best contributors to STANOLIND RECORD notes.

During the heavy roads in March, when horse drawn tank wagons were being used, Harry Bear considered the advisability of hitching a buggy to the rear of the wagon so that he could ride de luxe. Someone reported seeing Harry using a rail fence as a lunch counter.

Are you patronizing the Standard Oil Company library at the St. Joseph office? (We'd like to hear more of said library—Ed.)

Mr. Bishop from the Sugar Creek refinery with his assistants showed real speed in changing the location of the large gasoline storage tank at the St. Joe plant in March. Come again, Bishop, and bring the rest of the gang with you!

Shorty Mortz says that Heinie is a graduate as a four mule team skinner.

Leroy VanLoon and Leonard B. Rush are now attendants at St. Joseph S. S.'s.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

Dallas Felts, associate correspondent at St. Louis, by special letter pleads with us to print the following item, and after looking at Miss Armstrong's photograph we are just as jealous of Bruce as he is, so here goes:

We would like Miss Katherine Armstrong, St. Louis correspondent, to fill out the following questionnaire: Why did you faint at the last meeting of The Ace of Clubs? Why did you faint while dancing with Ryland Bruce? (I danced with you but you didn't faint then. Darn it.) Is Bruce a cave man? Do you like cave men? Did Bruce know what to do when you fainted in his arms? If so, did he do it? Why did you apologize to Bruce? (He seemed to enjoy it.) Are you going to faint in his arms again? Are you ever going to faint in my arms? If so, when?

We take this opportunity of welcoming to our midst H. M. Rummelhoff, formerly of the Chicago Office, who has succeeded Mr. Skinner as chief clerk.

The St. Louis employees were pleased to have present at their regular monthly meeting A. L. Martin, manager of the Quincy field, who gave a very nice talk on overcoming obstacles.

The salesmen had planned on hearing John McCormick at the Coliseum, but after hearing Senor Cameronia sing "On the way to Mandalay" decided to save their money.

For the sake of Willie Wittrock's life, the bookkeepers had better post his collections to the proper account. Last week Willie called on a customer from whom he had previously made collection, the bookkeepers having posted same to the wrong account; the lady was very indignant and kept Willie locked in the house several hours before he explained to her entire satisfaction.

Elmer See may run the iron barrel department, but three guesses who's boss at his home. He even buys the necessary weapons for his wife, having purchased two flat irons the other day.

Our office boy, Frank, is now the main sheik of the office.

Chester Jost recently received a telephone call that his home had burned to the ground. Chester's main worry was because he had a date for the following night and no clothes. Bob Ruth came to the rescue and offered some of his, and from the latest reports Chester was able to take his lady love out.

Anyone wanting boxing lessons call on Cy. Pasquier. He displayed his ability a few Sundays ago when a farmer from southern Illinois tried to demolish his Chevrolet.

Roscoe Sanders is fast becoming an attorney. We notice he has advanced to the stage of wearing a derby, suppose the mustache is forthcoming.

All the girls wishing a marcel, see Bill Stein of the stock department. He has been practicing on his wife.

L. P. DesJardins decided to get "high brow" and attend grand opera the other night in "soup and fish." The opera was Rigoletto, but on account of additional flesh, Des was afraid to "let a riggle."

The Standard Oil family is certainly growing, baby boys being presented to Salesman W. E. Davis, George Gaston and Edward Masterson, and a baby girl to the home of Salesman J. J. Tenge.

After closely observing Chester McLaughlin's upper lip for a week, we have decided that it was not oversight, but that he is actually "joining the brethren." Welcome, Mac, be sure to keep it combed.

A very successful sales meeting was held at the Statler Hotel recently, T. J. Thompson, Amos Ball and J. R. Cochran attending.

For the benefit of Mr. Galbreath and the Detroit office, we wish to say that Mr. Cochran was indeed surprised to receive a bouquet of flowers on his twenty-eighth anniversary with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) immediately after his wonderful sales talk, which inspired everyone of the St. Louis organization who were at the meeting.

Southeast Missouri

Little Joseph Thacker, 5 year old son of our agent at Oran, Mo., was accidentally killed by falling from his tricycle while playing with his playmates. This was a severe shock to the parents, and the Standard Oil employees extend to Mr. and Mrs. Thacker their deepest sympathy.

Our faithful salesman, J. J. Selle, of Farmington, Mo., has been at his home for the past few weeks recovering from an operation to have his tonsils removed, but is again selling Red Crown.

Have you noticed how good looking Fred's hair is? The fact remains that he is using Stacomb. Say, Fred, the market is going up on Stacomb.

John H. Thompson has joined the ranks of S. S. attendants at Cape Girardeau. We welcome you, John.

Salesman Gladish is using Stanolax on his bald head instead of Stacomb. What about Finol, Gladish?

M. D. Thacker, agent at Oran, Mo., has all

bloomed out with a new truck, which he is going to use on the farm trade.

They tell us our "A" station agent at Cape Girardeau, Mo., has an educational dog. We would like for him to tell us about him in the next issue.

Lost: A package on the streets of Delta, Mo., containing my dinner. Finder please return to L. F. Brinkopf.

A baby boy has gladdened the home of S. S. Attendant H. W. Wiseman, Cape Girardeau.

Our faithful T. W. driver, J. J. Green, says, "It pays to advertise."

If you want to hear a story about mud, please send all requests to T. W. Driver L. F. Brinkopf. He has to fight mud six days out of every week.

Paul F. Uelsmann, T. W. driver at Cape Girardeau, has just moved into his new bungalow. When are you going to give a house warming?

We hope by the time this RECORD is read, Salesman Hunze's children will have fully recovered from their sick spell.

Was it the fumes of Red Crown or hard work made you sick, Darby?

C. N. Fant, S. S. attendant, has had a long face for quite a while. Why, where's my tin lizzie?

The sympathy of the entire organization is extended to H. L. Stephens and family in the loss of his daughter, Thelma. We trust the balance of the family have fully recovered.

About two years ago, Metford Welch, then agent at Sikeston, told his fellow workers when he got married he would present each with a Stetson hat and they could ride him all over town on a rail. Come on, Met, be a sport. He arrived in Sikeston with Mrs. Metford Welch, but didn't stay long enough for the boys at the plant to have their fun. The young couple will make their home in Springfield. Best wishes from all your former co-workers, our only regret is not to have new Spring Stetsons.

Mr. Bono, Flat River, Mo., S. S., is of the opinion that Mr. Coldsnow on his visit recently to Flat River bribed the weather bird to advertise his name as there has been "coldsnow" on the ground ever since.

Due to illness of Mrs. Bair's father, C. E. has been playing housekeeper.

We are pleased to report Agent Walton of Kennett, Mo., again out taking care of business after a short illness.

Friend C. B. Hoeller is again on the job after his recent attack of "flu."

The employees extend to C. E. Duval of St. Marys, Mo., their sympathy in the loss of his wife.

St. Louis Service Stations

L. F. Moore, relief attendant, has put on a new front; he is now cutting his third set of teeth—false news. He says the only difference in cutting is that when these teeth begin to bother him, he can take them out. He is also taking particular pains to see that he doesn't lay them on a chair.

W. A. Afflick, attendant at Hodiamont and Cates, is extended the sympathy of the entire organization in the recent loss of his mother.

C. O. Dye, attendant at Kingsland and Olive, has come out of the bushes and is growing a mustache. He states it has helped his Polarine sales.

G. W. Riley, attendant at Theresa and Olive, has talked Ethyl Gas so much he has addressed his wife as "Ethel" on several occasions.

SIOUX CITY, IA.

C. J. Von Hatten, Correspondent

Salesman Kluthe is a daddy again. Yes, it's a boy again, too. Congratulations, Kluthe.

Agent E. L. Edwards of Struble, Iowa, is putting on another truck. He says he's going to double his Polarine sales this June. Who else will be in this class?

W. H. Costlow, one of our hustling truck drivers at Madison, S. D., sold a record number of cans of Eureka Harness Oil during the month of February. We are proud of Mr. Costlow's record.

We are glad to welcome Tony Fritz as our new Winfred, S. D., agent. Riggs writes in, "Watch our sales at Winfred grow now."

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Nuss of Tripp, S. D., are the parents of a fine baby boy who came to say with them recently. Mr. Nuss is an ex-Standard Oil Company (Indiana) agent at Tripp. At the present time he is conducting a first class garage, selling Red Crown and Polarine.

Mrs. Emma N. Kuthe, who was visiting at the home of her son Salesman Kluthe, of Scotland, S. D., was called recently to the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. E. Warrick, of Chicago, who underwent a very serious operation. Mr. Kluthe reports his sister as doing well.

Our sales manager certainly is overlooking a good bet if he doesn't get a Parowax testimonial from Joe Cutler, traffic clerk.

Among new arrivals on the Sioux City force are Salesmen Miller and McVickers, also J. N. James and Lynn Zenner. They are all live, young men and we are mighty glad to welcome them with us.

S. S. Attendant M. R. Booker is a proud daddy. Just ask Booker what it is, if you want to see him swell and say, "It's a boy."

The correspondent understands that Elizabeth O'Keefe attended the Auto Show one evening and was much interested in Ford coupes. Where is it, Elizabeth?

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

Lyman Harris reports seeing a horse hitched to a curb pump recently. Lyman forgot to mention the color of the horse, and we are, therefore inclined to believe it was pink! Oh, my soul!

It is our understanding that Art Taylor, our Credit Man, and Lester Hug recently purchased a "Hoot Owl" from Pat O'Riley.

Say, Ashley Marshall, we asked Sherm Pyle how the roads were near Ligonier, as you requested, and—Gosh!!

W. E. McGriff has as his assistant in the S. S. department, E. H. Troeger. Welcome to our midst, E. H. T.

Someone says they caught Frank Tschida smoking a cigaret. Bet he carries matches and stays out till 9:00 p. m., too!

Extra! Extra! New vamp in the office. Cora Ingraham had her hair bobbed. What-cha think of that?

Miss Dicka Netland is enjoying the mumps.

Fred Irvine says Art Tyler has the trust tickets on the brain so bad that he even called John

T. McLaughlin and gave him (you know about them).

How the Sam-hill did this happen and not get into the RECORD last month? F. E. Humphrey took the fatal step in February and now it's Mr. and Mrs. Here's wishing you a happy future, folks!

And, right after the above, we also announce the marriage of Orley Cain of the South Bend office. Now we know why Orley hasn't been himself lately! Miss Myrna Beyers of Bronson, Mich., was the lucky lady!

Martha Stoudt, Attention! What was it you lost in Wyman's Store March 11?

Bert Allwine lost couple buttons off his vest while strutting down the hall one day in March. Bert is the proud papa of a 7½-pound girl.

Someone requests that Mrs. Shaul get rubber heels on her shoes and they signed it "office force."

C. R. Keck, agent at Mishawaka, says, "Watch our smoke." Since the arrival of two new trucks with good wheels, he will be hard to beat on sales from now on.

Joe Burns is claiming heavyweight championship on sales of specialties for 1924. There are two aspirants for Joe's honors at Mishawaka.

New S. S. salesmen at Wabash are J. G. Overcash, Edward Garrison and Jack Ridgeway. With Herbert Badgett, they make a quartette we think will be hard to beat during 1924.

Myr Deal, our peppy agent at Urbana, got into an argument with a fellow about the merits of Polarine a few weeks ago and, according to all reports, it must have been a real sales argument. Myr sold his man all right, but got so enthusiastic that he cracked his voice. However, you can't keep a good man down. Myr works just the same, lubricating said voice with Stanolax.

Emery Garretson, our wide-awake agent at Andrews, says that Red Crown is so powerful that he tears the transmission out of his truck, so accordingly he has purchased a brand new Ford truck, with three speeds, transmission an' everything. All right, Emery, we'll excuse your dust.

A barrel of road oil was shipped to a creamery in Howe, Ind., August 29, 1922. The creamery went out of business and the barrel could not be located. After a diligent search, the salesman found that the contents had been re-sold to the Howe Military School, which had put it on a pond to keep mosquitos away last Summer. The salesman and agent went to the pond, chopped the barrel out of frozen ice, took it to the depot and shipped it immediately.

Roy Schall, agent at Hamilton, is a horse for work, and the boys up ahead want to watch out, as he is a speed merchant on the sales of our specialties. He is a steady producer.

Merl Lauer has a new truck. He tells us he has it all oiled up with Polarine and will make the boys step some. Go to it, Merl.

Carl Smith, agent at Butler, showed he had the material when competition came along.

Clyde Reese, agent at Orland, Ind., suffered an attack of "flu," but is again able to resume his duties.

J. M. Fisher calls his territory the "Garden Spot of the World." How do you get that away, J. M.?

G. N. Grover invited J. M. Fisher and family to Sunday over with his family. Mach declined because he thought Grover could not afford to feed his large family. We will come over, Grover, when the dandelions are in season.

Bob Harris flivvered to Nappanee to see a minstrel show. How come, Bob?

B. O. Harmon, agent at Monroeville, says dreams of revenue agents by the local Ford dealers was about to be expensive for both of them when he woke up.

Auburn, Ind.

R. R. Wyatt, city M. T. W. driver, was recently promoted to S. S. salesman at No 29. Mr. Wyatt has fire-red hair and is a good advertisement for Red Crown.

Roy E. Stroh has taken Mr. Wyatt's place as M. T. W. driver. Roy says he is not married, but does not deny that he's contracted for!

Elkhart

E. Hurd, S. S. attendant at S. S. No. 55, was quietly married March 13. Mr. Hurd isn't a bit superstitious.

L. V. McDonald, warehouse man, and T. R. Menges, T. W. driver, are endeavoring to make Elkhart, Ind., a brighter and cleaner spot. "Where do you want me to paint next?" is a common expression.

G. D. Beisch, stake truck driver, has purchased a new Ford. What, Glen?

R. E. Everly, S. S. attendant, is also sporting a Ford coupe.

M. R. DeVoe, agent at Elkhart, Ind., was married March 20. Good luck, Maynard, we are all with you.

O. E. Daly, S. S. attendant, visited his home in Valparaiso, March 21.

E. E. Mills, night man, has returned to his duties after a short spell of sickness.

C. E. Dunafin, T. W. driver, has just recovered from an attack of the "flu."

L. R. Brill, garage man, is confined to his home with tonsilitis.

H. R. Taylor, T. W. driver, is a great admirer of "chickens." I mean poultry.

Did we say anything before about Fred Webb's radio? Well, Fred still has it. When things are going well none of the boys here gets any sleep. Neither does Fred.

Lafayette, Ind.

Leroy Johnson is a new clerk at Lafayette, succeeding D. R. Lepper, who goes to the Michigan City office.

Four new S. S. salesmen at Lafayette are W. E. Christopher, S. S. No. 16; M. H. Stover, S. S. No. 72; T. Yanch, S. S. No. 34, and E. Gardner, S. S. No. 12.

We miss the smiling countenance of Dave Lepper at Lafayette. Someone said he is helping Mr. Jenkins at Michigan City serve his time—"with the Standard Oil Company."

H. Gistafson is now in charge of the warehouse. He was transferred from S. S. No. 312.

M. Hampton, S. S. No. 13, says he is going to know all about an automobile engine if he has to buy I. Birnhart's junk yard.

R. E. Wein has been transferred from S. S. No. 34 to tank wagon salesman.

Laporte, Ind.

LaPorte associates sympathize very deeply with Merrill Freese, S. S. salesman at No. 11, whose father died very suddenly, March 9.

"Bug" Hess gets his spending money by being a "vet" of the Spanish-American War.

E. A. Fite, having accepted a position as S. S. salesman, is moving his family from Michigan City to LaPorte. One less family for our sister city and one more for us. Chalk it up, Watson.

Harry G. Merchant has acquired his object in connecting with our company as S. S. salesman. Harry wears glasses, but can see a lot of things other men cannot.

Call Cassler has moved to his Summer home on Pine Lake and has promised to bring us in a mess of fish now and then.

Portland, Ind.

Ray McKinley borrowed a funnel at the bulk station, 3-19-23. Must have joined the funnel gang!

Free to SO Company employes: Cottage, boats, grub, also fishing tackle. For information, address Chet Ulrey, North Manchester.

For information in regard to the old square dances, ask Ray at S. S. No. 39. He's as well informed on them as he is on Red Crown and Polarine.

Chet Ulrey does quite a bit of complaining while in Portland, income tax too much. Moral: Get a squaw!

Robert Journey's company must have stayed late. Eh, Bob?

Salesman VanKirk is walking over his territory now since he broke a crankshaft on his Baby Lincoln.

Why does Franklin, S. S. No. 39, turn red when McKinley talks to him? Someone's feet cold?

Agent Walburn says, "I read t'other day that what the United States needs is s'more sweat glands and less talk of monkey glands." He states further that this also applies to SO Company if we are to get that 50 per cent gain on Polarine.

Michigan City, Ind.

George P. Dittmer, clerk at Michigan City, is now "B" station agent at Westville, Ind. Here's hoping you make scads of dough, George.

D. R. Leffer, former second clerk at Lafayette, has been transferred to Michigan City as clerk. Dave says it cost him $9.67 more to live in Michigan City than in Lafayette, but since it is only twenty-six miles to Gary, he offers no complaint. How about the perfumed mail, D. R.?

Paul Hank is the proud daddy of a ten-pound boy, born March 10. Paul and Mrs. Hanke had a girl's name picked out, but it was easy to change the name to Russel, John!

Wallace Yorkey has moved into a part of his dad's house and is thinking seriously of adding to his stock subscription now.

We were pleased to have a visit from Mr. Swindell of the Indianapolis division, who was making calls at the state institutions.

Living on the beach in the Winter may have its advantages, but we notice that Agent R. L. Jenkins carries a snow shovel and at times mutters unprintable things about private water systems and coal bills.

The entrance to the bulk station here is now known as "Gasoline Alley." It takes considerable work with a home-made road drag to keep said alley in passable condition. Ask Yorkey and Stinchcomb.

"Coal Oil" John Pawciski carries a profitable side line of baby chicks and canary birds. Joe is sure crazy about the feathered tribe.

Salesman Lyman W. Harris has asked the equipment department to get some pumps and tanks ready for rush shipments, as he is going to need them. More power to you, Lyman.

Logansport

Mr. Fraser is developing some real salesmen through his weekly instructions on Red Crown and Polarine.

We are anxious to know what track meet Douglas is training for.

J. R. Fraser has added a barrel hound to his force; Jack suggested calling him Renown.

A. G. Rehm was giving us a line on the evolution of man; he maintains we came from a specie called Babboos.

Evidently Rice thinks a lot of Polarine, as he is trying to smoke it in his pipe.

Anybody wanting any signs painted will find that Kantzer swings a wicked brush.

WICHITA, KANS.

Iola Gibson, Correspondent

What fitting thing can be said of such a one as was Mr. Kelley? His was that rare spirit which commands respect, yet so gently that not only due respect is given, but also real affection. Faithfully for thirty-six years he served the Standard Oil Company, its interests were his personal affairs. There is not one among his associates here at the office who does not feel with Mrs. Kelley and her daughters that, though there is one less friend here, there is one more waiting yonder.

Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy of Peck announce the arrival of one more Irishman on the Standard Oil force. Congratulations. Always glad to hear happy tidings.

When Messrs. Quinlan, Ross, Kenney and Jones piloted Harry Faulkner on his first trip to the field they visited the western section of this division. Harry came in gasping for breath. "Too much speed," says he, "for a Packard."

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and its employes extend their sincere sympathy to C. O. Hawkins and his family. Mr. Hawkins has been a salesman for this company for many years and his many friends sympathize with them in the loss of mother and wife.

D. R. Dayhoff reports, "Leap year is with us and the first victim we have to report from this territory is Ira P. Dotson, our bookkeeper, who married Miss Ione Raines. This was a surprise to us all, as Mr. Dotson has been considered a confirmed bachelor, but they do say that school teachers have taking ways."

We find in the *Liberal News* excellent reports as to the condition in which Mr. Tice, our agent at that place, keeps his station. They say that his station is one of the neatest to be found anywhere.

The agent at Greensburg is in line for congratulations, says the local Greensburg paper. At the same time they wonder if the birth of the Little Oil Queen had anything to do with the advance in gasoline price. Don't let them kid you, Mr. King. That is, not too much.

C. B. McCart, credit manager, and Ed Brant of the credit department have resigned and departed for California. Mr. Shepherd has taken over the duties of credit manager.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
J. H. BUDDE, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
A. E. RALSTON, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MASON CITY, IOWA
R. H. THOMAS, *Manager*
H. E. HANSON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Ass't Manager* (Operation)
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

MINOT, N. D.
JOHN BEATON, *Manager*
H. H. HATHAWAY, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
A. R. MAULSBY, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

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R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
G. W. COLDSNOW, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
H. J. BEMIS, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Manager*
W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

THE S. O. COMPANY MAN

By G. W. Austermiller, *Agent*
Madison, Ind.

(1)
In my time I've met a number
Of them fellers you all know,
Travelin' 'round in automobiles,
Never stop for rain or snow.
Some sold lightnin' rods, some silos;
Some sold tractors, oils and such;
Filled me up with stuff, I'll tell you,
That I didn't need so much.
Then one day there came a feller—
He was diff'rent from the rest—
And the firm he represented
It was numbered 'mongst the best.
On his coat he wore a button,
S. O. C. the letters ran,
Showed he'd put in years of service
As an S. O. Comp'ny man.

(2)
He had no manly beauty
No tongue like Henry Clay;
He was clean and neat appearin'
And he smiled a friendly way.
With hand outstretched I met him—
That was somethin' new for me,
For I always had a feelin'
That a drummer's like a bee,
Just a waitin' for to sting you
If you give him half a show.
Things he sells are made in Heaven,
All the others down below.
"Now, my friend," began the stranger,
And he handed me that smile,
"I've a message to deliver
And I think it worth your while.
There's my name, there on the 'Lizzie,'
Name a better if you can,
And it tells you same as I could
I'm an S. O. Comp'ny man."

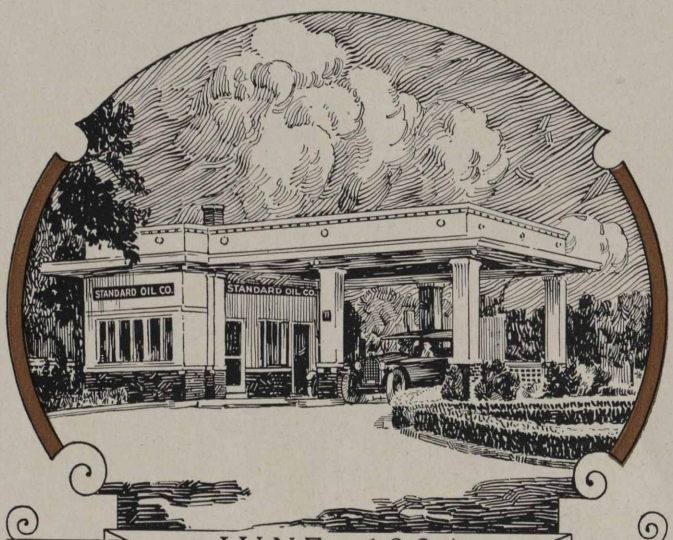
(3)
He explained the stuff he's sellin'
In a most convincin' way.
There was "Polarine" and "Mica,"
Plenty others I might say.
Then, says he, "Have you an auto?
Doesn't matter what the name,
Let me touch her up with Semdac
And you'll always use the same.
Let me demonstrate to Mrs.,
It's a friend that she'll adore—
Puts new life into the woodwork,
Adds a lustre to the floor.
See! it wears the S. O. label
And you know as well as I
That the goods in there behind it
Are the best that you can buy.
All the other fellows know it
And they shut up like a clam
When they see this bus a-comin'
With an S. O. Comp'ny man.

(4)
"When you know that you are sellin'
Somethin' that will stand the strain
Of all housewife criticism
And they call you back again,
Oh! it makes a mighty feelin'
Go a jumpin' up your spine,
When the folks began to braggin'
Of the S. O. Company line.
And the plants wherein they make it—
They're the greatest in the land,
And the men who supervise it,
Say, they'll take you by the hand
And they'll meet you on the level
Like a human being should—
Why, you couldn't keep from hustlin'
And a tryin' to make good.
Many years I've been a sellin'
Many more, Sir, if I can,
For I'm mighty proud of bein'
Just an S. O. Comp'ny man."

(5)
I kinder got the spirit
Of that drummer's loyalty;
If he'd sold himself so solid,
Then why shouldn't he sell me?
I took a can of "Semdac"
And a kit of Mica too,
Some "Polarine" and Harness Oil—
I bought the whole line through.
Two months passed by right quickly
And this I've got to say:
I want to thank that feller
For sellin' me that day.
The goods were all he claimed them
And as sure as my name's "Sam"
There'll always be a welcome
For an S. O. Comp'ny man.

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD



VOL. 5 JUNE, 1924 NO. 8

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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B. Parks, *Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
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E. J. Bullock, *Director of Purchases*
T. J. Thompson, *General Manager, Sales*
John D. Clark, *Vice-President, Assistant to Chairman*

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J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

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H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
W. W. Holland, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

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A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3

M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1

H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2

B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1

W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2

J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

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E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director,* Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division,* Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director,* Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director,* Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director,* Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director,* Casper, Wyo.

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H. J. Broderson
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T. J. Burke
Andro Chilla
Frank Eaton
F. Ehlers
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George Fortener
Wm. Fuller
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Ben Imler
Luke Kelly
John V. Kidnay
H. Koch
George Locke
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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
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Vol. 5 JUNE No. 8

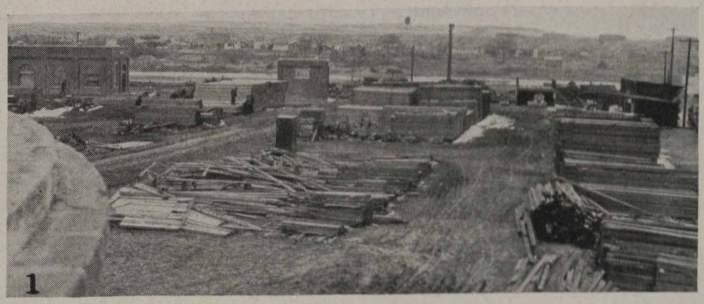
BIG NEWS THIS MONTH!

INDUSTRIAL Relations Plan, with Employee-Representation, Being the Exact Counterpart of Industrial Relations' Organization in the Refineries, to Be Made Effective in General Offices at 910 South Michigan Avenue Immediately. Details on Page 3.

ALL Sales Department Employees working on Cartage or Commission Basis, Who Personally Give Continuous and Exclusive Service to Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and Come Within the Other Rules Governing Participation, Hitherto Ineligible to Participate in the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, Become Eligible Through Ruling of Trustees Announced in This Issue. Details on Page 9.

"IN its relations with the Employees, the Board of Directors does not propose that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) shall either retrogress or stand still. We shall continue to go forward. We have done many things. We will do more."—Col. R. W. Stewart.

LUMBER SALVAGE YARD at CASPER



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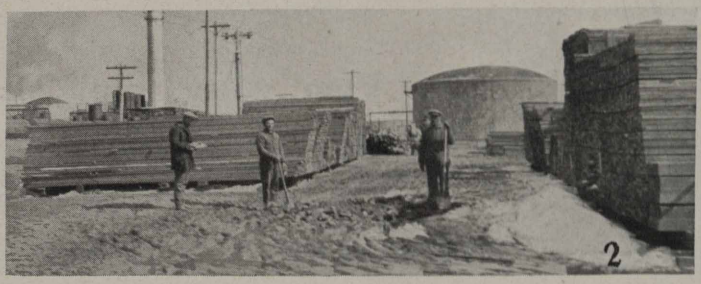

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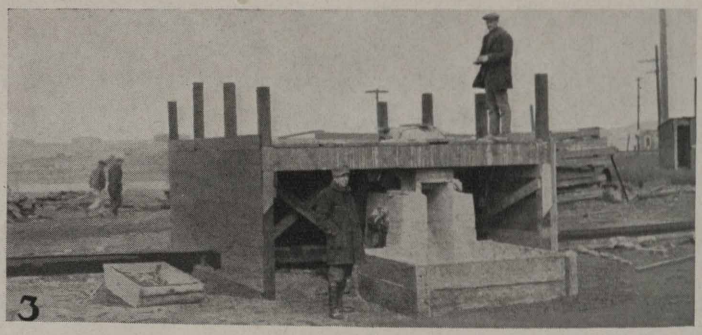


3

Casper, Wyo.—No. 1—Many dollars worth of lumber is salvaged yearly by various salvage yards of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refineries. This is a bird's eye view of the yard at Casper. No. 2—Looking eastward. The lumber looks as good as new and will serve as well. No. 3—A. N. Flower (left) and Jim Michie, his assistant, are shown at the asbestos grinding machine.

GENERAL OFFICES GET THE INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS PLAN!

900 Employees, in Massmeeting, Instantly Accept Offer by Col. Stewart to Put Plan in Operation Throughout General Offices—Marks the Beginning at 910 South Michigan of New Era Already Dawned in the Refineries—E. H. Fisher to Administer Details

The Industrial Relations Plan has arrived in the General Offices of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

It brings with it for the employees at 910 South Michigan all the rights and privileges which employees in the refineries have enjoyed under it for five years.

It marks, for another great department of this company, the beginning of that new era already dawned in the refineries. The welfare of General Office employees now rests in their own hands. Only their own failure to take complete advantage of the provisions of the Plan can withhold from them the benefits which have accrued to refinery employees who have so successfully made use of it.

Adoption of the Plan in the General Offices was assured Friday, May 16, when Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company, appeared before a massmeeting of the 900 employees at 910 South Michigan, explained briefly the fundamental provisions of the Plan, stated simply that it had been a success in the refineries, and, on behalf of the Board of Directors, offered it to the General Office workers.

"It is for you to accept or reject," he said. "We are not trying to force this on anybody, to shove this down anyone's throat. I merely say to you that it has been a success in the refineries, and considering the benefits which have accrued to refinery workers because of it, I would advise you to take it."

Immediate acceptance was the response. Walker Jordan, employee in the sales' accounting division, moved its adoption by the employees. A second came from Eddie Kelley. Put to a vote by Mr. Seubert, presiding, it carried with a whoop of "Ayes!'

The Industrial Relations Plan which now becomes effective in the General Offices, Col. Stewart stated, is exactly the same in every detail and particular as that which is in use in the refineries.

"We are offering it to you rather late," Col. Stewart stated, "later than we should, perhaps, but we wished first to observe its operation in the refineries and then had to consider carefully whether the same plan was entirely applicable to this office.

"It has always been the boast of this Board of Directors that it holds no greater brief for the stockholders of this company than it does for its employees. It has been our underlying principle to deal in fairness and justice with the employees, to see that they work under decent, proper conditions, that they are paid better than a living wage, and that they are assured of absolute equity and justice in every detail relating to their employment.

"In a company as large as this one, it is impossible for the chief executives of this company to have intimate contact with the great body of employees. It was to provide a point of contact, to make it possible, through an organized plan of employee-representation, for the management to gain an intimate and complete understanding of the problems of the employees, and for the employees, on the other hand, to gain a like understanding of the problems and viewpoint of the management, that the Industrial Relations Plan was devised.

"We must have the best of morale in this company if it is to continue to be the successful organization that it is today. There was never a time in the history of the oil business when competition was so great. To meet this competition, to maintain this organization on its present high plane, we must fuse the 27,000 employees of this company into one great family of contented workers, loyal and aggressive in the interests of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

"Time and again, speaking to our own people and to outside organizations, I have stated that this company enjoys its preeminence in the oil industry, not by reason of any great monopoly, not because of cunning or of sharp dealing, but

DULUTH DIVISION WINS SAFETY BANNER

Duluth Division—With a score of 13.8 accidents for each 1,000 employes, the Duluth Division won the safety banner for the first quarter of 1924. Quincy was second with 14.2 and Wichita third with 16.5. The picture shows the safety banner and safety committee of the Duluth division. The men are (standing), Iver Anderson, T. W. superintendent, Duluth; D. McRae, agent-salesman, Duluth; Joseph Olson, T. W. superintendent, Superior; C. W. Turning, tax, legal and accident clerk, Duluth; Walter Foyen, M. T. W. driver, Superior; B. A. Mountford, superintendent, Superior; (middle row), Kenneth Mayer, S. S. attendant, Duluth; A. M. Edyvean, marketing cost clerk, Duluth; I. J. Shields, Duluth; G. E. Webb, assistant manager, Duluth; (front row), John Myre, warehouseman, Duluth; B. Vann, construction superintendent, Duluth; James Rich, chief mechanic, Duluth; R. I. McDonald, assistant tax, legal and accident clerk, Duluth. The officers of the committee were, Mr. Edyvean, chairman; Mr. Mountford, vice-chairman; Mr. Turning, secretary, and Mr. McDonald, assistant secretary.

because of the aggressive loyalty of its employees, and the high ideals they cherish of a business institution as a public servant. This company wants no monopoly, no cunning, no sharp dealing. It wishes to see the day when the very fact that a man or woman is employed by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) will in itself be considered by every one a certificate of the best moral character. That day will come; it must come.

"The employees of this company have made it the success it is, but the company is constantly growing larger and larger, and as it grows it becomes more and more impossible for the executives to enjoy that intimate contact with the rank and file which they had when we were a smaller institution. As this intimate contact disappears it becomes more difficult to maintain that aggressively loyal family spirit throughout the body of employees, which has made this company a fine example of what may be accomplished by perfect co-operation between employees and management. The larger we become, the more difficult it is for the management to gain a sympathetic understand-

ing of the viewpoint and problems of the employees, and for the employees to gain an understanding of the viewpoint and problems of the management.

"Lack of this intimate contact, lack of sympathetic understanding, can not but breed gangrenous sores of discontent. Employees, either in individuals or in groups, develop grievances, sometimes real, sometimes fancied, of which the management knows nothing. If these sores were allowed to fester and spread, in time they would poison the whole organization, and that loyally aggressive family spirit which has made this company the most outstanding success in the great oil industry, would be gone.

"To prevent this, the Industrial Relations Plan was devised. Under its provisions you will elect a certain number of representatives. No one of these representatives may be a man or woman who has the power to hire, discharge or discipline. The elected representatives must be wholly from the rank and file. You will elect them by secret ballot, and no executive of this company, no person who has the right to hire, discharge or discipline, is permitted to seek to influence your selections in any way whatsoever. Should I learn that any major or minor executive of this company had in any way sought to bring about the election or defeat of any candidate, I would immediately ask for his resignation.

"Your representatives will sit on a Joint General Committee. On that committee, also, will be an equal number of appointed representatives, selected from those people who have the right to hire, discharge or discipline. To this committee the employees, either as individuals or as groups, may bring any proposals relating to the most intimate details of their employment, and their grievances, real or fancied.

"The Joint General Committee will act as a jury. Each representative, acting as a juror, is expected to vote only as his conscience, his judgment and his sense of equity and justice dictate. I would have no respect whatever for a representative, either elected or appointed, who would vote to curry favor with the management, nor would I have any respect for the representative who would vote to curry favor with the employees.

"Salaries, hours, working conditions, all the intimate details of your employment, may be submitted to this committee. Its members will discuss your proposals freely, assured of absolute protection in their employment regardless of what attitude they may take, and will make a decision, which will be submitted to the management. The management will consider it, and also make a decision, either approving or disapproving the Committee's recommendation. Should the employees affected feel that the decision is unjust, they have the right of appeal to the President of the Company. He will make a decision. Should the employees still feel the decision is unjust, they have the right of appeal to the Secretary of Labor of the United States government at Washington, whose decision in the matter shall be final, regardless of whom it favors.

"In other words, it is an organized method of getting your problems before the management in the light you would like to have them presented, and of assuring you a decision founded only on equity and justice. It is a method of bringing to the surface any gangrenous sores of discontent which otherwise might fester and spread, and of healing those sores in the light of day by the simple application of complete understanding and absolute justice.

"This plan has been a great success in the refineries. We are now offering it to you. You may accept it or reject it, as you please. We are not trying to force this on anybody, to shove this down anyone's throat. But if you accept it, you must remember that it will depend entirely upon the sincerity with which you get back of it, what benefit you will gain from it. Used properly, this plan can bring great good to you and to the company. Used improperly, it can do only harm. The decision rests with you."

Colonel Stewart announced that Mr. E. H. Fisher, assistant director of Industrial Relations, who for some time has been located at Chicago, will administer the plan in the General Offices, occupying the same position that Mr. Bercaw occupies at Whiting, Mr. Hurt at Sugar Creek, Mr. Hall at Wood River and Mr. Lobdell at Casper. Like them, he will, of course, work under direction of Mr. J. W. Curry, director of Industrial Relations for the Standard Oil Company

(Indiana). Mr. Fisher was the first assistant director of Industrial Relations at Whiting, where the plan had its first great success. There is no "squarer shooter" in the company. The STANOLIND RECORD congratulates the employees of the General Offices on his selection. They will find him a real friend.

QUINCY STARTS OIL STUDY CLUB

Quincy, Ill.—April 3 witnessed the birth of a husky organization known as the Petroleum Educational Club of Quincy. All male employees in Quincy proper are eligible to membership. No dues are assessed, However, the employees decided to contribute 20 cents a month to a fund for an occasional banquet or similar "blow-out." Forty-nine were present at the first meeting and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Chairman, E. F. Carlson; vice-president, E. J. Williams; secretary-treasurer, H. E. Green; chairman program committee, J. H. Ross. The program committee is composed of the following members: J. H. Ross, Albert Schwebel, Bill Grimmer and I. L. Blodgett.

The second meeting took place on April 24, at which time Mr. Ross read a very well written paper on "The History of the Standard Oil Company." Judging by the general interest shown, the club bids fair to become a great success, both as an educational and social factor in the growth and betterment of the SOCO in this city.

Duluth Organizes Club

Duluth Division—Recently the male employees of the main office formed a club for inspirational, educational and social purposes. Officers were elected, being Roy Hanson, president; Dan Dinneen, vice-president; Thor Peterson, treasurer, and Percy Trevathan, secretary. Meetings are held every other Friday evening and a noon luncheon is given every other Saturday noon. Certainly these meetings bubble over with pep. No name has as yet been adopted, but there are several under consideration.

* * *

She—Are you from the far north?
He—No, why do you ask?
She—You dance as though you had snowshoes on.—Exch.

BOWLERS ENJOY BANQUET

Wood River—The last meeting of the bowling teams was around the banquet table with their wives and sweethearts (mostly wives, according to Hall). The fine banquet was provided by the four losing teams, Adams, Forsting, Lamm and Koenneker. The event just mentioned they were good losers and good feeders.

John Halloran, lyric tenor, led in singing old-time songs and radiograms to the guests and hosts were received and read by Mr. Halloran and W. I. Jolley. One radiogram from the Muelbach hotel in Kansas City notfied Thomas Hutchinson that several articles left in a certain room would be returned upon receipt of postage to cover their return. Tom states that the only thing he remembers losing there was a little sleep and he expects to get that back without investing in postage stamps.

After the banquet pinochle and five hundred were played and prizes were distributed to the winners.

The standing of the teams and players which follows tell the story of the fight without including the alibi:

	Win	*Lose*	*Pct.*
Burris	34	17	.666
Jolley	31	20	.608
Christy	29	22	.568
Kocher	27	24	.529
Lamm	26	25	.510
Adams	24	27	.470
Forsting	18	33	.353
Koenneker	15	36	.294

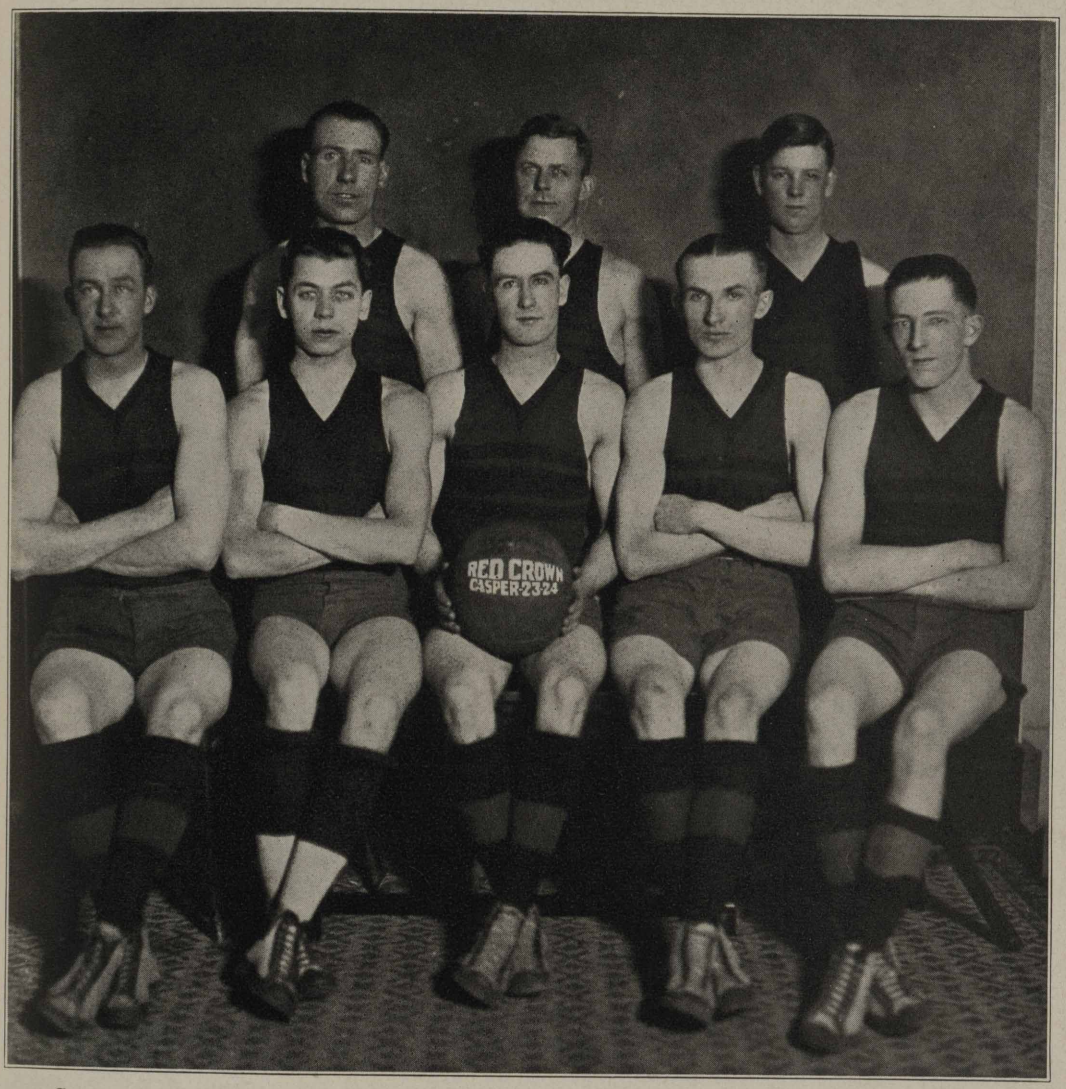
LA CROSSE SENT THIS IN

La Crosse Division—Ed Groves of the traffic department would like to know how many apples did Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, which would make the total 10; Ed says Eve 8 and Adam 8, total 16; but that's wrong, he says, because if Eve 8 and Adam 8 2 certainly the total would be 90. Scientific men dope it out as follows: Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 2, total 163. Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 1 2 the total would be 893, but as Ed again says, if Eve 8 1 4 Adam and Adam 8 1 2 4 Eve the total would be 8,938. Figure it out for yourself.

* * *

Teacher—"Who was the man who never told a lie?"
Pupil—"Who, indeed?"—*Exchange.*

CASPER'S RED CROWN BASKETEERS



Casper, Wyo.—Here is the basketball team that represented plant No. 3, Casper, during the season just closed. The men are (left to right, first row), Patterson, Leak, William Rae, Runalski and Dave Rae. A banquet was given in honor of the Red Crown basketball team and Polarine team, which represented plant No. 1. The tickets for the banquet were limited to 176 in number, due to limited room. The teams were given free tickets and the remainder sold, with an allotment of seventy-eight to each plant. These were soon disposed of, and at 6:30 p. m. Don Lobdell swung the doors of the dining room open. Boy! The dinner would be a prize at the Blackstone (Windy City). It went from soup to smokes. The president of the athletic association, "Tiney" Rausch (325 lbs. net), acted as toastmaster. The Red Crowns had an able speaker in their manager, Master Mechanic Tolhurst, and also in Jack Huff. The Polarines were not to be outdone, and Jean Mignolet and Ed Landers told why the Polarines were able to make a name for themselves.

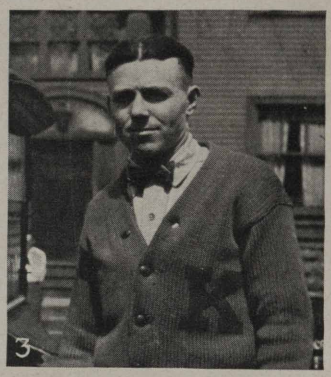
Middle Aged Woman (leaving car unassisted by husband)—"You are not so gallant as when I was a gal, Henry."

Henry—"You are not so buoyant as when I was a boy, Mary."—*Ex.*

"Do you and your wife think the same about things?"

"Some things. When I'm out late she keeps on thinking what she'll say when I get home, and so do I."—*Exchange.*

STANOLIND RECORD TYPEWRITER ATHLETES



Achieving, after several weeks of waiting, another quota of STANOLIND RECORD correspondents' photos, the editors are proud to present the following scribes who help to make the RECORD the "best ever." No. 1—S. O. Sorenson, Duluth division, knows news pix and has a gift for writing gossip in a readable way. No. 3—C. J. Webb, Minneapolis division, is a new scribe but already is "strutting his stuff" in fine shape. No. 2—In writing to the correspondent at Grand Rapids, ye ed addressed the letter to "Mr." E. C. Frey. She's still a Miss but, according to a little bird, she will probably make a certain E. S. a good husband in the near future. Miss Frey writes very clever "copy" and knows news. No. 4—H. H. Cook, Fargo division, is shown with his daughter, Betty Laureiene, and son, Richard Noel. H. H. is another new member of Ye Order of Scribes and he's doing fine.

CARTAGE AND COMMISSION MEN ELIGIBLE TO STOCK PLAN

Ruling of Trustees of Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan Removes Them From List of Ineligibles and Makes It Possible for All Those Who Give Continuous and Exclusive Service to Company to Enjoy All Benefits on Average Wage Basis

Cartage and commission employees of this company, hitherto ineligible to participate in the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, are now eligible to participate so long as they personally give continuous and exclusive service to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and come within the other rules governing their participation therein.

The extent of their participation will be based upon the average wage of regular salaried tank wagon drivers and regular salaried service station attendants in their localities.

Extension of the great benefits of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan to the cartage and commission employees was brought about through a ruling of the trustees interpreting the word "Employee," as used in the plan, and also providing regulations for participation in the plan by certain classes of employees.

Trustees of the Employee's Stock Purchasing Plan are Col. R. W. Stewart, Dr. W. M. Burton and Mr. E. G. Seubert. Their recent ruling follows in full:

"The Trustees appointed by the Board of Directors of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to administer its 'Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan' have adopted the following Rule interpreting the word 'Employee', as used in said Plan, and also providing regulations for the participation in said Plan by certain classes of employees:

"The term 'Employee' shall include any person giving his or her continuous, exclusive services to the Company, such services being paid for by the Company in the form of salary or wages, and shall also include any person in the service of the Company who is employed upon a cartage or commission basis, who personally is giving continuous and exclusive service to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), provided that such service, paid for in the form of cartage, or commission, or combination salary and cartage or commission, be performed at or from a regularly established place of business of the Company, it being intended to include within the meaning of the word 'Employee' persons known as 'Cartage agents' or 'Commission attendants' who are working as agents or attendants at a bulk station or service station established or owned by the Company, and who come within the other terms of the definition of 'Employee' as used herein, but it is not intended to include other persons whose relations with the Company are based upon contracts, leases, licenses or other forms of agreement.

"Service of any persons as cartage agent or commission attendant and as salaried employee, shall be combined in figuring service record, providing service has been continuous and exclusive.

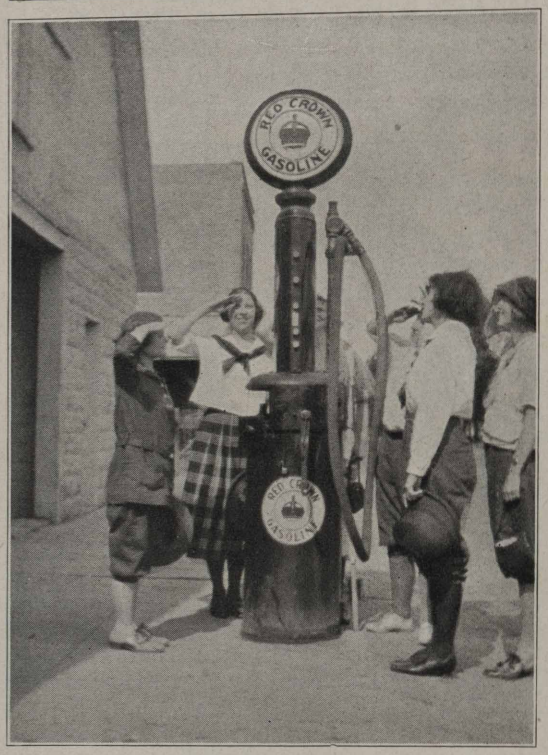
"The basis for participation in the Plan by cartage agents or combined cartage and salaried agents, or commission attendants or combined salaried and commission attendants shall be as follows:

"A cartage agent or combined cartage and salaried agent may participate in the Plan on the basis of the average wage paid to regular salaried tank wagon drivers of the Company in the Sales Division of the Company in which he is employed. A Commission attendant or combined commission and salaried attendant may participate in the Plan on the basis of the average wage paid to regular salaried service station attendants of the Company in the Sales Division of the Company in which he is employed.

"The Trustees shall from time to time determine the average wage paid to salaried tank wagon drivers and salaried service station attendants as a basis for participation in this plan by cartage agents and commission attendants.

"A cartage agent or combined cartage and salaried agent, or commission attendant, or combined commission and salaried attendant eligible to participate in the Plan, may become a participant under the Plan by making deposits there-

HAIL THE KING!



Sioux City—Here are some of the Sioux City girls in a salute to Red Crown. It's too bad, we say it for Casper's sake, that the girls' names weren't given with the picture.

in in the following manner:

"He shall authorize the Company to deduct from the amount due him as cartage, commission or salary in any one year, a sum not in excess of 20 per cent of the average annual wage, determined as hereinbefore provided, and as applied to his particular service.

"Deductions at the percentage authorized by the employee shall be made by the Company from each monthly cartage or commission due to the employee, and in the case of combination employees, from the monthly salary and cartage or commission due the employee, and when the maximum amount of deductions authorized by the employee from his average wage, as above determined, for any one year has been rached, further deductions for that year shall cease. A year for this purpose shall be considered as from April 1st to March 31st of the following year.

"Cartage agents and commission attendants, within the meaning of the above definition of 'Employees,' who personally are giving continuous and exclusive service to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and who personally have given continuous and exclusive service to said Company for one full year, may enter the Plan immediately.

"The average wage above referred to, and to be determined by the Trustees, will be arrived at by taking the actual wage paid by the Company to regular salaried tank wagon drivers of the Company or by taking the actual wage paid by the Company to regular salaried service station attendants of the Company on the pay roll for the months of June and December in each year, and taking the average, based on these two months for each of the Sales Divisions of the Company as the annual average wage paid for each class of service.

"The average wage of regular salaried tank wagon drivers or regular salaried service station attendants for the year 1923 will be used for the period April 1, 1924, to March 31, 1925.

"The average wage of salaried tank wagon drivers or salaried service station attendants for the year 1924 will be used for the period April 1, 1925, to March 31, 1926."

SERVICE TWINS

Duluth, Minn.—This pair is known as the Service Twins of this division. They are Richard Holm and Hank Anderson.

* * *

He: "This cold weather chills me to the bone."
She: "You should get a heavier hat."—*The Lyre.*

HO, HUM! VACATION DAYS ARE COMING

Chicago—No. 1—With April Showers already a thing of the past, thoughts just naturally turn to Summer and vacation days. Here is a pix snapped of the families of A. K. Hermes, W. G. Crothers and H. G. Sandquist at Lakewood, Mich. No. 2—Just why has Ethel M. Allen of the sixth floor that smile on her face, If it were the fotog's face we see, we couldunderstand. Maybe, however, she's mirroring him. No. 3—You're hard to please if one of these doesn't suit you. They are Katherine Normoyle, Evelyn Brietzky, Ingrid Rummelhoff, Ann Rommel and Gertrude Moran of the fifth floor sales.

WHITING CLOSES PIN SEASON

Whiting, Ind.—With Polarine bowlers leading the Stanolind pin league with a percentage of .785, and Superla second with .631, Perfection third with .619, one of the most successful seasons in the history of athletics in Whiting closed.

F. Lau, Perfection, with a high average of 187-56, led the individual stars. M. Gadish, Polarine, was second with 184-2, and A. Grebe, Superla, third with 183-30. P. Liesse, Polarine, won high game honors with 276.

The final standings follow:

Teams	W.	L.	Pct.	Avr.
Polarine	66	18	.785	892-62
Superla	53	31	.631	866-55
Perfection	52	32	.619	865-71
Red Crown	47	37	.560	841-79
Renown	37	47	.440	820- 7
Semdac	36	48	.429	822- 7
Finol	32	52	.381	813-39
Capitol	13	71	.155	757.26

Individual Prize Winners

Player and Club	G.	H.	Avr.
F. Lau, Perfection	81	247	187-56
M. Gadish, Polarine	75	236	184- 2
A. Grebe, Superla	84	263	183-30
P. Liesse, Polarine	69	276	182- 8
A. Bumhour, Perfection	68	255	181-19
C. Henrikson, Polarine	84	225	179- 9
W. Conway, Renown	60	235	178-42
W. Burns, Red Crown	78	245	178-34
J. Sable, Polarine	84	246	177-57
H. Benight, Polarine	81	263	173-57

Special Prize Winners

High team average, three games: Perfection, 996; Polarine, 981 1/3.

High single game: Perfection, 1,132; Polarine, 1,039

High individual average, three games: Grebe, 236-2; Wolke, 220.

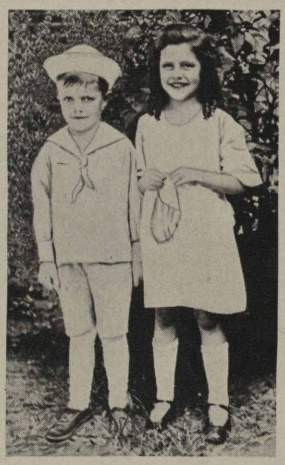
High single game: Liesse, 276; Roberts, 269.

Name	G.	H.G.	Avr.
Thorstenson	81	229	173-38
Juergensen	75	246	173-23
Roberts	78	269	172-61
Wendt	72	236	172-38
King	72	221	172
Yale	63	249	171- 2
Wolke	75	233	169-37
Vodak	78	232	168- 3
Bosworth	81	245	167-40
Clark	78	250	167- 3
Nelson, E.	81	236	164-64
Olson	75	196	164-20
Railton	71	217	163-70
Cyr	70	230	163-25
Freedman	60	224	162- 8
Fischer	84	221	161-39
Bryant	81	209	159-54
Lieber	69	221	156-27
Sehrt	84	204	150-51
Nelson, G.	69	178	149-38
Smith	78	199	149-10
Anders	59	185	146-43
Zulay	3	218	201- 1
Anderson	15	225	187
Mooney	3	212	183
Silvasi	6	202	180
Velock	9	199	179
Carlson	3	199	179
Kloepfer	39	223	174- 6
Cole	6	191	173- 1
Croke	48	234	171- 5
Savageau	51	234	170-46
Whitey	18	212	170- 9
Roos	47	211	170- 4
Sroka, J.	54	222	170- 5
Thomas	9	182	167- 3
Elow	27	221	167
Heimerdinger	45	210	163
Bennett	33	230	162
Janosek	3	171	160
Cermick	6	212	159- 2
Cameron	9	195	159- 1
Matis	3	163	158- 1
Krieger	3	163	157- 2
Skorz	6	179	157
Below	38	253	156-25
Novak, G.	48	213	154-19
Otth	10	179	154- 6
Murovich	3		153- 2
Van Hame	15	221	153- 7
Leland	24	192	151
Novak, A.	6	168	150- 5
Beyer	14	170	150- 7
Walters	9	181	149- 1
Spensley	27	192	148-11
Enbach	27	215	148- 8
Guirsch	9	193	146- 8
Freeman	21	179	145-11
Redford	3	166	143
Steinmeyer	36	191	142
Sroka, S.	3	151	138- 1
Foot	3	154	136- 1
Bamberger	6	152	132
Tamblyn	6	138	131- 4
Brunner	3	150	130- 1
Gamble	26	183	130
Flaherty	22	197	125- 9
Gerrish	3	135	125- 1
McGahen	6	133	119- 1
Pearson	3	123	115

SUGAR CREEK BALL SEASON OPENS

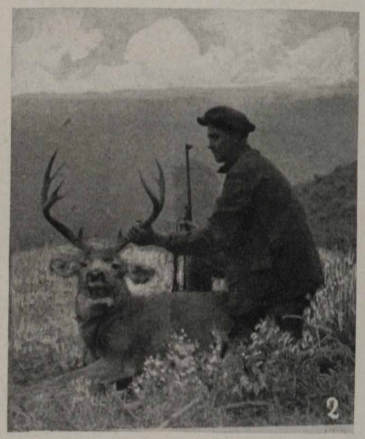
Sugar Creek, Mo.—With four teams entered in the Standard Oil league of Sugar Creek refinery, the baseball season opened, May 5. The last game will be played August 14. The teams in the race for the pennant are Pressure Stills, Tower Stills, Boiler Shop and Pipe Shop. A good galaxy of talent has been discovered and a banner year is expected.

AMONG THOSE *Who* MAKE LA X FAMOUS



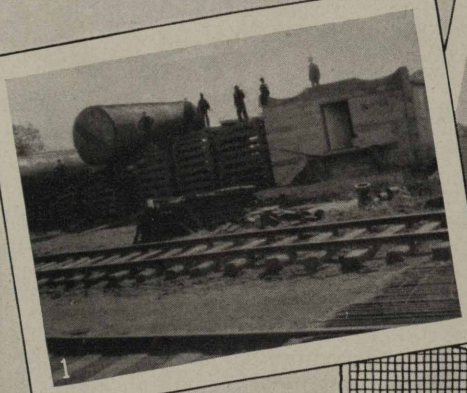
LaCrosse, Wis.—No. 1—A team of oxen and a truck are about half a century apart ordinarily, but M. Duxbury, Hexton, Wis., who is sitting on the truck, tore aside the veil of years for the STANOLIND RECORD. No. 2—A picture like this ought to have some names attached. But this one didn't and all the correspondent says is that "they are some girls of the LaCrosse office on a nutting trip." No. 3—Agent Guenther, of Alma, Wis., has two fine reasons for speeding up his sales. Here they are, Charles and Ethel, his children.

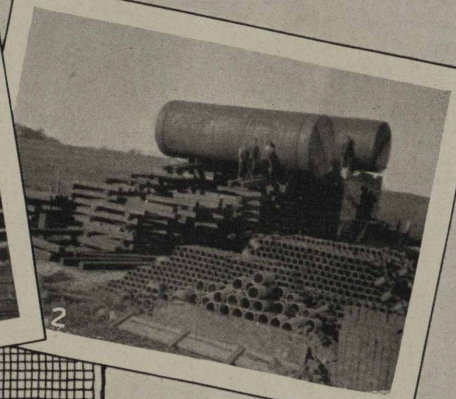
SOCO HUNTERS *on* TRAIL *of* BIG *and* LITTLE GAME

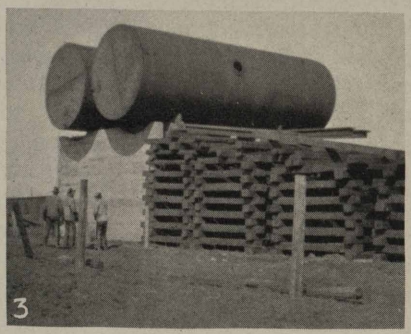


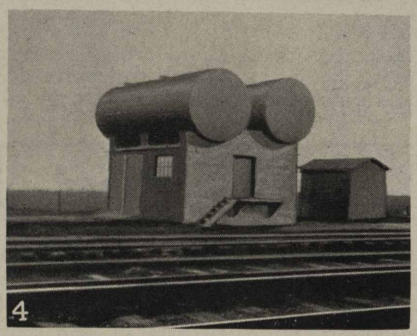
No. 1—Here is the result of a day's hunt in Indiana. W. N. Ringer, service station attendant at Dugger, is shown with a friend and the wherewithal to fill the Ringer larder for a while. No. 2—Cliff Miller, pumper at No. 1 Plant, Casper, shown with the beautiful five point buck, says there are many like this one running wild in Wyoming. No. 3—Not the least in the gallery of Standard Oil hunters should be our agent at Hillsboro, Wichita division, who with his pals shot forty-one ducks in two hours.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR THE JOB IS DONE









Davenport Division—No. 1—A hard job of raising two tanks to a high support was successfully completed at Middleton, Ia. This picture shows the tanks being moved into place for the final exertion. No. 2—Going up! One tank is almost in place, and the other is at its heels. No. 3—In place! All that is needed now is to revolve them until the valves are in proper position. No. 4—Ready for business! The foundations are much higher than the ordinary models, having room for a garage and truck storage room.

SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART

Mankato Division—One of the sweetest sweethearts of them all is pretty Miss Dorothy Humm, daughter of C. J. Humm, equipment department. Dorothy's curls are the envy and wonder of all beholders.

THE LAWS OF ECONOMICS

There are people who behave as though they believed an economic law was something which had been enacted by somebody who was trying to enforce it, and that it could be nullified or repealed if enough people could be lined up in opposition. Nothing of the kind is true. A law of economics is not like the Volstead law or the Interstate Commerce law. Rather, it is somewhat like a law of mathematics—the the statement of a proved fact. Nobody ever enacted that two and two make four; we simply know that it is true, and we don't try to change it. Economic laws are much the same. They are statements of facts which have been established by experience, and which we all recognize as being true when once our attention has been called to them.

Perhaps the best known of these economic laws is the one which is called the "law of supply and demand." This law means, in effect, that if there is more gasoline on hand than the public wants to buy, the price of gasoline will go down; or, if a short wheat crop makes flour scarce, the price of bread will go up.

Another of these economic precepts is called the "law of diminishing returns," which means that the second ton of fertilizer spread on a field will produce a smaller increase in the crop than did the first ton, that the third ton will produce a smaller increase than did the second, and so on.

Most of the laws of economics are just as easy to understand as the law of supply and demand and the law of diminishing returns. We have only to think about them to realize that they are true.

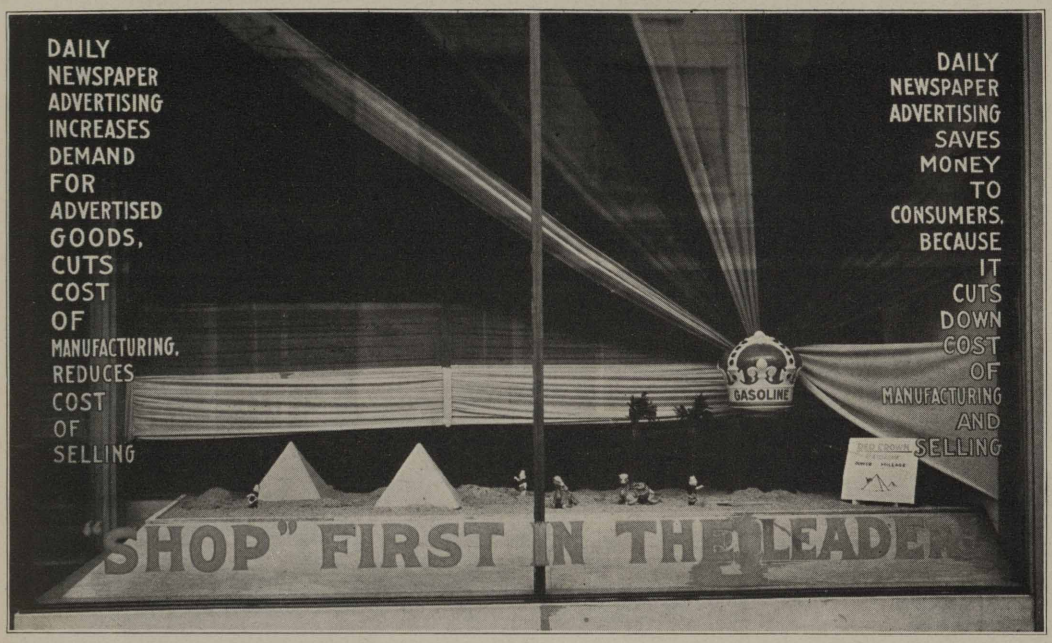
But, having recognized that there are laws of economics, and that they go on working whether we want them to or not, what is to be done about it?

The answer is simple: We must treat these laws as we do the laws of arithmetic, and accommodate our actions to them. We can't change the multiplication table just because we would like to have our monthly wages total a higher yearly income neither can the merchant or the manufacturer, without loss, continue to pile up surplus stocks of goods which the public doesn't want to buy. The wise workman or business man or investor will seek to understand the laws of economics and to make them work for him, not against him.

But when we recognize the validity of economic laws, we should likewise recognize their limitations. Their action may be modied by many conditions. The result of a problem in multiplication is greatly changed if we insert a decimal point or add a cipher. Likewise, the apparent effect of an economic law may be altered by changed conditions, by the pressure of other economic laws working in the opposite direction, or even by the actions of human beings. Thus a situation which, if left to itself, would cause rising prices, may do nothing of the sort if the public decides not to buy. Moreover, the effects of an economic law may themselves bring about conditions which reverse the tendency; as, for example, when an oversupply of wheat lowers prices until farmers reduce their plantings and the resulting shortage raises prices again.

It doesn't pay to quarrel with economic laws or to be afraid of them. Rather, let's make friends with them, try to understand them, and profit by their operation.

RED CROWN LIGHTS UP HOT SANDS FOR SHRINERS



St. Louis, Mo.—When Springfield, Mo., dedicated a Shrine Temple recently, Salesman Jackson and Mr. Fitzgerald were right on the job, succeeding in landing this window for a very attractive display, showing not only the "Hot Sands," but a very good Red Crown as well. The display was shown in the show window of the Springfield *Leader*.

The small boy was being reproved by his mother.

"Why can't you be good?"

"I'll be good for a nickel."

"Ah!" responded the mother, "you want to be bribed. You should copy your father and be good for nothing."

* * *

The constable in a small town received by post six "Rogue's Gallery" photographs, taken in different positions, of an old offender wanted for burglary in a neighboring city. Two weeks later the constable sent this message to the city chief of police:

"I have arrested five of the men, and am going after the sixth tonight."

* * *

Mr. Newlywed: "Good gracious, dear, what a long pie! It is surely too big for just two."

Mrs. Newlywed: "I'm sorry, Cecil, but I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb anywhere."

* * *

A little colored boy, clothes removed, was splashing around to his heart's content in a public reservoir. "Hey! come out of that, you young rascal!" shouted the keeper. "Don't you know that the people in town have to drink that water?"

The youngster dived under, came up and innocently replied: "Oh! dat's all right, mister; I ain't usin' no soap."—*Ex.*

The small boy was being reproved by his mother.

"Why can't you be good?"

"I'll be good for a nickel."

"Ah!" responded the mother, "you want to be bribed. You should copy your father and be good for nothing."—*Exchange.*

* * *

The Wife: "I see by tonight's paper that Paris says women are going to wear their dresses longer."

The Husband: "It's a good thing. You never wear a dress over a month."—*Inklings.*

* * *

A weary-looking fellow who had opened all the doors looking for work happened to see a huge police advertisement, headed:

"Murderer Wanted!"

"Well," he said, scratching his head, "it's better'n nothing, anyhow. I'm going in and ask for the job!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

* * *

As the parting instructions were being given, the fresh young salesman picked up his grip and started on his initial trip.

"Good luck to you," said his chief; "wire us important news." The following day this message was received: "Reached here safely, good room with bath, feeling fine."

The manager wired back: "So glad, love and kisses, good-by."—*Exchange.*

BOOSTING SOCO PRODUCTS *in* 3 *Fields*

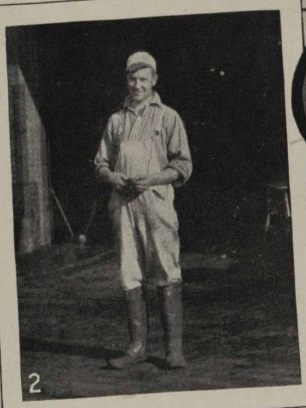
1

2

3

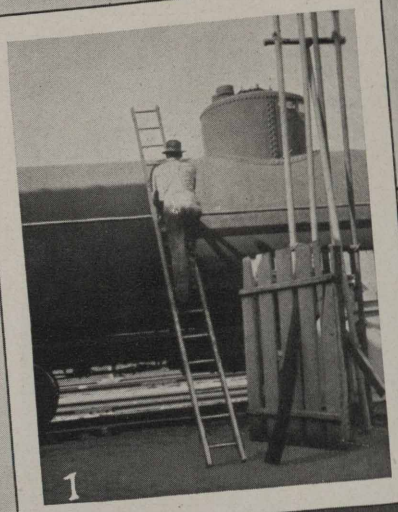
No. 1—What is believed to be an oiling record for one day was made recently by D. E. Roach, a harness maker at Oberlin, Kans., St. Joseph division, who oiled thirty-nine sets of harness a saddle and a pair of shoes in one day. Of course, he used Eureka. No. 2—Master Ralph Goodrich of Saginaw division is ready for the speedways to open. His dad is Earl Goodrich, heavyweight T. W. driver. No. 3—Mrs. Palmer Bergland, better half of the sales team of P. C. Bergland and wife, wore this costume at a recent masquerade ball at Ada, Minn., Fargo field.

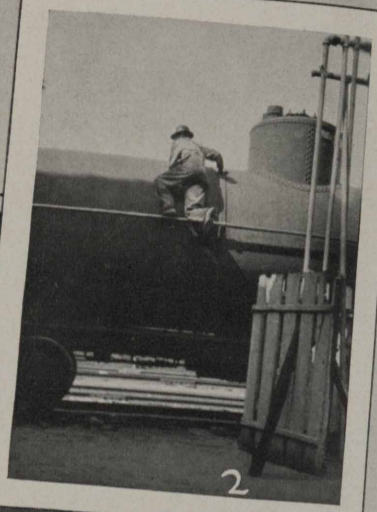
SOME ROMEOS FROM JOLIET, ILL.

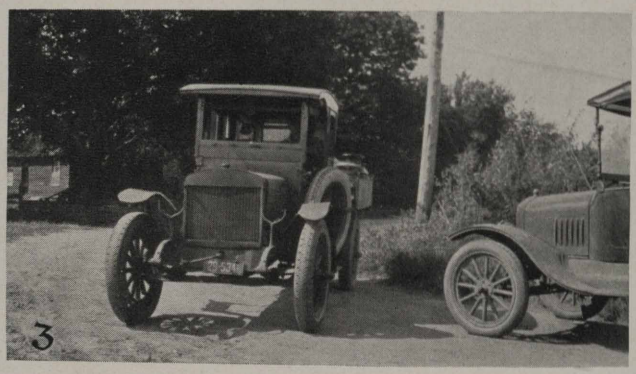


Joliet Division—No. 1—This sextette from Joliet is called the Beauty Squad. Give the boys credit, they dolled themselves up in new outeralls for this picture. They are (left to right) Dan Dever, H. Walters, O. J. Karschnick, P. H. Sanno, C. B. Heininger and N. E. Birve. Bill Rodman wanted to get in the pix too, but they made him stay in his flivver. No. 2—Sunday might just as well be Saturday for Matt Harmon, salesman at Elgin The photo was taken on a Sunday morning, while Matt was giving his cart its weekly bath. No. 3—Red Davidson and Ralph Patterson, the pair at the left, are being urged to join a vodvil circuit. The spectators (who must remain nameless) seem to be properly thrilled.

SAFETY FIRST -- *The Right Way, The Wrong Way*

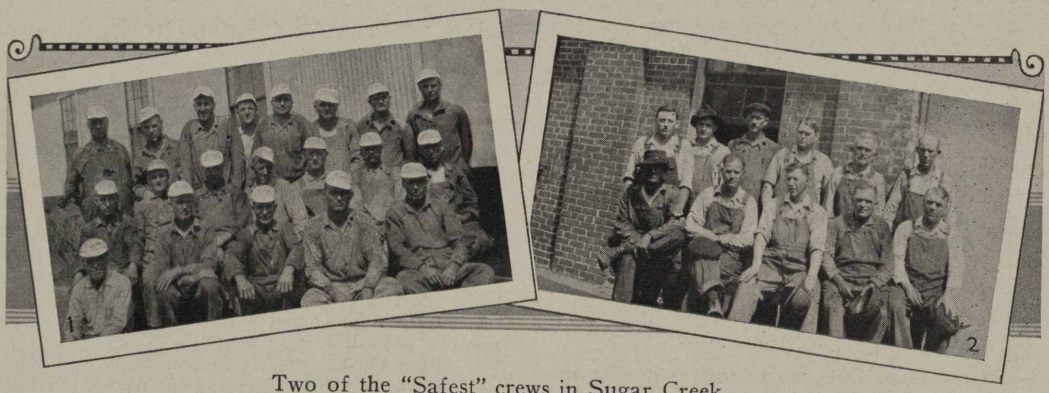






No. 1—There is a "right" and "wrong" way to do everything. The use of a substantial ladder to mount a tank car is the only common sense way. No. 2—This fellow disregards life and limb, for every time he climbs up the sides of a tank car by this method he has a chance of a hard fall. Every station has a ladder—use it. No. 3—Evidently this driver thought he could save time by cutting the corner. He forgot about the other fellow and they nearly had an accident.—By D. W. Rundall, Decature Division. F. C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Department.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT



Two of the "Safest" crews in Sugar Creek.

No. 1—Sugar Creek's painters and asbestor men who have gone thirty-two months without a lost time accident.

No. 2—Sugar Creek's carpenters who have gone eighteen months without a lost time accident.

Both departments are still going strong. Are they happy? Of course they are. How would you like to work with a department like that? Sure you would like it. You don't need a transfer either. It's easy. Just believe in Safety and practice it as these men do and your own department will have the same record.

G. W. SMITH,
Director, Safety Division Industrial Relations Department,

AND

L. C. HOWARD,
Safety Director, Sugar Creek, Mo.

WHITING, IND.

If the bowling committee were to offer a prize for the fanciest and most graceful pose, it would be a hot fight between Powell of the drafting department team, and Kidnay of the filter plant for first honors.

Two new names appear on the list of speed demons and demonettes in this department, Al Shaeffer and Miss Olive Carlson, each recently acquiring possession of a Ford. Miss Carson's new protege showed its stuff by landing a wallop on the solar plexus of a telephone post, somewhere near Three Oaks, Mich., where it shied at the appearance of another car while on its baptismal trip to South Haven.

Who guessed John Billi wouldn't be a tennis champ?

Two new flaps were registered in the White Oil room, Mary Nemez being closely followed by Mrs. Smith. They both look stunning at that with their new bobs.

When Jimmie LaPert demonstrated that dark petrolatum was good for the complexion, Mr. Bonham, not to be outdone, also proceeded to exhibit his side of the argument that black oil is the better of the two.

Paging Gehrke; "Have your brake bands fixed, Ed, before you again try to conquer Boul Mich," is the sound advice submitted to the cause by the knowing Fred Wilhelm.

You know Bill Stover is a great fisherman, particularly at Cedar Lake, where he travels most every Saturday night. Now in the past Bill has had several experiences when the night is darkest, of almost falling from the boat and rudely disturbing the fishers in their slumber. To remedy this glaring defect in his fisherman's etiquette, he has purchased a gasoline lamp.

The many friends of Mike Hartz, formerly employed at the filter plant, were sorry to hear of his death, April 27, at his home in Whiting.

A certain person dared the writer to put his name in the RECORD. All right, Thomas Mordus, so much that's enough out of you.

For a long time Delmer Faklam has had a radio, yet it was but recently that he acquired a loud speaker. She was formerly Miss Dorothy Ethridge of the laboratory. The cigars were O. K., Dell.

All was well in the Paskwietz household on a mild December evening until at about 10:30 the peaceful atmosphere was rent by the sorrowful wailings of the house-cat. As the noise continued Mr. Paskwietz decided to go out and try to find the source of trouble. After a search the kitten was discovered on Muffit's garage roof. Now the kitten being young and inexperienced had climbed onto the roof and was unable to get down. Mr. Paskwietz decided the only thing to do was to get a ladder and rescue the distressed and peace disturbing feline. When he had climbed to the top of the step ladder and was reaching for the cat he was suddenly accosted by a member of the local police force, who demanded to know what it was all about. The explanation must have been satisfactory for the cat was rescued, the ladder returned and all was quiet and serene again.

Steam Departments

Spring has arrived at last. Don Parks, Paton Richardson and Hal Whelan are now hard at work during their lunch hour pitching horseshoes. They have picked Andy Harmon as referee and from all accounts Andy has some job.

It is reported that John Packo, an old employee of No. 5, boiler house, is working in the plant again. Well John we hope to see you back in this department.

Dan Sheehan, ash wheeler, at No. 2 boiler house, resigned to go on the lakes. Expects to come back in the fall.

P. O. Vandeveer and F. E. McCoy are getting to be experts at billiards. The other day they nearly made a count after playing for one hour. Some sharks, I say.

Andrew Vrane, helper at No. 2, boiler house, is laid up from an accident received while riding his motorcycle. We hope that Andy will soon be able to return to work.

Gerwasio Gennorelli, coal unloader at No. 2, boiler house, left for his old home in Italy the other day. He expects to return in about six months with his son.

William Willis' smiling face was noticed on the plant the other day. Bill was one of the old war horses in the steam department when it was hard to get men.

Gus Thompson, ash car man at No. 4, boiler house, left for a trip back to his old home in Sweden. We all wish Gus a good trip and a safe return.

Patrick McNulty, watertender at No. 4, boiler house, was off a few days account of sickness. Glad to see you back on the job, Mac.

P. O. Vandeveer and wife called away account of sickness of relatives in Illinois. Trust you will find them all right, Van.

Arthur Freel, swing coal foreman, laid up from an accident received while unloading coal at No. 4, boiler holse. Here's hoping that Art will be back on the job soon.

The Whiting Golf Club is off to a flying start. P. O. Vandeveer elected as caddy master. Line 'em up, Van, and give them some instructions relative to their duties.

It is reported that Hal Whelan, steam trap inspector of this department, has gone into the maple sirup industry. I would say that is a pretty sweet job, Hal.

Candle Factory

We are all delighted to see Canner back at work again after his operation. He seems to have acquired a healthy appetite.

The candle factory has been having a great deal of sorrow in the past two weeks. We wish to extend our sympathy to all those who have suffered losses through death.

Marie Kerner of the printing department wears a large sparkler on her engagement finger. The girls of the printing department claim they can see without the lights on now.

Miss Anna Maksimik, one of the so called "Horse and Buggy" crew, has had her hair bobbed.

Another diamond grew up over night. Stella Stefanski received one from Joe McClellan.

It seems to be the usual thing for Mr. Glair to have the laugh on Dr. Bransky but the tables were turned when Mr. Glair tried his best to eat some of the April Fool candy offered him at the candle factory. So completely was he fooled that Dr. Bransky's one laugh equals all those Mr. Glair had on him.

But that wasn't all the candle factory girls did on April Fool's Day. Some one should have been behind the door when Mr. Brinker tried to put his coat on and found the sleeves and button holes sewed up.

As for Mr. Grieves he was easy. He bit at everything. Evidently he thought his mouth needed to be cleaned for he bit into some soap candy.

Tower Stills

Ted James, the speed boy collector for the tower stills, on the athletic drive sure overlooked a good bet. Ted usually spends about two days going around collecting for this drive and picking up the slackers. He never realized they were going to hand out membership cards for 1924, and when the receipt books came back to the foreman with instructions to give a membership card to every man whose name appeared on a receipt stub, Ted was out of luck as no stub appeared with Ted's name on it. As a result Ted received no membership card. They all like to know how Ted is going to get in to see the coming athletic events unless he comes across with the cold cash instead of trying to slip one over on the boys.

Switching Department

Word has been received from Southern Pines, N. C., that Mrs. Edw. Zimmerman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Swartz, is in very poor health and unable to continue her journey to Washington at this time. We regret very much to learn of this and hope for her a speedy recovery.

Speaking of amusing stories, here is one which is the best ever: Edward Bartuska of the Yard Office had a dream one night, not long ago, that he was working in a labor gang for the Pennsylvania Railroad and someone cried: "Jump! there comes an engine." This startled him and at that moment the alarm clock rang which caused him to jump and land on his shoulder, several feet away from the bed, much to the amusement of the family, but Ed. did not take this as a joke. His shoulder is now adorned with the colors of green, black and blue, but we hope the colors have changed by the time this appears in the STANOLIND RECORD.

Teaming and Trucking Department

Mr. Trebs, foreman of the teaming and trucking department, received a rather interesting letter the other day part of which is as follows: "Dear Sir: We have been requested.....to send you one of our catalogues to be used for description only as these prices are old and not up to date, but want you to bear in mind that we have the most complete line of saddlery goods in Chicago, pads, brushes, halters, etc., etc., which is not shown in this catalogue, but we have in stock anything you ask for. Tony says, "Some Catalogue?"

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Our team lost the opening game of the year to the St. Louis Coke and Chemical Company team, last year's champions of the Tri-Cities League, by a score of 5-0. The team turned four costly errors behind Bennet, which resulted in a shutout. Our first game being with the league leaders, gave the fans a good line on the prospects of our team this year, and we are not boasting a bit when we state the chances are mighty good. "Eddie" Bennet pitched good ball while on the hill, allowing but three scattered hits in the five innings he worked. He was relieved in the sixth by Vaughn, who showed world's of stuff. Johnson, for the winners, had the Refinery boys at his mercy at all times, giving but six hits. Fortschneider led the Wood River team in hitting, collecting a double and single out of three trips to the pan. The Refinery band kept the crowd in good spirits with the latest jazz numbers.

General News

Jake Newman and James Lewis spent one day last month fishing at Brickhouse Slough. We do not know what kind of bait they used, but we understand that Jake caught a fish about an inch and a half long and Jim caught one that was a little shorter.

"Doc" Flanagan is taking a vacation at the time this is written to get a much needed rest on the advice of his physician. We certainly hope that he comes back swinging the good old Irish "Schelale". During his absence Mr. Counsil of No. 1 Crude House, who is a trained nurse, will do the work at the First Aid Station.

Frank Robertson, reporter for the crane and locomotive department, has been seriously ill for several weeks and is reported better at this time. We hope you will be with us soon, Frank, and are glad you are on your feet again.

The sun has an able rival now since Mr. Wuestenfeld's Ford returned from the Paint Shop.

The mines at Carlinville reopened April 28 and many of the men from the mines who were working here were sent back. We made friends with those Carlinville chaps and found them mighty good company. We are glad to see the mines working, but are sorry to see the boys go.

Crude Stills

That one can't trust the fellows around No. 1 Crude Battery is the decision of Charles Rice after following the advice of Maurice McMillan on getting dust out of his cap. William Butler had the ash blower running and two lids off on the line, which gave about one-half the normal suction where Rice was. At McMillan's suggestion, Rice held his cap over the hole so the "blower would pull the dust out." But just then Butler put one of the lids on and the stronger suction pulled the cap out of Rice's hand and took it down with the ashes. Rice ran to the next lid and quickly raised it, but was too late to catch his cap.

John Phipps and Charles Wiggins motored to St. Louis recently to do some shopping. After searching several hours looking for Locust street they inquired of a policeman as to its whereabouts. On being told they were then on Locust street, Phipps said, "Gee whiz, we've already crossed it eight times."

The old story that it is hard to keep a good man down was recalled by many when it was learned that a correspondence school made an offer to Dick Thompson to become a teacher of political science. We have been unable to ascertain the exact details, but we understand that Thompson has been conferring lately with Harry Harrod, George Oetkin, Lawrence Ragus and Ben Robinson with a view towards enrolling them as pupils in case he accepts the school's offer. In this connection, Olie Lawman has been acting as amateur instructor.

Amiel Brummer's dog is dead, so also is Max Hartwig's and Steve Mikolia's. They dodged the automobiles and escaped the boys' rifles, but they ate somebody's poison.

John Baker has a new Ford Phaeton ordered. Thus, he joins the ranks of those who encaurage the old refineries to stay in existence. John has had considerable experience operating the big ash wheelbarrow at No. 1 Crude House and he feels sure that he will have no mishaps with the Ford, more especially because Ben Purcell has told him that a Ford and a wheelbarrow are much alike, except that a Ford has a wheel to guide it by and has four wheels on the ground instead of one.

Now that spring is here, George Thompson is repainting his signs: "Lots for sale. Keep off the grass."

Jess Card, who was a mighty hunter before he was a fireman, is planning on building a six-story house in Bethalto. Jess plans on retiring to the peaceful village of Bethalto, where he can entertain his old friends and strangers with stories of wild adventures while in the service of Britain's King or the Queen of Siam.

Willie Hoffman has a new Dodge coupe, complete with flower vases, cigaret cases and ash trays. Willie has the name of knowing more roads, and particularly shady lanes, than anyone else in Wood River. Popular, handsome and chivalrous, Willie stands at the head of the class today. We have heard only one man speak disparagingly of Willie. That is Jess Card, who said that if Willie Hoffman ever took a daughter of his out riding he would beat Willie up so bad that it would take seven doctors and three undertakers a week to put him back into shape so that his family would recognize him.

Mike Sern was seen hunting mushrooms with a charming young lady of Wood River. Anyone wishing further details is referred to Joe Perry.

Matt Freeman has been decorating the interior of his locker lately. From reports we get, it appears that Matt is very sentimental in his selection of pieces of art to hang on the door of his locker.

Fred Parker is on the warpath. Someone put a generous supply of salt in his snuff. George Nelson tried to pacify Parker by suggesting that it wasn't salt at all. But Parker stormed more than ever at that—so everyone is waiting for a killing.

Emery Hunt has Herb Powell just about converted to the idea of farming. We hear that Herb has ordered 1,400 White Leghorn chickens from Emery as a starter.

George Lang, after 20 years' service with the company, has been put on the scrap pile. However, he goes as foreman at the reclaim department, which is quite a promotion. We are sorry to lose George, but are glad that he is moving up the ladder.

Judge Thompson returns. After being elected by a nice majority and after having served the office of J. P. so well, George Thompson has decided to give up his judicial duties. George states his reason in a front-page write-up of the local paper recently as being that he has enough work at the Standard to keep him busy and the job is better suited to an elderly man who has more time for the office.

Main Office

When Pete, better known as Tony, Lieferig passed the cigars, someone asked him "Why?" but he wouldn't say, so we suppose it was either a girl or a boy. Come through, Pete.

My goodness, we feel uppish with the new carpet installed in Mr. Manbeck's office. Now we can say "on the carpet" with all truthfulness.

While the Carlinville mine shut down our big directory was the most used book in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). But Starbuck went back today.

Fred Paris is back and we are certainly glad to hear that his family and himself came through their sickness and quarantine as good as gold.

It is also a pleasure to have William Graham back with us after an extended absence. Greetings, Bill.

At the first game of the season between our team and a Granite City team, Johnnie Halloran turned out to be something like the Browns. He was good for about three innings—on the sideline.

Miss Mary Stoneham, our popular stationery clerk, and Thomas Hutchinson of the drafting department were married during Easter week, and thus the stationery department lost a valuable and popular clerk. Tom will still be with us, perhaps not so much as formerly, and Mary will be missed. We wish Tom and Mary much joy, peace and happiness. Thanks for the smokes, Tom.

Pipe Department

Rex Craddock is making regular trips to St. Louis now.

L. Ritter visited at the home of Frank Levich in Alton recently. He states that Frank has some good stuff.

Tony Ehrhardt has notified the boys of the pipe department that he will be a candidate for representative next year and will run on the 7 o'clock platform.

Jim Dooley is having a room put on his house, but it is not a garage as some of the boys think. It is a room for another bed.

Pete Corrigan made great plans for company recently, filled up the ice box with provisions and laid off for the day. In the morning he went to the box and it was found that everything was gone. Pete told his wife to call up the guests and tell them the party was off and Pete went to see the butcher and coaxed him to sell a little meat on Sunday. It seems that this butcher had sold out everything except some neck bones and Pete bought all he had. Charley Lee has been picking up neck bones for two weeks now around No. 6 pressure battery.

Bill Kaeser showed up at work recently with his hand tied up and says he cut it while opening a jar of peaches. All the boys claim they never heard of peaches blowing up, but they have heard of other things blowing bottles up.

Newt Green has bought a new Ford to take him back and forth from the dentist's office.

Jerry Kennedy was seen standing on a corner in Middletown one night last week with six chickens on his shoulder.

Ike Crofton has joined a radio listeners' club. The first night he heard a barnyard act from Godfrey and Delhi, chickens, ducks, hogs and

cows. It must have been great. He also claims to have heard the recent tornado coming, but before he could get the head set off his head, his chicken shed had been blown away.

The boys in the machine shop were telling Jack Davey that the best wine is church wine, so Jack gathered his blossoms in the church yard and now claims he has some of the best church wine ever made.

Harry Fessler is all smiles over the arrival of a twelve-pound boy. Harry expects to train him to be an expert tube cleaner. The mother and baby are doing fine.

Otto Flach has planted a dozen grape vines in his yard and invites everyone who wants grapes next summer to come up. He has also built a grape arbor under which you can rest after picking the grapes.

Jack Maloney stalled his new Buick on one of Wood River's busy corners recently and flooded the carburetor. All sorts of help and advice were given him. The safety man helped push the machine back against the curbing out of the danger zone and then a boilermaker, a pipefitter and a coke still cleaner took turns at trying to start the car, but it remained for a lumberman to give the proper advice.

W. Woods, after having disposed of all his farming tools and animals, decided to tear down the old barn and went at it bright and early. He was discovered several hours later by his wife all knocked out and partly covered with parts of the barn. The only explanation of how he was injured is that he missed one of the mules when the other animals were sold and walked into this dangerous animal unawares.

Laboratory

Hugh Christy attended his grand father's funeral at Canton, Ill. He was away over the fourth and fifth of April.

Spring is here with its full force and Steve Kelly talks very much of his garden. We are wondering when Bob Lane is going to teach the bunch to play "cricket."

On April 23 the Laboratory force enjoyed a wiener roast and outing in the country.

Word was received here from Mose Boyd, formerly in the laboratory, announcing the arrival of a boy at the Boyd household.

Homer Ferguson now has a pair of specks. Bet he reads the gravity right now.

We wonder why they kid Elmer about carrying something all over the plant. "Must have been heavy from what they say."

Mr. Buck had a very narrow escape the other day. He stopped to take one of the fair ladies home from work and some Ford tried to bump the Hup off the road. "Wasn't Carrol, was it Tillie?"

Miss Opal Savage spent the week-end in Coffeen, Ill., with her parents.

Miss Edna Deitz spent Easter Sunday with her folks in Belleville, Ill.

Labor Department

No matter to what dizzy heights one may climb, he is in turn succeeded by his pupils. It was so of Socrates and Plato. It is true also of Murphy and Brennan. Tammany Hall will soon be only of secondary importance, while the Democratic city committee of Wood River, at the head of which "Whitey" Hannold now rules with the same resolution with which he directs the activities of the athletic association and the same decorum with which he applies in his capacity of drum major. So far, the Democratic organization in Wood River has consisted of Simon Halloran and two others, but we know "Whitey" will make it into a mighty host.

Turkham Sarkesoff is the only men who can go to Madison and return without getting shot or half shot. Anyone doubting this statement is referred to Sam Katchedurоff.

Frank Butch has been off several weeks with a bad attack of rheumatism. He visited several specialists in St. Louis and is now able to be back at work.

M. Jones hired Slim Carter to take him out to the country in his Overland. Of course, Jones did not realize that Slim could convert his Overland into an aeroplane. When they came to a bridge, Slim's Overland went up but when it came down Slim forgot to stretch out the wings. It came down with such force that Jones' head went through the top and put him out of business for a while, but Slim kept going. When Jones came to, he made Slim take him to a doctor and pay the bill.

We sure miss Burd Arnold, because when an argument was started about cars, Burd was always ready to bet his check against $1 that the Overland was the speediest car on the route.

We were wondering why Jack Fennessy liked his location so well, but we just discovered the secret. There is a hot dog and hot tamale stand not very far from his place. Many people going to the hot dog stand got stuck in the sand and Jack pulls them out for $5.

Allen Jameson is glad that summer will soon be here. He will not have to be always looking for his mittens and can leave his door open at the steam stills and hear his whistle to better advantage.

Hot weather will soon be here because Sherman Connerly is getting the old car out. He puts it up in September and leaves it in the shed until the first of May.

We wish to express our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Steve Mikolia in the loss of Mrs. Mikolia's father, Mr. Louis Tresh, of St. Louis.

Boiler Houses Nos. 1 and 2

C. Fulton, fireman at No. 1 boiler house, and J. McCourtney, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, were called to their home in Missouri on April 14 on account of the death of Mr. Fulton's father.

Jess Cannon, manager of the Alton Colored Giants, and his team, played the Wood River B. M. baseball team at the Standard diamond on Sunday, April 27. The Giants were beaten by a score of 21 to 11. Cannon felt so badly that he has not reported for work since.

J. Kocher, labor superintendent, challenged Pat Harmon to a game of horse shoes April 26. Two games of 21 points each were played, resulting as follows: First game: Harmon 21, Kocher 0. Second game: Harmon 21, Kocher 0.

Main Pump House and Steam Stills

C. E. Custer, main pump house, is entertaining his sister-in-law for the summer. Custer has just purchased another Ford coupe.

Fred Johnson is going to Kane soon to visit the home folks. At least, we feel sure he is because he mentioned that his supply of bacon and eggs was getting low.

Jack Carstens visited in Beneld on his last thirty-two off. Jack makes this visit regularly since Wood River was made dry by an ever-vigilant police force.

William Stoneham made his debut as a political campaign manager in one of our local elections. But, unfortunately, he followed printed instructions without inquiring as to the source. After the election, when his candidate was in good shape except that he ran shy of votes, Bill saw that the tactics he used were written by W. J. Bryan.

Jess Cannon, Corporal Young, Merle Manley and Roy Fredrickson spent Easter Sunday on the farm with C. E. Custer.

Has anyone ever fed a dog all the buttermilk he could drink and then bounced him about five miles on a rough country road in a Ford car? If you haven't and wish to know of the results, see Earl Custer, or better still, write a letter to him, addressed to Hartford, East Alton, R. R. No. 1, Wood River and Bethalto.

After May 1 anyone getting into trouble in East Alton, call Bell 328R. That's Dick Thompson's residence. He's a full-fledged village justice now.

Harold Blackburn, water drawer at the main pump house, is the possessor of a Ford "coop." This is the first and only warning, girls.

Fred Johnson of the steam stills spent the week-end with relations in Kane recently.

Charles VanDusen makes regular trips to Bethalto now since acquiring the new coupe.

"Red" Fox, official water drawer at the main pump house, says he's sure glad spring is here, because the overcoat wouldn't have made many more rounds in zero weather.

Pressure Stills

George Neiderkorn has taken one year to build a porch and it wasn't a very large one. George has not shown much speed, but a mighty fine brand of persistency.

Charles Bailey found some fine plants on Mount Point and planted them in his flower bed and now finds he has some blooming onions.

George Neiderkorn and Rich Dawson went to church recently and agreed to watch each other to keep awake. When they did wake up, all the people were gone and the door was about to be locked.

John Gerdes is fond of strolling in the woods, with good company, of course, and recently he claims to have discovered a bee tree, but when asked, who saw it first, he refused to say any more about this strange tree.

Since moving to the country Harvey Moore has been seen with a large variety of Ford cars. We expect to hear that he is trading hosses next.

We are sorry to report that Grover Weimers is off at the time this is written with a very sick baby boy.

Carl Juhlin is a very constant reader of some weird paper which features pictures of strange animals. Recently he brought the picture of a "Hoadag" to work and stated that it was only found on the North American continent, but Herb Fox claims he saw an animal exactly like it on the north shore of China and Fireman Payne states he saw one down in Arkansas.

Some folks are certainly lucky. Gus Wuestenfeld couldn't find anyone to take his ten-dollar bet on the baseball game recently.

Honey was such a good price last winter that George Buck sold all he thought he could safely take from his bees. But he made a mistake in the amount and starved eight hives to death.

Boiler Department

Curley Beiser got his finger under a sheet recently. It was a sheet of iron and Curley carries a pet as a reminder.

Johnny Crow has moved to a Bethalto farm for the purpose of raising potatoes, beans and chickens. The boys at the shop say that he had better raise the price of a pair of mud hooks if he expects to get to work when the spring rains start.

We are told that "Skinny" Westbrook is better and will soon be with us. That is good news and we hope to see you soon, Mr. Westbrook.

William Cook has traded his two-door sedan for a four-door sedan, but the new car has black wheels instead of red ones. Still four doors is some improvement.

Jack Hamilton and Mr. Cook have gone into the egg business. Jack gets the eggs and Cook hatches them. The first 120 eggs yielded twenty chicks and Cook kept the twelve cripples.

Bill Yenny had an automobile accident recently and stated that the other fellow ran into him but the other fellow denies this and states that Bill does not need his glasses when he passes good-looking girls. Bill had an opportunity to sell this Ford recently for twenty dollars, a most liberal offer from Bill Adams, but the offer was made on Sunday and Yenny wouldn't trade.

Machine Shop

Ed Kerwin is getting along O.K. and expects to return to work in a couple of weeks. The force is waiting with the welcome hand, Eddie.

Joe Schenk has been laying off lately, since Haynes, the dry man of Washington, D. C., has ordered the sale of home brew products stopped. Joe is spending part of his time picking dandelions.

This petition was not granted: Wood River, Ill., April 24, 1924. We, the undersigned employees of the machine shop do hereby petition the management to furnish us with a box and ice during the five warm months of the year, each employee to furnish his own brew.

The baseball season hit here with the usual hard blow. The first game is to be played Saturday, April 26. The Machine Shop boasts of having the pitcher, Bennett, and the mascot, Veach.

They say a fat man can't turn. Foreman Tremmel made a record on a hundred-yard dash from the machine shop to the track alongside the boiler house, because of a man lying across the track. Arriving upon the scene, the man was not dead. He was just a dummy with hip boots on.

Willard Clark attended a dance at Alton the other night. He had a pleasant time, but failed to show up the next day. Clark's report for being off was "Cannot get my oyes open to come to work." The doctor's report was "Strained eyes from looking at curiously dressed chickens."

Acid Works

Tony Pavelek, acid house stillman, has gone for a three months' trip to his old home across the water.

George Dietz, dependable acid man, is work-

ing on that old truck patch regularly. See him for early fresh vegetables.

Let's ask Kocher if he can't furnish chicken and those fair "Chickens," who waited tables at our recent bowling supper.

Tom Johnson, lead burner helper, is a specialist in young chicks. One or a thousand are all the same to him.

Mr. Vineyard seems quite happy these days over the arrival of a lovely baby. We are glad to see him happy and glad to get those fine smokes.

Tinners, Painters and Pipe Coverers

Joe Godard was off recently to attend the funeral of a relative in Vincennes. We wish to extend our sympathy to Joe in his sorrow.

Ollie Lemond, who has been off from work for several months, is still unable to be about. A number of the men who have been out to see Ollie say he inquires about the boys at the plant and hopes to be back with them some day. Our sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Lemond in this illness.

Mike Holloday has a new Ford and one of his first stunts was to go out driving and get lost. He got lost at Long Lake, according to the report of his friends, who say that is not dangerous since the fish never bite there.

F. Balster is building a chute-the-chute for automobiles. You may think this is a joke. We did when we first heard the news. The chute is located near Bethalto and autoists can now chute-the-chutes for 25 cents.

Roy Streeper has been off two weeks on account of jury service, which is almost as bad as being off for illness. Our sympathy, Roy.

Carpenter Department

Sox Parker is back in the harness again on our All-Star ball team. A friend of Sox states that Sox would be in the big league if he had as much in his feet as he has in his head.

Sam Parker is now rated as a lead shot, if you know what we mean. He was out hunting recently with a number of friends and after being out several hours and seeing no rabbits one of the friends found a dead rabbit, which he hung up in the hedge and then called Parker's attention to it. Parker made a fine shot and went to pick up the game which he found stiff and cold.

Wes Mathie now has the freedom of the city. His dad was recently elected city dad in the Alton election and Wes becomes one of those on the inside—so to speak.

Mark Allen has been off about two weeks with a bad knee. A slight operation was performed and he expects to be with us soon.

Henry Koehne goes out at night but does not take much money along as a rule, but the other night he made quite a run to save what little he did take along to save it from some bad robbers. Henry is said to have rounded up his bunch on Belle street and organized to catch the would-be robbers, but luckily for these holduppers they had escaped from the clutches of the vigilantes.

Oh, yes! Bill Atkins has a new four-door sedan.

Henry Maxeiner is off again on account of illness. Henry has had much more than his share of trouble this spring and we hope he is out of harm's way soon and is able to have himself and family well for a long time.

Humbert Sims died very suddenly April 25, after he had entered the washroom to return home at noon on account of illness. The death came as a shock to his many friends in the carpenter department and throughout the plant. Humbert had been with the company for about thirteen years and all that time had been in the carpenter department. He was a fine companion and faithful worker, whom we will all miss. The boys of the carpenter department wish to extend their heartfelt sympathy to his relatives and friends and to express their sorrow in his loss.

Paraffine Department

August Wuestenfeld, Jr., has been transferred from the crane and locomotive department and is with us now in the bleacher pump house.

We wish to express our sympathy to Joe Pisenako of the press cleaners in the loss of his wife.

Now we will have a spotless city. Sam Hubbard, our esteemed fellow workman, has been elected one of the city dads.

Charles Zweig and his good ship Polarine are visiting the fishing grounds and fishing must be good. Charley does not pass up this sport for the best baseball games.

Many friends of O. C. Haven wish to extend their sympathy in the loss of his daughter, Mrs. P. C. Frazier, who had been ill for several months and who died April 25.

CASPER, WYO.

Mac, on his back a couple of days from a restaurant handout, is back where the work begins.

Members of the Greybull Lunchless Club go pretty high when they discuss "chromospheres," "photospheres" and attendant phenomena; but they'll have to throw out more ballast to be in our class. Our usual lunch hour topic is contractors' prices.

Briney, Glen and Wag might solve the building problem by merging interests and erecting a two-story house with a habitable basement.

Walter Jourgensen enjoyed part of his vacation in moving to his new home in the southwestern part of town. There are a lot of nice people in that neighborhood and the population seems to be growing.

Crone says the fishing in Big Muddy ought to be good now. He caught all the suckers a few days ago.

The daily musical recital given by Johnnie Lytle and Jack Angehrn reminds us of the good old days of "Chin Chin."

R. J. Turnbull left the employ of this company to accept a position in the office of the city engineer. Jack Steele is now chief meterologist.

E. C. Green has been transferred to the combustion department as steam trap man at Plant No. 1.

H. J. Alkire, formerly with the Natrona Power Company, has been employed as meter man at Plant No. 1.

Emery T. Epling, Jr., erstwhile resident of Lewiston, Idaho, has accepted a junior clerkship in the shipping department.

Homer has just returned from his annual inspection tour through Southern California and reports everything in good shape. Homer has quite an eye for shape. Rudy, who has a "settin'-up" case of puppy love, is making certain

investigations in Sacramento relating to his affliction. We anticipate his report with anxious interest.

Homer, Rudy and Rice gave the fish a treat up Pathfinder way a few days ago. When that trio starts out for fish its a hard day for bait.

Jean, whose misfortunes never come singly, had hardly ceased worrying about the telephone affair when he was confronted with the silver spoon episode. This latter affair was particularly embarrassing. Of course, nobody believes that Jean stole the spoon, but all the evidence points his way and to a man of his sensitive nature this is very distressing.

Some of the boys intimate that J. R. Buchanan of the electric shop is about to change his status as a taxpayer by assuming the duties of the head of a family. It is not known whether or not Mr. Buchanan has made formal application for this position, but his chances for landing the job are considered excellent.

Eric Erickson has become an expert at picking them off the low branches, so that his board bill has been appreciably reduced.

Look out, folks, here comes Ned James in that good Maxwell—it is a twin brother to Holstein's Spark Plug.

A seven-pound son, Jefferson Fred, was announced by Roger Crawford on April 21. Not content after passing the cigars, Roger passed a box of very fine chocolates among the girls. We say you are a sport and a gentleman, Roger!

Miss Boling has not yet mustered up enough courage to have her hair bobbed. She has three times canceled appointments with her hair dresser; at least, so it is rumored. Eventually, why not now?

Mr. Heinze (opening mail): "Here is a call from Arbuckle for STANOLIND news items" (pause). "Do you know anything, Fowler?"

Fowler: "Nope."

Heinze: "How about you, Beard?"

Beard: "Same here."

Heinze: "This is the first time I ever could get you fellows to admit it."

Floyd Michaels, steam refined treater, was away from work between March 31 and April 18 with the flu. "Mike" is back again feeling like a top.

Oscar Trueb went fishing April 6 and caught one little fellow. He did better than T. S. Cooke at that.

Joe Jennings, who has been confined to the hospital during a long serious illness, is now in Thermopolis. He is reported to be slowly improving.

A short visit was made recently in Cheyenne by J. K. Roedel.

E. H. Clendenin was transferred from the drafting room to the estimator's office to take the place vacated by C. P. Ames.

Mrs. B. E. Anderson left April 21 for a visit with her mother in Lincoln, Neb.

William Corson, stillman at No. 6 receiving house of Plant No. 3, is dismantling his radio set for the summer. Too much static, evenings too short.

Mr. Souczek still foreman at No. 3 crude stills, and family motored to Ayers Natural Bridge Park. Fred says the worst part of the road is where he got stuck in the mudhole.

Ernest Smith, helper on the asphalt stills, claims that there is another Ernest Smith in town, and so long as the police records don't specify occupation, the doubt will exist.

Walter Compton and family spent a very enjoyable time near Ayres Natural Bridge Park fishing. Walt says "suckers is suckers and then some."

Eugene Prewitt, helper at No. 3 loading pump house, is painting the wire wheels on his Chandler.

Mr. Covington says the name of his office should be changed from "Employment Bureau" to "International Employment Bureau," as in the last thirty days applications have been received from men in Afghanistan, India, Bulgaria, Island of Malta, Island of Madeira, the Holy Land, Africa, Denmark, Scotland, Australia, Japan, China, Canada, Old Mexico and from all over the United States. Men have left us to go to Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Scotland, Ireland, South America, Alaska, Old Mexico, Australia, Canada and to various parts of the United States.

THE CARPENTER COWBOY
Charlie and His Hobbie Horse

Listen, you fellows, and
You shall hear
Of the wonderful riding
Of Warnock, old dear.

You know him, boys,
The Carpenter Man;
Who can't mount his horse
By using one hand.

He mounts his horse with
The grace of a cow;
With a slap of the rope
Starts him off "right now."

It's a treat for you,
Oh, men, of the West,
To see Charlie ride
When he's at his best.

He has charge at both plants,
But "Three's" where he stays;
And in going to "One,"
He must ride the highways.

Which he never will do
If he has any sense,
For riding them hard
Without a license,
Is considered law's greatest offense.

He doesn't ride fast,
And he doesn't ride slow—
But both his arms flap
Like the wings of a crow.

And all that we need
To make Charlie saw "Caw,"
Is to have him picked up
By an arm of the law.

Do, Charles, take a tip,
From all of us boys,
And don't spoil your pleasure
Nor kill all your joys.

Now don't ride outside
Of a Standard Oil fence,
Unless for your horse
You have a license.

Bob Litheridge of the drafting room and Art Leslie of the filter house spent Easter in Denver. Art's new Dodge sedan exceeded all expctations when after turning over a mud puddle, the casualties were only one broken window and six inches of bent fender. Do you carry horseshoes or shamrocks, Art?

C. P. Ames, after giving three years of faithful service as outside engineer and estimator, has left the company to become chief engineer and superintendent of construction for the Prairie Oil & Gas Company at Rawlins.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Louie Luft, warehouseman, has been transferred to the water pump house and will spend the Summer with the trees along the river. His cute kitten, "Mike," purrs a forlorn tune to the customers that come to trade at the old stand.

Fishing, both lake and stream, has opened lawfully and already our enthusiasm has simmered down to a sane and sensible state. Many wee

catches have been reported by some of the boys "who never give themselves the worst of it." Still, we really believe they have caught "some" fish.

Danny McLeod found himself surrounded by fishing rods, "rods that he knew nothing of" when approached by the "Amazon of Cody Lake." She gave Danny a flash of her star then insisted upon the production of a license—they were produced. This same female "Sherlock" motor boated around the lake and hobnobbed with all the boys and it is reported that although they talked very sweet to the lady that it was no love affair.

"Big Jim" has inventoried the baseball material of the town and while "taking five" from his welding the other day, admitted that although there was no competition to be had, still the boys would have to be placed in training in order to keep them from breaking out window lights of the town.

New horse shoes arrived just as this sport was passing into incipient desuetude and will be just like new when this grand game is revived.

"Pa" Sanford, mechanical department head, says that he has not given up fishing as a recreation and pastime, but with the snow on the hills he gets cold feet.

LeRoy Anchors, foreman of the machine, pump and welding shops, has been crowded out of his snug office by an invasion of pumpers. It is reported that he hestitated long enough in his retreat to take his telephone with him.

Jack Crawford, resident of Greybull Heights, decided that 'twas easier to build a bridge than to drive twenty miles in order to get to work so when the bridge approach at the Big Horn river was washed away by the recent high water, he got busy and you will now find a very efficient suspension bridge which is being used by all those East of the river.

"Hooksville" Warne, who answers to the name of Chuck, divides his time these days between electric welding, surveying, boilermaker helping, swinging a pick and acting as craneman on a number two shovel (Kizzire special).

Eddy Mead, veteran pipe machine operator, says that although some may contend that there is a slight degree of graft at the Elks Circus, yet he won a ham, blanket and a baby doll for his little black eyed boy all for sixty cents. He must live right to have such luck.

W. T. Hughes, office manager and master of "Bob," is having the "cheeps and squeaks" combed out of the Haynes. No doubt he intends pussyfooting out to the lakes one of these days to take advantage of some innocent trout. We only hope that he does not decide to make the trip all alone.

Sam Doctor and James Bluejacket have promised their Mrs.'s a trip to Cody Lake and as neither of these boys care for fishing it looks like a big sacrifice in the wives' behalf.

Slim Dalrymple, the party who sees that our products leave town on time and are not lost along the way, has, after considerable "dickering," obtained a new rod and reel along with quantities of flies, lines, hooks, etc. It's sure some keen tackle and with the "Chevvy" to get him there and bring him back, we are anxious as to the well being of a number of the finny tribe. We also note that there are quite warming up to Dal around the office, but up to the present he has not fallen for any of their offers as guide, cook, etc.

There is now quite a variety of watchman to be found on the throne at the main entrance these days. Little Joe Zednick looks about as comfortable as any sitting in the chair that fits him snug.

George Patterson spent a very pleasant day on a fishing trip fast in a bog on the Basin Garden Boulevard.

E. F. Lockard spent his recent lay-off visiting the west coast and reports that while there may be many jobs in that country, still there are many men to fill them—Greybull looks good.

We are wondering if the experience obtained here on the refinery is proving to be of benefit to C. G. Meyer on his job near Portland on the nine foot water line. We never have handled it that small here.

Just to prove the versatility of our boiler makers, E. J. Williams is now singing daily for a Vancouver Theatre and we are informed that he is making a hit as well as a good living. Of course, we don't anticipate an exodus from our boiler department on this account.

LARAMIE, WYO.

John Cornish is the proud father of a nice baby boy and both mother and babe are doing fine. Congratulations, John.

Billy Irving tells a good joke on his little son Jimmie, a bright eyed youth of four, who had started to go to Sunday School. After about three or four visits a friend asked Jimmie how he liked Sunday school. Jimmie soberly shook his head and said he didn't like it, because the other children laughed at his singing. This puzzled the friend and upon further inquiry, Jimmie stated that they sing a song called, "Roses in the Sky," and as he did not know that song, he sang, "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

D. E. Hunton of the office carried his arm in a sling for some time, as a result of skiing. Don is quite a ski jumper but admits that the art is still a Swede's game. We are hoping that the snow won't be so slippery next time.

Bob Elliff is sporting a new Jewett touring car and intends to show the other boys how to climb hills.

E. R. Brown left for Fort Collins, Col., to attend the funeral of an aunt who passed away Easter Sunday.

Cecil McClintock, who is building a concrete block house, doesn't think much of the Wyoming winds as a west wind blew hard enough the other night to push down one of the walls and made somewhat of a wreck of the place.

Arthur Jones has the champion gas saving car in this locality. Arthur's record is nine months on one gallon of gasoline.

Phil Ward of the office force has purchased a new Essex coach and is putting on airs.

Wild Jimmie Dolan, the watchman, is getting reckless again, he recently shot Harry Miner, then he broke down the truck, upset a fire hose cart and did all kinds of childish things. Some of the boys are watching for a chance to get even with him. (The 29th is a good time. Poor Jimmie?)

Fred Brown, who belongs to the office of intelligence department of Plant No. 2, has become owner of a new Studebaker and is making good use of it. (We know some things but will not mention them, we don't want to make him blush.)

Aude Methvin, a pipe fitter, also bought a new car. It's a Dodge and we think he will use it for fishing and hunting trips.

We are glad to welcome back Charlie Ray, who was injured by an automobile last September while coming to work on the grave yard shift.

Dick Butler, assistant chemist, is going to start to work May 10 by quitting his job here and do a little assaying in the platinum field. He tells us he is going to be a consulting engineer, also. The first platinum he gets will be made into a wedding ring for his will-be wife. (She may never get a ring).

F. O. Blair was quite badly burned about the face and hands by a flash of gas and oil, but was not off the job long. Perfect condition of health brought about a rapid recovery.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Yes, it's all too true! Bill Wiltgen has discarded his life long pet and friend, "The Old Black Sombrero." Changing styles are the reasons, says Bill, but somehow the old boulevard doesn't seem the same without the old top piece worn so nonchalantly.

Anna Baar thinks the "King of the Black Isles" is just a little too vehement in his love sonnets.

Joe Sohurek is traveling on thin ice—he is trying to fascinate Miss "W" who is already engaged to some other lucky duke.

Bill Ewald will have to spend his vacation at Chippewa Falls this year.

Bill Wiltgen is about to start his annual Home Office inventory; he requests everybody using cuspidors to keep them reasonably clean so he can identify the numbers on the bottom. We will be governed accordingly, Bill.

Bill Crothers and E. J. Hass are going away together on their vacation this year—To the North Woods, "To Fight It Out."

Bob Mac Mullen must own some stock in the New Southern Hotel.

Wedding Bells will be ringing this Summer and then some. Thomas, Johnson, Frodin and Wacholz have all been promoted to other positions and intend to celebrate the event by deserting the ranks of the benedicts.

Lorimer is back from his honeymoon minus the famous wave.

McGahen had another bout with the Bell Hop this A. M. Why not promote him to the job of chief bell hop?

H. W. Theal, the great exponent of light wines and beer, announces that on June 2 he will mount a soap box at Wabash Avenue and Congress Street, and tell his friends what he thinks of personal liberty.

Mr. Pittinger, the conservation member from "Back-o'-the-yards," will deliver a lecture in the near future on the subject of "Race Suicide and Bobbed Hair."

Hon. E. G. Vail, we are told, is writing his memoirs in book form on his actual experiences in *border* warfare or the early settling of Kansas and Texas. This wonderful old chap carries many battle scars as reminders of those days.

Mose Peterson of the tax department, having spent a pleasant Winter with the windows open and the exit doors open, is thinking of spending his vacation with Mr. McMillian in the arctic circle.

Now that Billy Cunningham, bookkeeping department, has discovered for the first time in his life that horses are fed every day.

The "bobbed hair campaign" is winning out. We have still a few who have not "Irene Castled" their witching waves. Better get in line girls or we will mention names next time. Also we want to see a few more of the latest shingles. Ordinary bobs are "passe."

They say bobbed hair is sanitary. Maybe you wouldn't think so if you heard what I heard. It was Saturday morning. One Jane says to another: "I took a hot bath last night." Other Jane: "I know why you took it last night. You're going to get a wave tonight, aincha, and you're 'fraid the steam from the bath will ruin it." P. S.—We have it on good authority that a wave lasts three weeks. Draw your own conclusions.

Miss Julia Smigay recently purchased a two-door sedan and is now being taught the art of driving. "Be careful, Julia," there is a law against speeding.

Have you noticed the new red hat "Rose McNulty" is wearing? I know where you got it, Rose.

Miss Catherine McLaughlin, we all admire you in your new bob. It is very becoming.

Tax Department

Who would think to look at Roy D. Perring that he is addicted to the use of Perfumed Bandoline?

Everyone is wondering if that target on the back of Eddie Rummelhoff's head will ever grow hair again.

Fifth Floor

"Asphalt Arab" Lind sure is having a tough time with the ladies. All the girls in Crane Company across the way are making eyes at him and just won't leave him alone. If you have any doubts about the above, ask Lind, himself.

Betty Siedl certainly fell hard in Mrs. Hansen's department the other day, and the beauty of it was she didn't fall for a man. The carpenters came up and fixed the dent in the floor yesterday so there is no need of worrying, Betty.

John Cole, our file clerk, seems to take an interest in all kinds of bugs. Be careful, John, they are liable to get you some day.

Evidently Anna Rommel does not care to enjoy a bald-headed future with the rest of us. Come on, Anne, be a sport.

Attention, Walter Bahr: Are radio parties still your hobby or are there other attractions now?

Martin Lundquist and Everett Holland sure are giving the bunch a treat with their new Willys Knights. We all enjoyed the rides they have promised.

All girls wishing to have their hair bobbed, please get in touch with Evelyn Swenson, the S. O. Co. lady barber. Radio stations, please copy and broadcast.

More new faces in the family album, O. R. Slavik, S. J. Donaldson, John Corcoran, F. W. Campbell and A. J. Good.

Girls will be girls! If you don't believe it you should have seen the South State street belles, who recently "Semdaced" our desks. Ask Garner, he knows.

For the latest in coffins, see John O'Keefe.

We enjoyed the recent visit of Mr. Hammarback from the Duluth office and Mr. Selbo from LaCrosse. We earnestly hope that they received some good points about distribution.

Johnny Corcoran can verify the statement that "Brown's Mule" has a kick.

Radio bugs: "Reflex" Kelley, "Fansteel" Wilkie, "Neutrodyne" Lindquist, "One-Lung" Thorstenson, "Crystal" Long and "DeLuxe Baby" Jordan.

Howard Nelson and Freddie Tamblyn left us on April 15 for sunny California via "Lizzie Ford."

Percy Curtis will join the brigade of "dutiful husbands" in June. Good luck, old scout, our best wishes for you and your bride.

Donaldson and Walker say, "Stay away from Zion City." How come, boys?

Russell Easton has a different suit for every day in the week. He's from Iowa, girls, and is not married.

Traffic Department

Signs of Spring! Our new office boy, Ainsworth Merchant, blossomed out the other day in a brand new suit. Since then there have been several additions to our Easter collections.

Wanted, by E. C. Cornils, to purchase second-hand adding machine to add up number of calories eaten per day. Or to rent on Saturday evenings for the purpose of mapping out menus for the following week.

We didn't see anything in the society columns about Art Sandstrom's wedding.

Dave Radcliffe is fairly oozing good nature these days. Answer—Baseball.

Art Oldenburg is getting fine results with his one-lunger radio.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente, Correspondent; Harry Blix, M. C. Peterson and Art Emrath, Associate Correspondents

No copy received by deadline day.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

It's an ill wind that blows no one any good, or so we have heard said by the attendants at No. 322 in Davenport, and they further claim that John Haywood is very lucky at shooting pool. What it's all about is beyond us.

Assistant Chief Clerk Clarke, has been confined to his home for about a week with a severe case of tonsilitis. Inasmuch as it has been practically impossible for him to eat a thing, we wonder—well, going without food for any length of time does alter one's figure.

They say that Charlie Collier, tank wagon driver at Davenport, is positively the quota-bustinest T. W. D. what is. He lays all his success to his "way wid the women." He sure knows where to find the empty barrels, and furthermore, he doesn't consider a sale complete until he has sold at least one package of every product manufactured by the Standard Oil Company. You're there, Charles.

All the girls in the office thought H. D. McClellan was married uutil about the time he was transferred to Dubuque. That's luck for you.

Dances here will never be the same now that Mr. Sprieter is in Ottumwa.

We'll admit the S. O. people in Davenport are nice folk, but what about news from the field?—Editor.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Art Peters of the sales department is at the Lutheran hospital, where he is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. As this item goes out he was doing as well as expected. Best of luck, Pete.

Miss Lydia Edwards, a former employee of the Des Moines office, has returned and is now in the record department. Welcome back, Miss Edwards.

The Standard Oil Company bowling team brought home the bacon, winning the cup in the Industrial League. Good work, boys.

The sympathy of all is extended to Earl Akers, bookkeeper in Des Moines office, whose wife passed away on April 10th. Mrs. Akers was formerly Miss Nell Valentine, an employee of the Des Moines office.

H. E. Jackson, formerly of the Des Moines office and later cashier of the First National Bank of Rippey, has been elected vice-president of the Farmers State Bank at Paton, Iowa. With his years of training in this office we know he will make a real success of his new undertaking. Good luck, Howard.

R. E. Shepard, attendant S. S. No. 73, State Center, Iowa, says the roads in Marshall County are the worst they have been in twenty-one years. He offers to prove it by Salesman A. J. Winn. How about it, Mr. Winn?

One of Lou Dunker's sayings, "It's a mighty poor correspondent who has to go back thirty years to get something on a fellow." Lou was referring to his famous Mandolin Club of 1894.

Miss Janet Meyer, former Des Moines bill clerk, now of Mason City office, was a welcome visitor recently.

J. Gillett, tank wagon agent at Bedford, Iowa, has been transferred to Gravity, Iowa, to act as agent at that point. Mr. Salen, former truck driver at Bedford, succeeds Mr. Gillett as agent at Bedford, while F. Sheeley will act as truck driver.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Kemper recently announced the engagement of their daughter Mildred to McLain Heath, which is to take place some time in May. We are all sorry to see Mildred leave, but are sure Mac is to be congratulated. On April 26 the young ladies from the office gave a party in her honor and they all report having had a very enjoyable time. Several very useful gifts were presented to Miss Kemper, one of them being a very handsome bridge lamp.

Mr. Rundell, our tax, legal and accident clerk, was in Belleville a short time ago. From reports we receive he evidently met with an acci-

(Continued on page 34)

GENERAL OFFICE WORKERS ACCEPT OFFER OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

Is everybody happy? We'll tell the world they are. They have just accepted the offer, made by Col. Stewart on behalf of the Board of Directors, to have the Industrial Relations Plan made effective in the General Offices at 910 South Michigan. The picture was taken on the Fifth floor just before the massmeeting of General Office employees adjourned. There were so many there we couldn't get them all in the photograph but we got all we could. Col. Stewart and several members of the Board are on the extreme right, center. Other directors are almost swallowed up in the jam. The man with the happy smile on the lower right is Joe, the popular janitor.

(*Continued from page 31*)

dent there, was taxed for a marriage license and had to call on the law in the shape of a preacher to help him out. Didn't think you could keep this out of the RECORD, did you, Judge, even if you haven't breathed it around the office? Congratluations, and the girls all like chocolates.

Merle Cline says he is the Mayor of Wyckles Crossing and the custodian of the Silver Moon Park. Didn't know we had such a celebrity in our midst. You're a very busy man, Merle, and the cares of office are taking their toll as is evidenced by that glistening round spot on the top of your cranium and which is growing a little larger each day. If you want a receipt for that, see the correspondent.

Mrs. J. Milnes, formerly Miss Carrie Delaney, paid us a brief visit one recent Saturday morning and held out a promise of a good chicken dinner in the very near future. Of course, we all accepted with pleasure.

Not so very long ago, Florence Walters wanted to know if "Bovinol" was good for your apartments. Will some one kindly educate this young lady on S. O. products?

Emery Rosengrant is the new agent at Taylorville and Wallace Smith has taken over the Owaneco station. We are glad to have you become a part of the great S. O. Co. family, boys, and wish you the greatest possible success.

Homer Brosman just couldn't stay away and is back on the job as S. S. salesman at Marshall. Glad to have you back with us, Homer.

Agent R. G. Duensing of Humboldt has a new Chevrolet truck, of which he is very proud and which he is working overtime to put out the stuff and he is sure putting it out. Let's go, Duensing!

From the Dope Sheet it looks as though the Polarine Banner for April would go to Bergfield, salesman at S. S. No. 17, Tuscola. Better keep up the pace, Bergfield, as there might be some upsets. Would hate to see you lose out right at the finish.

We are glad to note that "Shorty" Newman is still the agent at Villa Grove, although we had announced differently. Shorty is some hustler and holds the record in the Decatur field for the largest single day's output with a Ford truck. He has put on a second truck and is going 100 per cent, and, believe us, that means something when you are talking about Shorty Newman.

Salesman Holmes paid us a visit at the Decatur office a few days ago and while here, incidentally, made the remark that he had sold three car loads of Polarine. Come again, Jim, and bring another message like that with you. We are always glad to see you.

Harley Gill of the painters' crew is the proud father of an eight-pound daughter. Mrs. Gill and daughter are getting along very nicely and we hope Harley will recover. He says the only thing that bothers him is the baby exercises its lungs too much. That's all right, Harley, just a slight touch of "painter's" colic.

Agent H. O. Price and family of Hillsboro visited recently with his father and mother at Strasburg and on the way back stopped at Windsor. Mr. Price's mother has been very ill for some little time, but is better at this writing.

Tom Price, driver at Hillsboro, says that he does not like dogs any more, they are too fast. What's the joke, boys?

It is reported that Driver Theo Klekamp, Litchfield, is soon to be married. You can't keep these things from the STANOLIND RECORD, Theo, so you had just as well tell us all about it.

Agent Charles E. Johnson, Gillespie, attended a birthday celebration of his father at Walshville, Ill., on April 27.

Attendant Robert Traylor at Staunton has a smile that won't come off now that he has a new coupe.

Agent O. H. Best, Staunton, says let the quota sheets come on as he can double them all the time now that he has a good man assisting him. (Tip for the sales manager: Double his quotas pronto.)

A daughter was born April 4 to Agent and Mrs. Edward Harvey, Homer, Ill. All concerned are doing well and the father is highly pleased over his new suffragette, who already has learned the suffrage slogan. "Daddy" Harvey has also been held unaccountable this week for several mornings he has started delivery on his oil routes with an empty tank. Friends think his mental condition is only temporary and are not alarmed, knowing he will become normal as the young lady grows older.

If there is any prouder man in the country than Charlie Spaulding, we would like to see him. Don't jump at conclusions, now. He took the Shriner's degree at East St. Louis April 25. We can't say that he is all "puffed up" over it, and if you know him you will realize why.

J. B. Jarrett, salesman at East St. Louis, entertained the gasoline crew with a fine dinner and a splendid radio concert March 27 at his new home. He has a new five-tube Atwater Kent set and the gasoline crew voted unanimously that they would much rather operate it for pleasure than the C. C.'s and degrees on a distillation apparatus. Now, Miss Mitchell, you can't get by with anything like this. We know that gasoline crew and our guess is the dinner was voted the best thing of the evening's entertainment. Any old time that bunch votes anything ahead of a good feed there is something wrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Christ Youssi, Sr., announced the engagement of their daughter Emma to H. O. Boehne. Mr. Boehne is our Waterloo agent, and we know now why he is all smiles and going after the business. Good luck to you, Mr. Boehne.

We have in our employ at E. St. Louis a special champion; in other words, George Whilt is a champion turtle killer. For further information see bank of Cahokia creek. (We can't see that far. What's the joke?)

Joseph Compton and Gene Courtney are all smiles. Reason: Two fair ladies have returend from the sunny South—that is, Gene's girl has already arrived and Joe's will be here soon. We can hardly hold them down as they insist on flying like little butterflies and singing, "Spring Has Come."

We are very sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. Eckert, mother of our Waterloo agent. We all extend our sympathy, Mr. Eckert, in your bereavement.

All the stations in the Decatur field had better keep an eye on Danville. The other eve-

ning the night watchman asked Agent Beshoar for an order book.

Carl Kieser, tankwagon salesman, has joined the New Ford Club. He purchased a new Ford touring car a few days ago, and now he says he can enjoy his leisure hours with his family much better than before. You see, Carl lives in a flat.

All the employees at the Danville plant are 100 per cent safety men, as all of them have the new safety buttons for the first quarter. Be careful fellows, don't stub your toe and lose that button.

Stanley R. Schecter, agent instructor, is the proud owner of a new Hudson coach, and, girls, he is single. (Say: How do you fellows around Danville get that way?)

Agent Gaines at Sidell has put another truck in service.

Alva Hallet, driver at Danville, holds his head up and looks straight ahead since that new one and a half-ton International has arrived. (Of course, this doesn't apply when he is driving.)

Agent Critchfield of Westville says the hills around Grape Creek look like mountains when you have a governor on your truck.

Jean Lewis of the Danville station has been unusually happy of late. Has she said the word, Jean? Beware, this is leap year.

A few days ago, a representative of this company was passing through Ridge Farm and heard a commotion at the edge of town. On inquiry he found that Salesman C. O. Spangler and Agent York had installed a Mica rubbing post on a farm and all the rest of the hogs on nearby farms had gone on a strike because they did not have one. Up and at them, Spangler and York!

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

No copy received by deadline day.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

We sincerely regret to learn of the death of Mrs. O. P. Sather, wife of our Duluth lubricating salesman. Mrs. Sather's death came unexpected. Besides Mr. Sather, she is survived by one daughter and one son.

A farm customer recently came into our Norway S. S. and being attracted to one of our free crank case service cards, he hesitated a moment after getting his fill of Red Crown and Polarine then suddenly bursted out with, "Let me see one of them there Crank Cases you're giving away."

We had Thomas McViegh, agent at Grand Rapids, Minn., and Mr. Hanson, agent at Barnum, Minn., as recent visitors at the main office.

Barney Vannour, construction superintendent, is supposed to be quite a shark at cribbage, but I've heard on the sly that Ted Roleau recently took him into camp to the tune of five out of seven games played. Ivar Anderson also is on the top in his matches with Barney, having won three straight games.

Folks, our new mail boy is Arthur Engquist.

T. E. McCahill, representing the lubricating department of the Chicago office, held a meeting with all lubricating salesmen of the Duluth division at the main offices on April 29.

Mel Cullen, who was operated on for appendicitis on April 6, is getting along fine and hopes to soon be with us again.

Charley Rounds dictating, Ann Lynott taking notes. Charley gives off a big spiel to somebody on the lubricating service of our company and lets off with, "Yours very truly, Charley and Ann."

Clarence Turney, our safety leader, is quite elated over his new laurels of winning the safety banner for the first three months of 1924. It certainly is a darby banner and we give Clarence plenty of credit for the good work.

Eleanor Johnson recently motored to Pine City and altogether drove over 200 miles, and she says without fatigue. Marathon, we'd call it.

Jerry Thoreson, our mail boy, printer's devil and what not, recently enjoyed a week's vacation. He states, however, that he became so anxious over the condition of affairs at the office that he was extremely glad to get back.

Oh, did you see the new ring Leah Fontaine proudly shows? Sure, it's a pip.

We now have a Stanolind Home Library. It's situated at the entrance to the sixth floor and we extend an invitation to all employees—yes, and others—to make themselves acquainted with our products through these readings. Advertising folders can be had on any product and we are expecting much and profitable use of this case.

We want to introduce Rudolph Anderson, our new draftsman. He's on the sixth floor and sure seems to be a bear for work.

We also take pleasure in introducing Miss Esther Chalmers, now in the advertising department. Miss Chalmers hails from the East and it seems she expected to ride to work on horseback—in fact, she had us Westerners in mind as being a gun totin' crew looking for fight. She expected to minute she put foot outside a couple of red skins would pop out at her. Disappointment was her lot. Anyway, we're glad she is with us.

Norman Elverhoy has been transferred from the filing department to the iron barrel department and likes it fine.

Superior Warehouse

On April 10 a meeting was held at Superior for the purpose of communicating to the Superior employees the message brought forth at the annual sales meeting held at Duluth. Speakers were Mr. Mountford, Mr. Shields, Charles Rounds, Clarence Turning, Percy Trevathan and Charles Bowen. Joe Olson acted as chairman of the meeting. The talks were all good and enjoyed very much. Following the business part of the meeting a lunch was served. Cards were enjoyed after the repast.

After a lingering illness of about a year Thomas O'Brien, warehouseman, is now fully recovered and back to work again. We sure are glad to see you back, Tom.

Charles Fradenburgh, warehouse, resigned recently to take employment with a railroad. We wish you luck in your new venture, Charley.

We have with us again none other than Roy K. Carpenter, who is in charge of the sales

department at Superior. The oldtimers will all remember Roy as he was in charge of this department at Superior four years ago.

Anton Gotsky was recently visiting at Eau Claire.

Joseph Olson, former warehouse superintendent, is now in charge of tank wagon sales and is again hustling the boys around chasing up new business.

Mike Sullivan and Clyde Gardner of the Duluth office were recent visitors to the Superior plant. This is the first visit in three years and we hope next time it won't be so long in between times.

The warehouse crew is itching for the earth to dry up so that the favorite sport of barnyard golf can be taken up.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Mrs. Guthrie, wife of Chief Clerk H. E. Guthrie, after being in very poor health for the past year, underwent an operation at Haydens' hospital April 22 and while she is in a very serious condition at the present time, hopes are entertained for her speedy recovery.

Dave Buliner, our agent at Crainville, Ill., is the proud possessor of a very late addition to the Standard Oil family—a ten-pound baby boy. Congratulations, Dave.

Jack Griffin and Ralph Earnhart, route drivers at Anna, Ill., have sold a record number of cases of Semdac Liquid Gloss in four days. If any agents in the field would like a few lessons on the sale of Semdac, they are invited to come down to Anna—incidentally the State Insane Asylum is located at Anna, Ill.

We are pleased to learn of the improved condition of the daughter of W. D. Crews, T. T. driver at Cairo, Ill., who underwent an operation at Memphis, Tenn., recently. Miss Crews is reported getting along nicely and has been removed to her home.

W. J. Limp, salesman, was recently charged 45 cents for coffee and doughnuts in a cafe at Flora, Ill. Limp was so broken up over the affair that after half a day Salesman Magill took pity on him and obtained a rebate from the cafe.

Claude Day, our agent at Shoals, Ind., has put up "No Hunting" signs in his territory as far as competitors are concerned and has added a new Chevrolet truck to his equipment with "Windy" Kidwell at the wheel. We shall expect great things from this station in the near future.

Bill Kemp, attendant at S. S. No. 4, Washington, Ind., is so worked up over the campaign on sales of five-gallon Lithograph Cans that he has purchased a new Ford coupe for delivery (?) purposes.

The Standard Oil baseball candidates and fans are reporting for spring practice at the New York Avenue diamonds Monday evenings. Probably a challenge will be issued from Evansville later. Perhaps *much later.*

Speaking of elections, Ernest Mentzer says if he was running for president of the United States he would arrange to be in Australia at the time. The other day when Mentzer was out of town we were electing a captain of the up-stairs baseball team and Mentzer and Bader were tied on the first ballot. The next day Ernest returned and we took the second ballot. Result, Bader 33, Mentzer 16.

Loren Diesner, agent at Albion, Ill., has put on an additional truck with Herschel Mitchell as driver to take care of increased business.

Ahren Davis is the new S. S. attendant at Fairfield, Ill.

Melvin Grove, T. W. driver at Fairfield, Ill., has just completed and moved into his pretty new home on West Third street.

F. A. Krodel, agent at Jasper, Ind., is recovering nicely from the operation on his hip. This agent was taken to a Chicago hospital at the expense of S. O. Co. after it was learned that he could not be taken care of locally. He is still in plaster cast, but gets around on crutches. Mr. Krodel expresses thanks to S. O. Co. and praises Dr. Morton very highly.

We have it on good authority that D. T. Woods, agent at Owensville, Ind., is contemplating a matrimonial venture soon. He has rented a house and has asked for two or three days' leave. Sounds serious.

Robert Perry, attendant at S. S. No. 303, Murphysville, Ind., is the proud father of a ten-pound baby boy. Mother and baby are getting along nicely, but Bob is in very bad shape.

No, it isn't such a simple thing as mere spring fever with Verla Grant. You see, she is to be married shortly and the affairs so close at hand have little of interest unless it be one of the daily letters.

Alexander has once for all deserted the ranks of lonesome but carefree bachelors and taken up the life of married bliss and miss. During his absence on the honeymoon some friends decorated the new home of the couple with many placards and notices of a more or less intimate and personal nature and among other things strung a clothes line across the front lawn from which was hung many tiny pieces of wearing apparel.

George Gymer, the other newly married young man of the office, cannot get away from the office too early of an evening and is noticed to become very nervous each afternoon as five-fifteen draws near.

Lois Powers, who is to leave us shortly to join her husband-to-be in Chicago, was the honor guest at a theater party given by Frances Childress and Nettie Klein for all the girls of the office. After the theater the party had supper at one of the uptown cafes, with the table specially prepared with cupid place-cards, bridesmaids and everything else essential. Miss Powers' response was excellent, we are told.

Bill Steimel of Bicknell says the hogs seem to get so much enjoyment out of the mica posts that he is tempted to try one himself.

Curt Douthitt is talking about ordering a barrel of Bovinol and spraying his entire S. S. this Summer so that the flys will not be able to spot up his immaculate station.

All Raymond Rainwater lacked of being ejected from a Bicknell establishment the other day was his arrival at the door ahead of the pursuer.

The Bicknell boys ask to respectfully suggest that Salesman Perkins follow the advice he gave them recently about knowing goods and prices.

Ray Wallace, while mired down on all four wheels recently just out of Bicknell, was seen with the cone of a jacket can pulled over his ears the while he delicately fingered the hub cap of one truck wheel. When questioned he said that owing to shorter wave lengths he was trying to tune in on Hong Kong.

Irishman McGlone believes in doing the right thing at the right time and whenever he delivers to the garbage plant he chews both Horseshoe and Granger Twist and puts a clothespin over his nose.

W. G. Schwetzler wins the rubber-tipped indelible pencil this month for sending us the most original contribution for the Record. "Pinckneyville, Illinois—Where the west begins small potatoes grow." If anyone can beat that one we would like to have it.

Mr. Schwetzler forwarded us a lot more and we are only sorry that lack of space prevents us from passing along to you the whole thing.

Ted Bernhardt's respect for traffic cops may have increased somewhat since one of the officers in unmistakable and quite obvious fashion elucidated before an admiring throng on Main street the exact purpose of the semaphores after Ted had tried to run right past the officer and his blocked signal.

John Moore at Cairo asked us not to let all the girls in on the fact but it is too good to keep: We have a new stake truck driver at Cairo whose name is Honey Victor Honey. Oh, yes, he is married, girls. You could hardly have expected him to escape, could you?

J. B. Burnett has a new baby at his house, but he has been so modest over the fact that we have been unable to determine whether a boy or girl.

The boys at Cairo, Ill., all extend to H. R. Nichols, our S. S. attendant, their best wishes for good luck, as he leaves us to go into the automobile business.

A. B. Atherton has returned to our folds and is handling the stake truck at Cairo in place of Ray C. Marsh, who is now at the S. S.

E. B. Chance, attendant at the new West Frankfort S. S., is wearing tne broadest of grins these days and the reason is that Vera Louise has been very kind to her fond parents ever since her arrival in this world.

Our sincere regret and sympathy is extended to Yale Downs in the recent loss of his father.

Ray Settle is again making his regular Saturday night calls from West Frankfort to Mt. Vernon, Ill., but is always back at the warehouse early Monday. Ray's smile is so deep Mondays that it doesn't quite fade away even by Friday night. What's her name, Ray?

G. E. Kreie came back to us at Mt. Vernon, Ind., with all of his old-time pep and is getting his station all polished for the summer rush.

Charles Gerber promises a lot of action when he takes hold of the new Cannelton station, and we believe he will make good on his promise.

"Jake" Bippus came to work the other morning with the biggest smile and the biggest derby hat in the office and it didn't take any pumping to discover that at home there was also the biggest girl. The new mistress of the Bippus household weighed just ten and a half pounds on arrival.

Harold Guthrie, chief clerk, got the following answer to a query about an applicant for position, asking if the applicant was ever known to be addicted to speculation: "Yes, when he married."

P. E. Guess was one of the Harrisburg boys who took a hand in getting under control one of the worst fires the town has ever had.

Hagle Summers and Robert Shirley have been planting flowers in every available corner of their S. S. in Evansville. The other day Summers asked: "Are there any otner flowers that grow that we haven't gotten?" "Name it," was Shirley's response.

Vincennes, Ind.

H. M. V. Shackelford, Reporter

Vincennes is going big toward a banner month in the sale of five-gallon lithograph cans. Roy Kaufman and Henry Strange have donated a purse to the attendant who sells the most cans for the month and some lively competition has developed. By the time this is printed the winner will have been made known. So far the outlook is so bright that Vincennes is seriously contemplating making Evansville a rural route out of Vincennes.

Bert Sager, an old Standard Oiler, formerly of Lawrenceville, is now with us at old Vincennes. He is at S. S. No. 27. Bert has made a favorable impression upon his friends in our city and we are pleased to have him in our midst.

George Bennet has also joined the big family of Standard Oil workers.

Watch "Stubby" Trueblood, for he boasts of taking anything that isn't nailed and never telling the truth.

Here's a fable overheard:

A man drove into a competitive station and said: "Put me in a quart of the perfect motor oil." The attendant hesitated and said: "I'm sorry, sir, but we don't sell Polarine."

HEY, WHITING!

While unpacking a gallon can of Finol, Harry Shackelford found these two names written on one of the flaps of the lid: "Dan Carry and Helen O'Hara. Whiting." What is the fact of this? Is it really serious and did they live happily ever afterward? Vincennes would like to know.

Adam Miller, salesman, is working our territory, making a personal call upon every auto owner and leaving a standing invitation to use Standard Oil products.

"Stubby" Trueblood would like to know how Henry Lackman lost those two buttons off his vest.

So, Evansville, watch Vincennes! We're going to put out the news and if the Record doesn't publish a liberal amount of Vincennes action pictures, it will not be our fault. (Is that a threat or promise?—Correspondent.)

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

Yes, it's cold up in North Dakota and even the natives "freeze on" to things. For instance, the "Red Crown Trophy." Twice this year for Fargo, and once to Minot. All we needed was to get it closer to the North Pole and the mag-

netism of our sales force kept it there, at least one-fourth of the year.

F. C. Podall, head of our check department, is another good man taken to Chicago—to be head of the check department there. The office force presented Mr. Podall with a ring and bill-fold. We thought he might forget us, and our loss is your gain, Chicago.

Clara Aldahl, stationery clerk, is some shot. Joined a rifle club and hit the bull's eye the first shot. I'm willing to bet she can't do it again.

B. F. Leonard and B. L. Smith pulled off a little drama of their own at the recent agents' meetings. B. F. was *some* farmer and B. L. a real live wire "go-gettum" Standard Oil agent.

The mailing room of the Fargo office is a joy to behold. Miss Lillevold has cleaned and painted and worked after hours to get it all ship-shape.

J. D. Boileau, salesman, is wearing a new hat—the crown of glory for his recent sales achievement. He went out with his three truck drivers, worked 175 hours and sold: Eureka Harness Oil, Bovinoil, Neolite, Polarine and Merusol, besides other items too numerous to mention. Mr. Crimshaw will verify this. He bought the hat, and it cost $7.50!

The following changes have been made in our sales promotion force, effective May 1:

F. J. Lawrence, formerly city salesman, will succeed H. H. Cook as advertising man and sales promoter of Refined Oil and Gasoline. Mr. Cook will have charge of the lubricating sales and specialty department.

W. C. Scott will be Fargo city salesman, and C. H. Dale will take the Casselton territory, succeeding Mr. Scott.

H. I. Slatten, formerly attendant at No. 25, Fergus Falls, will take charge of the Page territory, succeeding Mr. Dale as general salesman.

Clark Jesten, our genial assistant order clerk, left May 1 to enter the insurance business in Moorhead. He'll get the business because they won't be able to resist that ear-to-ear smile.

Alvin Savre of the record department has returned from his vacation, but, sad to say, he had to leave his beloved Ford behind—and we thought a Ford could go through anything, even Dakota mud.

O. J. Lea, plant carpenter, is on the sick list.

A. A. Drager and Tom Bock of the warehouse are both driving new Oldsmobiles.

R. H. Rood, mechanic, is the proud owner of a new Overland.

Art Asleson, assistant chief clerk, is spending his Saturday afternoons tuning up his Ford, preparing for the fishing season. Don't forget us when you come home as we sure like pike.

Fred Podall, in his breezy letter, tells us the girls are going without stockings in Chicago. Mr. Carnine says, "When that style comes to Fargo, I'd hate to be a blind man."

Thelma Hagen of the order department is spending her vacation in Chicago, and has had to take a month's leave of absence on account of eye and sinus trouble.

Mrs. Burr McDermott, wife of our warehouse clerk, has been ill and is now recuperating at the home of Mac's mother in Detroit.

H. H. Cook spent a week in the Chicago office, taking the short course in advertising.

Henry Green, cashier, tried to pass a dry cleaner's ticket for a dance ticket at the business women's dance the other night—evidently forgot they were real business women. Sorry the dance cost you $2, Henry, but the club needed the money.

B. L. Smith, lub correspondent, and Mrs. Smith were honor guests at a dance given by the Social Club, April 29. Mr. Smith, who is leaving Fargo office to take a position in the Chicago office, has been our social club president for the last six months, and it is with a sense of great loss both to our business and social activities that we see him go. Mr. Packard on behalf of the club, with a verv fitting speech, presented Mr. and Mrs. Smith with a beautiful bouquet of Columbia roses. Mr. Smith responded with a few well-chosen remarks. Tag waltzes, broom dances and circle two-steps sure put more pep in an already peppy crowd. A May-pole dance was the feature of the evening, and midnight came all too soon.

Crookston, Minn.

D. A. Miller has again taken up his duties as attendant at S. S. No. 28.

Henry Mielke of the Fargo office was a caller in Crookston recently.

Roy Powers is our new stake truck driver, and although not much taller than a full-size barrel, he seems to juggle them with ease.

Mr. Steffarud and Mr. Dixon were in Crookston inspecting equipment recently.

P. J. Carey and H. J. Page recently commenced work at S. S. No. 28 and S. S. No. 2

Nels Kverno, formerly attendant at S S. No. 2 and now at the Thief River Falls S. S., reports the arrival of an expert helper, a son. Congratulations.

Messrs. Packard, Dodd, Leonard, Carnine, Smith and Cook recently held a very successful agents' meeting at Crookston.

Fred Rickertt, mechanic, was in Crookston recently and he is still "Jus so laka dat."

There is now no chance for an agrument between the married and single men at Crookston. All employees are married but one, and it looks as though they would soon all be married.

Page Field

H. H. Barker, agent-salesman of Hope, has been taking treatments at Fargo. H. H. wants to be in good shape for the 1924 Polarine drive.

A. G Schmid., better known as the "Tolna Kid," is the first agent in Page field to make the 1924 quota on Petrolatum.

P. J. McKanna of Page is the first agent to report the installation of a Mica Hog Post for 1924. He beat G. A. Stevens of Galesburg to it by one hour and three minutes, to be exact. However, Mr. Stevens has since reported that he has eight hog posts in operation; four at Clifford and four at Galesburg. Considering that Steve has two stations to look after, we'll say he has done fine.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

The fairest flower in the field—a lily. So appropriate and desirable at Easter time. We welcome Mr. Ralph Lilly, our new chief clerk, in our midst.

We wish G. Knapp, our former chief clerk, success in his new work as auditor. Perhaps you can come and "audit us" some time, Mr. Knapp.

Orra Johnson of the record department didn't

eat many pickles last week. Ordinarily Orra does, for they say anyone in love eats pickles. Love didn't have anything to do with her not eating them, it was mumps. However, Orra is back with us again, having survived and fully recovered, but says "they're terrible" and "how I looked."

Very often Cleo Uplinger, bill clerk, will walk up to you and say, absent-mindedly, "Soda or sundae," instead of "How are you." It's alright Cleo, we like girls that help their sweeties climb the ladder to success.

John Posthumus of the order department ate his dinner down town at the "Greasy-sleeve" the other day. John ordered hash. He came across a piece of rubber tire or something and John was heard to mutter, "Surely the automobile is replacing the horse everywhere."

Frank Muehlenberg, alias "Firpo," is some base-ball player. He can be seen any noon, throwing and batting a mean ball.

Marie De Young of the record department, like the rest of the girls who still have their unshorn locks, resents being called a "horse and buggy," and is contemplating bobbing her hair.

Rus Cryder, cashier, has abandoned the 10 cents a ride "yellow taxi" and now drives his own shiny Ford sedan to work. Hugo Pierson, order clerk, sits proudly at his side, looking neither left nor right, reading the morning Herald.

The usual Ha! Ha! Ha! has been missing in the lunch room for a week or so, the reason being that Jessie Lee, Ediphone operator is recuperating at the O'Keefe Sanitarium. We hope you'll soon be fully recovered and be with us again, Jessie.

Janet Vander Hout, bill clerk, has joined the bobbed hair ranks. She cried a couple of times the first day, but now she's convinced "it's cute."

First it was "maybe." Now Ray Sluyter, cartage clerk, is sure he is going to be married in May, and take the fatal step. As far as we can see, Ray didn't want to "slight her," and is going to marry Miss Lake and maker her a "Sluyter."

Ann Irgang of the record department is noted for her kindheartedness. She handed one of the girls a piece of candy, and upon said girl taking a bite, Ann said, "Eat it all, it's sickening."

M. Patten, also known as "Bright eyes," has been counted among the missing for some time, due to illness. We hope for a speedy and full recovery and trust you will soon be back, Pat.

Frank Hyland, tank car clerk, has discovered that an Overland will refuse to go "over pavement" sometimes. He and his sister were seen on Lake Drive, Frank putting forth his best efforts to adjust whatever was wrong, but he found it was just a bit more complicated than the movement of tank cars.

C. S. McDonald, credit man, is confined to his home with a case of the mumps. You have our sympathy, Mr. McDonald. Only one consolation, it is the newest thing out for grown-ups and how the world strives for the latest fads.

Miss Louise Kooman, comptometer operator, slipped away quietly one week end and came back with her fourth finger adorned with a sparkler and the "famous" ring, henceforth to be called Mrs. Ed Swett. Louise had a delightful time in Chicago. Louise will make her home in the Sunny South, Atlanta, Georgia, where hubby's duties call him.

Mrs. Johnson, cook of the lunch room, is back with us again, and we're glad. But we must say, Mrs. Doedema strung up the "spagett" and rolled the beans, as usual.

"Bob" Abbott of the garage is adhering strictly to a milk diet. We don't know if it's for dyspepsia or a Spring tonic.

Ray Calvin of the equipment department is doing likewise.

Frank Hyland, tank car clerk, still sings the "soup-sippers song" and wields the ladle with no mean ability.

After close observation, we believe the Safety department should look after the lunch room occasionally. We fear some day an eye will be poked out with spoons left in cups, while drinking; also cut tongues.

Ellis Hargis is especially fond of "steak," Arthur Donaldson loves "weenies" and Sophia Coeling dotes on "baked apples."

Those industrious boys in the checking department are Louis Pyman and Harold Hill, former S. S. attendants. Welcome in the office.

The SOCO Baseball team has organized again. They played their first game April 27th, playing the G. R. Mint League, Class B. Onlookers say it was a good game, although the score was against them 11 to 9, which isn't at all bad, considering it was amateurs against professionals. The boys are going to improve right along. They were to play Allegan May 4.

James Price, salesman, goes to Kalamazoo and answers "The Call of the Wild." We think Jim is getting pretty extravagant, taking in those "extravaganzas" and not alone.

Speaking of baseball: Results: Score 11 to 9. Ted Olsee of the Checking Department, one badly swollen nose. Grundman, pitcher, one bump on head. Determination to do better next time..

Garage

Look out, you big fish in Gun Lake! Al Perie, has a brand new Ford sedan to bring you back in. You know Al. throws a wicked bait.

Harold Hartman, who has been superintending some drive-ins of new motor equipment from Detroit, took the boys over to Ford's and as they watched the line of neatly assembled cars come down the line, Roy Travis said, "I believe my initials are on that big sedan."

Roy Pease is back on the job again after having been laid up on account of illness. Glad to see you back, Roy.

Roy Chard says with a loud voice "Look out fellows, I am coming down soon with my new bus." Now everyone is wondering if it is going to be maroon or jade.

Joe Mullett says it's like heaven to get back home. Welcome, Joe.

Warehouse

Glenn Detweiler is the proud daddy of a daughter. As yet we haven't ascertained the fair lady's name, as they had planned on calling the baby Junior.

Some class to Charlie! Charles Hazenbrook, motor truck driver, is building a new home on the East Side.

Louis Mills, tank car pumper, outstepped his calling a bit and tried garage work. After overhauling his Franklin, he started out with it the next day. After all thateffort and manual labor,

we would call him a "mean" neighbor, who called, "What is this, Armistice Day?"

We're glad to have M. Keating, motor truck driver, with us again, after his long siege of illness.

John Johnson, cashier, has moved into his new home in Wyoming Park.

James McCauley, warehouse superintendent, says he had a nice blonde all lined up. Fred is Star coupe. Jim says he likes high powered cars. We're betting the car will be grey, because Jim says he wants black but wifey wants grey.

Fred McWilliams, clerk, looked so downhearted when the party was called off. Fred says he had a nice blonde all lined up. Fred is quite "the boy." Blondes and brunettes all fall for his wiles.

Louis Norton, fireman, is the ideal helper. He is wonderful at helping Mrs. Johnson our cook, take down the hot plates, etc.

Battle Creek, Mich.

We extend our sympathy to George B. Ricketson, father of the SOCO at Battle Creek, whose mother passed away March 6, 1924.

Carl Gay, who has been in the office, working with the famous duet, Edgett and Kindig, has advanced very rapidly under their tutorship, and is now S. S. superintendent. Watch the quotas climb now.

Introducing Messrs. Adamson, Broas and Harwood, also Williams, new S. S. attendants. Each one has taken a solemn pledge to make as many "quotas" as the older attendants. Go to it, boys.

They will drive away autos regardless of year, style or model. O. W. Edgett, clerk, recently purchased a brand new 1917 Buick roadster (good as new anyway—motor at least). Someone drove it away from in front of the office and had it not been for a storm and a leaky top would no doubt have been going yet. There is always one consolation and advantage in having such a car.

Joseph Burnham, son of our tank wagon driver, Fred Burnam, is now on the road to recovery, following an automobile accident.

Greetings to H. B. Coone, who has been stationed in Battle Creek to help "make the quotas."

Benton Harbor Mich.

Two very successful S. S. meetings were held at the Whitcomb Hotel at St. Joseph, Mich., Benton Harbor twin city, enabling all the attendants from both Benton Harbor and St. Joseph to participate. The meeting in each case was featured by a luncheon which was enjoyed by all. (Eats always do make a hit with a hungry man). The meetings were conducted by H. E. Potter, agent. C. Edwards, salesman, gave an enlivening talk and a practical demonstration on Semdac and showed the men an outline of the huge advertising campaign our company is putting across. Mr. Potter ended the meeting with a few snappy sales ideas.

Lisle See, attendant at S. S. 23, as yet undiscovered genius in the art of rhyme throwing, makes his daily appearance, smiling.

At S. S. No. 24, Bill Antio, has a side kicker, namely Marion Griffin, formerly of South Haven. "Griff" has shouted that he is going to bury Bill's sales record. Unselfish Bill claims that he's going to help him do it. Good luck to both of them.

Harold Harter, formerly S. S. attendant at Benton Harbor, has climbed aboard a tank wagon and is attempting to squelch "The Four Horsemen" on his route. Harold will do it too, if the roads stay put.

George Hyde dropped in on us for a short visit and gave us the once over. It was a pleasure to have Mr. Hyde with us and we can assure him he is most welcome at any time.

One of the new cogs in the Benton Harbor roll is Earl Hyerdall. We expect Earl will be sittin' on top of the "trinagle" before many weeks.

St. Joseph has enlisted a new face on its brand new truck, namely Clyde Brunke. Mr. Brunke is working the rural trade in the new Federal and is being sponsored by P. V. Tullis. Watch him.

Manistee, Mich.

S. Thorsen, newly acquired attendant at S. S. No. 44, says that his idea of a "grand and glorious feeling" is to have an officer stand by the door while he checks and locks up.

F. A. Nelson, attendant at S. S. No. 44 pulled the Babe Ruth stunt (a home run) with satisfaction after selling a large amount of Semdac, Polarine Cup Grease, Polarine and Finol in one day. Keep it up, you're doing fine.

A. F. Steffens, city T. W. driver, is some poultry enthusiast. His good wife claims he spends more time with the chickens, than he does with her. P. S. We trust it is the feathered kind.

Invitations were broadcasted to all employees here for a 6 o'clock dinner to be held at the home of Roy Johnston, our hustling agent. Our sympathies are with Mrs. Johnston, as we know there will be a lot of "static" in the air that night.

Billie Malenowski is back with us again, tending to his duties as stake truck driver. Smiling Billie can be seen with pencil and paper, in his spare time, figuring out how much cheaper it will be than it has been. Can't be done, Billie. It's merely a saying, "Two can live as cheap as one."

Bill Swanson, our agent at Onekama, comes to town about every other day for parts for his Ford. 'Sall right, Bill, Henry has to live too.

HURON, S. D.

H. F. Lutgen, Correspondent

Miss Rosalie Marchand is the newest addition to our office force, succeeding Helen Larkin as comptometer operator in the check department.

The latest mystery is how Faye Cooley cut her finger? We know she won't tell us about it.

Newton has been elected captain of the Bovinol basketball team, representing the second floor, main station office. You won't find any flies on us!

Dickey has been elected captain of the Stanolax Blues baseball team, representing main floor, main station office.

Oscar Wolner is our new agent at Turton, S. D. We are looking for a nice increase in sales from you, Oscar.

Jack Kadinger, former salesman in the Black Hills territory, is to be our new agent at Midland, S. D.

Miss Schaller is back with us again after a ninety-day leave of absence. Glad to have you with us again, "Gen."

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Lang announce the arrival of a new baby girl, born March 24.

Joe Cook is now agent at our Aberdeen "A" Station, succeeding O. E. Olson, who is back with us in the office.

Miss Inabel Schreck has been added to our file room force and things are sure beginning to hum.

The following took place in the steno's room: Anna Schmidt asked Judge Campbell if he didn't think that talkative women were the most popular and he replied that he didn't know there were any other kind.

Lucille Tormey spent Easter Sunday with her parents in Aberdeen.

Mr. Barnett, main station office, left for Pennsylvania April 27, following the death of his father. We all wish to express our sympathy during his great sorrow.

Salesmen Cook, Ryan and Whitman were in the office recently. They all report conditions very favorable for a banner year.

The Stock-Purchase Plan statements have been received and there is much discussion as to who will have control of our company on April 1, 1926.

R. L. Smith, former agent-salesman at Rapid City, is now salesman in Mr. Kadinger's old territory, the Black Hills (Switzerland of America).

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Fred Matkin has bloomed out in a new (?) second-hand Ford. So no more dodging up alleys for Freddy-the-Mystery-Man. Bert Delph, who tries to rival the house of Hershey in putting out chocolate, may become the Rip Van Winkle of the entire office,—his hair got so long as 1/16th of an inch—the neglect almost shocking him out of his senses. They do say that Daisy Voyles, file forelady, caused quite a commotion the other afternoon by insisting she was looking for and needing "booze." It so happened that C. F. Booze, bookkeeper, was the object of her intensive search. Curtis Mouncey, who runs his Maxwell with such engine accessories as rubber bands, common wrapping cord and a last joint of a casting rod, reports an enjoyable week-end tour to Alexandria, Ind. He had one bad scare. He had put his supply of rubber bands in the wrong vest pocket and spent a bad half hour looking for a substitute. Fred Osterbrink, Ledger "E," has 'em all going with his never failing inquiry: "Good morning, how's all the brothers?" Chester Tryon, our own "Jack Keefe," still cultivates his illusion that he is a ball pitcher. He lasted two innings, did not allow any hits (because the batters could not jump so high or so far). There was a wild scramble among the "bait drowners" to get in on the last chance at bass fishing until after June 15. Fred Peine got his usual 90-minute handicap on the getaway, but the fishes are still "splashing" minnows in the early morning sunlight, as the whole gang was goose-egged. In due time William Braun, traffic clerk, will be crowned "Semdac King," he having shown up the other embryo salesmen with a vengeance. The girls of the top floor all admit that Red Ferris has a good line. Why shouldn't he, he practices on the cashier of a downtown dairy lunch and she is kidded by experts. Some say they have heard of an irresistible force meeting an immovable body, but no one seems to be sure about the getting-by in this connection. Miss Henrietta Goldberger and Joe Schattner passed on the basement stairs without injury to the walls. The verdict, "That's going some." We neglected to state that Braun's Semdac selling propensities should call for a photo, but the scattered crop of fuzz appearing on his upper lip would sure cause a blur in the re-print.

Leonard Fields, trade record department and also newly-wed, has the system. He sent his wife to work the other morning at the bright and early hour of "seven bells." Now, he feeds us the following alibi, "You know, I went to sleep washing those dishes and never awakened until 10 A. M."

Two of our North Side prowlers, Baity and Peterson, ran into Salesman Douglas Russom, who was trying to pick out a good auto, but when confronted by the duo, persuaded them to put on an extensive hunt for his car, which was found after an hour's tramp—just across the street from the starting point.

In the wake of much stove pipe and other heating commodities being received by the warehouse, Foreman Adolph Bode is just wondering if S. S. "Soup" John R. McCallian intends to send in the furnaces and the coal.

"'Pigs is pigs' and those two just pay the past due account," thus spake Special Collector E. J. ("Brick") Hicks to the farmer; and he tied their hind legs together, threw them in the Henry, stepped on the Red Crown and so our story (based on facts) ends.

The advertising wagon was to carry a five-ton jack on an emergency call. E. F. Kroencke called a halt by claiming the vehicle was only made for a one-ton load. E. F. finally was persuaded that a five-ton jack doesn't weigh 10,000 pounds. To rub it in, the next day Monsieur Kroencke was hauled before a squire's court for not paying his dog license and he never owned a dog.

The following "little troubles" have arrived at the homes of Indianapolis S. S. attendants: John D. Keenan, Jr., Frances Ruth Millis, John Oscar Bowman, Ruth Eloise Koehler and Wayne Edward Robbins.

Agent H. O. Nickell puts a poetic sequel to the long string of gloomy, muddy March days, "Of all glad words of tongue or pen, the gladdest are these—the sun shines again." Mr. Nickell is the lad who took an elegant fall out of an exceptionally long letter received by him from the main office by replying that, "Your verbiage is ambiguous," proving H. O. has gone deeper in the dictionary than looking at the pictures.

Anderson

Miss Noline Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wright, and Walter Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Miller, were married on March 11. Mr. Miller is our salesman at Frankfort and the couple will reside there.

Clinton

Terre Haute gang may not be in the need of any alarm clocks, but they sure can use some pep to win a bowling match from a resurrected quintet of has-beens such as the Indianapolis office collected together. Howdy Coxie, pipe the score and get some practice by moonlight.

Earl Haase has a new girl at his abode, Ethel Louise. It seems Earl ordered a boy, but for

the sake of the furniture a little later on, we would say that Earl is lucky there was a mix-up in the order.

Not changing the subject, the stork left a 10-pound boy at the home of M. T. Driver George Coslett. Good-bye to George's furniture.

Connersville

Henry McKinney couldn't see the mud out in the rural so he nosed around the customer's barn, found a horse, hitched it up to a sled, filled the farmer's tank, even to currying the horse and giving it some hay. Service, what?

Charley Rigor of the stake truck is back on the job after a severe sick spell. Charley said he just had to get well and he did. Boy, page Doc Coué.

Orris Myers, alias Ding Bat and also Mollie, hasn't much to say lately. Too busy decorating the right-hand side of form 044 with Polarine and then more Polarine.

Selling five coupon books in one evening—that's Russell Murphy, S. S. No. 33.

Quincy Schube, S. S. No. 33, got into his overalls backwards one morning. He decided not to cross fate and stayed with the ship for the rest of the trick.

Agent Charley Hall, on taking inventory, ran out of pencils and made a trip over to town to get a supply. Later he found a bunch back of each ear.

Since visiting the Indianapolis office, Clerk Henry F. Craig parts his hair in the middle. What's the big idea, Hen?

Robert Connell has taken the position as city driver, made vacant by the death of William Fell.

Bloomington

The Red Crown Specials met in regular monthly session on April 2. Salesman Billy Isom gave an interesting talk on the advertising end of company products for the year 1924. I. C. Hillerman spoke on the subject of salesmanship. The feed following was lacking the opossum promised by Agent Voss Cox, but was a dandy, never the less.

Terre Haute

We call Louis Houchin the "sky pilot" of this station. He is always pulling the fellows out of the mud.

The new go-getters over here are: Robert Williams, S. S. No. 35; Frank Reese, S. S. No. 2, and Joseph Fries, S. S. No. 32.

Duke Meredith is now living in the city. Forsook the cows and chickens for the bright lights and the Orpheum theater—just like that.

A smooth-talking saleslady picked on our esteemed clerk, Omer Lungsford, and signed him up to a 10-year lease on a woman's magazine. Messrs. Oliver, Croxton and Lee disappeared for parts unknown as Omer started in his trance.

An exchange of telegrams and letters, bearing on all subjects from "a" to "izzard," was finally productive of a bowling match played at Terre Haute on the night of April 16 between the Red Crowns of here and the Semdacs of the Indianapolis office. Our misery can be judged from the following scoring result:

SEMDACS

Kean	226	130	179
Paul	136	195	142
Scully	170	172	171
Taffe	210	199	194
Harsh	140	180	157
Totals	882	876	843

Total pins, 2,601.

RED CROWNS

Hanrahan	160	137	157
Fegely	90	181	148
Croxton	129	.....	.....
Miller	.....	106	.....
Lee	.....	.....	122
Wolfe	179	161	181
Gardener	136	124	150
Totals	694	709	758

Total pins, 2,161.

What rubs it in is the fact that the visitors were a bunch of has-beens, only trying to come back. And they sure did—with all the trimmings. Every SOiler and his family from around here was out to see the slaughter. Chuck Gardner, our ace, never acted natural after the first frame.

The Low Downs

There now follows a little Indianapolis comment on the event:

Promoter C. B. Cox used seven handkerchiefs in mopping his shining dome. Manager C. E. French took along the following reserves: W. F. Simon, R. F. Baity and F. B. Tomlinson. Carl Paul got his first introduction to a T-bone steak, having been brought up in the round-steak country. Frank Tomlinson did not miss any of the one-time toll gate locations, Tommy having drove a tank wagon over that way in the year '49. Ray Kean did the impossible—shifted from high to reverse (226 to 130) and did not strip any gears. The trip certainly took the stiffness out of Harry Scully's new Oldsmobile. In view of the neat approaching fatal leap and in answer to Pauline's inquiry, said Flake Baity was a model lad on the whole trip. It is hoped the Hut pin tumblers get good enough next season as to take the match out of the slaughter house class.

Richmond

Sharkey had a bit of trouble. Now, when he starts out on a trip in his "Packard" he makes sure he has a gallon of Red Crown in a can.

Englebert has quite a garden. He'll have spuds for all.

Scotty's chickens, feathered variety, will be fine about July 4th, he says.

Skeeter Markely seems to be well pleased with his new Packard.

Between these Packards, the Dodge and the Redheaded Gal, Lawrence Burke is a busy man.

The Standard Oilers here welcome H. O. Don into their family. H. O. has been transferred from Columbus, Ind. With John Galvin back on the job, he will help fill the vacancies of Harper and Miller, who have resigned to go into the concrete and fireproof roofing business.

Attendant Daugherty of S. S. No. 80 Semdac-ed a physician's car and sold a gallon.

Gig Thorp, also of No. 80, is going strong in the Semdac drive, too.

Glen Whitesell has sold a gallon can of Semdac to his wife.

Jake Johnson is also going strong with Semdac sales. He's got all the girls asking for him when they want Semdac.

As the old saying goes: "It's no use to cry over spilt milk," but Walt McKee paid the pretty farmer girl for the milk he spilt.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Perre White, the new tankwagon driver at Belvidere, has made a fine start. Keep up the good work, Perrie.

What we would like to know is why the phone at S. S. No. 19, Belvidere, does not ring as often as it used to? Ask Mr. Lanning.

A. Anderson, agent at Belvidere, will be out among 'em this summer, as we understand a new Ford sedan is coming to his house.

J. A. Gallagher, who has taken the country territory in Belvidere, is going strong on the start. We are looking for a big gain in Red Crown and Polarine, John.

Understand H. L. Field of Belvidere is a hard-working man these days.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to L. W. Schultz at Princeton, whose father passed away recently.

Attendant A. W. Mercer has just completed trimming the rose bushes, etc., at S. S. No. 32, Princeton. Soon this station will be one of the beauty spots of Princeton. All that is needed now is a little sunshine and rain.

A. H. Zanger, attendant at S. S. No. 47, Sterling, says he is going to cut the H. C. of L. by farming the back lot at the station. Better look out, Zanger, keep the onions covered.

B. E. Kelsey, truck driver at Sterling, is high man on Perfection sales. Put a bet on Kelsey, he'll do the rest.

William Limond, city truck driver at Sterling, was elected alderman at the last city election. How about the Road Oil for the streets, Bill?

R. E. Compton, truck driver at Sterling, is on the sick list. We trust he will soon be able to resume his duties.

Glad to see Guy Jones back with us at Sterling. Mr. Jones is on the job again as truck driver.

Ray Walzer, S. S. attendant at No. 25, Sterling, is out looking for a house to rent. Tell us the rest, Ray.

All of you summer tourists come to Freeport if you want to be free from flies. Unmacht is covering the territory with Bovinol for your benefit.

Wanted—Some cheap labor at Freeport to help Jerry Gantz, stake truck driver, put postage stamps on parcels.

Wanted—Someone to invent something to locate good roads around Galena in wet weather. Could have used it on his last trip in that section. By H. M. Keating, smokestack salesman.

Wanted—Shock absorbers for windows in Ford cars. Ask Ed. Greb at Freeport why.

One of the budding horticulturists of Freeport section is Earl Thomas, cashier. His place will soon be one of the beauty spots in the city.

Girls, here's your chance. Abe McKinley at Freeport, otherwise known as "The Sheik," will soon be driving a new Jordan sedan. Yes, he's handsome and also a bachelor. Why not take a trip to Joliet, Abie?

Sonny Humphrey is feeling rather blue. While driving home last Saturday night his Ford got stuck in the mud on a railroad crossing in Kewanee. Said Ford is with the angels now.

Carlton Goodrich is salesman in the Kewanee territory, taking the place of V. D. Wadey, who has resigned.

Bill Beaman is going to try and get the Red Crown banner for Kewanee some of these times. Here's luck, Bill.

The drivers at Kewanee are certainly pleased to think they can once more get out into the rural districts. R. E. Nelson arrived in town last Monday with his truck that had been in the country for four weeks on account of the deep mud.

Mr. Goodrich, on his first trip with a company coupe, came driving into S. S. No. 2, Kewanee, like a mad man. Never having driven a Ford before, he had some difficulty in getting stopped. (We don't know what did stop him, but understand the service station is still on its foundation.) However, he is getting along nicely and will soon be capable of handling the vicious thing.

Our new tankwagon driver at Dixon, Mr. Breshon, is doing nicely and is highly elated over the fact that he can sell S. O. products to a lady whose pigeons he shot some time ago. He seems to have considerable attraction out towards Harmon at present, but we are unable to find out why.

George Acker, attendant at S. S. No. 30, Dixon, claims some one stole the crank from one of his pumps.

Frank Kness, tankwagon driver at Dixon, is suffering from a sprained ankle and is unable to be out. He has the sympathy of all the boys and we are hoping he will soon be with us again.

Clarence Wenstrom, the pet of Palmyra township, reports a good business during the past month and seems to have considerable attraction out around Gap Grove.

Clarence Good, attendant at S. S. No. 4, Dixon, is now wearing an extra feather in his cap, due to the fact that he recently made a sale of a case can of Polarine Flushing Oil. Good for you, Clarence.

Our new S. S. attendant at Dixon, Mr. Kidsy, is doing fine. He says Dixon is all right now that the theater remains open on Sunday.

Ralph Matthews has been wondering considerable of late why Mr. Potter, agent at Dixon, has abandoned his pipe and gone back to smoking cigarets. This all since his roadster received the coat of paint.

L. C. Good, the pencil pusher, says he is unable to drink the water at the plant. He says it doesn't go good with chewing tobacco and cuss words, so he visits the pump of his friend, Mrs. Brown, quite frequently during the day.

Last but not least comes on friend C. E. Poisel, the man who put South Dixon township on the map. He wears a smile bigger than he has for some time, due to the fact that he has his old standby, No. 11720, in running order again. He says, "She's a d—— good truck for the shape she's in."

Office

We wish to thank Doc Kirk, otherwise known as "Tillie," for the Easter eggs which he so faithfully promised for services rendered. Never mind, there's another Easter coming—in fact, several!

The rain over the week-end keeps Elmer Campbell at home for a change.

Why the smile, Miss Neilitz, did you lunch at the Yellow Bowl?

Bob Fraser of the order department received injuries to his hand in an accident recently. He claims it was an automobile, but we'd like to see the other fellow.

All banners go to Chuck Kniep for sales talk. He's a good salesman, but his line isn't long enough.

Elton Hewett, Bill Shearer and Ruth O'Day have just returned from a week's vacation. Early birds, we'll say.

Edward Walsh, recently hired by Joliet station to work in the Manhattan territory, asked to be off the other day to lead a parade. Asked what the parade was for Mr. Walsh replied that the war was over and they'd just heard about it out in Manhattan.

What's this? Vernon Staley loses hat in cornfield.

We are glad to welcome Joe Herbst back among us, after leaving us for a short time.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Ace Hanna, assistant chief clerk, whose father passed away recently in Grand Rapids, Mich.

The carpenters are busy up at Helen Rimke's repairing the garage. Miss Rimke, we understand, took the back end of the garage with her while driving her new car.

Miss Helen Ruth Kramer of the dictaphone department was off several days last week with an attack of appendicitis.

Wally DeGroat has a new system for getting work out. For further information consult the dictaphone department.

Understand Pat Morrisey holds almost daily conferences with Ralph Patterson, concerning what, we do not know.

Our sympathy is extended to Al. Hartong of the check department, whose mother passed away recently.

Anyone desiring red pencils in the future kindly consult Miss Anna Swenson of the check department.

ATTENTION, WICHITA!

Say hello to Bill Battin for us.

Congratulations, Mr. Bull. We just received word that you are a daddy.

We regret to report the death of Mrs. J. E. Tilton at Rockford after a short illness. Burial was in Atlanta, Ga., her old home. Mrs. Tilton was the wife of J. E. Tilton, smokestack salesman in the Rockford territory.

We hear Louise was quite tickled the other day when she received a letter from Louie. More mystery. We wonder if he's the one she went buggy riding with not so long ago?

Miss Mae Norberg is a new addition to the file department. From the looks of things, the boys at the office haven't a chance.

The female vampire, Baby Jane, etc. Can you guess who we're referring to?

S. C. Edmonds is our new advertising man, taking the place of D. O. Kirk, who is now assistant to Mr. Campbell. Mr. Edmonds has made quite a hit already.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

H. E. Bruce, manager; J. E. Monegan, assistant manager; E. R. Remp, sales promoter, and O. C. Evenson, assistant chief clerk, attended an agent's and salesman's meeting at Wisconsin Rapids and Marshfield recently.

Desmer Barlow has been installed as agent at Soldiers' Grove, Wis., succeeding G. H. Bailey. Lots of luck to you, D. B.

The following have been employed as additional S. S. attendants: Clarence McDonald and Roy Smith at La Crosse; Math Heimer, Jr., at Austin, Minn.; Carlton Anderson, Theo. Perry and Robert Browning at Rochester, Minn.

H. W. Erickson of Whitehall, Wis., reports the arrival of an eight-pound boy. Another agent for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manger from Chicago, visited the La Crosse office two days of last week.

L. N. Severson succeeds C. M. Burnett as agent at Eleva, Wis.

Oren Benson is back with us again as S. S. attendant at Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Richard Nuttleman has been transferred from S. S. attendant to truck driver at La Crosse.

A. H. Arntsen has been employed as general salesman to cover the territory formerly covered by C. W. Kolbe. Here's wishing you success, A. H.

Our traffic department is 100 per cent in service. E. W. Grove has just received his ten-year service pin and B. J. Volz has been with the company for fifteen years. A few more years and some of the girls will be wearing ten-year service pins. Someone page Cupid.

Alice Ortwein and Myrtle Robinson have joined the bobbed hair brigade. We liked you before, but we like you better now. Of the twenty girls in the office nine have bobbed hair and we are anxiously waiting for Clara Severson and Mayme Leiser to swing this into a majority.

F. L. Cochrane, manager of the Minneapolis division, and M. H. Chesbrough, manager of the Mankato division, visited the La Crosse office recently.

The card party given by the Standard Oil Social Club was a huge success. High honors were awarded to Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and the second prizes were won by Mrs. Rochelt and R. E. Cahill. A delicious lunch was served.

Our future Standard Oil agent at Colfax, Wis., arrived at the home of E. Cardin. Name, Norman Garfield Cardin. Weight, 10 pounds. That's a give-away on your politics, Ernest. You must be a Democrat.

Alex O. Michaels has been appointed agent at Cochrane, Wis., succeeding Fred Erkamp. Now we will see some fur fly.

We are in doubt as to whether E. J. Roberts, agent at Stanley, Wis., is most in need of a pair of glasses or a Big Ben. He wanders into an agent's meeting about four thirty P. M. and the only alibi is that he read the notice "P. M." instead of "A. M."

Albert Childs, our agent at Thorp, Wis., makes use of every opportunity to save time. He saved a day by driving a new Reo Speed Wagon back to Thorp after attending the agents' meeting at Chippewa Falls, April 11. Nothing slow about Al.

We have stiffened our defense by installing Henry A. Steinke as agent at Fall Creek, Wis. Mr. Towne, agent instructor, predicts that Hank will make a great slaughter of the "wildcats" in his territory.

A. J. H. M. Moor left us on an extended trip this morning for Genoa, Italy. He leaves by way of the local C. B. & Q. enroute he will stop off at Stoddard. (Refer to time table for length of stop.)

Klick says that if you want a good nurse just call on Mr. Farris.

Ernest Anderson has been installed as agent at Hayfield, Minn. Here's wishing you success, Andy.

D. V. Guentz, formerly at S. S. No. 19, is now in charge of S. S. No. 7, Winona. Harry Gleason is in charge of S. S. No. 19. C. P. Liddle has been employed as additional S. S. attendant.

W. W. Richman, salesman at Wisconsin Rapids, wants to know who said Spring was just around the corner. On April 20, Bill reports, seven inches of snow and still snowing.

Adolph Stengle has been employed as additional S. S. attendant at Marshfield, Wis.

Walter Selbo, general clerk, spent several days at the home office in Chicago.

A. D. Kirk, agent at La Crosse, T. J. Thorson and J. S. Dickens, city salesmen, held a sales promotion meeting at the office, April 29. All T. W. salesmen and S. S. attendants, also Charles Bruckert, assistant superintendent, attended this meeting. Several very interesting talks were given. Mr. Dickens spoke on salesmanship and co-operation; Mr. Thorson spoke on Red Crown Gasoline, and Mr. Kirk talked on Polarine. The meeting was a big success and it was decided to hold these meetings once a month. After the meeting a social time was enjoyed by all.

E. H. Evenson of the tax, legal and accident department, was called to Minneapolis to meet F. C. Packard, tax attorney, from the Standard Oil office in Chicago.

Rochester, Minn.

John Cowan has resigned to take charge of the Pioneer Press Agency at Winona, Minn. Mr. Cowan was formerly Warehouse man at Rochester. Donald Clement is the new warehouseman.

All S. S. salesmen at Rochester are very much interested in the Coupon book Campaign this month.

All the members of the Rochester Standard Oil family held a meeting at the office on April 4. W. H. Roesner, agent, gave a talk on Polarine, after which the subject of lubrication was discussed. Truck drivers and S. S. attendants told of the difficulties that they encountered and remedies were suggested. It was voted to have a similar meeting every Monday.

Frank Kuhns, salesman, has a new Ford coupe this Spring. He plans on sleeping in it at the last farm house at night so that he can get an early start in the morning. We're with you, Frank. Some skeptics in the La Crosse office wanted to know if the last order we sent in for Bovinol was not too large. Since then we have increased it and we are afraid the refinery will not be able to supply enough before the flies are all gone this fall.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

R. R. Bartlett, S.S. No. 32, Lake Crystal, is a real artist on the romantic mandolin. He tunefully tickles the first mandolin in a string trip of exceptional ability. The Red Crown Club will overlook a big bet if they fail to invite these entertainers to Mankato for one of the big parties.

The Red Crown, premier bowlers in the City League, entered the Southern Minnesota Tournament conducted at the Imperial alleys during March. The boys didn't do as well in the tournament, in fact there is a strong suspicion that old man "buck" was perched on the No. 1 pin during the evening.

C. J. Humm and his partner are still the office auction bridge champions. Our natural modesty forbids the publication of the horrible details, also our interview with F. M. Blough and C. J. Jensen, (defeated) is not fit to print.

Nordahl Nelson, attendant at S.S. No. 26, Blue Earth, makes the frank and open statement that he is going to trim his fellow Blue Earth attendant, Adolph Mathews, S.S. No. 42, on Polarine sales during 1924 to the tune of at least one thousand gallons. This is going to be tough medicine for Adolph to swallow and we doubt very much if he will down the dose without a supreme struggle. How about it, Adolph? Let the fight go on.

"Ten Canvasses Every Day" is the policy of Charley Hassing, S.S. No. 20, Jackson. Charley has been cashing in on this policy and is leading the entire division in sales of our specialty products. He says, "Call the customer's attention to the product and he is sold because the goods really sell themselves!"

Nordahl Nelson, Attendant S. S. No. 26, Blue Earth, and his wife, paid the Mankato office a pleasant visit on April 14. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were greatly interested in the manner of conducting the office work especially the reports coming from service stations. Drive down again, folks!

The April 14 meeting of the Petroleum Educational Club was very interesting and instructive although the speakers were somewhat handicapped through the small attendance necessitated by the enforced absence of ten members. L. A. Gode addressed the club on "Service Stations." His talk had been very well prepared and he gave very clear explanations of this branch of petroleum marketing. Oren Davis took up the talk and, in handling the discussion, gave reasons for the supremacy of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service stations. "It is because," said he, "our employees everywhere put the emphasis on service that the public has learned to seek our stations."

G. M. Bergmann, order clerk, got out the car on April 13 and, with his wife, drove to Henderson, Minn., for a visit with relatives.

The Petroleum Educational Club acknowledges a visit on April 14 from W. O. Dixon, equipment superintendent. Mr. Dixon complimented the membership upon belonging to an organization which had personal improvement as the basic reason for its existence.

L. C. Hedberg, sales in the Mankato Field, walked away with the honors on specialty sales. We wonder where he got those big black cigars which he has been smoking of late.

Every evening the visitor at the Mankato Fair Grounds will see Jack Wilkie perched on the rail clocking the yearlings as they flash around the track. John says that there are a number

of ponies out there which will show their heels to the field in this year's trotting and pacing events. By dividing his time between the general ledger and horse racing, Jack is kept mighty busy.

While attending the S. S. attendants' meetings at Mankato, Joe Rohrer, relief man at Pipestone, was stricken with a throat infection which threatened to lay him low. Medical attention was summoned at noon, however, and Joe was able to take the evening train to his home.

One of the high-lights of the service station meeting at Mankato was the talk given by J. D. Kibbee, S. S. No. 7, Luverne, who gave the "young" fellows an inspiring message. Mr. Kibbee proudly wears his twenty-year service pin and boasts that he will round out a full thirty years in the service of the best company in the world.

C. J. Jensen, assistant chief clerk, got too familiar with the furnace door at his home and smashed his thumb so severely that medical attention was necessary. A furnace is a dangerous proposition when people don't understand it.

Employees generally will be glad to learn that the small son of U. R. Diehl, truck salesman at Fairmont, is slowly recovering from the illness which has confined him for many months.

Harry Allen did himself proud in his model coupon book canvass which he presented at the S. S. meeting. He went across with a bang.

Things are humming at St. Peter S. S. No. 14. Wayland Barnes, in charge of this point, is doing some clever work in securing new customers and in making specialty sales.

April 1 was moving day for many office folk. Jake Armstrong, E. S. Hagerty, Bud McCarl and Earl Johnson all moved their families to other abodes on that date.

Mrs. George Kelly, nee Gertrude Hager, formerly an employee of our company, entertained the Mankato office girls at a highfalutin' party on the evening of April 10. The skoits had a festiverous time and, the morning after, raved at great length about the scrumptious lunch which Mrs. Kelly dished up. Now it's George's turn to have all "Us men" over to the new home.

C. W. Turning, legal, tax and accident clerk at Duluth, paid Mankato a short visit on April 5. He renewed old acquaintance with R. W. Pinney, chief clerk, and incidentally made many new friends, who will remember Mr. Turning's visit with much pleasure.

John Grimes, traffic department, vacationed for a week during the middle of March. John improved part of the time in getting his bowling arm in shape for the late Spring tournaments.

Aaron Bates, Mankato agent, is still grumbling because some joker nailed Aaron's leather mittens to the warehouse platform on April 1. Aaron says that the joker added insult to injury when he used a ten-penny spike to do the job.

Work in the office was suspended and a jubilation meeting was held when the April statement covering the "stock purchase plan" was distributed. Boy, oh, Boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

Lady Nicotine was never wooed by E. S. Whitney, S. S. No. 25, Fairmont, so he had no knowledge of the wiles of that seductive enchantress. But he made a determined effort, nevertheless, to inhale some cigarette smoke with the result that he was greatly surprised to see six pumps at his beloved S. S. which he knew had only two when he closed up earlier in the evening. We don't know what will happen to poor Whit if Frank Day puts this in his paper.

Harry Bates, son of Aaron Bates, Mankato agent, returned to the old homestead for a visit after being stationed at Mt. Clemens, Mich., in the service of Uncle Sam for three years. Harry brought his lovely wife home with him to meet the folks. Now Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Sr., are contemplating a trip to Michigan this Summer to see the "kids."

We regret to report the death of Col. C. E. Johnson, father of Minda Johnson, stenographer, on March 20. Col. Johnson was a prominent figure in state military and political circles and had held many positions of trust.

The stately figure of Art Otto, credit department, would attract attention in any company but it passeth understanding when the fair sex will single him out from a crowd at a block distance.

One for the Book

George Pratt, salesman in the Pipestone field, has sold quantities of Finol on its tasteless, odorless, stainless qualities, but a certain hardware merchant in Pipestone slipped one over on him. Knowing George's propensity for making a public demonstration of the tasteless properties of Finol, the hardware man prepared a strange concoction in a Finol can and awaited George and his sample case. Sure enough, George presented his stellar Finol sales canvass and concluded by pouring some of the oil on his scarf to demonstrate its stainless qualities and then, taking the can of Finol presented by the merchant, George placed it gently to his lips and proceeded to demonstrate its tasteless qualities. His face did not betray his strange emotions as the Finol (?) gurgled down his throat and he closed for a sale for a case and some bulk stock before he left, but as he staggered into S. S. No. 11 a short time later with livid face, he gasped out, "What in H— did those fellows have in that Finol can?"

Correction

We made an error in our April copy for the STANOLIND RECORD by writing Henry Emken's name as "Epper." Of course everybody knew who was meant but we want to apologize to Henry because "Emken" is a mighty fine name which should not be abused.

Leo Sampson, S. S. attendant at No. 11, Pipestone, was in the office on April 2 getting ready for a sales canvass which he presented at the S. S. attendants' meeting on April 3. Needless to say that Leon put the canvass over with true "Pipestonian" pep.

In the March issue of the STANOLIND RECORD we mentioned the names of a number of Pipestone Standard Oil Company boosters, but we inadvertently omitted the name of Chris. Nelson, truck salesman, the premier booster of the entire outfit. Chris. has a sales record second to none and likewise is able to boast of a perfectly kept truck and tank.

Frank Murphy, Milroy agent, is extremely proud of the Red Crown and Polarine thermometer which is mounted in the most conspicuous place in Milroy. Frank says that this thermometer is the official instrument of the community.

Frank A. Day, editor of the *Fairmont Daily*

Sentinel, has the following item in his "The Lake Breezes Whisper" column: "All Fairmont is glad to have Rueben Ward back here for good! The Standard Oil Company picks out the best and puts them in line for promotion. Rueben is a go-getter." Rube has been installed as salesman in the Fairmont field.

The agents are all glad to see M. W. Claridge back on the advertising truck ready to give that real service in advertising which helps to increase sales. Get ready for him, men, he'll be at your station soon.

Clarence Humm appeared at the office with a crestfallen expression on April Fool's Day and it developed that his young daughter had put salt in the sugar bowl from which Clarence salted his coffee.

MASON CITY, IOWA

Frank H. Dolen, Correspondent

The usual monthly social of the "Red Crown Social Club" was held April 5, 1924. We had the same orchestra as the month before and find that each time we get them they are a little bit better than the time before. Dancing was enjoyed by all who cared to dance and the few who did not made up a two-table game of 500. The honors were carried off on the ladies' side by Mrs. R. E. Neuble, our assistant chief clerk's wife. Modesty forbids mentioning the winner of the men's prize, which was a nice linen handkerchief. Mrs. Neuble receiving a box of stationery. We had several of our out-of-town members with us and the way their eyes stuck out at the good time we were having would have made anybody glad that they belonged to this wide-awake organization. Promptly at 11:15 we were lined up for "grub." The ladies had prepared an excellent lunch consisting of coffee, doughnuts, two kinds of sandwiches and pickles. It was noticeable that several of the married folks ate quite freely of the pickles. How come? The ladies who made up the lunch were Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Manson, Mrs. Leu, Mrs. Ofstie and Mrs. Doten. President Manson, who has gained some weight since coming to Mason City, was noticed around the "feed bag" quite a while. John Leu, who is no lightweight, is evidently trying to reduce. He didn't step up to eat. Teddie, our stationery clerk, was noticed dancing all the evening with one girl. What's the matter, Teddie? Afraid of anyone else? Adam Mayes had a broad grin on his face all the evening. His imported "Sheba" from Des Moines is reported as the cause. Speaking about Adam, it was also very noticeable how quick the "grub-line" moved after Mr. Mayes was served. Some of the boys couldn't wait for the line to get to the table whereon reposed the eats. There happened to be a plate of sandwiches on a table with only a door between them and the line. That was no hindrance to the "hungry hounds." A cordial invitation is extended by President Manson and all other members of our club to any of the Standard Oil family to visit us and see how things are done right.

We are happy to record the birth of a seven-pound girl to Agent and Mrs. L. I. Thorson of Ruthven.

Ed. Tobin went down to Des Moines (his old home town) recently over Saturday and Sunday. He had a Ford down there which he wanted to drive back. He got back here with Lizzie all right, but he sure looked bad. We didn't know what it was coming up the street, but it sure looked like an animated piece of mud. The garage man said the charge for cleaning would be $5 and Ed. wanted to know if he couldn't get in and be cleaned off for the same price.

Speaking of mud, George and Hugo tried to drive a couple of machines up from Des Moines. They finally left one down on the road aways and carried the other one in on their backs. Hugo stayed in bed all the next day and George spent a couple of days beating the mud out of his clothes.

Miss Netha May Hines is now employed in our stenographic department.

Our sympathy goes out to Glenn Saunders, agent at Mallard, and his wife in the loss of their son recently.

E. F. Huntington has been appointed agent at Manson. Welcome to our flock, Mr. Huntington.

Clarence Manson, our efficient credit man, recently received a letter setting off the fact that a man may reduce 250 pounds in three days. We don't know where Clarence would be if he reduced that much, but this climate sure hasn't made him any thinner.

Our traffic expert, Arvidson, recently bought a new machine. Arvy is now burning up Red Crown every chance he can get and incidentally discovering what kind of a country he is in.

We are very sorry to report that one of our old employees passed away recently. Patrick Keefe, attendant at S. S. No. 1, Mason City, opened up his station one morning and worked for only a short time when he dropped dead. Our sincere sympathy goes out to his loved ones. Pat is sure missed by everyone who knew him.

Every dav Miss Cleves is noticed coming out of the poolroom. Come on, girls, let us boys have one place all by ourselves.

We are having some very interesting and educational meetings once a week conducted by our manager, Mr. Thomas, and ably assisted by Arthur Ofstie. For those of us who were not as well acquainted with the refining of oil and gasoline as we might have been, these meetings are a revelation. Everything, very nearly, is shown by lantern slides, from the nature of the ground that yields oil, to the internal workings of an engine and just how gasoline and oil enter into the proper working of an engine. We like these lectures, and hope they will be continued indefinitely.

We received Messrs. Ward and North into our S. S. force this month. Mr. Ward is an extra S. S. attendant at Mason City and Mr. North is the attendant at S. S. No. 3, Mason City.

C. L. Knorr, formerly in the sales force, is now a member of our office force and Charlie states that he likes our company fine. You ought to, Charlie, seeing who we are.

We were pleased to have Mr. Boyman of the asphalt department with us for a few days recently. Mr. McAllister states he knows something about roads now, after talking to Mr Boyman.

We are glad to welcome J. C. Kaiser as a

member of our sales force. Mr. Kaiser was formerly warehouse foreman at Fort Dodge.

We also welcome Leo Ford, who is now superintendent of "destruction." "Henry" comes from Kansas City, but states he is no relation to the great Henry of Detroit.

Earl Johns, attendant at S. S. No. 34, Iowa Falls, went fishing the other Sunday. He reported collecting the largest sucker ever pulled out of the Iowa river. We understand that he fell in and as he weighs around 225 pounds, we wonder?—— Congratulations, Earl (on getting out).

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Morton B. Dodson, Correspondent

The general sales meeting of the entire sales force of the Milwaukee division, held at the Wisconsin Hotel on April 8 was a huge success. The boys enjoyed every minute of the time listening to speeches by T. J. Thompson, Allan Jackson, E. G. Seubert, Amos Ball, H. R. Cochrane, P. A. Raupagh, W. C. Van Horne, H. A. Hanson and D. J. Sheehan, and the garage demonstration given by Bill Duncan and Hank Sagemiller. The latter demonstration was quite a sales help to the newer members of the sales force

Sam Youngblut led the drivers for the past three months, but this month the boys say they are going to give a hard run for his money, and top honors.

The S. O. Co. bowling league, which is composed of four teams, has just closed its schedule, with the tank department leading by a small margin of one game. Alex Gross with his garage men finished second, tank drivers third and truck drivers fourth. The season proved one of the best thus far as all the men had an enjoyable time. The final sweepstake tournament in which the 36 bowlers took part was enjoyed immensely. Louis Joost, superintendent of the tank department, shot the first ball down the alleys and surprised everyone by making a clear strike. Mr. Joost beat Mr. Fendry of the Construction department by four pins, thereby winning a free dinner from Art. Martin Schneider was among the missing as he had contracted a cold and could not participate in this affair.

We understand that Lew Cody has a rival, the same being one Harold Mexdorf of the Walker street plant. If anyone desires to have his home broken up, just page Harold.

We understand that Otto Ladwig of Walker street recently took for himself a wife, and now Martin Schneider is peeved cause Otto beat him to it. That's all right, Mart, don't hurry.

When we see Louis Joost wearing a straw hat, and Carl Neuman a Palm beach suit, we cannot understand why Art Fendry insists on wearing an overcoat. Spring is here, Art.

Another victim of the female species, Fred W. Burow, one of our German brother S. S. attendants, was cast aside by his lady friend, Miss Marie Malloy, after a year of bliss and hardships. Fred used his dad's Moon car to keep on the right side of her that long, but we haven't been able to find out just what really caused the trouble, probably not enough Moon or too much sauer kraut.

We all extend a hearty welcome to Miss Sylvia Bernhadt, the new telephone operator. We hope you will like the work and the bunch, Sylvia.

O. A. Kile, N. R. Roache and R. Raasch have been promoted from S. S. salesmen to general salesmen. Good luck, boys.

We are glad to have Margie Jacobs back on the job as we missed her quite a bit. (What do you mean we, George?)

We welcome to our ranks Henry Austin, our new accident clerk. From now on, no accidents.

M. L. Blodgett is recovering from an operation performed a short while ago, and we hope to have him with us soon.

A future construction man arrived at the home of Clifford Townsend, Albion, Wis., on April 3, weighing 8½ pounds. We hope he will be as big a man as his dad. The cigars were fine.

We wish to compliment Abe Miller for his good work in and about Appleton, Wis.

Our hustling agent at Stoughton, Wis., is the proud daddie of a 6¾ pound baby girl. She arrived on March 29.

William Scheer, salesman in the Madison field, was presented with a 7½ pound baby girl on April 1.

We are pleased to hear that the son of our agent at Watertown, Wis., is recovering from an operation performed recently.

It is with great sorrow that we reecived the news of the death of our ever faithful agent, C. Strassburger, of Seymour, Wis., who died on April 21. Mr. Strassburger was an employee of this company for the past nineteen years, and even though quite sick made a delivery of gasoline five miles away and gave orders for the next day's work a short while before his death. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his relatives and friends.

The following conversation took place in Milwaukee office recently: T. H. Lang: "Has Winter left yet?" (Meaning Wm. Winters, salesman.) Miss Blodgett: "Yes, Winter has gone, Spring is here." Mr. Lang acknowledged defeat by lifting his new Stetson.

Recently A. N. Bemis set his April quota of Polarine greases. Mr. Raupagh raised it and agreed to buy Art a hat if he made it. Mr. Bemis is now wearing a new hat.

The following conversation took place over one of the order department phones not so long ago. Customer: "Please send me 5 Gallons of Polarine Medium Bulk." Order Department to customer: "Have you a can?" Customer: "No, a Buick."

L. N. Apfel set his Polarine quota on grease for April and Mr. Raupagh agreed to buy him a hat, if he raised it. Bill received his hat April 26.

R. E. Lee promised to secure six new gasoline reseller accounts during April and Mr. Raupagh said, "If you do, I'll buy you a box of cigars." Now Lee is passing cigars around to the other boys. (Say, what is this man Raupagh? A philanthropist?—Ed.)

George Larkin, service Superintendent, wrote a poem. But, gosh, poems are barred.

The marketing department welcome Victor De Valska to their ranks, having been formerly employed as saleswriter.

The following men have joined the sales force and are welcomed to our midst, C. R. Adelberg,

R. A. Backus, J. Bon Davis, Geo. F. Derbal and F. W. Jackman.

The employees of Milwaukee County recently organized an Indoor-Outdoor Ball league and from the enthusiasm displayed they will enjoy a very profitable Summer. A movement is now under way to create a pleasure and social club for all employees in Milwaukee field but up to this time no definite reports have been received from the committee in charge. It is hoped that all Milwaukee County employees will back the movement 100 per cent. For particulars see Henry Austin of the Safety First department.

Pearl Lett former Dictaphone Department head and Bobbie Robinson, also a former Standard Oiler were married April 29. The candy was good and was enjoyed by all.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Chester J. Webb, Correspondent

Diamond ball season is opening with a bang. The Red Crowns, champions of the Commercial League, 1922-23, are out to cop again this year. The crack battery of Grebe Martonick and Mike Anderson is on deck with all the old pepper. Watch this smoke.

One of the biggest stockholders in the company works for the Minneapolis division. His name is Ralph Conners, and he tips the beam at 238 (before dinner).

Norma Clarice McCarthy of the communication department is busy planning her vacation trip to California. Have you noticed Norma's new "shingle bob?"

The spring social season started off with a bang with a party given by the Red Crown Social Club at the main office, April 23. The attendance reached the 100 mark and set a new record for the year. Our own Red Crown jazz orchestra furnished the music for the occasion and sure were a big hit. They perform like veterans and good music is assured for our future activities. Three hours of lively dancing on a mild spring evening and a brief intermission for refreshments consisting of coffee, sandwiches and cake sent the folks home at midnight all boosting for the Red Crown Social Club.

We are unable to understand the absence of Jim Connolly at the party. Jim is a veteran at our social activities and holds the marathon fox trot record in the married men's division. Where were you, Jim?

Thanks, Miss McCauley, for wearing those classy flesh-colored stockings to the party. They were a great drawing card, just as we prophesied.

If Mr. Cochran puts on much more weight in the mid section he will be eligible for the fat men's race at the summer picnic. Klebba and Conners, look to your laurels.

Miss Anne Harmsen of the stenographic department complains of trouble with her eyes, but we suggest a little additional sleep each night would be of material benefit. Even a night watchman has to have his sleep.

Sparky Nevins has become greatly interested in the engineering profession lately. Wonder why?

Of the available leap year candidates, Judge Rossiter has so far withstood the inevitable, but we doubt if he will survive the year, as he has been very congenial of late with the fair sex.

Emmett Logan, agent at Benson, informs us when it comes to putting up Mica rubbing posts, he is there.

Lance E. Seastedt, our new agent at Kerkhoven, likes his work, and the country around Kerkhoven. Good luck to you, Lance.

Ole Heen, agent at Maynard, has a system of his own in collecting 090 unauthorized tickets. For further particulars, see Ole.

HEAR! HEAR!

Fred Olson, S. S. attendant at Benson, accepts the challenge of Adolph Pohnson, S. S. attendant at Willmar, on Polarine Oil sales for this Summer.

Who wants their house painted this spring? Just call on Joe Matthews and his crew in the paint shop. They are in good practice now; they have just finished the big seven and a half-ton Mack, the house on wheels. They sure swing a wicked brush.

Elmer Thompson, truck driver at Willmar, enjoyed the agents' meeting at Granite Falls. Elmer, how do you like the coffee over there?

J. S. Jorgenson, machine shop mechanic, on May 14 is going to take the straight and narrow path. Good luck to the both of you, Jorgenson.

Arthur Anderson, machine shop mechanic, is back with us again after a two weeks' absence. We're glad to see you again, Art.

Next time you're stuck in the mud, call R. H. Howe, machine shop mechanic. He likes it. Last time he had to take a sounding apparatus to find a truck.

Adolph Olson, traveling inspector, is now shop inspector. Watch them, Olson, you're doing fine.

Have you noticed the clean looking Ford cars lately? This is the result of the weekly bath they get by Arthur Glasgow, who presides over the bath parlors at the new garage at night. Art can sure make the Semdac talk.

"Pewee" Anderson would like to swap a grey overcoat for either an overcoat, raincoat, extra pair of "sples" or "what have you?" The coat is in excellent condition and he really wouldn't swap at all, except that it seems like the high devil of all the jinx is trying to give him and Phil McEleny a prime "pushing around."

If anyone thinks that the West isn't wild anymore, and they happen to be from Missouri, just tell 'em to ask either H. H. Drews or Joe Huckenpahler.

The Bowling League has just finished another one of its successful seasons. The Renowns won the third straight championship with a team average of 176 pins per man; Hanson leading with an average of 192 pins for fifty-four games. The finish this year was the closest of any and it was not until the last night that the winner was decided. Frank Stutsman led the league with 186 pins for 90 games. Hank Steffes barely lost out, but had the distinction of rolling a total of 724 pins for a three-game total. The league has grown to be one of the best handicap leagues in the Twin Cities. The three-time champion Renowns team consisted of Roy Anderson, Mike Anderson, High Moshier, Paul Dickey and Ray Hanson. The teams finished as follows: Renowns, Red Crowns, Solite, Stanolax, Specialties and Tanks. The same alleys have been engaged for the 1924-25 season. Another banner year is expected.

Team Standings

	Won	Lost	Pin Avrg.
Renowns	58	32	833
Red Crowns	52	38	808
Solites	51	39	833
Stanolax	39	51	811
Specialties	37	53	809
Tanks	33	57	802

Individual Averages

	Games	Average
Stutsman	90	178.3
Steffes	81	176.4
Kleninschmitt	37	173.5
Lind, Oscar	85	170.8
Anderson, Roy	90	170.2
Bauman	84	169.1
LaVallee	77	169.0
Kellar	73	168.9
Johnson	87	168.1
Anderson, M.	84	167.4
Moshier	84	166.6
Dyer	83	165.3
Dickey	75	164.6
Williams	72	164.0
Lind, Gus	84	163.5
Peterson	90	161.8
Lapham	71	160.5
Jaeger	90	160.2
Helfman	84	159.8
Davidson	21	155.0
Reitan	75	153.0
Carmody	80	152.0
Jehn	69	150.2
McKusick	65	148.0
Fischer	69	147.9
Huber	75	147.6
Frary	39	145.8
Peterson, W.	18	142.7
Miller	22	138.2

High individual single game (Steffes), 268.
High three games (Solites), 2,800.

MINOT, N. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

Tears: Great big ones when we were forced to send the Red Crown Plaque to our parent division, Fargo. However, with it we extended congratulations to that very able force.

Ben Carlson wants to know what S. O. S. means in connection with Standard Oil business. Kemmer says it means, "Shove our sales."

Ernie Percey insists that it took John Wood three years to say "Jug" instead of "Yug," then they had to go and change the word to "Jar."

Absent minded? Or what's the matter with a fellow who after listening in on his own speech on the Ediphone says, "Huh?" Juanita won't believe this of Kemmer.

The office boy takes a separate bag to the post office to bring back Mel Paulson's mail.

Everyone was pleased to see our congenial office boy promoted to a clerkship in the check department and know that Gilman will make good.

Harry Overby still has the smoke coming from Fred Tucker.

Agent Harry Scott of Buford was a Williston visitor last week.

To look at Mel Rufer you would say that he is particular. But in some cases he doesn't care whether he wears his own socks or Ed Lindberg's. But that is the way with a credit man, he takes everything he can get to keep accounts straight.

The Rebekah Ladies of Epping say that they missed our Agent Kilgore at their last meeting and that they were obliged to throw away a lot of cake etc. on account of his absence. Perle was home, probably figuring out how to make his quotas.

Agent Loonan of Tioga has purchased another new truck and says that the tractors won't stop on his account.

Agent Martin Rund of Cartwright has purchased an interest in the Cartwright Mercantile Company and carries the Standard Oil Company's full line in his store.

Manager Beaton paid us a visit last week.

Agent Graham of Watford City is being assisted by his brother-in-law to keep the two Ford trucks running full time.

Old Timer Tom White of Ray called on Agent Loonan of Tioga this week. We don't know what for but we presume they are framing to lead the agents of the Williston Field in the making of all quotas.

George Andrews, agent at Williston, wishes that Construction Superintendent Dunbar would hurry and get him out of the mud hole.

We notice that Miss Daly gets help from the construction department quite often. Be careful, Geneva, Pete is sure a wild one.

Micky Dolan has bet a box of candy with Ben Carlson. For further instructions, see Iver Tweedt.

Word has come from the Fargo office that our friend Freddit has been transferred to the Chicago office. Never mind, Clara and Emma, the Chicago girls won't get him.

Sign of Spring: C. C. Burleigh was seen buying a new spring coat.

Bill Slaybaugh of our equipment department and who sits behind the cornet in the Red Crown Social Club Orchestra has purchased a new instrument. My! How he does blow.

Hugh Westmiller passed a set of Safety first rules to Miss Daly who insists that banana peelings are slippery.

Miss Brunelle and Miss Daly are taking an apartment in the Anderson Block for the Summer. Invitations are extended to the Standard Oil People to taste the results of their culinary arts.

Although Harvey was surprised to see Mrs. Gerdes, we knew that she was coming. We say that she has a lot of patients as a dancing instructor. But if she will be persistent, may be Harvey will yet learn to dance.

Barnby can't decide about his car, afraid the girls will rush him too hard if he brings it out.

Harold Lester, our speedy S. S. attendant, has changed his wife's name from Beulah to Bales. Yes, Lester, they will do it.

Lars R. Larson is a new member of the truck salesmen's force at the Minot "A" Station.

Leetle Mary McCallister sure does enjoy getting "Special Delivery" letters.

We are all happy that Miss Thelma Moe is rapidly recovering from a serious operation.

Goodnatured John Wood is spending a few days' vacation at Fargo.

Mrs. Abrahamson who has been ill is expected home in the very near future.

The Coupon Book Drive is over. Herb Kincaid and Genevieve Vandenover won the prize for having sold the greatest number of coupon books in the office employee drive.

No wonder he looks full in the face. Home, eating mother's cooking for a week—Clayton Berdohl.

Dear Duane: As I am not acquainted with all of the boys, I am sending the cigars to you for

distribution. Have one your self. (Signed) Dan Cuffe, agent at Berthold.

Every cigar went to one of the fellows, who found same to be wrapped in the following letter.

"The campaign is over, and you have won
My cause was lost 'ere I had begun,
Nevertheless I followed the Ghost
And talked Eureka from pillar to post.
For I would feign if I did not rest
Be up in the front with a few of the best.
The treats are on me, so have a smoke,
But, listen! Boys, for this is no joke
In the next campaign you shall treat.
You will, I swear for I shall beat,
So if some of you boys are in a sporting vein
Step right out, I'll take you again."

Mat Haugen, agent-salesman at Cando, has purchased an International Speed Wagon Truck, and is just 'raring to go. Mat believes in giving his customers speedy service, and now has three trucks to take care of our ever increasing business for the territory.

Agent-Salesman Francis J. Geisen of Bisbee was called to Fargo to take a physical examination by the U. S. army examination board this week. Frank served his time in the A. E. F. in France and it seems as if the government wants to know now if he is still as fit as when he came back.

Assistant Manager H. H. Hathaway paid us an official visit last week and our only fault to find was that he did not stay long enough to go over the whole Cando Field.

"Sam" Donovan, the smiling Irishman at Mylo, is getting quite a reputation as a trader, especially in autos, barns and pool halls. He does that in his spare time, and like all successful traders, never admits having gotten the best of the deals.

Another carload of Polarine Oils and Greases for John Munro of Rolla, N. D., this year so far, and in his thirty-four years of handling Standard Oil products, he has yet to find his first reason for complaint. John says that they give him such good service and that the trade want and expect to buy Polarine and Red Crown, which makes his business the success that it is.

Lipp Brothers have now taken charge of our S. S. No. 9, Cando, and our patrons seem to be very pleased at our choice of attendants. The boys certainly are putting out the service and getting the business.

Several of the girls from the neighboring towns have been asking what our agent, Johnny Nichols of Perth, uses on his hair—Such wavy locks. What is it, John? Petrolatum or Stanolax? Tell us at the agents' meeting, John.

John Munro of Rolla, N. D., the "wide awake" garageman and Ford agent, replaced his old gasoline upmp with the latest Bowser Type, and we completed the job by putting on a Red Crown Canteen Globe. Watch business grow.

Three nice pairs to draw from Mary and Pete, Juanita and Kemmer, Alda and Barnby.

We regret very much that our Miss Richards is indisposed and some of the boys are in hopes that she will soon return.

Gus Johnson, another live wire garageman of Hansboro, has replaced his old style one gallon pump with a late model Wayne five gallon pump, and the fact that his pump will sell Red Crown exclusively will make business good, Gus says.

The balloon dance is something new to me. But as per usual, our girls put it on with marked success at the Red Crown Social Club Party, April 26.

Only one man in the office that won't tell his girl's name, A. Waa, who evidently won a peach on his recent vacation.

Frank Gordon Rutten has stepped up a few notches on the ladder of progress in our office.

That's a slick feller, that Ralph Wilkinson, who came in the office to assist the Equipment Department.

We have been informed that Miss Ruby, our telephone operator, is sporting a diamond.

On account of this being Leap Year, we expect Debbie Vandenoever and Mary McCallister to have their's in a short time.

Salesman A. J. Pass, known by some as a "Mud Horse" when the Ford becomes bogged, also pushes and pulls on sales and collections.

The Hill Top Gardeners, Nick Ebeltoft, Assistant Manager Hathaway and Herb Kincaid, have taken the contract to furnish all the green stuff for the force and want it known that none of the other employees need trouble with a garden because they will grow and gladly furnish free of charge everything that can be produced from a first class garden. They are certain the garden will be a success because Harry Overby has charge of same. You know Harry finished a course in scientific farming.

Oscar Covert doesn't believe that those three fellows will be able to raise enough vegetables to feed Nick alone.

Mel Paulson brought his car back from Fargo. All of the girls are trying to be "first" in his estimation.

C. C. Burleigh turned shoe maker on his birthday.

Mrs. Eddie Lindberg, who has been spending a few days with Eddie, has returned to their home in Fargo.

Can you imagine any funnier looking sight than Jack Hay doing eight miles on a country road in a "slight" snow storm and his traveling friend wondering why, with all his experience as a hiker, he couldn't make better time or why it was that autos don't always run and why it was that some have to suffer with a lame leg.

New office employees, we welcome you, L. Blake, Martin Fossum and Raymone Zlevor.

Agent John Reinbold of Balta, N. Dak., paid us a visit saying that this was sure to be a wet season and a bumper crop assured.

Salesman George Cocking was a visitor at the office this week.

Miss Tiber, Miss Rincker and Miss Erickson are three serious hard working girls. They have a smile but seldom use it.

We understand that Grimy is taking up a course in "Girlology" at the Normal Night School.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Spring has came, folks, and down here in Peory things are surely on the jump.

As inseparable as twin beds—Salesman Jarrett and his portfolio.

New Salesman Adams lost his erstwhile dig-

nity for a moment, at least, the other day. Leaving the office to drive Wanda downtown, as usual, he caught his new coat in the coupe door, tore it and ripped off a button. Choice remarks! ! ! Returned to office for temporary repairs, leaving Wanda in the car. Back a moment later, still boiling—and tried to enter the wrong coupe. Bang! How much money for the "cuss" fund?

An unidentified contributor sends in a clever cartoon entitled "March Roads in McLean County," which caption speaks for itself. Sorry that rules pervent its use, but pen sketches are barred. The artist "spoke" from experience.

A. N. Haag is a newcomer as truck driver at Sheldon.

Driver "Bob" Sproull of Sheldon went to Peoria April 7 to drive his new truck back.

Saratoga Alleys were the scene of a wild Standard Oil evening April 4, when Kelly's Klowns and Powell's Poodles clashed in a battle for blood. "Duke" Lessig and Ralph Waugh, as opposing anchor men, hogged the spotlight, with our sprightly cashier beating his opponent by numerous pins.

Brown of Rantoul still sings the praises of his new truck, the third of a growing fleet.

Rainey Hinds lost an argument with the credit department.

"Minstrel Land," staged by the Standard Oil Social Club April 12, at the White School Auditorium, proved even a greater success than its backers had hoped. Under the painstaking direction of Leon West the participants did themselves proud, and the big audience appreciated everything hugely. Lack of space prevents individual comment, but the entire list of performers surpassed previous efforts, incidentally uncovering a considerable quantity of hitherto hidden talent. Following the performance came informal dancing and light refreshments, the crowd lingering till a late hour.

S. S. Attendant O. Lemon is reported as still trying to date up that little bank clerk.

Driver Mike Hunt, another Springfielder, fell in a hole right in front of the Sherman City Hall with the prominent citizens all chewing their horse shoe and offering suggestions.

The father of Fred Maier, Rantoul driver, died recently at that city. Sympathy of the division is extended.

The Peoria Red Crowns opened their third season as members of the Saturday Commercial Lague, April 26, by battling to a hectic 6-6 tie at Glen Oak Park against the redoubtable Walker Hardware crew. After a bad start, the squad, composed mainly of new faces, steadied, and, with Fuchs and later Manager Barrett hurling excellent ball, battered five runs over the dock in the final schedule inning, knotting the count. Darkness halted proceedings two frames later. Absence of various reliables, notably Bouten, Flanagan, McCready and Pyles, who could not be on hand, weakened the fighting front somewhat. With these huskies in line later on, contenders for first place should have plenty of arguments.

As we write these lines, Driver Adolph Long of New Berlin is being married. Congrats, Adolf.

One for the book. Driver Joe Anderson of Clinton sold a new customer a barrel of Heavy Polarine for an old Fordson tractor. Later the farmer decided he wanted a heavier oil. To prevent his changing, Joe talked him into buying a new Fordson to fit the Polarine he had already bought. Now the Fordson dealer wants Joe to take part of the commission.

Vliet of Rossville and Hitz of Cissna Park have added new trucks to their equipment and are hitting things up. Business over along the State line is booming.

Agent Wilson of Delavan reports S. S. No. 39 as boasting two first class sheiks; to wit: Attendants Dave Pmrenke and Loraine Black.

Gray of Glasford joins the ranks of new truck owners. His fleet is increasing.

Niles Schuh, Peoria city salesman, indites a modest epistle to announce the arrival of his third son, Robert Pierce. His other youngsters are Bill, 6, and Niles, 16 months. Pretty good, you say, Niles, for fellow under 30? Nothing else but, young man; shake.

Assistant Manager Maulsby and Salesman Flanagan were driving along in the Dodge. A stowaway mouse hops down from inside the top and heads for Bill's trousers. Presto! Flanagan's feet on the windshield. Balked, Mr. Mouse dashes for the pants leg of the associate manager. Behold strange sight, two dignified representatives of this company bowling along a city street in the Dodge—with feet up on the windshield!

Driver DeWeerth, Peoria, passed the smokes April 16. Reason: Seven-and-a-half-pound youngster of male persuasion arrived at his domicile. Name: Orval.

Dan Abel, likewise Peoria driver and slugging catcher for the Red Crowns, celebrated the opening of the season April 26, by announcing a similar happening in his family circle.

Driver Charlie Nave of Springfield has his private car's Klaxon fastened with horseshoe nails. Idea, Charles; good luck or chance?

Driver Asa Bryant of Springfield is some dolled up since the big clothing store fire. Reports are that Asa beat the fire laddies to the scene.

And still they come. "Old Faithful" Bill Nealis of Fisher steps out with a new International Speed Wagon.

Agent Roberts of Roberts (yes, they named the town after him), has all the girls watching him since he donned that new cap with the gold braid, letters 'n'everything.

Advices from Springfield are to the effect that Salesman Bob Britt is recovering nicely from the serious operation which he underwent in Quincy some weeks ago, which is most welcome news, and we await the day when our diminutive "pepper pot" is back in the ranks with all his old-time vigor.

Ommert over at Bushnell adds two new Chevrolet trucks, with the governors minus, and says, "Keep your eye on me now." Victor Hugo Geoke takes a wheel as driver for Ommert, and is showing his stuff.

Newcomers in the Peoria field are as follows: S. S. Attendants—F. D. Cooley, Galesburg; L. Black, Delavan; E. Newcomb, Peoria; O. L. Gelbach, Lincoln; C. A. Palmer, Pekin, and G. R. Cole, Galesburg. Agents—J. A. Dowson, Middletown; E. E. Hagaman, Cuba; I. B. Horn, Avon, and A. V. Rohman, Washington. Drivers—

R. Kidwell, Bloomington; J. F. Haddock, Springfield; A. Haag, Springfield; A. B. Roush, Sheldon; J. J. Jacobus, Canton, and R. H. Stohl, Cullom. Pipe Fitters—J. F. Ridge, Peoria, and M. P. Simmons, Peoria. Peoria Office—J. H. Wiley and L. V. Dorman.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Caught in the act! While taking a pre-breakfast stroll recently, Salesman O. K. Lenhart discovered Agent W. W. Garrett of Salisbury, Mo., filling a customer's tank with Red Crown at 5:30 A. M. Bill is a regular early bird.

Bob Britt, Peoria field salesman, paid us a call before hot-footing it back to the front line. Bob underwent a serious operation in a local hospital and was fretting to get back on the job again.

Agent Ray Ballard of Plymouth had a narrow squeak when his truck was struck by a switching freight train. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety, Ray.

Blanche Perry, Manager A. L. Martin and George Sohm are sporting shining new ten-year service buttons. "Do we have to salute them?" asks Herring. Never mind, Eddie, you've only nine and one-half years more to go.

Miss Mildred Mosier of Shelbina, Mo., is the latest feminine addition to our big family. Mildred is the wife and general manager of Albert M. Mann, Quincy warehouse clerk; having accepted the position on Easter Sunday. Our good wishes are with you, folks. The cigars and candy were fine.

S. R. Rodgers of the construction department bumped into a hard-boiled arm of the law the other day. The only consolation "Santa Claus" had was that it was through no fault of his that the collision occurred.

According to a clipping posted in the office entrance there will be many a bald-headed former SOCO stenographer 25 years from now. But it hasn't put a crimp in any "Bobby's" enthusiasm—not so you could notice it, at least.

Mrs. Lee Bell, who underwent a serious operation recently, is nearing complete recovery. It will be easier for Lee to concentrate on the check department now.

A lot of credit is due W. H. Lewis, head attendant at S. S. No. 3, Hannibal, Mo., for the fine work done in preventing a serious fire at this station when a customer thoughtlessly lit a match while Bill was filling has tank.

HEY, KASEE JOHN!

Attention John Seward of K. C.: Sorry, John, but our good looking chief clerk won't take you up. Lack of a suitable radish farm is all that prevents, however. As for other amateurs, their specialty seems to be potatoes.

For instance, there is Virgil Green, tank car order clerk, who is laboriously planting twenty-two rows of potatoes, each 144 feet long; not to mention Traffic Clerk Henry Meyer, whose abilities as a potato grower are known throughout the length and breadth of the city. Prospects for a potato-bug-picking party are fine.

On April 7 this office was favored with a visit by F. L. King, auditor of the sales department, who brought with him our new assistant chief clerk, P. G. Fraser. Mr. Fraser hails from Kansas City, but denies any weakness for radish growing. Instead he intends to demonstrate some better methods in tennis playing. (Pix will follow.) With the exception of having to climb over packing boxes and wade through seas of excelsior, the Frasers are comfortably settled in their new home at 1107½ Kentucky St.

Alma Bradshaw, Mabel Saxton, George Sohm and Henry Meyer complete the list of the April vacationers. Alma says she got terribly lonesome in the country.

Did Charlie Coss ever tell you about the time he lost his last cent, along with $108 in the depot at Omaha?

The entire office force enjoyed the short visit paid them by Mrs. Carlson, mother of our energetic refined oil and gasoline booster, E. F. Carlson, more generally known as "Swede." Come again, Mrs. Carlson.

Recent transfers in this office are: Alma Bradshaw, from saleswriting to check department; J. G. Smith, order department to check department, and Carroll Adams, from S. S. No. 7 to saleswriter in this office.

Newcomers among the agents include: J. W. Nunn of Maywood, Mo.; R. W. Middleton of Clarksville, Mo., and Don Duey of Troy, Mo., while E. A. Bower at S. S. No. 9, E. K. Million at S. S. No. 19, R. A. Kelly at S. S. No. 11, and C. I. Hill at S. S. No. 12 are helping to swell the amount of SOCO service to be had at these service stations. Good luck to you, fellows. Drop us a new item now and then.

O. K. Lenhart, salesman, believes in selling goods regardless of the hour, as evidenced by the fact that he sold a half barrel and a case of six-ones of Finol just at midnight, recently.

Boss Delaney, agent at Paris, Mo., is kicking because there aren't more than twenty-four hours in a day. A representative from this office tried to get in touch with Boss the other day but at 9 P. M. he was still out in the country making sales.

A number of the boys in the field have given ample demonstation during the past few weeks of what Standard Oil Service consists, by being at Mr. Farmer's door with supplies of Red Crown, etc., before said gentleman had gotten up to milk the cows.

Our recently opened S. S. No. 310, Dallas City, Ill., is going strong under the able and energetic management of Clarence Nutt.

Agent R. S. Bennett of Clayton, Ill., is on the sick list just now but shows signs of making a speedy recovery. We're glad to know that, Bob.

We are also glad to know that G. M. Price, Winfield agent, has fully recovered from his illness. Miles is taking up his work with renewed vigor this spring.

The garage and machine shop gang feel all duded up since our flag pole was spruced up with a coat of paint. Chubby Rodgers demonstrated that even a fat man can climb a skinny pole. (Must we buy you a camera and come take the pix as well?—Correspondent)

Mechanic C. D. Vess, alias "Seedy," has been transferred to position of mechanic at Moberly, Mo.

Moberly, Mo.

Business is picking up, due to our energetic and pep inspiring leader, W. A. Howell. Not that our gang has to be driven—they are all out for the bizz, and for every gallon there is in it,

and are out getting it while the other fellow is getting started. Nevertheless, a word of encouragement, a suggestion here and a little help there, does wonders in keeping our pep stirred up to the maximum.

G. M. Lenhart says he is going to smash all records at Higbee this year and that is saying a mouthful for he made quite a record there last year. Go to it, Monte, we are for you—tooth and toe nail.

Our industrious and accommodating S. S. attendant, D. D. Balzer, of No. 16, has gone in for athletics. He says dancing is the most wonderful exercise ever created by man or beast, and we think our chief would make him a good partner along this line. But we wonder if it is the exercise or something more interesting, and is she a blonde? Dave believes he is going to have something for all of us to gaze upon with pride, if his plans materialize. And if they do, Salisbury will have something new in landscape.

We have with us a large and broad smiling youth, pleasant to look upon, with a smile that brings them back—an honest to goodness smile. He's Clarence McAdam. He isn't new, exactly, for he worked with us a few months last year, and now that we have him again we don't intend to ever let him get away. We know Mac will make a great S. S. attendant—you should see him snap into it.

We also have with us Francis Lyle Thatcher, alias "Hustling Rip." He isn't as large as his name might indicate. Personally, Rip is of the opinion that his forefathers descended from monkeys, claiming that that accounts for his being so young for his age.

Have you noticed the broad smile all over Doyle's face? (Smiling bunch, aren't we? We believe in it.) No, you're wrong. It isn't a boy. A raise? Nope. He has at last gotten his safe in. Now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it, Shale?

Keokuk, Ia.

With spring the scenery changes, even at our service stations. We now have at S. S. No. 22 what is known as the mustache brigade or duet, Messrs. Haisch and Boughner. Both keep them bobbed nicely, and keep everything else about the station just as trim and neat. Don't fail to see them if you happen in Keokuk.

LOST! One perfectly good rubber heel, in the bottomless mud near Keokuk. Finder please return to E. F. Engles, equipment department, Home Office.

Mr. Coss spent a few days with us and made the Bovinol fly, as well as some other specialties. If you think the "working man" is no more, change your mind, for that's what C. K. is nuthin' else but! Come again, Charlie.

We wish to introduce to you at this time a young and gallant fellow in the person of Harley Poole, who is joining our force this month and is another good reason why we expect to show a 75 per cent gain in 1924.

While we are at it, stand still and we will introduce another reason for that big gain. Mr. Hueston comes to us with a fine recommendation and lots of vigor.

Mr. Hanlin has just remodeled our black-board and has very neatly printed the following thought at the top: "Would the company be a success if everybody did as I do?' We believe Jim's example is a pretty good one, and in keeping with his motto.

Hartman is all swelled up like a pouter pigeon. Why? A large International truck this morning. Elmer expects to make two complete dumps each day. We believe he can do it.

Heitman, McCarty and Moffitt are going fine and expect to be a big help in our Big Four Drive this summer. We're for you, boys.

Theres' a wonderful hard road between here and Ft. Madison, especially through the town of Montrose. For further details inquire of George Sohm, Quincy office.

(Henry B., you sure are one of our best scribes.—Ed.)

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

Oh! Casper.

Incomprehensible as it may seem, we blushingly admit that the talent of the Vanderbeck Orchestra is still hid under a bushel so far as the correspondent is concerned. On the eve of the memorable February 19 he was in grave danger of losing his tonsils through his laborious effort in executing a cornet solo edited by a flute virtuoso who lost his first and only love through the intrusion of a cornet player with a rubber lip. However we inquired of "Bob" Allardice, our radio authority, and he says "that 'Gang' has remarkable timbre and their interpretations of 'The Piano Lesson,' 'The Warped Violin' and 'The Charivari' were painfully vivid."

"Joe" Albertson, smokestack salesman of Flint, Mich., came down to Saginaw a few weeks ago with an extra money belt under his shoulder blades which he reasoned should be well filled after he had shown some of the local amateurs where old man Hoyle learned the game. Among other things he left said belt as security and promised to return the barrel and suspenders on his next trip.

E. A. Stafford and L. E. Peterson have been calling on some of the new customers the former secured on his liberal payment plan. He has recently taken over the duties formerly assigned to M. R. Morris.

Miss Mary Ryder looked like the personification of Spring last April when she had her desk ornated with Spencer Sweet Peas. A few of the bolder moths were rewarded with one for their button hole. All we got was a smile or a laugh. We haven't got it figured out yet.

Leo Hendricks, salesman, was closing a sale on Bovinol, with his sample in evidence when a man entered the store reeling under the disturbing influence of fusel-oil. Eyeing Leo's sample he offered to exchange drinks, which was done. Leo immediately showed signs of an impending lethargy and the drunk suffered an illusion that he was the Tea Pot Dome Oil Reserve.

Albert Limberg has acquired possession of a nest of canary birds. He has been informed that the life of the ordinary canary is eighty-five years and is setting out to prove the statement.

F. A. Dettenthaler, bicyclist extraordinary, is slightly addicted to absentmindedness and on these rare occasions he locks his transportation up with a spring lock, upon arrival at work, only to find to his great discomfort that the key is not in any one of his several pockets. Just another reason why he should be allowed to ride it up to the lockers.

Frank Jones, our latest addition to the stock department, seems to be greatly interested in the curly headed blonde of the credit department. Some of those eyes he makes could never be imitated by any human being as the least trace of intelligence would ruin the softening effect so essential to a correct reproduction.

John Leahy, our steel barrel accountant, has answered the call of the North and is enjoying the nerve quieting effects of an early vacation.

We recently received a letter from the traffc department, Chicago, and were spell bound with awe and admiration at the cunning signature of R. H. McElroy done with more flourishes and embellishments than the Chinese Declaration of Independence, depicting the quintessence of Spencerian achievement. Just another of E. C. Pritz's little diversions.

Harold Willard has proven himself a musical prodigy and furnished delightful entertainment on the piano during the noon hour. His sense of rhythm was accentuated by Clarence Yong and his kettle drums. When Harold gets a little steadier he will be offered a chance to hold the music for H. E. Zuber, violin chiropractor of the Red Crown Orchestra.

Our little Miss Thompson of the "Harem" is still enjoying her birthdays, in other words they don't hurt—yet. On April 17, she added on another year of single blessedness. If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half it would take one hen thirty-three days to lay enough eggs to provide a cake with one egg for every year of her age.

Mr. Dawson seemed to be telling a lot of secrets a few days before our party but it developed that he had to whisper or keep still as his B battery was run down and the loud speaker was indisposed.

A few days before Easter, our "B" station instructor, M. E. Hunt, blew into the office with an ice cream hat all covered with butterflies and honey bees.

Amul Hall ventured the opinion he was glad Good Friday didn't come on Saturday as it did last year.

Harley Williams, our Roscommon agent, started out on April 17 with a load of Perfection for his customers at Luzern and on account of the snow covering up the beaten path he was lost as the nickel schooner for five hours. He finally spied a house and found that it was a customer he hadn't seen for three years on account of having forgotten how to locate him.

E. Fitzpatric, our West Branch agent, has added another truck and it looks like he intends to go in strong for cartage.

Archie Clothier and wife, our Marlette business getters, were present at the party as were a good many other out of town Standard Oilers but he made himself more conspicuous by the way he shagged the dining room door. We didn't see him in action but his vest betrayed the fact that he didn't miss anything within arm's length.

Louis Reip was at the party. We make this statement so that anyone who didn't know it would not accuse him of passing up an opportunity to have a good time.

We were pleased to have in our midst Miss Hazel Van Gaeson of the Detroit office. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Younckman. While we didn't get to dance with her, that was just our hard luck. She certainly knows the steps and from all indications she had a fine time.

We nearly forgot to mention that much credit for the success of the minstrel show should be given to Mr. Seaman who offered a great many suggestions that were productive of much favorable comment from the pleased audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Large of Bay City were present at the party. Elmer plays the saxophone in a pleasing manner and we always wondered where he got the inspiration until we saw his little wife. Now we know he got most of his accomplishment through the serenades he staged under her balcony.

The bobbed hair craze is again becoming an epidemic. The latest jobs are those of Mary Ryder, Marcella Thompson, Fern Grayson and Otilla Holl. Someone with a cruel sense of humor stated that it makes the young younger and the old older but no one can deny that these specific cases are master strokes of rejuvenescence.

Evan Price treated us to cigars and candy on the arrival of his new baby who was born on April 25. He proudly states that his name is Evan Junior. While this is his first and only child it would take that Minstrel show gang to inform the public that his family is of orphanage proportions.

The Annual spring party was held at the Masonic Temple on April 26 and was a tremendous success, completely eclipsing all other like events in the history of the Saginaw division.

The banquet tables were beautifully decorated with Eastertide candles which presented a unique splendor that added a certain charm to the bounteous repast. The Red Crown Orchestra under the direction of H. E. Zuber was in excellent form and played a well arranged program to the great entertainment of the diners.

The minstrel show immediately followed the banquet and scored a great hit with their peppy songs and gingery jests. The inimitable antics of Ollie Richards, Harry Snyder, Glen Niendorf and Ted Mayville, end men, were excruciatingly funny. The solo numbers were heartily encored.

The ball room was a veritable fairyland. One had the impression he was in a beautiful Chinese garden as manifested by the gorgeous lanterns and the myriads of dainty cherry blossoms which hung in profusion from the ceiling. With such environs and the excellent music of John Duncan's orchestra, to be present was to dance. The Party Committee scored a "knock out" and Ollie Richards was declared to be some show promoter.

Harry Ruth's "Go Getters"

Harry Osborne of Swartz Creek operates a Reo truck and during the past year he paid out eighty-five cents for repairs. Of course this truck was nourished entirely on Red Crown and Polarine.

It was reported at Flint that our Grand Blanc agent, Isaac Lyons, has been laid up with a flock of boils for the past week. Watch the high shooting for Polarine, now.

Our Flushing agent, Clifford Bronson, has taken on a helpmate which union was solemnized on April 5. The report is out that Cliff hired two bunches of serenaders to play him up in grand style.

Our rural business at Clio is so rushing that Agent Otis Cook is carrying a helper. That's fine, Ote.

M. C. Gregg, our Mt. Morris agent, has his truck all painted up and the urchins follow him around all day kidding themselves that they are following the band wagon. He says the April and May quotas were do-re-mi to some of the rag time he's been playing.

Ralph Arnold has a new man on his truck. Watch him eat up the Polarine quota with Ralph's help.

Leo Hendrick's Hay Makers

George Eastwood, our Chesaning agent, admits himself that he is the best agent in the Saginaw division and goes a step farther and says he will broaden the territory to include all the sales divisions. If anyone doubts this just call George and ask him.

"Al" Braithwarte, St. Charles agent, says that while he may not be the only agent-salesman he feels like he started something when he made a big delivery to the Prairie Farm. "Atta baby, 'Al'."

Ed. Gugel, our Irish agent at Reese, likes to talk about himself but he honestly believes he sells more Polarine oil to the rural trade than any "B" Station agent. He always led them in Polarine greases and this year he says he's going to add the oils. We're with you, Ed.

We welcome to our family William Stevens, our new agent at Montrose. Bill says the SOCO wants young blood so that's why he signed up. He's going to bat six hundred the first year and that's better than "Ty" Cobb has done in twenty-one years.

"Willie," as our Frankenmuth agent is known, says he never gets much help at his station as they always send out an Irishman to sell to his German trade, so he says he always has to do the talking himself.

C. D. Richmond's Busy "B's" on M-24

William Kirkonnell, Shepherd, is burning the midnight battery on his truck taking care of the Spring business. He said, "Dale it sure seems good to be hitting the ball again after such a d—— hard Winter."

George Chamberlain, our "friendly town" agent, is keeping the railroad busy spotting tank cars. He's going to put another truck in operation so perhaps it might be well to lay him a pipe line from Bay City.

Last month we made a boast about R. Koch, our Clare agent, having the best preserved equipment of any station agent in this division and from the looks of the paint and transfers in his garage I believe I won't have to back up.

Clyde Curtis, Harrison, has discarded his faithful Ford and installed a new one a few days ago. He made the change when the old one got temperamental on a recent trip and forced him to transfer two hundred and twenty-five gallons into another truck.

Louis Reip, our S. S. superintendent, was in Mt. Pleasant recently. Now we know where the cartoonist got the idea about the character that appears on "Old Dutch Cleanzer."

Another attendant has been added to the Mt. Pleasant force. J. Harold Campbell has been assigned to No. 46. He is determined to make a Semdac record. Attendants Hall, Cole and Mead are busy doing Spring house cleaning at their respective stations and from the size of the paint brushes they are using, one would think that they belong to the painters' union.

In checking over the quota sheets at Rosebush, we learn from M. D. Dunn, agent, that Mica Axle Grease can be sold in the Spring as well as Fall.

(Corres. Note—This is pretty good for Dale considering he does a lot of extra work rocking his new daughter to sleep.)

Bay City

Lawrence Neering, S. S. attendant at No. 8, has received his Spring supply of hair nets. He is economizing by using an electric curling iron so you girls want to come down and have a look. We're going to buy him a hot water bottle.

Paul Jolly, T. W. driver, with the Quaker Oats smile has a new garage for his new "bus." We all expect to get a few rides this Summer.

We all regret to learn of the illness of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman's little daughter. We love her as one of our own as she was always with her parents when they attended our social activities.

We all attended the party at Saginaw and enjoyed ourselves immensely. We believe he behaved pretty good considering the company we were in. Frank Church fasted three days before so he could do justice to the eats and when he was picked up off the table with the dishes he had a rosary of peas around his neck and a starched bosom from the ice cream that slipped off his spoon. Jack Wetters and Laurence Jankowski were unable to bring their wives and there is no question but what they enjoyed themselves in spite of this handicap. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wagner seemed to be getting caught up on dancing. We all enjoyed the Minstrel Show. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson of the tank farm were present and seemed to be having a good time. We all hope Mrs. S. P. Johnson found her little family of five kids in peaceful slumbers after the party. (Corres. Note—Yes, Hank, they were all under chloroform.)

Through some unaccountable error we neglected to mention that Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Lawler of Saginaw were present at our Valentine party. They were very much there, take it from us and we were proud to have them.

"Lew" Berry's "B" Liners

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la," have a lot to do with our case.

We regret to announce the resignation of Albert Cook as agent at the Hillman station. Mr. Cook has been with the company nine years and was considered one of the best "B" station agents in the Saginaw division. He leaves us to return to his first "love," the "feed" business. Such business being the grinding and selling of feed for horses, cows, and chickens. We wish him the best of luck and should we be in the market for chicken feed, which we sometimes are, we will know where to get it.

We take pleasure in presenting for your approval Arthur J. Sabourin, new "B" station agent at Hillman. Mr. Sabourin was formerly in the stock buying business and he knows farmers from A to Z, and from experience we know that it is difficult for him to pass a farm without making a call. We trust that he will continue as our agent at this point as long, if not longer than his predecessor. We hereby warn all win-

ners of "B" station prizes to look to their laurels as this boy is a stepper and is out to annex a few medals for his grandchildren to play with.

To all who are contemplating a trip to Atlanta we advise to take what is called the lower road until July Fourth as M-32, between Gaylord and Atlanta, has not sufficiently thawed out to permit the use of the car which made Detroit famous. Claude Sherwood, our agent at this point, was obliged to use four teams to get to Lewiston and he reports that every horse was pulling all the time. Atlanta's public buildings were under quarantine due to several cases of smallpox, upon our last visit to the county site, but the ban was lifted as soon as the health officer was informed the writer had arrived. The band, however, was out of tune and the usual serenade was omitted.

Joe Hale, Gaylord agent, sure gets his share of tough luck. Joe was just getting so he could step, somewhat gingerly to be sure, upon the foot which had declared a holiday early in the Winter, when what should happen but that his eyes should declare a sympathy strike with the injured "dog," and now Joe sits in a dark room with a black patch on his left eye and his right foot in a sling. To walk in upon him unexpectedly you get the impression that Cap. Kidd has staged a resurrection all by his lonely. For a fellow who has taken the bumps like Joe has, we wonder where he gets his grin, but it won't rub off and it makes life worth living for all who come in contact with him.

Don Bailey who broke the world's record shoveling snow this past Winter at the Gaylord S. S., wishes to announce that it is now possible to view his station from the Main street without using a ladder. He also announces that he has ceased using the chimney as a door and that the hinges on the door proper have been "Finol-ed" for the season's rush. To date we have had no request for this lad's picture, and we want it understood that we shall be obliged to advertise elsewhere unless we get some result from the publicity which we so faithfully published in a former issue. We have twenty-four gross of pictures and no orders, so let's have a little action.

Business in Onaway is picking up and if you don't believe it, just ask Joe Follette. Joe believes in the open door policy in the Near East and elsewhere. His system is to walk in, fill the barrel, walk out and into the kitchen, get the "jack" and walk out again. He says that in this way you can keep two doors fanning for some time. Joe wants to know how the hoof and mouth disease starts as he believes that Nancy Rose is coming down with it as she has been trying to get her foot in her mouth for same time past. He also wants to know if Bovinol is good for it.

The Onaway S. S. is shinning like a new dime and Bert Clute, the attendant, is busy pumping Red Crown. Bert has removed his snow shoes from the peg on the wall and returned them to the moth balls for the Summer. He offers to trade two badly worn wool union suits for two suits of B. V. D.'s, or what have you. Bert says that B. V. D. in this sense does not mean Before Volstead Days.

Ben Hill, our leading citizen at Millersburg, declares that somebody put one over him at the "B" agents' meeting in Alpena. He insists that he was all set to go and that the bunch sneaked out and left him while he was reading a page in the Bible, as is his usual evening occupation. He declares also that his partner in crime, one Joe Follette of Onaway, was the cause and that from this time forward he will put himself out to sell Semdac in Joe's territory. The writer is arranging for a ten round bout between this two, the prize to be a new set of teeth, which will be won by the referee, who will be "I'm."

Bill Gross, the Rogers City agent, declares upon his word of honor that he never had as little sleep as he did the night the "B" agent meeting closed. Bill and Joe Follette had a double room and it turned out to be a triple room before the evening was over. Who it was that disturbed their slumbers we cannot say, but who ever it was, they declare he was crazy and that if he could sell Polarine Oils to the trade like he did to them that night, there would be nothing to it. We are not sure but we understand that some person with the nickname of "Fitz" was known to have been in the room that evening.

Chet Clark, Rogers City S. S. attendant, reports that owing to the great number of buildings in the course of construction in this city the shingle nails are plentiful in the streets and that punctured tires are the curse of mankind at this particular writing. He suggests that the driver take the tires off before entering town and replace them upon leaving. Chet is taking a course in botany in the hopes of raising a lawn at the station. He reports that the seeds he has planted thus far all came up back end too and he had to reverse them.

Some of you may think that we had forgotten our friend Phil Lewndowski, Posen agent, but such is not the case. Phil has been busy getting the truck in shape and feeling out the new bumps in the road which were caused by last Winter's frost. Phil reports that he knows lots of things, but that it is hard for him to tell them in a meeting and that being the first one to be called upon never did put him at ease.

The "B" station meeting held in Alpena, April 4, was instructive and the boys returned to their several stations in a better condition to tell the world about the products which they handle. They were well pleased with the talk given by Elmer Kressley who had for his subject the gasoline engine, its trials and tribulations. Several have changed their opinion since the meeting and have taken Elmer's word that a six cylinder engine is still a four cycle affair. The meeting was voted the best they had ever attended.

It is understood that several of the boys in the Northern district are getting together a "Jackpot" for the purpose of buying Frank Bryson a new Easter hat. When the two dollars and ninety-eight cents are fully subscribed and collected we shall send a money order to cover same.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

T. R. Ridge, Correspondent

Agent Ed Ward of Watson has been laid up with the measles. Ed says his appetite is all O. K. but everything tasted so "measley."

Our new bulk station at Dresden, Kan., was opened in May.

Arensberg says that wheat in Western Kansas looks good and that things are going to boom out there this year.

Mr. Bode was out to see the boys in Western Kansas in April. He did not bring his usual rain but had a snow storm two days after he left.

Clay Waddill's number is 26. He knows what we mean.

Bill Chavis was a recent visitor to the St. Joseph office.

Arley Reinhart recently lost his religion one Sunday night. He was willing to go to church but she must have preferred taking an auto ride "Oh, you titian haired mamma!"

F. R. McCullough, formerly at our Concordia station, has heeded Horace Greeley's advice to "Go West, young man" and is now located at our Norton "A" station.

Ed Nash has been seen scurrying around the livery stable. It is rumored that he is looking for a horse shoe. We will soon hear a rhythmic "clank clank" as Ed gets into form with those ringers.

Waller Young has discovered a "shiek-duck" whose only utterance rather than "Quack, Quack" is "Yes, we have no bananas."

"Heinie" Reichart would have no trouble distributing calendars, if they were all up to the standard of the one he was passing around the office.

Rose Noble received a pleasant birthday surprise when a beaded purse from her many friends in the office was given her.

"Doc" White has taken up golf. Wonder if he and Ted Ridge will find time to go mushroom hunting again this Spring?

Edgar Grimstaff of the advertising department is anxious to know "What are the wild flower saying?" Ed is contemplating moving to the Pacific Coast soon and will drive through in his Durant car.

P. H. D. Sawyers has again demonstrated his prowess as a coupon book salesman in the campaign held in St. Joseph during April.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

There will be a shortage of tomatoes and potatoes in St. Louis markets this year on account of a farm at Overland, Mo., being discontinued. See Chester Jost for particulars.

Since the large fire in Overland, Mo., and to improve his stride, which was acquired following the plow, Chester Jost has taken up the selling of real estate as a side line and is specializing in sink holes.

Question asked by a new employee: "Is that Mr. Standard strutting around the office with thumb of one hand in vest pocket and other holding a cigaret?" "No, that is not Mr. Standard; that's Bill Sanders."

R. H. Jackson visited Menfro recently, and upon finding the agent sick, pitched right in and made a number of deliveries to customers, some of whom were sorely in need of our products, thereby giving some real Standard Oil service.

We told Harry Summers not to get fresh with those night riders, but the other morning he came down to the office with a decidedly large jaw. Learn to dodge better than that, Harry. Of course, Harry didn't tell it that way. He claims he had a tooth pulled, and brought the tooth down to show us, but we have some dentist friends, too, who would lend us a spare tooth for a day or so. How do we know it was your tooth—it didn't have your initials on it.

Our friend, Jim Dodge, had a joke about crude oil to tell Mr. Riordan, but the Angelic John would not listen because it wasn't refined.

A strange coincidence happens each morning. For some unknown reason Raymond Hotto and Blanche Duddy meet. When asked how come, they merely reply, "Oh, just a coincidence." Be careful, children, love is nothing but a bubble. It will burst eventually. Mr. Hotto is a lawyer, just what charge could you place against Blanche, should she happen to be engaged to someone else.

Southeast Missouri

Agent R. B. Buxton of Fredericktown, Mo., has a new Chevrolet truck. Look for increased sales on Bert's 044s.

Gus Meyer, agent at historic old Ste. Genevieve, Mo., made his April quota on Mica Axle Grease, Eureka Harness Oil and Semdac the first two days of the month. Fine work, Gus, keep it up.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to C. E. Duvall and family in the bereavement of the death of Mrs. C. E. Duvall, who died recently. Mr. Duvall is our agent at St. Marys, Mo., and is one of the oldest agents in Southeast Missouri, having the agency since it opened.

R. C. Hammond, salesman at Poplar Bluff, is wearing a smile that won't come off. The reason: It's a boy, and Ray says he is just like papa, especially his feet.

The sympathy of the organization is extended to M. W. Gladish, who recently lost his brother.

He who laughs last laughs best. Ask Bill Borchelt, salesman at Cape Girardeau, if every word of the old motto is not true. He laughed at Finch Dunn, his advance agent, when his wife had her hair bobbed, but when Bill arrived at headquarters again he received the glad tidings that his own wife had also joined the bobbed-haired ranks, and he hasn't smiled since.

Cupid has again shown his mighty strength and captured another of our big family when on April 12 Miss Mable Gladish, daughter of M. W. Gladish, popular salesman in Southeast Missouri, became the bride of H. Tomlinson of Chaffee, Mo. We wish you lots of happiness.

Southwest Missouri

We were all glad to welcome Mrs. M. E. Welch, the bride of our agent, to this fair city. We hope she likes us as well as we like her.

Salesmen Merritt, Bryant, Brashears, Beals and McSweeney arrived from St. Louis sales meeting in high spirits and with lots of pep.

Salesman McSweeney, the new man on the sales force, comes to us with an excellent record, we believe he will go over with a bang.

"Dutch" Stubblefield says, "My only regret is that I have but one vote to cast for Mayor Freeman."

Messrs. J. J. Long and R. H. Jackson of the St. Louis office spent a pleasant (?) four days with us recently.

Several new nicknames have been applied to various employees around the plant: Grandpap Ferguson, Tightwood Grier and Stormy Fawcett.

A new member has been added to the Standard Oil family, a baby girl coming to the home of C. R. Mahrle, S. S. attendant, Joplin, Mo.

Jefferson City

E. S. Hopen has been promoted from S. S. attendant to agent at Jefferson City. Clyde Gibler, former relief man, succeeded him as S. S. attendant.

T. W. Salesman Emil Walthers is back on the job after an attack of pneumonia.

J. B. Kolb is rejoicing over the arrival of a fine boy, April 11.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

C. J. Von Hatten, Correspondent

A very interesting and instructive agents' meeting was held at the Cataract Hotel on April 4. Messrs. Bemis, Elkert, Dyer and Hagy were the principal speakers.

On April 9 Messrs. Elkert, Hagy and Larmer called a meeting of all the employees of the Sioux Falls agency. Mr. Wirsing presided as chairman and called on several of the boys for a few words.

George G. Shultz, salesman, says if they don't make the bath tubs longer in the West Hotel he will look for another hotel the next time he goes to Sioux City.

A. S. Bott, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 20, is now a T. W. driver and J. E. Lovely former T. W. driver, is now attendant at S. S No. 20.

We have two very ardent radio fans in our midst, W. E. Dagger, stake dray man, and A. S. Bott, T. W. driver. It seems there isn't a station in the United States they haven't heard.

Salesman DeWald's agents are putting new transmissions in their Fords, which means that these boys will be able to give some of these bad roads a good beating.

Agent R. E. Nelson at Hawarden, Ia., has a spick and span new Ford truck equipped with a Moore transmission and he dares any of his customers to call him on the phone and ask if he can travel on the bad roads. Stick to it, Roy, service means increased sales.

Jake Kniper, attendant at S. S. No. 5, Sheldon, Ia., recently sold four pails of Mica for his station, half barrel Polarine for one driver and half barrel Stanolind tractor for another driver, proving co-ordination of effort on his part. Jake was recently complimented very highly upon the looks of his station by Assistant Manager J. N. Elkert.

Stewart Morrow, S. S. attendant at Missouri Valley, Ia., claims the belt for selling Eureka Harness Oil, and he's a new man. This boy is going to be a winner.

Smith, our agent at Missouri Valley, purchased a fancy hat to wear to the recent agent's meeting at Sioux City and it was all he needed to have the girls right on his heels.

After the recent sales meeting at Sioux City, Salesman Ed. Barth took the butch's job selling papers on the train going home. Now he is sure that he has better luck selling our uniform Red Crown in his territory.

Another Eureka Harness record to shoot at! Agent Beckett of Canton, S. D., will tell you how many gallons he has sold so far this spring. Horses must be coming more numerous or someone is shortening pie crust with a new-found product.

Agent John Gunderson of Vermillion, S. D., recently returned from a two-weeks' rest at Excelsior Springs. This was Mr. Gunderson's first vacation in sixteen years of faithful service.

S. B. Meigs, salesman, called in the office after the agents' meeting, and says that with his Merrill, Hinton, Jefferson, Elk Point, Lawton, Moville, Salix, Sloan and Hornick agents, the other bunch will have to go some if they even touch them on output this year. Meigs claims he has the livest set of men in the Sioux City division.

A meeting of Sioux Falls Standard Oilers was called to order by our "Old War Horse" Lou Wirsing, and after a few preliminary remarks as to the purpose of the gathering, he pulled off his coat and suspenders and made a "flank attack" on our left and center by giving a complete resume of the recent agent-salesmen meeting at Sioux City, citing for the most part the immense amount of advertising and money which is and will be expended by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) this year and urged upon us all the vital necessity of "Cashing In," or, in other words, "Say it with Sales." The general discussion of the products was opened by Salesman Shultz on the subject of candles. Agent Conser then followed with an excellent paper on Mica Axle Grease. Our efficient office man, Cliff Shockley, then spoke on Semdac. Tank Wagon Salesman Brown gave a good talk on Eureka Harness Oil and S. S. Attendant Joe Lovely (alias George Wallingford Egan), then told of the merits of Neolite. Driver Scriven told us about Perfection. Driver Andy Bott, our little boy with big ideas, then spoke on Red Crown Gasoline. Driver Brownfield then countered Andy's speech with the "Why and Wherefore" of Polarine Oil. Attendant Smith then told of service station service. L. J. Paul, the popular young man on the Bridge station, spoke on the manufacture of Red Crown Gasoline. A. F. Brownfield, who presides at S. S. No. 1, supplemented Cliff Shockley's talk on Semdac. An appeal for courtesy was made by another veteran Standard Oiler, Bill Plymate, warehouse man. W. E. Dagger, radio bug and stake dray driver, brought out much applause with his humorous espostulation in Finol Oil. Ward Wilhelm then starred for the S. S. attendants with an analysis of the Coupon Book. Salesman DeWald was called on for a few remarks on Polarine. Our one and only guest of the evening, L. S. Hill, mechanic, responded to an invitation from the chairman for a few remarks.

On April 10 our station was visited by Messrs. Bemis, Williams and Zimmerman, who were on their way to Dell Rapids, Madison and Flandreau. Messrs. James and Williams also visited us a few days later.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, orrespondent

Extra! Extra! A new man in the South Bend Office. Howard Gace, upstairs office boy, has branched out in long trousers.

George Gale sure is having a time with that little shining receptacle that sits beside his desk. How about it, George?

Through the cooperation of the Stanoco Club, plans are under way towards the organizing of a baseball team to represent Standard Oil in the South Bend Industrial League. This league will

consist of six teams made up from the leading industrial organizations of the city. It will be a member of the National Amateur Industrial Association and the winning team will participate in the games to be played at the close of the season at Cleveland. At a meeting of the base-ball players and fans of the office and machine shop, Roy Curry was elected manager and A. D. VanArsdol, captain. A fast aggregation of base-ball players have been lined up to represent the S. O. Co. and were expected to open the season with a bang on May 10. If the Indianapolis Division thinks they can play base ball, we would suggest that they get in touch with Roy Curry and secure a few lessons.

John C. Fleenor has been employed as our new "B" Station agent at Williamsport, Ind.

Earl Branderburg has resigned his position as S. S. attendant at Attica. Ollie D. Crane succeeds Mr. Branderburg.

F. X. Schubert, agent at LaFayette, passed the cigars on March 31. Occasion, an 8 pound boy. We failed to get the name, Frank.

Lyman Harris says that he will bet two-bits that R. L. Jenkins, agent at Michigan City, will not go fishing in a tug anymore. How about it, R. L.?

C. E. Waymire, agent at North Manchester, reports that Carl Schmalzried, salesman, doesn't seem to have any particular love for the species of birds known as pigeons. How come, Carl?

Lost! One stock keeper by name of Frank Heummer. Last heard from was on his way to Portland to take inventory. Traffic department started tracer. Our latest report is that the tracers succeeded in locating Frank Heummer. All's well that ends well!

Leo Wothke has been carrying literature on "Orange Blossom Rings." While we are unable to come to any conclusion as to just why, yet we suspect. A man never reads literature unless he is somewhat interested.

Fred Asay, S. S. superintendent at South Bend, wishes to know whether it is necessary to wind the distaphone up for dictating letters. No, Fred, we turn a crank.

The office is very much puzzled to learn as to why Clem Marmon's calendar under date of April 15 had the following written on it: "3 months today I met 'M.'" Who in the world is "M," Clem?

A. Treager, assistant to W. E. McGriff, S. S. superintendent, was very much surprised to learn that he had fifteen minutes of grace on Saturday morning.

"Lost—Somewhere in the surrounding country, while digging M. T. W. No. 19749 out of the numerous mud holes where she tried to bury herself, fifteen pounds of good advoirdupois. Finder please return to Rex Drake, Peabody. Liberal Reward." Have you got it yet, Rex?

Friday evening, April 25, the Stanoco Club held the biggest and best entertainment which has ever been held to date. The affair consisted of several vaudeville numbers and a novelty dance. It was held at the Tribune Auditorium. The Stanoco orchestra started the affair off at a lively pace at 8 p. m. H. J. Bueche gave two excellent vocal numbers. Mrs. Tyler then gave a reading which was very well received, after which the orchestra played. Next on the program was the incomparable Stanoco quartet. L. Thomas followed with "Just a Girl Men Forget" and Mrs. E. Long rendered an exceptionally fine piano solo. "A Smile Will Go a Long Way," was the starter for G. Cunningham. Mr. Landra's violin solo was excellent and was duly appreciated. Miss Bueche and J. L. Kemp were also very good. Jim's "Mama Loves Papa" with the Pianist as the Sweet Mama, was great—wasn't it, Florence? Art Tyler didn't particularly approve of all of Jim's act—but never mind Art, Jim means all right. The orchestra wound up the vaudeville with two lively numbers and then we danced: When it comes to guiding your partner through the balloon dances, we take off our hat to you Gerald Burget! You sure do a mean step. J. J. Marcus says he's going to give some of the gang two-step circle lessons. John lost his position once, but went right back at 'em! It was a toss-up as to who drank the most punch, Pat O'Reiley or Russell Gillis. Paul Moulder wanted to pour some of the punch in his pocket and take it home! George Gale was able to get him quited down before he runined his suit. Hey! Whereja get that hat, Lester Hug. Vat chu tink? Ray Cohn was the shiek at the dance! Didja notice Ray's collar? Curses on Pat O'Reiley, wailed Ray! Charles Maggert simply couldn't enjoy himself because his wife wasn't along. Too bad, Cnarlie. The Elkhart crowd was exceptionally well behaved. We bet they promised mama to be good! Hey, there, Maynard DeVoe, we wanted to meet the new wife. Buh-lieve us, we claim it's good, when Russell Deal can get into see a prize fight by using his calling card as a ticket.

Frank Heummer of the stock department has been placed in charge of the sales writing department. The stock department sure hates to lose you, Frank, but we are all glad to see you go ahead. Charles White of the bookkeeping department will no doubt be making the usual trips to Chicago, now that the Buick is out.

Note, Shebas: The wireless gives off the message that Mr. Troeger, clerk of the S. S. department, has been spoken for during this Leap Year.

Bert Allwine, one of our sales writers says, since the wife has gone to the country with the baby girl, he wakes up during the night, through force of habit. Great Life, Eh, Bert?

Leo Woethke came in about one and one-half hours late one noon and blamed the poor tires on his car for it. Those women sure do cause all kinds of jokes to be told.

Announcing the arrival of Charlotte Drane Wagman at home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wagman, 4-24-24—9 pounds.

Upon looking through the microscope we observe the worn brush on the upper lip of E. C. Ullery of the stock department, has disappeared. Why, we wonder?

Lester Hug says, "Someone stole the evidence." It was too bad wasn't it. Lester, order a tank car next time.

Phillip Carpenter returned, April 21, after an illness of several weeks. We are glad Phillip, the janitor, is with us again and that he won't need any more physical mending in the future.

Wayne Baer says he would like to know if H——l is as hot as some places he has been in recently.

Mrs. Henderson of the billing department, has gone and done it. What? Had her hair bobbed.

Did Virgil give you permission? Anyway you are the taller, so we think he did.

Why does L. D. Toms, traffic clerk, frown so when we call him "Joe."

Someone from LaFayette must have told Grant Maddox how to put over some sales on Polarine. All right, Grant, we will laugh last.

Dave Dubach, Poneto agent, has acquired the monicer of, "The Flying Dutchman." Atta boy, Dave.

Chauncey Meyers, Bluffton agent, is struttin' around in a brand new Buick roadster.

I had Mr. O'Reily with me the end of the week of April 17 and 18 giving us the light on candles, not of candles. Come again Pat. (A. R. Marshall).

Ask Mr. Cool, the road mechanic, how he likes the roads between Ligonier and Topeka. Some mud!

Portland

Salesman Van Kirk of Portland is trying to get something to start under his nose. What do you call it, Van? If Ford gets Muscle Shoals, fertilizer will be cheap. That's good for a red mustache.

Bert Whitacre, T. V. driver at Portland, spent a whole afternoon painting and cleaning his M. T. W.

Tell the whole world that Stookey, drayman at Portland, is not very good at making beds.

O. Ray Brake, clerk at Portland, is due for the fertilizer about May 1. Inspected and condensed.

Clerk Brake has started to go fishing after suppers, have not seen any fish. Why the lantern, Ray?

Received at Portland one ethelizer for S. S. No. 39, and Jerimay, M. T. W. driver, wants to know how in the devil it is to go on his white truck. He wants to know where, and how he is going to fasten on his carburetor and how to keep track of his gas.

Every one is going to Chapman Lake as soon as Chet Ulrey gets his new house done. That invitation is for everyone in Chet's field, even the South Bend office.

Sales arguments: Franklin at S. S. No. 39 was just about to loose a sale on a five gallon can of Polarine, when the customer started out of S. S. and Franklin starts after him and says we only have two cans left. (Only two in front of station) so customer says, "Well, I want a can so will pay for one now and get it next time in town," guess this party thought the company was going to quit putting out five gallon cans.

Elkhart

We wish to introduce to you M. L. Schooly, E. A. Bartmess, W. Neely, Louis Meekers, new S. S. salesman at Elkhart, Ind. Watch our Polarine sales go now.

C. A. Balyeat, T. W. salesman, has taken his old position as warehouseman. Chet says since he found there were four speeds ahead on a service truck that he did not like to drive, because they did not operate like a Ford. C. A. Mahoney of Warsaw succeeds Mr. Balyeat. Good luck, old top.

O. E. Daly, Jr., has accepted a position as T. W. driver in the rural.

C. R. Glass, T W. salesman, has a corner on the egg market. How many dozen do you want?

Henry Stoll, salesman Elkhart, has a new flivver. Only a few more Fords left, now. We nearly all have one.

H. R. Tayler, T. W. salesman, won first honors for neatest and cleanest truck this week. I bet Harry wears a new hat.

W. C. Biddle, S. S. attendant, says he is now ready to take any one or all of us fishing if we get the bait and furnish the eats.

Leroy Zellors, S. S. attendant, has succeeded in trading his Ford delivery truck for a touring model. You always did look out of place in that old trap, Roy.

C. J. Thursby, clerk, says, "Please mention me in the RECORD as I feel very much lost not to see my name in print once in a while."

Fort Wayne

R. W. Carington, agent, has been without the services of his Dodge car for the last three weeks, and in order to get transportation has found it necessary to ride freight cars, trucks and even attempted to borrow a bicycle.

The boys at Fort Wayne are participating in a ball game at the bulk plant. One day they had six outfielders and five basemen and the batters did not have a chance. The fact that they use an indoor ball doesn't mean there is no excitement. The last word regarding—their ball game is the assignment of two umpires.

All the boys at our bulk plant agreed that Spring was here. Reason? Guy Wise, clerk, is now driving his speedy Maxwell without side curtains to the plant.

Charles Hunsche, warehouseman superintendent, announced the arrival of a baby boy, via the incubator route. It was also rumored that Neolite was not used. Warning to all employees: Mr. Hunsche reports that if any more arrivals put in an appearance, a collection will be taken to purchase a tent for an annex.

Ask A. J. Fortier, S. S. superintendent, what navy he was yeoman in.

L. J. Rarick, attendant at S. S. No. 31, who was off duty on account of an operation, has returned and says he is feeling fine. We believe it, he reported the sale of a five gallon Lithograph can of Polarine at the close of his first trick. Good work, L. J.

Jack Meehan, attendant at S. S. No. 31, recently took a trip and brought back with him a wife. Good luck, Jack. We are proud of you.

R. L. Michael, known better as "Mike," also known as the star comedian of the News-Sentinel Follies, makes about three trips a week to Sidney. Look out, Mike, the roads are reported as rather rough.

When Mr. McConnell was here a few weeks age, he lifted the hoods on some of our tankwagons. Since then, the boys have caught the spirit, and the motors are beginning to look great. We are out to have the best looking equipment in the South Bend field. Kokomo, take notice!

Messrs. Cook and Carington attended the mayor's Safety meeting at the City Hall, and assured his honor that we are vitally interested in the safe driving of vehicles on the streets of Fort Wayne. We believe that the city can learn a lot from our way of handling the safety problem.

Wabash

Our sympathy goes out to Chas. Maddox, agent, in the loss of his brother.

Earl Whitehill, clerk, recently underwent a serious operation. He has our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

O. G. Lutters is the new clerk at Wabash. From all indications, he is a real S. O.'er, formerly at Logansport. Here's luck, Mr. Lutters.

Herb Badgett, Wabash's Rudolph Valentino, recently went and bought a regular auto, Buick by name. He says he will get to work on time, now sure.

George Toles, Herb Badgett and O. G. Moore recently went fishing. When asked how many they caught, all they would say was that they had all the fish they could eat. Upon inquiry, we found out that they stopped at Treaty and bought a can of salmon.

We can hardly live around Jess Troxel, drayman, lately. You see, Jess recently broke into the limelight as an artist on the mandolin, and I'm afraid he thinks that the rest of us common fellows aren't in his class anymore. Never mind, Jess, we may be famous some day, too.

Am glad to report that Myr Deal, agent at Urbana, has recovered the use of his voice again. Myr says Polarine will sell itself, but he sort of likes to help out with an argument occasionally.

Overheard between Emery Garretson, agent at Andrews, and a fair admirer: F. A.—"What beautiful hair you have. What did you use on it?" E. G.—"Nothing but Mica Axle Grease."

WICHITA, KANS.

J. A. White, Correspondent

Agent I. S. Lambkin of Caldwell, had narrow escape a few days ago when the Ford car in which he was riding turned over, breaking three of Sherm's ribs and peeling his nose in grand style. He is congratulating himself that no other part of his person suffered.

Report picked up in Conway Springs, on April 11, 1924: Agent J. L. Sneeringer is trying to induce a dazzling damsel to marry him. Come on Joe, faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

L. E. Garberson, agent at Wellington, attended the state convention of Rotary Clubs at Topeka, early in April. He reports a fine time. Garberson drove from Wellington to Topeka, a distance of 210 miles in 6 hours and 45 minutes. Which incidentally proves that Red Crown, Polarine and a Nash Six make a winning combination.

Mrs. G. V. Pake, wife of our Argonia agent, is improving after about four months illness with inflamatory rheumatism. Her friends are glad to see her on the road to recovery.

Salesman Nelson was written and asked for field items. Nels thought he would pull a new one and here is his answer: "Dear White: Item!——Item!!——ITEM!!! 'Nels.'"

A. J. Howe has replaced F. E. Harndon as agent at Hugoton.

Cooney Engweiler is the new agent at Haven, having replaced Walter H. Jones, who resigned his position, April 17, 1924.

The Windom Bulk Station also has a new agent, H. F. Brown, who checked in on April 17, 1924.

Homer F. Wilson, attendant at S. S. Nos. 3 and 21, Hutchinson, sends in the following as his contribution to the STANOLIND RECORD. Homer says it is more truth than poetry: "Use Polarine oils and Red Crown gas. Make motoring a pleasure as long as they last. Beware of all others, there's lots in name. Buy Standard Oil products, they're always the same."

Agent Brodock of Kingman, got too chummy with a train and for his trouble received a badly smashed truck. He was fortunately not injured and is back on the job again—new truck and all. Brodock is a Safety First fan all the way now as experience is a thorough teacher.

Salesman Lee Palmitier, with headquarters in Pratt, has been waging a defensive battle against Old Man Mumps. No one ever accused Lee of having the swelled head before.

Agent Sandstrom of Dexter visited the Wichita office recently and made the rounds. He was much impressed by our thoroughness, he said, but we think he liked our cafeteria meals the best of all.

George R. Brown, new salesman, started off on the right foot by adding a new Polarine customer to the long list.

A. J. Howe, the new agent at Hugoton is, according to Salesman Elliott, a very promising young man. He has other talents than oil, though, as he is convincing everybody that he is an expert Standard Oil Company (Indiana) record maker.

"Red" Hart over at Satanta, has been crowned the official SoCo bootlegger by the liberal law. How come? How come?

A few competitors at Elkhart, are looking for a cooler climate and J. W. Clancy is on the old job again. Hoorah for ould Erin.

Frank McEwen, our man at Rolla, is hitting 100 per cent to put Wichita over in 1924, according to no less a personage than Frank himself.

E. O. Brown, agent at Moscow, engineered for a new reseller. Keep it up, Ernest, and you will have to get another stove next summer.

Bob Friend of Johnson, bore down on his competition and has an agreeable surprise in store for his hard work.

"Bill" Baker, replacing Brown at Ulysses, will make it a hot quota race. Three in a row. Better tighten the belt another notch, boys.

Our friend A. R. Gates, Belpre agent, is a bear on Polarine oils. Rumor has it he has discarded the Polarine triangle in favor of a Spitz dog, which he calls Polarine. Probably the white Spitz is suggestive of Polarine purity. 'Nuff said.

One John Holderman, Kingley agent, leader in the quota race for March, secured the promise of his salesman to work the country with him the next day. John showed up before daylight and the salesman's airedale dog kept him perched high on the truck for a good half hour. The faithful pooch knew fell well that Salesman M. V. Stenseth never got through pounding his ear until a much later hour than that.

L. A. Beckett, head of the construction department, has just returned from a trip through the field. He says, "We will start construction on our fine new $65,000 plant at Salina within a week. We have just completed a new service station at Medicine Lodge. Medicine Lodge was the home of Carrie Nation during the good old days."

A fine new filling station is being erected by E. E. Howell at Cunningham, on the Cannonball Trail and it will soon be ready for business.

Mr. Howell will sell Red Crown and Polarine exclusively. A filling station is also in the process of construction on the Cannonball at Kingman. Its owner is Pat Egan, so naturally it will be known as the Shamrock Filling Station. He will also handle Red Crown and Polarine exclusively.

The prospects are favorable for a good wheat crop in Kansas, according to Salesman J. A. Meyer, although he says the acreage isn't as large as usual due to the extremely dry late Summer followed by prolonged rainy weather in the fall. With five bank failures, two bank mergers, a half dozen or so business failures during the last year, and the big drop in the price of cream and eggs last month, Kingman County feels that Fate must surely smile on the wheat crop this year.

Salesman and Mrs. W. M. Woods recently adopted a three days old baby. Ben Buck, Lubricating Specialty salesman and long friend of the family, called on the third day. Mrs. Woods was bathing the infant. Said Ben, "How old is the baby, Mrs. Woods?" "Why, three days," she replied. "Remarkable," said Ben with a pink tinge in the vicinity of his ears, "and you are up and well already. I am afraid you will undermine your health later on." "Ah, but I am a Christian Scientist, you see," said Mrs. Woods. Ben Buck didn't see—then, but he saw later and appreciated the joke when he was told of the adoption.

The Holyrood "B" Station which has been closed during the Winter months has been reopened. J. S. Schauf checked in as the new agent of Holyrood on April 22.

J. C. McClintock of Lyons, is our agent at that place. He is considered somewhat of an influenti..l citizen of the town and is a member of the town council. Recently at a meeting of the council he parked on a chair tilted back against the wall when unfortunately the legs slipped and he was dumped over backwards, striking his head with considerable violence on the adjacent window sill. Jack Dempsey never knocked a man out more completely than John McClintock was kayoed then. He came too some minutes later not much worse for wear but was the recipient of quite a little kidding for so abruptly upsetting the traditional dignity of the town council meeting.

Salesman Bert Hiatt sends in the following slogan of his own composition: "I would rather have part of something than all of nothing, let's get our part of something."

Jim Sandstrum, new agent at Dexter, checked in on April 22, 1924.

The extensions to S. S. No. 7, Arkansas City, have just been completed and it is just about the classiest station in town if not in the entire field.

Salesman P. L. Dix contributes the following on behalf of Abilene: "This particular spot on the globe has the reputation of being a health radiating center. Who has not heard of the Abilene Spring Water—99 per cent Pure? From the amount of Eureka Harness oil that has been used in this particular location it looks as though *some* horse power was going to be utilized this coming harvest. C. W. Clark of Abilene informs me that he has piled 310 sets of harness since January 1.

Salesman J. W. Medley does not claim to be a newspaper reporter but is doing his bit toward the rejuvenation of the Wichita column in the RECORD as the following will testify: Lester D. Garrigues, new agent at Nekoma, has decided after herding an old Ford truck for two weeks that if he wants to keep pace with the big wheat crop he would have to get a new truck. This he did on Tuesday, April 22, and is now riding on the crest of the wheat tidal wave pouring Polarine oil on troubled waters.

Mrs. C. O. Hawkins, wife of Salesman Hawkins, passed away on March 1, 1924, leaving her husband and five children—4 girls and a boy—to mourn her untimely passing. Salesman C. O. Hawkins has been an employee of SOCO for 18 years this April. His married life has extended through fifteen years five months and seven days of this time. The Wichita Division and his countless friends throughout the state join the RECORD in sorrowing with Mr. Hawkins in his irreparable loss.

Agent and Mrs. W. W. Felts of Plainville, are the happy parents of an eight and one-half pound boy, born April 24, 1924. Salesman Holmes reports that both the Agent and Mrs. Felts are doing nicely. Mr. Felts is walking on air.

It may have been absentmindedness, but, anyway, Christine Oliphant, after finishing a conversation with Virgil Sherwood, called him back by saying, "Hey, come back here, Florence."

We folks down here in Wichita sure get a hearty laugh out of you birds up there in the Arctic Circle. We have had rather a mild winter. The ground has been clear of snow practically the entire season. Not a Wichitan has envied California her climate this year. And when we see the snowdrift pictures that this magazine prints from Milwaukee, Fargo and points north —well, we'll admit they are pretty but, no thank you, we don't think we'll ever care to exchange.

Very, very slowly—proving what ponderous thought is expended on the effort—the feminine members of this office are parting with their tresses in their worship of the little god, "Bob." Few remain. Carmela Lewis still clings to her golden ringlets. Perhaps it adds to her austerity as head of the Stenos. Priscilla Allen, whose hair is like that of the Danderine girl in the advertisements, is one of the old guard. Mabel Cripe, Zola Morrison and Marvel Cole are just as stubborn, but we believe it is only a question of time until the girls of the Wichita Office are 100 per cent shorn.

This summery April weather is too good to be true. The boys have begun parking on the front steps of the office again . . . the stoves have been shooed off the Topeka avenue street cars. . . . Herb Howard has got his last year's palm beach out of hock . . . they are painting the gasoline pumps all over the field. . . . Salesman Bert Hiatt of Winfield can come to Wichita oftener to see his numerous sweet mamas owing to improved road conditions . . . the annual visit of the baseball germ is under way . . . sore arms . . . as a result the spring ball team looks like a world beater—on paper. Screens being put in place . . . will interfere with our view on the steno room from the outside . . . sniffles

. . . coughs . . . desk drawer full of soiled handkerchiefs . . . Ad dow ad lasd the Sprig has cub, and sood the little bees will hub.

For the first time since Mr. Van Horne left for Milwaukee, we had a Standard party down here. It was held in the barrel room of the warehouse on the first of April and was quite a success. A short program was given after which dancing was the main diversion. The cement floor was well manicured with cornmeal and the boys and girls swung a wicked chill-blain. On the sidelines the inevitable pitch game was in evidence. Wally Hoit won as usual. Refreshments brought the evening's entertainment to an enjoyable conclusion. Allan Jackson was the guest of honor. The program is as follows: Reading, Master Harry Cramer; Solo Dance, Miss Ruth Smith, accompanied by Miss Florence Smith; Violin Solo, Vic Harris, accompanied by Al Heinrich; Piano Solo, Miss Florence Smith.

Harry Faulkner was host to a bunch of jolly good fellows at a stag party in honor of his birthday, April 9, at his home. The party was a surprise affair sponsored by Mrs. Faulkner and the evening was spent at cards and other social activities. Refreshments disappeared in large quanutities and the party adjourned in time to miss the last car back to Douglas avenue, the main artery of our fair village. The following attended: Wallace Hoit, Orlin Kuhn, Nelson Neville and Cecil Cox. They presented Mr. Faulkner with a box of La Palina cigars as a slight token of the esteem with which they held La Palinas. Mr. Faulkner will be remembered as a former correspondent for this column in the STANOLIND RECORD.

L. A. Day was called to Prairie du Chien, Wis., by the illness and death of his sister. The office grieves with him in his bereavement.

Dorothy Marcelle Kuhn arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Kuhn on April 14. She tipped the scale at eight and one-half pounds and when interviewed she stated that she intended voting for Coolidge and that long skirts as far as she was concerned had come to stay. "Coonie," his chest stuck out like that of a pouter pigeon, is backing her up in all her rash statements.

Miss Amy Jewett is convalescing from an attack of appendicitis which confined her at Wesley Hospital for several weeks. She will soon return to her work here which her many friends are glad to know. The comptometer department doesn't seem natural without Amy.

The Boston Bloomers have nothing on some of our feminine baseball stars. Julia Masten put the glove on one hand and caught the ball in the other. After a couple of days of this both hands showed alarming symptoms of having contracted the mumps.

Fanne Goodwin throws a wicked fadeaway and has the ball players' habit of chewing gum, or is it gum?

The horseshoe stars of this office challenge anything in the company. They think they are good and will battle any team and let the results be known by mail or wire. Come on, you would-bes.

Volley ball died a natural death with the coming of spring. The Standard Oilers finished second in one league and fourth in the other.

Pipe those new desk signs in the warehouse. They announce to the world that L. J. Black is warehouse superintendent; that J. N. Marx runs the service stations, and that Barney Wright's word is law with the tankwagon boys. These superintendents sure like to see their names in big letters.

Speaking of efficiency, the girls say that Mr. Hanna really is efficient after all. Don't they Tearney?

"Senator" Burlingame announces that he will be a candidate to succeed himself this year. The popular senator should win being as how this is leap year and women have the right to vote.

Anyone who did not know Freddie Sohn and saw him climb through the window of that Topeka avenue street car would have thought he was adept at breaking and entering. Freedie was evidently in a hurry to get home.

John Schwartz has returned to old friends at Andale and has erected a very attractive service station as a promise to stay. Mr. Schwartz built his station of a new style building material, namely, Dodson's concrete blocks and stucco. The interesting part is the fact that the material costs only about $28.50 per 100 sq. ft. Mr. Schwartz is a 100 per cent Standard Oil customer.

Glen Imel has taken over our station at Mt. Hope. Mr. Imel was formerly with the Mount Hope Telephone Exchange. His first week's work brought in five new customers and he says these will not be the last five.

Cooney Engweiler, whom we mentioned elsewhere in the column as having taken charge of our Haven station, says that after considering the painful fact that there are five other competitive tank wagons operating in his town of 200 inhabitants, all he craves is a place to park his dogs and he'll make elbow room.

Salesman McQuiston sends in five good NO's. 1. No Sickness. 2. No new service stations (competitive or otherwise.) 3. No repairs to old stations (they don't need 'em.) 4. No accidents. 5. No bad crop reports.

Salesman White says the crops look fine in his locality and the wheat he has never seen better. All signs point to a bumper 1924.

Dick Bros. at Ellinwood, are building a very nice canopy over their two gasoline pumps. They will have a concrete drive, also.

N. W. Kansas

Agent George Bentley, Hill City, Reporter

Along with the rest of Kansas, the crop prospect is the finest we have witnessed in years. There is every indication that we will reap this year the greatest crop of wheat that we have had in a number of years. The spring rains have been a bonanza to the farmers.

Since the snow and mud have disappeared everybody is on the jump. Sales are good and prospects are that they will be much better in a short while.

Plainville, Kan., initiated a new service station into action this spring in anticipation of the improved conditions in that vicinity. Plainville will undoubtedly be able to use it.

The recent agents' meeting at Hill City was a great success in every way. Gone was all pessimism. Everyone went home determined to put Wichita division on the map in 1924.

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It Takes Grit

IT takes grit to do these things: (1) to be patient and keep your temper; (2) to improve your mind and keep your body fit; (3) to save money; (4) to tell the truth, and to mind your own business; (5) to keep your mind clean, your body clean and your soul clean; (6) to do what you don't want to do, because you ought to do it, which means discipline; (7) to be loyal to your principles, to your wife, to your husband, to your friend and to your country; (8) to say "I don't know" and not to pretend to know; (9) to do your own thinking, and (10) not to worry nor be afraid. It takes grit to do these things, but nobody ever got anything of any account without grit.—By Dr. Frank Crane.

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FREE LIFE INSURANCE FOR MEMBERS OF STANOLIND FAMILY

Through Action of Board of Directors, June 9, Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Presents to Employees Death Benefits Plan, Based on Length of Service, Paying to Dependents Amounts Ranging from $500 to $2,000

Free life insurance paying death benefits ranging from a minimum of $500 to a maximum of $2,000 was presented by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to its employees on June 9th when the Board of Directors approved the Employees' Death Benefits plan.

The insurance is a gift of the company to the employees. The benefits provided for are to be paid wholly by the company without expense to the employees. The amount of the benefit is based upon length of service.

All employees of the company who have had one year or more of service are eligible to participation except those employed in the coal mining department at Carlinville, Ill.

One of the strongest features of the plan, and one which will be particularly gratifying to the older employees, is that veteran employees who are now on the annuity payroll, or who may later be retired on pensions, will be considered for the purposes of the plan as still in the employment of the company and therefore eligible to participation.

Cartage agents and commission attendants in the sales department, who personally give continuous and exclusive service to the company, and who come within the other rules defining "employee," are also among the eligibles. Coincident with this announcement came another that cartage agents and commission attendants have also been made eligible to participation in the Annuities Plan. As the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan was amended last month to make eligible this class of workers to participation in that plan, the cartage agents and commission attendants, for many years in the position of more or less distant relatives, are now admitted to full membership in the Stanolind Family, eligible to participate in all the benefits membership in the family carries with it. The STANOLIND RECORD, on behalf of the rest of the family, extends congratulations to the cartage and commission men on their new status.

Under the Death Benefits Plan, benefits will be paid only to actual dependents of the employee, who shall himself designate the dependent who is to be his beneficiary. In case of the death of an employee who is entitled to benefits, but who has no actual dependents, a sum not to exceed $200 may be paid by the company to aid in defraying the expense of sickness or funeral, or any other purpose.

The Death Benefits Plan takes a merited place beside the three other great plans benefiting employees of this company—the Industrial Relations Plan, the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan and the Annuities Plan.

"The Death Benefits Plan is in accord with the policy of this company of showing to its employees substantial appreciation of loyal service," said Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors, in commenting on the Directors' most recent move on behalf of the employees. "The same feeling on the part of the Board of Directors towards the

employees which inspired the Stock Purchasing Plan, the Annuities Plan and the Industrial Relations Plan, is back of the promulgation of the Death Benefits Plan. It has long been the boast of our Board of Directors that we hold no greater brief for the stockholders than we do for the employees, and while it is part of our duty to see that the company is so conducted as to render proper returns on their investments to the stockholders, we do not propose that the employees shall in any way be neglected.

"Actually, the Death Benefits Plan, the Stock Purchasing Plan and the Annuities Plan are all a part of the great mother plan, the Industrial Relations Plan, which is bringing about 100 per cent co-operation between employees and management in this company."

The official announcement of this latest benefit conferred upon the STANOLIND Family read:

"The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has voluntarily, by unanimous vote of its Board of Directors, adopted an employees' Death Benefits Plan, providing for the payment of Death Benefits payable to dependents of those employees, who have been, or hereafter shall be, in the exclusive, continuous service of the company for a period of more than one year. In the cases of that large number of employees who have dependents, it will contribute to that peace of mind which must come to each employee with the assurance that those dependent upon him for support will receive a substantial sum of money at the time of their greatest need."

The scale on which benefits will be paid follow:

Periods of continuous and exclusive service	Amount of Death Benefit
One year and less than two years	$ 500.00
Two years and less than three years	650.00
Three years and less than four years	800.00
Four years and less than five years	950.00
Five years and less than six years	1,100.00
Six years and less than seven years	1,250.00
Seven years and less than eight years	1,400.00
Eight years and less than nine years	1,600.00
Nine years and less than ten years	1,800.00
Ten years and over	2,000.00

Difficulty in determining continuous service records of employees in the coal mining department was the cause of not including that department in the insurance plan. In regard to its omission the formal announcement states:

"Owing to the various conditions which have caused irregular and intermittent operations of the coal mines of the company, and made difficult the determination of a definite period of continuous service of a person whose service has been in direct connection with the operation of the company's coal mines, the term 'Employee' shall not include any person whose work is performed on, in or about the coal mines of the company."

Employees who suffer disability, by reason of accident or sickness, to such a degree as to prevent engagement in any gainful occupation until the time of their death, and who furnish such proof of their disability as may be required, are still considered employees so far as their relation to the Death Benefits Plan is concerned, and at their death benefits will be paid to their dependents.

SERVICE AS IS SERVICE

Milwaukee Division—C. R. Adelberg, salesman in the Richland Center territory, reports that on the night of May 17 the agent of Richland Center received a phone call that a deal at Hub City, ten miles from Richland Center, was out of gasoline. Sunday morning Agent E. Huffman and his two drivers, Leo Moore and B. Schoonover, left for Hub City.

About three miles from Hub City road was covered with water. The truck, a two ton Ruggles, got stuck in the mud. They then borrowed a Fordson Tractor to complete the trip. After going another mile the road became worse and finally both truck and tractor were again fast in the mud, whereupon they secured the aid of a 20-40 oil pull tractor and continued the trip. After going a few blocks with the Rumley tractor all three became moored in the mire.

However, after repeated trials they finally arrived at Hub City with the aid of six horses, a Rumley Oil Pull tractor and a Fordson tractor pulling the truck. The community of Hub City is still wondering what the agent really made on that 300 gallon fill.

* * *

"Dear God," prayed golden-haired little Willie, "please watch over my mamma?"

And when he added as an afterthought, "And I dunno as it would do any harm to keep an eye on the old man, too."—*Exchange.*

"THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE"

Sons of Wood River employees making Riley's poem live

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole, whare the crick so still and deep
Looked like a baby river that was laying half asleep
And the gurgle of the worter round the drift jest below
Sounded like the laugh of something we onc't ust to know
Before we could remember anything but the eyes
Of angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is beyond our control
And it's hard to part ferever with the old swimmin'-hole

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore
When I ust to lean above it in the old sickamore,
Oh! it showed me a face in its warm sunny tide
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified
It made me love myself as I leaped to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with sich tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and old Time's tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy days
When the hum-drum of school made so many runaways,
How pleasant was the journey down to the old dusty lane,
Whare the tracks of our bare feet was printed all so plane
You could tell by the dent of the heel and sole
They was lots o' fun at hand at the old swimmin'-hole.
But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll
Like the rain that ust to dapple up the old swimmin'-hole.

Thare the bulrushes growed and the cattails so tall
And the sunshine and shadder feel over it all
And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
Tel the glad lilies rocked in the ripples that rolled;
And the snake-feeders four gauzy wings fluttered by
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,
Or a wownded apple-blossom in the breeze's controle
As it cut acrost some orchurd to'rds the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot
Whare the old divin'-log lays sunk and fergot.
And I stray down the banks whare the trees ust to be—
But never again will theyr shade shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ELECTION RESULTS

DIVISION 1

Names Appearing on Ballots	Department	Votes Rec'd
HARVEY W. KING	Purchasing	222
WM. E. MOAN	Traffic	201
A. R. SMITH	Manufacturing	199
Joseph E. Sohurek	Manufacturing	152
Helen L. Dundas	Tax	111
C. J. C. Aucoin	General Accounting	80
Georgia Randall	Medical	34
W. H. Hough	Purchasing	10
Henry Fiset	Building	2

DIVISION 2

C. M. DONIGAN	Chicago Station	194
H. H. FINNEGAN	General Managers	175
E. A. JOOST	Sales Auditing	155
Sena R. Andersen	Chicago Station	132
J. B. Tucker	Chicago Station	88
E. C. Bauer	Chicago Station	76
A. H. Grooms	Chicago Station	65
R. C. Pekie	Sales Auditing	23
A. J. Beach	Sales Auditing	22

ANNUITANTS

Three veteran employees have been placed upon the annuity payroll of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), according to E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer. They follow:

George Washington Abbott, 529 North Branson street, Marion, Ind., formerly warehouseman at Marion (South Bend field); with company 26 years and 7 months.

Henry Trowe, 500 119th street, Whiting, Ind.; formerly engineer at water station, Whiting; with company 33 years.

Dan McNamara, 533 119th street, Whiting, Ind.; formerly on stills and laborer in clean-up department, Whiting; with company 26 years and 2 months.

It is with regret that the STANOLIND RECORD reports the death of three annuitants. They follow:

John Sanji, Sr., 410 Steiber street, Whiting, Ind.

William Stingel, 9633 Ave. L, Chicago.

Frank H. Johnson, 52 St. Francis street, Mobile, Ala.

ANALYSIS OF EMPLOYEES' REPRESENTATION

	Casper	Greybull	Laramie	Sugar Creek	Whiting	Wood River	General Office
Number of Representatives	11	3	2	6	21	6	6
Number of representatives having previous service on J. G. C.	4	0	1	1	10	3	0
Number of representatives over 30 years of age	9	3	2	3	19	4	5
Average age of representatives	35.82	42.67	33.50	32.67	44.52	34.17	36.67
Number of representatives married	10	2	2	5	20	5	4
Average length of service in years	3.76	3.69	3.08	8.51	12.96	8.06	9.8
Number of qualified voters	2,218	286	103	544	3,799	1,026	772
Per cent of qualified voters on duty election day who voted	99.68	100.00	100.00	100.00	94.78	98.25	100.00

TERRIFIC BATTLE IN GENERAL OFFICE ELECTION

King, Moan, Smith, Donigan, Finnegan and Joost Win Honor of Being First Employees' Representatives in General Office—Moan Is Employees' Chairman While Gorvett Heads the Appointed Representatives

Politics ran riot in the general office of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at 910 South Michigan avenue during the two weeks preceding June 3.

Everyone apparently read their copies of the Industrial Relations Plan as soon as they were distributed, and immediately candidates for office of employees' representative appeared from all quarters of the compass and from the basement up.

A Progressive ticket appeared in Division One and by combining forces the six members of that coalition succeeded in sweeping the field in the primaries in their division.

In Division Two, the women got into the game by calling a mass meeting and deciding to throw their entire support to Miss Sena R. Andersen. A similar attempt in Division One met with failure when the women split on the candidacies of Miss Helen L. Dundas and Miss Georgia Randall. All three women candidates, however, succeeded in winning in the primaries, but lost in the election, Miss Andersen making the most successful campaign and landing in fourth place.

Henry Fiset, building electrician, was the storm center in Division One. Having the backing of all the building employees, he could muster enough votes to be easily nominated but not elected, and his support in the election was therefore eagerly sought by the other nominees. He became the Mark Hanna of the general offices.

At the election, June 3, the New Progressive ticket in Division One, composed of King, Moan and Smith, made a clean sweep. In Division Two, Donigan, Finnegan and Joost, each making an independent race so far as could be discerned—politics got so involved that the STANOLIND RECORD political reporter refuses to be sure of anything—went in with an easy plurality over all other candidates except Miss Andersen, who gave Joost a fairly close race with 132 votes to his 155.

Immediately following the election, appointed representatives were named by the management as follows: Gorvett, Persons, Blodgett, Hawkins, Shearer and Kelley.

On June 9th the new Joint General Committee held its first meeting for purposes of organization. Employees' representatives decided on W. E. Moan as their chairman and on H. H. Finnegan as vice-chairman. Appointed representatives agreed on A. E. Gorvett as chairman, and E. E. Kelley as vice-chairman. Under committee procedure, employees' and appointed representatives' chairmen preside at alternate meetings. On motion of Mr. Persons, seconded by Mr. Gorvett, Employees' Chairman Moan presided at the first meeting.

The committee as a whole elected C. M. Donigan permanent secretary and E. A. Joost vice-secretary. A sub-committee was appointed to work out rules of procedure and also to determine what sub-committees would be needed to transact business which will come before the committee.

The first business meeting of the committee was to be held Friday, June 13th —our baby J. G. C. apparently isn't at all superstitious. It is rumored at this writing that several groups of employees have petitions to submit at that meeting.

The life of the present committee will be comparatively short as another election will be held in October to bring the general officers' election date in line with those in the refineries. Like President Coolidge, when he became president, the general offices' committee is confronted with the necessity of making good in a very brief time, but they are taking hold of the task with a will that promises success.

Photo of General Office Joint General Committee will be found on Page 17. Comparative and election result tables are on Page 4.

* * *

Visitor: "What's the death rate in this town?"

Resident: "About two per automobile."—*American Legion Weekly.*

FORTY-FOUR YEARS WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT

Louis Joost, Milwaukee Division Superintendent of Operations, Serves Standard Oil Company from 1880 to 1924 Without Causing or Sustaining an Accident

By C. HENRY AUSTIN
Safety Director, Milwaukee, Division

On the morning of June 7, 1880, Louis Joost harnessed his horses to his stake wagon, drove down the street and hitched the team at 312 East Water street.

The sign in the window at this address indicated to the inhabitants of Milwaukee that the Standard Oil Company was prepared to supply the general public with petroleum products. However, the sign did not tell the public that the Standard Oil Company rented its desk space inside or that the employees in the clerical and physical departments totaled four—an agent, a bookkeeper, a shipping clerk and a warehouseman.

But business was good and getting better and better; the clerical and physical departments taking turns at rolling barrels and getting business. Soon there was such a marked increase in the demand for Standard Oil Company kerosene that the agent, F. V. Darrow, found it necessary to employ someone to haul the barrels of kerosene from the boat to the warehouse and in turn to deliver them about the city of Milwaukee.

Thus, June 7, 1880, not only marked the day on which Louis Joost began his service with the Standard Oil Company, but it also marked the day on which the Milwaukee Division gave to the public the first visible evidence of its progress by adding a stake truck driver to its force of employees.

In those days kerosene was delivered from the refiner to the storekeeper in barrels. This barreled kerosene was shipped from Cleveland, Ohio, by boat to Milwaukee. The stake wagon driver not only hauled the kerosene to the warehouse from the boat, but also delivered it to the trade about the city.

For two years Louie was busy hauling and delivering kerosene and making friends for the Standard Oil Company. At this time the volume of business had increased to such an extent that Louie was put on the regular payroll.

It was about this time that Louie began building the foundation for the present day tank wagon department. The burden of delivering the products of the Standard Oil Company to the inhabitants of Milwaukee and the country surrounding Milwaukee, within an 18 mile radius, rested upon Louie's shoulders. There were no definite working hours at that time; there was a certain amount of work to be done and everyone worked until it was finished. The roads were not paved and weather conditions were not often favorable, but deliveries were made regardless of road or weather conditions. Thus the purchasing public found the Standard Oil Company service dependable and business expanded as the public confidence grew.

In 1883 it became necessary to organize a tank wagon department and Louis Joost was placed in charge. Louie had three horse-drawn tank wagons of 350 gallon capacity with which to supply a territory that was being rapidly extended.

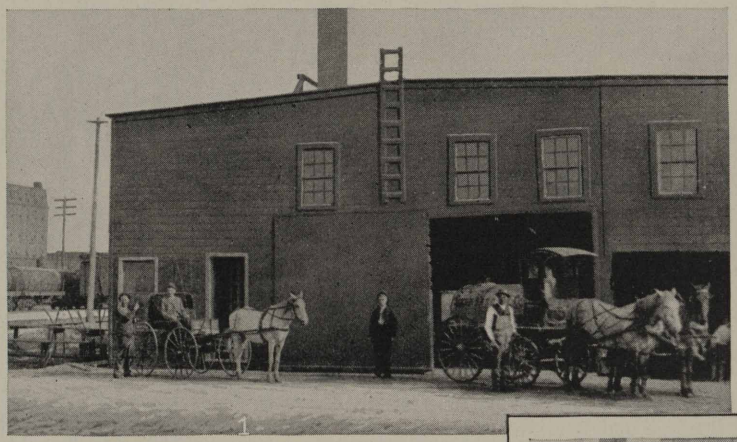
After a short time more tank wagons arrived and it became necessary for Louie to drive over the field with a horse and buggy to take care of the equipment and see that deliveries were being made promptly. Louie could tell you many interesting stories about the horse and buggy episode. He opines that there are gentlemen in the General Office, who began their service with the Standard Oil Company at Milwaukee, who could recall many pleasant experiences they had during the time Louie was covering the field with a horse and buggy.

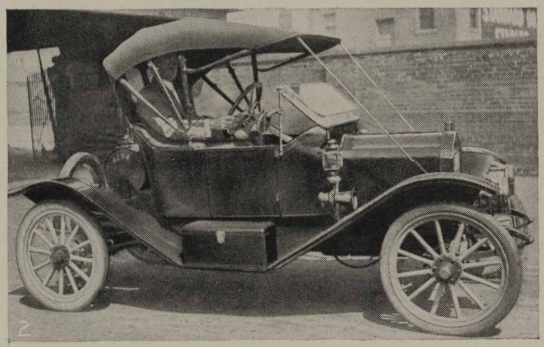
In answer to my question as to how many miles he traveled with a horse and buggy, Louie smiled and shook his head, "I don't know exactly, but I wore out four horses looking after the tank wagon business."

From the date of its organization down to the present time, Louis Joost has had

(Continued on Page 8)

From 1884 to 1909 to 1924 in MILWAUKEE





Milwaukee Division—No. 1—Louis Joost, superintendent of operations, who served the Standard Oil Company for forty-four years without an accident, is shown seated in his buggy that he made trips about the field in. The photo was taken in 1884. Note the 350-gallon tank wagon. No. 2—In 1909, Mr. Joost was thoroughly "motorized." He is shown in the Flanders roadster in which he drove more than 100,000 miles over Milwaukee Division. No. 3—Mr. Joost as he is today. The Sterling tank truck has a capacity of 1,500 gallons. Louis Hoeft, T. W. driver, is at the wheel of the truck.

KANSAS CITY'S SERVICE STATION SCHOOL

Kansas City Division—Manager H. C. Griffin decided some time ago that uniform service should be taught attendants before they took up their duties in service stations. So, the Kansas City Service Station School was started. This is the April graduating class and faculty. Left to right are R. W. Curnutt, supervisor; D. E. Mack, V. D. LaRue, N. A. Armel, O. E. Selby, G. A. Kull, Graves, R. T. Edington, J. F. Welborn, P. R. Crank, H. A. Satterfield, J. H. Hefty, F. H. McElhinney, A. C. Langworthy, C. E. Hesch, J. C. Dawson, H. L. Mayo, C. B. Shreve, R. A. Mather, Brooke Leamer and J. E. Rogers.

(Continued from Page 7)

charge of the tank wagon department. Beginning with three 350 gallon horse-drawn tank wagons, the department now boasts forty-seven motor-driven tank trucks with capacities ranging from 600 to 1,500 gallons.

Because of present day traffic conditions, the driver of a motor tank truck is in a position to sustain serious personal injury in the event of an accident. Because of the expensive equipment involved, this department contributes heavily to increased marketing expense in the event of property damage resulting from accidents. It is, therefore, necessary that the head of that department be vitally interested in the prevention of accidents. The Milwaukee Division is fortunate in having such a man in Louis Joost. Since the organization of the Safety Department, Louie has been a member of the Safety Court and has been an earnest advocate of the Safety Movement. But Louie was preaching Safety to his men before the Safety Department was organized and his men have listened to him because he has practiced what he preached.

For forty-four years, during which time he drove a horse and buggy; a Flanders '20 automobile for seven years; an Overland in which he traveled over 150,000 miles; and since 1923 has driven a Nash roadster, he has neither caused nor experienced an accident of any kind. It is highly probable that the only accident Louie has ever had was with a safety pin. If that is true, it must have made a deep and lasting impression for Louie talks Safety on any occasion that presents itself. The tank wagon drivers can tell you of the early morning meetings that Louie holds. How, when he finishes his talk on sales, he stops and looks around and says, "Well, fellows, I haven't got much more to say and you know just about what I'm going to say. Be careful! Boys, I'm writing the last chapter in my service with the S. O. Co. and I'd hate to have a serious accident happen to you while I've got anything to do with the tank wagon department. Please be careful!"

WHITING MAN HONORED

Whiting, Ind.—John Perach, our big car loader, recently attended a big Croatian convention at Gary, Ind. Those accompanying him from Whiting were Tom Zaffa, Andy Sticko, Paul Susich, take great pleasure in mentioning the fact that John Perach was unanimously elected president of the combined Croatian societies. The duties of this office are many, so we expect John to be a busy man for the remainder of the year.

Service—Anywhere, Anytime.

DULUTH DIVISION WINS TWIN HONORS

Duluth Division—Winning not only the April banner for Red Crown sales but also the three months' banner for lowest accident percentage, Duluth Division showed remarkable teamwork in putting across this double victory. It is said to be the first time that one field has been able to win both Safety and Sales honors at the same time. In the picture are Clarence W. Turning (right), Safety director, and Melvin W. Dock, sales manager.

WHITING CLOSES PIN SEASON

Whiting.—The second tournament of the Standard Oil Athletic Association Bowling League was without question the most successful bowling event that has ever been promoted by this association. There were twenty-two departmental teams in the league, and 204 employee bowlers participated.

The games were all rolled on the new Community Center Bowling Alleys. The athletic association paid $600.00 for the promotion of this league, part of which went for prizes and the remainder to defray part of the bowling expense.

In addition to enjoying the sport in this league, many of its members bowled in the Chicago tournaments during the season with remarkable success. In the Chicago Industrial Bowling Association Tournament, the following teams and and players won the designated prizes:

Main Office	$185.00
Tower Stills	20.00
Polarines	17.50
Whitey and Jancosek	11.00
Bumhour and Lau	8.00
P. Liesse	1.00

Lau and Bumhour were also successful in bringing home some of the prize money from the ABC Bowling Tournament which was held in Chicago this year.

The final standing and prize list of the Standard Oil Bowling League follows:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.	High Total	Avg. Pins
Main Office No. 1	51	12	810	1016	880
Tower Stills	49	14	778	1027	875
Welders No. 1	43	20	683	1000	845
Pressure Stills	42	21	667	995	828
Industrial Relations	38	25	603	1041	845
Laboratory	34	29	540	999	825
Crude Station	33	30	524	927	801
Machine Shop	32	31	508	979	843
Storehouse	32	31	508	892	803
Electric Dept	31	32	492	908	792
Grease Works	30	33	476	947	812
Drafting No. 1	30	33	476	896	803
Filter Plant	29	34	460	954	794
Paraffine	29	34	460	941	809
Barrel House	29	34	460	953	806
Can House	28	35	444	916	790
Carpenters	26	37	413	920	790
Acid Works	24	39	381	914	795
Welders No. 2	24	39	381	969	800
Switching	24	39	381	944	810
Main Office No. 2	22	41	349	921	780
Drafting No. 2	13	50	206	898	781

High Team Game—Industrial Relations..1041

High Team Avg.—3 Games—Tower Stills..954 2/3

High Individual — Single Game — Liesse, Welders No. 1.....257

High Individual Avg.—3 Games—Whitey, Welders No. 1.....221

Individual Averages

Name	Tower Stills	Games	Average
P. Liesse	Main Office No. 1	63	187-29
Whitey	Welders No. 1	63	187-19
F. Lau	Industrial Relations	60	182-42
Zubay	Tower Stills	63	182-36
Jancosek	Main Office No 1	57	182- 4
Silvasi	Main Office No. 1	63	181-34
C. Miller	Laboratory	59	180- 7
T. James	Tower Stills	57	177-52
Banks	Tower Stills	58	177-39
Groat	Tower Stills	54	177-32

WE BEG NOBODY'S PARDON

In a letter to the STANOLIND RECORD, W. N. Bercaw, assistant director of Industrial Relations at Whiting refinery, points out that "the bowling dope which was printed on page 12, June STANOLIND RECORD, should not have been credited to Whiting, but to the Chicago Office League."

In substance, Mr. Bercaw is right. BUT when one considers that five of the six individual prize winners hale from Whiting, one pauses and wonders whether the STANOLIND RECORD was not right when it called the season "one of the most successful in the history of athletics in Whiting."

WHITING DIRTY FACES

Whiting.—A total of $22,890.20 was the balance of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association on May 1, 1924, according to the report of Secretary W. O. Walker. The financial condition in table form follows:

Balance in all funds April 1, 1924	$22,784.70
Receipts	881.50
Disbursements	776.00
Balance in all funds May 1, 1924	22,890.00

The above funds are invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	17,310.44
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	208.40
Checking Account	1,371.36

There are 1,361 members in good standing.

* * *

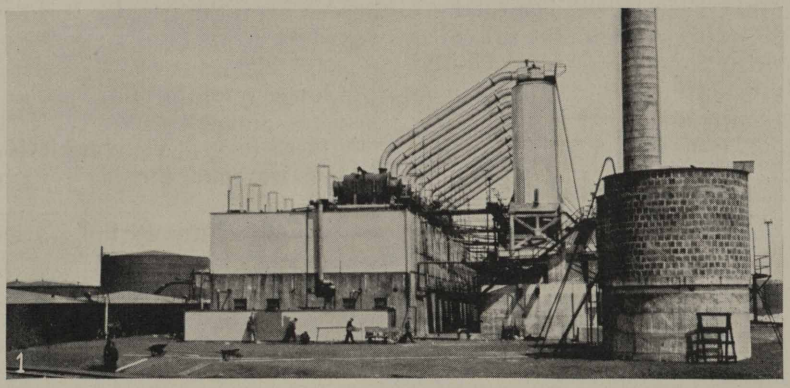
"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he begged tenderly.

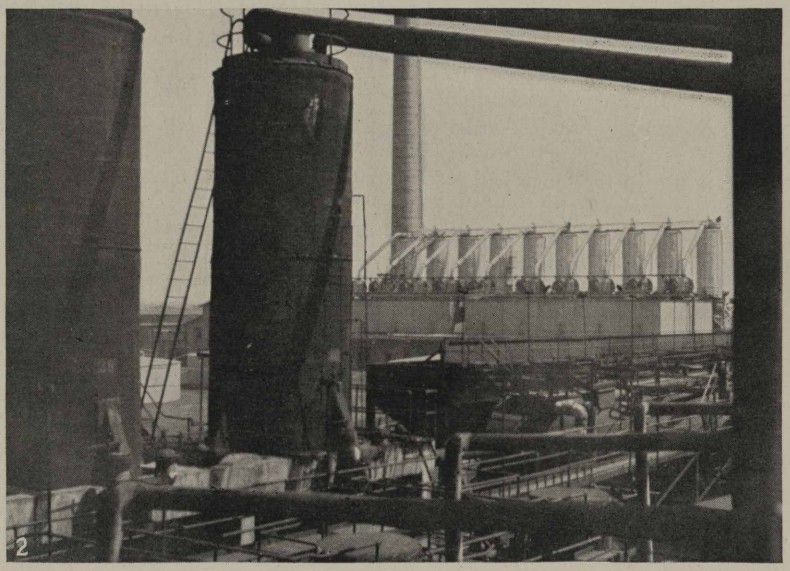
She fell into his arms and he was very busy for a few moments. But the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No," she murmured. "It's hay fever—but go on with the treatment."—*Ex.*

LAST WORD IN STILL CONSTRUCTION





Whiting Refinery—Here are two views of what is considered to be the most modern battery of continuous stills. The battery has just been completed. No. 1—End view. No. 2—A lateral view.

WHO PAYS OUR TAXES?

Every man, woman and child in the United States, on the average, paid $72.00 in taxes in the year 1922. The tax collections of federal, state and local governments in that year received a total of $7,500,000,000. This amount when divided among the entire population of the United States, made the average of $72.00 a person or $288.00 for a family of four.

It is estimated that in that year 12 per cent of all the income earned in the United States went for taxes. The federal government alone has collected since 1917 taxes amounting to about $26,000,000,000. This is more than double the value of all the American automobiles sold during the same period.

Where does all this money go?

In the first place, it goes toward the support of the national, the state and the federal governments. It pays the wages of the president, the members of Congress, governors, road overseers and dog catchers. A government just like an individual or a family has to have money for its running expenses. Modern governments, however, rarely or never engage in trade or industry or any of the other methods by which individuals and corporations make money. Ordinarily they are limited to two ways of raising funds. One is by borrowing from their own citizens or from foreigners, and the other is by taxes.

Most state and local governments raise the greater part of their tax money from levies upon real estate and upon personal property. The United States government levies no taxes of this kind. Its tax receipts come mainly from the tariff on imported goods and from taxes upon the incomes of persons and of corporations.

Besides paying the running expense of national, state and local governments, the money collected for taxes goes toward the payment of interest and principal of public debts. The United States government, the states and some of the local units (for example, cities and counties) are authorized to borrow money upon the security of bonds. The United States government has been in debt practically all the time that it has been in existence. The national debt was enormously increased during the period of the World War, and for one reason and another state and local debts have been greatly enlarged in recent years. At present the United States government uses 45 per cent of its entire receipts from taxes in paying interest on the national debt and installments upon the principal.

Taxes amounting to $72.00 a year for every person in the country make a serious burden upon the people. It is no light matter when every family of four persons has $288.00 taken out of its income every year. But, of course, those of us who have small incomes and own no real estate do not pay these taxes. They are levied upon the millionaires and the big corporations and the—

Hold on a minute! Let's look at that statement.

It is true that there is a widespread impression that the man of small income and little property pays little or nothing toward the expenses of the government. But what are the facts?

The facts are that the tax burden is spread over the entire population and no one who buys food or rents a house can escape his share. If the taxes upon our landlord's real estate are doubled, we help him pay them in rent. We may not pay the whole increase, because the landlord cannot fix the rent at any figure he wants to—however much the appearances may sometimes be to the contrary — but the chances are that we pay the greater part. If a heavy income tax is laid upon a manufacturing company everyone who buys the products of that company is likely to have to help pay the taxes in higher prices. These facts make up one of the reasons for the increased cost of living since 1913.

If we once come to realize that we all help to pay the taxes that are levied by Congress and state legislatures and local authorities, we are likely to be more careful whom we elect to office, and pay closer attention to what is being done by the public officials who are supposed to be the servants of the people.

* * *

"Would it be wrong for me to kiss you on the cheek?"

"Well, it might be a bit off color."—*Ex.*

* * *

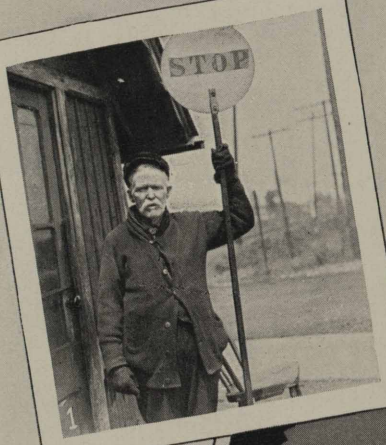
Willie: "I don't want to go to that damn school any more!"

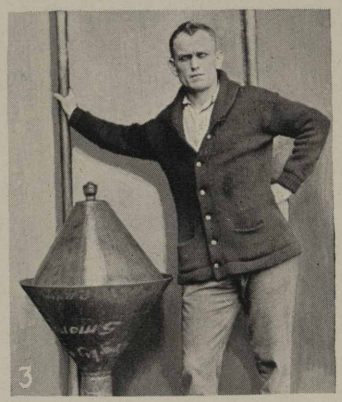
Father: "Why, Willie, where did you ever learn such a word as that?"

Willie: "Why, William Shakespeare uses words like that."

Father: "Well, then, quit running around with him!"—*Exchange.*

WOOD RIVER NEWS IN PICTURES





Wood River—No. 1—"Dad" Lewis, watchman, is one of the most popular men employed at Wood River Refinery. Shortly before going on his first vacation recently, "Dad" was presented with a purse by friends. No. 2—Introducing William H. Miller of the machine shop, who is the new J. G. C. representative from the Sixth Division. He was appointed representative after the resignation of Rector Craddock because he received the next highest number of votes in the election. Mr. Miller has been with the company since July, 1916, except for 18 months spent in the army. No. 3—William Wildt is shown with his improved drinking fountain. The water runs over the cone below the mouth-piece where drinkers may expectorate without danger of spreading disease. The fountain is especially useful for men who have been cleaning stills or working in dusty places. No. 4—A most artistic gate is located at the Wood River entrance to the plant. The engineering, welding, painting and electrical departments collaborated in making this beautiful structure.

PEORIA REOPENS BEAUTIFUL S. S. CONTEST

Peoria Division—With leaves bursting from their buds, with grass growing greener, with bushes and flowers beginning to take on the appearance of Summer, Peoria division is offering a stellar service station as the most beautiful in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) territory. This is No. 24, Beardstown. It is another example of what careful gardening will do. If other fields think they can beat this one for beauty, the pages of the STANOLIND RECORD are open to their claims.

Ten Commandments for S. S. Employees

By P. J. SHESGREEN,
S. S. No. 64. Detroit, Mich.

THOU shalt at all times treat the public courteously and with forbearance under the most trying circumstances.

Thou shalt never give vent to anger nor engage in controversy with your customers. Cultivate a bond of sympathy, for it is only by mutual understanding that you can secure the good will of others.

Thou shalt practice the Golden Rule, not simply because it is the best policy, but because it is the only policy.

Thou shalt at all times be frank and truthful, for nothing is so easily detected as lack of sincerity.

Thou shalt be conscientious in the performance of your duty, and exercise care to protect the property rights of others and those of your company.

Thou shalt not be guilty of insubordination, but shall obey the instructions of your superiors.

Thou shalt never impugn the name or product of a competitor by deprecatory statements, but shalt break down prejudice by a better knowledge of, and faith in your own products.

Thou shalt at all times practice habits of cleanliness, as a slovenly appearance will obscure the most glowing personality.

Thou shalt not envy the well-merited success of others, but shalt so increase your own efficiency as to likewise merit promotion.

Thou shalt familiarize yourself with all the rules and regulations contained in the Service Station Manual, and avail yourself of all the knowledge obtainable about your company and products.

STANDARD'S ENTRY IN CASPER CITY LEAGUE

Casper—With a number of former professional and college players, Casper refinery has a strong entry in the City League this year. L. A. Varnadore, ex-National leaguer, is captain and initial sacker. Roy A. Hartzell, former Yankee, will cavort around the keystone sack. Andy McNeill, ex-Midwest leaguer, is keeping the hot corner cool. J. P. Philbin, ex-California leaguer, is doing outgardening. M. H. Scott, former Northern leaguer, is another who will decorate the distant landscape. Besides these pros, a number of college stars will glitter in the line-up, among whom will be F. E. Matthews, Nebraska, in the short field; G. E. Fitt, Nebraska, in front of the ump; C. O. Greenlee, Iowa State, on the mound, and A. R. Lano at second when Hart is not playing. The players in the picture are (left to right) Fitt, Matthews, Hartzell, "Kid" Varnadore, mascot; Philbin, Oscar N. Ray, pitcher; E. W. Erickson, catcher; C. J. Madison, pitcher; W. Mack Davis, pitcher; Scott, McNeill, James G. Wiederhold, manager; Greenlee, Varnadore and Lano.

CASPER S. B. A. REPORT

Casper—A fund of $10,334.42 was the balance on hand of the Casper refinery Shiftmen's Benefit Association, on May 12, 1924, according to the monthly report of Secretary D. M. Lobdell. The financial condition in table form follows:

Balance on hand April 12,1924	$10,382.92
Collections to May 12, 1924	722.60
Disbursements	771.10
Balance on hand May 12, 1924	10,334.42

The disbursements were distributed to thirty-seven employee members during the month. There are 720 members on the books.

PEORIA OUT TO HIT BALL IN SALES AND FUN

Peoria Division—Peoria diamondeers are out to make a record in baseball and sales this year. The players are (left to right), front row, W. S. McCready, 1-b.; W. Simmons, c.; R. Pyles, r-f.; D. Abel, c.; L. Dorman, 2-b.; P. Barnes, c-f.; F. Westphal, 3-b.; back row, P. C. Hanson, l-f.; Manager N. Barrett, p.; P. A. Johnston, secretary of Fans' Association; Ed Brennan, p.; and C. Bouten, s-s.

NEWS!

(The following poem is being sent to SOCO employees in the field by the Mankato correspondent of the Stanolind Record.)

If you have a bit of news
Send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.
A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
We want to hear from YOU!
Send it in.

Will your story make us laugh?
Send it in.
Send along a photograph,
Send it in.
Never mind about your style,
If it's only worth the while
And will make the reader smile,
Send it in.—Exchange.

* * *

If the woman who dresses quite proper
Doesn't soon find something to stop her
From wearing men's clothes,
The Lord only knows
The kids won't know mommer from popper.
—*Exchange.*

* * *

Bill thought his gas was low;
He struck a match; the tank let go—
Bill sailed three miles right in the air.
Three miles on a pint is pretty fair.—*Exchange.*

The pharmacy blush so often seen
On the girl who has danced till dawn,
Is the same as painting the bare ground green,
And saying you have a lawn.
—*Strickland Gillilan.*

* * *

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the gas is dim and low,
That your face is powder painted,
How am I, sweetheart, to know?

Twice this month I've had to wrap up
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaners—won't you, darling,
Love me more and powder less?
—*Exchange.*

* * *

Mother—"Come, Willie, don't be a naughty little boy, kiss the lady."

Son—"Nothing doing. I don't like her. If I try to kiss her she'll give me a slap just as she did to father."

* * *

The train had finally emerged from the blackness of a long tunnel. The conductor noticed a young couple both of whom were apparently quite flustered and the young woman was nervously rearranging her disheveled hair.

Thinking to put them at ease the conductor remarked pleasantly:

"Did you know that the tunnel we just came through cost $12,000,000?"

"Did it?" inquired the girl. Then she added after a pause, "Well, it was worth it."

GENERAL OFFICES' JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE

Chicago—The General Offices' Representatives on the Joint General Committee as they appeared just before their first meeting, June 9, 1924. Left to right (top row) are A. E. Persons, C. M. Donigan, Harvey W. King, E. E. Kelley, W. E. Blodgett, A. E. Gorvett, (bottom row) Arthur Shearer, H. H. Finnegan, William E. Moan, W. J. Hawkins and A. R. Smith. E. A. Joost, remaining member of the committee, was not present, being on his vacation.

"Back up yo' bus, boy," said the negro driving a mule hitched to a decrepit old wagon, who had unexpectedly met another driving an auto at a narrow place in the road. "Ain't no revuss on dis mule."

"Cain't," responded the other. "Every times does I revuss, offen come a couple o' nuts."

"Huh!" exclaimed the first. "What's 'at? Ef I tries to back up dis yere mule, offen come de whole ding-busted wagon."—*Ex.*

* * *

Traffic Cop: "Hey, you! Didn't you hear me yelling for you to stop?"

Auto Fiend: "Oh! Was that you yelling? I thought that was just somebody I had run over." —*Exchange.*

* * *

If your wife laughs at your joke, you can be sure that it's either a darn good joke, or you got a darn good wife.—*Exchange.*

* * *

The man who halted on third base to congratulate himself failed to make a home run.

Nora—The fellow I used to keep company with has asked me to go to the fireman's costume ball, but I don't know what to impersonate.

Maggie—Why not go as an old flame?—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

* * *

Sweet Young Thing—"Doctor, I think I ought to be vaccinated; but I hate to think of the ugly scar showing. Where would you suggest as the best place in my case?"

Doctor—"With the present styles, you had better place the vaccine in a capsule and swallow it."—*Ex.*

* * *

A little boy from Canada, who had never seen a negro, was riding in New York, with his uncle when he spied a colored lady.

"Uncle, why does that woman black her face?"

"She doesn't; that's her natural color."

"Is she black like that all over?"

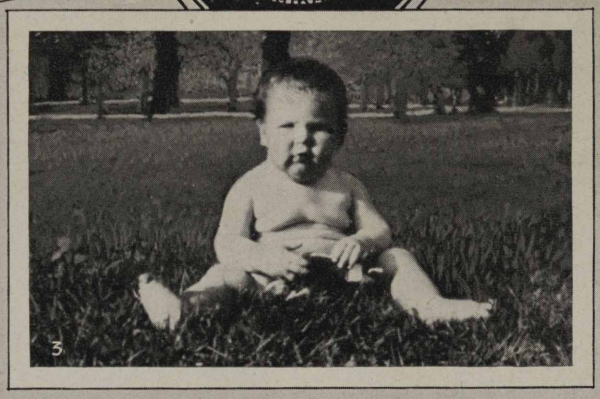
"Why, yes," uncle replied.

The boy looked up beamingly at his uncle. "Gee, uncle, you know everything, don't you?"—Exch.

OUR OWN KINDERGARTEN

Peoria Division—No. 1—This effective poster bulletin model was made by little Winifred Caldwell, daughter of Sales Manager W. H. Caldwell, with scissors and paper. No. 2—This is Winifred and her "Pal." Incidentally, the poster shows W. H.'s sales promotion begins at his own fireside.

FULL DRESS *and* UNDRESS *at* GRAND RAPIDS

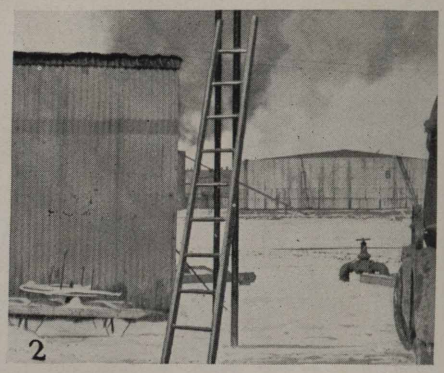


Grand Rapids Division—No. 1—Under the alias of Miss Red Crown, Blanche Warren, ediphone department, wore a very original and unique costume at a masquerade party at Grand Rapids. No. 2—A couple of other costumes. Carl Ostenson, stock department, is the "Duke" on the right. His buddy's name was not given. No. 3—Here's the "undress" part of the page. He is Leonard Enos Montague, 1 year old son of Merton H. Montague, attendant at S. S. No. 25, Big Rapids, Mich.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT — SAFETY-FIRST

Good, Fair and Bad Ladders

1



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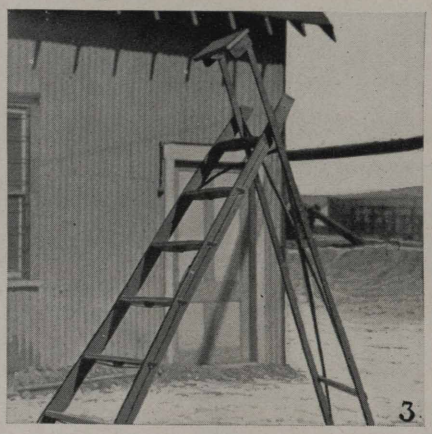


3

4

No. 1—Fair type of a permanent ladder that was condemned because it was not built in accordance with specifications.

No. 2—Good ladder built according to specifications.

No. 3—Bad step ladder that collapsed causing quite a serious injury to a workman.

No. 4—A safe stepladder being substituted for old style stepladders.

R. A. HARTZELL,
Safety Director, Rocky Mountain Division, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Casper, Wyoming

AND

C. W. SMITH,
Director, Safety Division, Industrial Relations Department

PROVING THAT DECATUR GIRLS ARE PRETTY

Decatur Division—No. 1—Assistant Manager G. F. Phillips hasn't a friend among the girls of the Decatur office—and no wonder. The way he lost out with them was when he started to Peoria recently to spend a week-end, saying, "I'm going up to see some good looking girls." Mr. Phillips is requested to study this picture and then apologize. We think one is due although we'd like to see a picture of Peoria's beauties, too. Incidentally ye Decatur scribe didn't give the names of the girls in this photo. No. 2—"Love me, Love my doll." That is what pretty Miss Estella Launtz, 3 year old daughter of W. F. Launtz, sales manager. No. 3—Our correspondent says, "No! She isn't an Eskimo, although she does like 'Eskimo Pie.'" She is Audrey Helen Pensinger, 2 year old daughter of Louis Pensinger, accounting department.

WHITING, IND.

Agitator

Ray Durkin has moved from the West Side of Chicago to his new home in Irondale.

Joe Rausch tells us that his son assumed a pugilistic aspect since moving to Irondale.

Hinie Smith, star outfielder for the "Hammond Colonials," had the misfortune to sprain his ankle in a game.

John Mack is still on the sick list, having been confined to his home with the yellow jaundice.

E. Deeken has resumed his duties as assistant treater after being off for several days with a slight attack of the "flu."

Oren Mackey is going through the usual routing of spring house cleaning.

John Johnson in quite a baseball fiend having attended four games since the opening of the season.

William O'Neil has resumed his duties at No. 2 treating plant after being off for several days with the "flu."

Clarence Joost is the proud papa of a baby "Lincoln." Don't forget to use S. O. Co. products if you want speed and power, Clarence!

Buck Rineman motored to Niles, Mich., over the week-end.

Louis Moore is the owner of a brand new Ford Coupe. He may be seen touring the suburbs of West Park any evening.

Tower Stills

Pat McShane of the eleventh and twelveth Battery tower stills was the cause of the tower stills bowling team being defeated by the Main Office two out of three games. (Why pass the buck?)

Mystery of the gas engine room: Who stole the pencils from Joe Graves after he put glass tubes in an envelope to take the place of the pencils that were sent to Ted James?

The economical king, Herb Brown, traded his Oakland in on a Ford.

The boys on the towers are hollering for publicity. Any of you fellows having any news, scandal, etc., send it to Herb Brown, road oil stills, 'phone 60B.

Tom Gyler has a hen which he wants to set. So if there is anyone who has any quack-less duck eggs please get in touch with Tom.

John Graves sure has tough luck, after working hard all day long raking up his yard, a strong northwest wind comes along and blows most of the shingles off of John's house. Now John is smoking a corn-cob pipe instead of cigars.

The entire tower still department extends their sympathy to the family of George Korney, who died April 8, 1924.

Floyd Banks of the docks, also a member of the tower stills bowling team is holder of the community center bowling medal with a high score of 268.

The old settlers had a pedro party a few weeks ago, in which Joe Graves and Fred Haag were the main participants. It happened that Joe and Fred were playing against each other when Fred told his partner to lead 'em out just as if he had 'em. So Fred's partner leads out with a five spot. Joe puts on a Queen, while Fred throws out a Jack and held a King in his hand, loosing six points by overlooking his hand. As a result, Joe wins first prize, a nice pair of silk hose, while Fred had to be satisfied with a pair of canvas gloves. As a pedro player Fred would make a good sewer inspector.

Harry Savage of the crude station is again trying to reduce weight. The last time he tried it he would ride a bicycle for a few hours and found it rather tiresome. So now Harry is planning on getting a Ford and getting the fat shaken off.

Ted Brown and C. Shaner have sold out their Bow Wow Inn, and are now planning on taking a trip to Europe and other points of interest.

Pat Gallagher gravity clerk at the nineth and tenth battery tower stills must be planning on getting his pension soon and going into the detective business. A few weeks ago he ordered a bloodhound from Tom Jones. Tom brought the dog over to Pat, but instead of a bloodhound it was an Irish terrier. Pat started at once to teach the dog the different tricks of the game. But said dog had a real temper and gets all riled up, kicking Pat in the face. As a result Pat carried several scratches and a bum eye around for a few days.

Chester Burch, inside helper of the thirteenth and fourteenth battery tower stills had quite an enjoyable ride in a Ford touring car a few weeks ago. Seems as though Johnny Ford, a friend of Burch, invited him out for a ride after he had helped Chester put in a foundation for a garage. Burch had to go to work at 4:00 p. m., but hated to refuse a friend and then a little ride would do no harm before going to work. But as the story goes, the old Ford rambled right along until they were several miles away from home when the unexpected happened, first a blow out, and then another until so much time was lost, Burch failed to get to work before four and had to take the rest of the night off. Burch did not mind the shaking up he received via the Ford, but oh, how he dreaded to loose that night's wages.

Bill Williams, fireman at 1st and 2nd batt. continuous stills, left the employ of the company on April 4. He is going into the teaming business at Lawrencevile.

Charles Kunze wishes they would keep his name out of the Record. Publicity and Charley don't mix.

Cocoa Dehnkamp is getting the Spring fever. He wants to get married, but—well it costs something.

Louis Douer has a new dog. He says it's an airdale but we think it resembles a grizzly bear.

Switching Department

The reporter takes great pleasure in making it known that U. G. Swartz is the proud possessor of a beautiful new Cadillac, which he purchased some few months ago. Failure to make this announcement at that time was an oversight. "Better late than never," Mr. Swartz.

It is good to report the recovery of Mrs. H. H. Huggins who has been a victim of bronchial pneumonia for several weeks.

Edward T. Lynch, weighmaster, has resigned to take up a position with "Henry."

H. H. Huggins and A. J. Dreesen have been spending part of their time serving on the jury. Good luck to our jurors.

Arthur Vernon spends his leisure time at the a cap downtown (Chicago), for $1.00. Talk Trianon.

How do they do it? N. A. Emerson bought about a bargin; why its the latest style—satin lining, vanity pocket and everything.

Switching Department

The following men in the Switching Department were recipients of ten years' service pins: V. M. Grogan, John McNeill and Mike Plemich.

Russell Wilkinson has returned to his duties as engineer in the roundhouse after having been absent for some time due to illness.

Clarence C. Kaiser has gone and did it. What? Removed his misplaced eyebrow. Oh Clarence! we all think you look so much better without it. out it.

H. E. Beaubien is the owner of a beautiful, new Dodge sedan.

Tower Stills

Al Buchanan and Eddie Bartels had quite a time cornering a mouse at the still foreman's office. They finally succeeded in subduing the animal after a lengthy battle.

Walter Parker of the rerunning stills received a dime from Bob Curtis for the flower fund. Walter tried to claim that the dime was counterfeit. Would suggest that Walter should try and buy some shellack for Bob's padlock with the dime.

Eric Gilberg of the ninth and tenth towers bought a bicycle from E. Pashum. Upon delivery, Gilberg found the stand that belongs to the bicycle missing. Now Gilberg is worrying over the fact that he thinks Pashum cheated him.

The boys of the crude station are wondering why Phil Smith did not pass around the cigars the latter part of April when his wife presented him with a pair of twin girls. Congratulations, Phil.

Herb Brown is still waiting for that cigar he won off of John Graves on a bet. But Herb doesn't think he will get it until John gets his house paid for.

Eddie Meires, swing helper on the continuous stills, is now living at East Side. All Eddie watches now is which way the wind is blowing so he can go fishing.

Pat McShane acted as manager of the tower still baseball team while the regular manager, Skinnay Shanner, was working. We knew there must be something wrong as the towers were beaten by the main office, 13 to 3.

Acid Works

The acid works sleuth, Mike Salapski, reports that he saw Ed Ehlers enter Barton's second-hand furniture store on New York avenue. Can it be that Ed is planning on a third matrimonial flyer?

We of the acid works wish to congratulate the following proud daddies. Also at the same time we mention the fact that cigars presented were enjoyed by all. Those who have been blessed with the additional expense are: John Buck, nine-pound girl; Albert Watts, eight-pound girl; Joe Kaspir, eight-pound girl, and last but not least, Ernest Moore, who is the proud daddy of a Baby Lincoln.

Buck Dickinson attended a vaudeville performance in a Chicago theatre on his last day off. He came in rather early. The orchestra was playing several selections. The melody of one sounded familiar to Buck, but he could not recall the name of the selection, so in that very sweet way of his, he asked a lady who occupied the next seat; whereupon she answered "Go Feather Your Nest." Of course Buck became alarmed and immediately made for the exit, thinking that his interrogation had aroused the lady's ire to the extent that she should answer him thusly. No more shows for Buck. Headed for Chesterton from now on.

The efficiency of the office has taken a decided slump. Art Lauer has heeded the call of the wild and is now down among the wild men on the pitch stills.

As a result of Lauer's change, Les Stafford, former chief inspector of the acid works laboratory, has been transferred to the office, where he will perform under the guidance of Dave Purinton and John Shaw.

Joe Fisko now assumes the great responsibility of maintaining the good reputation of the laboratory and henceforth will assume the title role of Chief Inspector.

Another report coming from our sleuth informs us R. T. Beard has company on his evening rides. Just a month ago his coupe was wrecked. Now that he has it back, it is doing double duty. Wonder who the young lady is?

Joe Stanley is back at his old stand at No. 3 Pump House.

Ignatz Gazda and Henry Reuss have been displaying some classy horseshoe tossing. There is considerable rivalry between the two as to the number of ringers thrown by each. At this writing, Reuss has forty and Gazda twenty-five. Johnny Boozie is official scorer, while Art Beaubien officiates and settles all arguments.

Andy Kompier Jr. is planning on spending two weeks down in sunny Kentucky this coming Summer. This makes his third vacation spent in Kentucky. Last Summer his vacation was somewhat spoiled due to the fact that potatoes must be peeled. He will have as his guests the rest of Whiting's National Guard.

Agitators

Joe Rausch and Ray Durkin have moved to Irondal with their families. Joe says judging from the surroundings there should be no question but what his son should be a prizefighter.

Dave Gingher has settled the question of high rent with his landlord by moving. Dave now lives in his old neighborhood around Seventy-Fifth street.

Harry has deferred painting his house till fall. I wonder if Harry can have a little touch of Spring fever.

Henry Holtz was a recent visitor at his farm in Michigan. Henry reports a large crop of grapes this fall from all indications.

John Johnson was on the sick list for a few days.

Our old friend, Herbert Johnson, was a recent visitor here. Herbert is now working for a large bonding firm in Chicago and is getting along fine in his new line of work.

Heinie Smith is playing ball with the Hammond Colonials. Heinie is leading the team in batting, his average for eleven games being .438.

Pat Hayes is now living on the South Side of Chicago. Pat says the Water Gardens was not much good for the rheumatism.

Irving Smith says there is one advantage in being tall. That one advantage being that he can reach the doctor valves by the oil agitator.

George Pattiner says that the radio is a won-

derful invention, he having got grease on his vest.

Oren Mackey says that peace reigns supreme around his home once more. He having finished house cleaning.

William Schweikert is planning on a camping trip for his vacation. Last year Bill spent a pleasant two weeks on the Tippecanoe river.

Dave Witmeyer has moved to his old home on Oliver street. Dave says there is nothing like living in the old neighborhood.

William O'Neil has returned to work after a two weeks' vacation. Bill spent most of his time recuperating from the ill effects the "flu" left him.

Ed. Baiden has decided to spend his vacation by motoring to Kingston, Ontario. Here is all the luck in the world on your trip, Ed. P. S. Don't forget to take along a little flask.

Dr. Broderson is the proud father of a baby girl, born May 13. Both mother and daughter are getting along well.

Chris Etter was transferred to No. 2 treating plant while William O'Neil was on his vacation. Chris acted in the capacity of treater.

Buck Rineman motored to Rensallaer on his day off.

Carl Jacobsen of the shipping office is the proud father of an eight pound boy, born May 11. Congratulations, Carl.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Main Office, Filing Racks, Storehouse

Emmett Lewis has rid himself of his 1910 Reo, which has caused him weary nights of fitful slumber and dreary days of feverish anxiety these many years, and already his horseshoe game has improved 100 per cent. Emmett sold it once to a man in Kansas City for $35, $10 down and the balance on time, but the man returned it in two weeks and gave him two tires to take it back. Then Emmett sold it for $30, $10 down and the balance on time, but this man, too, brought it back. Emmett has it figured out that he could sell it nine times under this plan, which would net him $90 and he would still have the car; but, on giving his physical well-being a thought he decided to sell it for $10 cash, which he did when he caught Jim O'Hara Sr. in a despondent mood.

Mrs. Belangee, our cook, is quite worried as to whether or not her hair should be bobbed.

Kenneth Jackson is sporting a new sport model Star roadster.

John Waller says the American Association gets no more of his money this season. John worked hard one morning to get off to see them play their opening game at home.

Fred Miller has sold his Ford coupe, which he bought from Wallie Hodge, to L. C. Howard.

It would be nice if everybody had a girl to come down after work to take them home like Albert Taylor has.

Martin Grinter has purchased a 1924 Oldsmobile sedan and is busily engaged in the evenings learning to drive and building a garage.

Earl Cox, the first of the office men to take a vacation, is back after a tour of Kansas.

John Rodman Jr. has purchased a new Buick Four and says his only troubles now are keeping them off the running-board.

W. L. Hickey's daughter suffered a broken arm when she fell from her new scooter in front of their home.

On the evening of May 8, Joe Roby of the filling racks and a companion, Del Barnett, of Independence, were struck by a car. The force of the impact hurled their car over twice. Barnett was crushed beneath the car and suffered a fracture of the skull from which he died the next morning at 3 a. m. Joe suffered a very badly bruised leg and was badly shaken up.

John Brizendine says he feels 100 per cent better now since he had his tonsils removed.

Harold Echternacht of the inspection department is having some time with his new flivver. One evening he left it parked in front of the Independence High School and somebody stole his nice fancy seat cushion. The next evening he collided with another car and lost a front wheel and mashed in the front end. Then when he got it repaired, someone stole his spare tire. So one evening about 7:30 Harold took his car down by the Lewis theatre and parked it and then concealed himself behind a billboard to await developments. About 9 p. m. two men came up and took a spare tire from Doc. Berry's Peerless, a gear shift from a Buick and tools from another Buick, and then started working on his car. Harold called a cop and had the men arrested and taken to the police station where they fined them $100.00 but gave them a stay on it. Harold says, "Can you beat that?"

The Main Office wishes to extend their sympathy to A. E. Hicks in the recent death of his sister.

Earl Moore, who has been working part time on the racks, is working there steady since the Summer shipping started.

Eddie Henderson's limp was due to a needle which pierced his foot from the floor when he got up to get a drink for the baby.

Refinery

Vic Greenlee was up on the Independence Square recently and noticing a crowd of people across the street went over to see what the excitement was and found Fred Farrand trying to crank his Ford with the switch off.

When Jim Lewis buys anything at Gavin's for the fellows on the bus he charges 10 per cent commission.

John O'Connell is the proud owner of a Ford coach.

George Rusch, refinery treater helper, for the past few weeks, has been building chicken houses and brooders. We expect to see George a flourishing poultryman before the Summer is over.

Fred Main, living on the north side of Independence, always catches the 10 p. m. bus on the south side of town; we wonder what the great attraction is out there.

Joe Bostian, continuous still stillman, and Ed Baker, steam still stillman, were present with 10-year service pins, April 11.

Ask Jesse P. Reeder if he can suck an egg on a bet?

Doyle ("Tim") Davidson has broken into the Ed Baker and Tom Heart's class, having bought an Oldsmobile.

John H. Pate steam still helper recently received the Chapter and Council degrees.

B. F. Soapes wants to know what became of his boots.

William ("Hickory") Keirns, steam still helper, has his potatoes growing fine.

L. W. Perrigo has a new Chevrolet touring

and says he can drive it forward and backwards now.

Art Henry has a new Ford coupe.

Slim Warren is glad the band is starting rehearsals again so he can get a higher rate sometimes. Slim says nobody ever lays off at the steam stills.

Lete ("Driftwood") Hite was out riding in his sedan the other night and says he saw a ball of fire in the sky. Where do you buy that stuff, Lete?

Dan Boone has purchased a new Chevrolet and can be seen any evening at the wheel with a grin on his face.

Fred Puckett sold his bob-tailed dog. Better get another, Fred, because we have to go hunting this Winter.

George Sutherland is busy setting out fruit trees and keeping Spark Plug from getting lame.

Ira Maddux cranked up his Ford the other day and was going to take a pleasure ride to Buckner, Mo. On the way down he had considerable trouble with his tires having to put patch on patch. He is now figuring on putting solid tires on the flivver.

Pete Dumsky planted two maple trees for cherry trees. Have you and Hite been drinking out of the same bottle?

Smith Fisher has been improving his four acres on the River Road with new fencing.

Vic Greenlee of the pressure stills has not made a trip to Oklahoma in three weeks or more.

C. O. Taylor, Paraffine pumper, and Mrs. C. O. Taylor, our nurse, have been furnishing the outdoor sports for the natives who live in the "sticks" east of Independence. C. O. had heard it was best to plant potatoes in the dark of the moon. Either they were in the "dark" themselves as to what this meant or else they wanted to fool the potatoes, anyway, before the new moon had risen one night Charlie shoulders the spuds and his spouse, donned in knickers and boots, carried the lighted lantern. This was repeated each night until the new moon arose and all the seeds were in. Now Taylor wonders why the hicks refer to him as a "city slicker" and smile when he passes by.

Charles Hatton was off several days on account of the death of his sister in Iowa.

John Kunca, better known as the best looking press cleaner at the paraffine works, spent Easter Sunday with his buddie, George Mance.

Now that Shondell has a car there is talk of a race between Shondell, C. O. Taylor, and Jack Keeps with the betting about even.

Luther Lee has purchased a 120 acre farm down in Kansas between Greeley and Lane on the river.

Charles Fraher doesn't understand why his little girl is always picking up pins, needles, etc., and putting them in her mouth. The boys at the paraffine works say they can't understand it either if she isn't hungry.

George McFarland is all set now for joining the harmonious Foremen's Club.

For Safety's sake please do not ask Maynard Sands about the patent rear end lunch box. Maynard took the measure of the rear end of his Ford Coupe and went to work to build a lunch box to hold the gigantic feeds the Main Pump House gang hauls out on their fishing trips. He spent many hours making the box besides 75 cents for black paint and white enamel (two unspeakable horrors in the hands of the inexperienced) to finish it with. And then when he started to put the D— thing in the car, it was too big.

General News

When the subject of trap shooting was brought up at the Athletic Association meeting there was enthusiastic support from every corner until somebody told the crowd that trapshooting and crapshooting were two different games.

Who really is the King Fisherman of Sugar Creek Refinery? We thought we had the matter settled in the person of Bill Beatty and so declared ourselves, but there arose such a hue and cry throughout the plant that we fearfully hasten to rescind this decision. May 6, Walter Hoffman, Bob Lackland, Frank McCarrol, Johnny Striebel, Frank Hawthorn, Johnny Burke, Judge Murray, Matt Mansfield and Buck Weaver left after the 3 to 11 shift for all night angling in G. W. Thompson's favorite hole, Rock Island Lake at Pleasant Hill, Mo. Despite the fact that the pressure stills two leading Isaac Waltons (according to them), Buck Weaver and Matt Mansfield, were along nothing materialized above seven sun-perch to warrant a decision in their favor. J. W. Kelly and F. J. Bergin were in the race until their deplorable expedition to Allen's lake where they fared no better than George Kackett and Pete Akers who caught 127 fish (?) for a total weight of 2 pounds. Dutch Valentine would have the prize without hesitation on his 10 pound catch in Little Blue providing there had been someone with him. Anybody that catches a pound of fish out of Little Blue ought to have a gold medal. Do we hear the Athletic Association offering a prize for the biggest fish caught this summer?

O. W. White, chemist, is foreman at the acid works during the absence of Tony Phillips who had to change climate for his lungs.

F. W. Bruckmiller is back from a week's trip to Whiting and Wood River.

April was the second no lost time accident month for Sugar Creek.

The baseball season opened May 5, when the Pressure Stills took the Tower Stills, last year's champions, 6 to 1.

The series of band concerts to be given by the Standard Oil Band in the park will start May 15.

A. S. Hurt, our Industrial Relations director, always has time to put in a word for the stock purchasing plan and has convinced many of the non-purchasers that they were missing the chance of their lives. A little self-denial and inconvenience now will mean a great deal in 1926.

Eighteen members of the S. O. A. A. at Sugar Creek have put up $25.00 and joined the Independence Baseball League, playing Saturday afternoons. They are booked to win the pennant if not put on the shelf by a joker in the league rules which reads: "Every player must attend some Sunday school at least twice each month."

Mechanical Department

Helena Erickson, daughter of Mike Erickson, blacksmith, was elected to an exclusive honorary society at Northeast High School for exceptional grades made during the four years' course.

Frank Chandler has already had one spare tire stolen from his new Ford.

C. P. Masters has been critically ill with typhoid fever.

Clarence Miller played safety first on his new

Ford touring car and drove it home with the brakes on.

Calvin Overcast's daughter was the victim of horseplay at school. A boy fired a blank pistol under her ear which punctured her ear drum.

Fred Gore was off two weeks for an operation on his nose.

John Dooley drew out his stock and left the employ of the Company, having accepted a very attractive position with a paint company in Kansas City. Everybody liked John and he has the best wishes of all.

Arch Campbell has traded his Overland for a Chevrolet touring and has himself been transferred to the paint gang.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Crude Stills

Ferd Schueler, who looks after the gas engines and wax tanks and is an all-round gas expert, once followed the trade of sign painting. It is related that one of Ferd's relatives was once proprietor of a fine lunch parlor in which first class highballs and cocktails were served. A Wild West show had come to Alton and gone bankrupt, leaving a number of Indians stranded. They were spending their few dollars freely for firewater in the Schueler saloon, when a government man from Springfield issued a business-like warning and the result was this sign, "No more injines gets a drink in this place."

William Obermiller, fancier of Beadle hounds, Holstein cows, Ford trucks and Hudson coaches, has another new hobby—chickens with a pedigree. He is turning his fine estate at Milton Heights into a chicken farm. A carload of incubators arrived last week. Bill has contracted for all the eggs in the country and is receiving orders for young chicks at 30 cents each at the rate of 100 per day.

Alex Kondas has been put in charge of the sales department and has just signed A. L. Springer for five dozen young humming birds and 1,000 Philaloo birds.

Archie Bowman has had all his teeth pulled preparatory to having a new diamond-studded set installed.

George Nelson moved April 29. He explains that he knows this is not new for the RECORD, but he says he had promises of all kinds of help. In fact so many were coming that he wondered what to do with them all. But when he started work, only one showed up, Hank Stormer, and the worst of it was, Nelson had just dumped the contents of a five-gallon jug for fear someone would find it or see it while moving. Nelson moved just across the street from where he used to reside, where he will be at home with a full jug after May 15. All his friends are invited to call.

Here's What Am News

We heard L. D. Palmer explain what news was the other day. He had asked someone for a news item and the reply was, "It rained yesterday." Palmer recalled the story of the Negro preacher explaining a phenomenon, "You see a tree, a cow or a bird; neither is a phenomenon. But when you see a cow sitting up in a tree singing like a bird, that am a phenomenon." "So," says Palmer, "to say 'it rained yesterday,' is not news; but to say "we heard C. F. Hall use a rare choice of English when he had to get out in the rain and mud yesterday and change a tire, especially so when he dropped his watch in a puddle of muddy water and had to grope around for ten minutes to find it," or to say, "During the rain yesterday, 'George McGaw slipped and fell on the wet pavement, cutting his right hip severely,' would be news."

E. Council is taking Dr. Flanagan's place at the First Aid while the doctor is away for two weeks. Council is a specialist when it comes to cuts, breaks, burns and bruises, so all will be taken care of who get hurt as efficiently as when Doc Flanagan was the master surgeon.

Roy Thompson drove out eighteen miles northwest of Fosterburg in search of mushrooms. He reported getting two bushel baskets full of fine big ones.

"Happy" Robertson has a dog for sale. It is a fish-hound, with a hankering to fish for the neighbors' chickens, so that the cost of upkeep is small. He is trained to chase any make of automobile, so that it will be unnecessary to exercise him.

Emory Hunt had to walk the last three miles into Grafton the other day. The Overland Limited broke down. Emory used to say it was fifteen miles from Wood River to Grafton, but now, after walking that three miles, he is sure the entire distance must be at least 65 miles.

William Hoffman wishes to advise John Torontovich that he will give him a ride in the new Dodge coupe if John will tell no one who was out riding with William on Easter Sunday.

Henry Frenz was trying to pour soap from a ten-gallon can to a gallon can and poured more on the floor than he did in the can. Joe Crocker says that is just like trying to run a steamboat in a river without water.

"Ice Cream Alex" bought a Ford Roadster, for which he is to pay $15.00—$5.00 down and the balance in ten monthly installments. That sounds like a very reasonable price. However, it is an old Ford and Alex is just learning to drive it. The first day out, Alex ran it into another Ford—sixty dollars. In backing away he crashed into a third one—fifty dollars. He then drove down by the Steam Stills. All that saved O. D. Graham's life was the fact that O. D. can move faster than Alex's racer—and a friendly drinking fountain happened to be in the way. When Alex cleared the drinking fountain, he managed to miss the garage and started out to the city again. There he ran down a man who was learning to ride a bicycle—forty dollars. He then knocked over the traffic post and didn't come back and set it up—twenty-five dollars. Alex is now barred from driving in the plant and city until he can qualify as a driver.

Bert Desherlia who lives on the St. Louis Road and owns a Baby Grand Chevrolet, which has had to lower glass in the windshield out all winter, is now getting ready to put in a new glass.

Wm. Near says he was "Mortified to Death" when his automobile, and Overland Sedan, refused to budge in Alton. He prevailed upon Herb Wollenweber, who was passing, to show him to Wood River. Near examined his machine and decided it needed a new set of bearings for the crank shaft. After a month of arduous labor, Near asked Wollenweber to come over and give him a start, as the bearings were new and he couldn't crank it by hand. Wollenweber hooked on and dragged Near's machine up and down the State road between Wood River and

Hartford three times. It refused to start. Out of curiosity, Near then examined the gasoline tank. It was empty. Ask Wollenweber about the rest.

Steve Kachederoff had a misunderstanding about a still he helped clean and didn't get credit for it on the pay check. Kach says it's coming next pay day, and, if he had had it in Madison, it would have been spent by now anyway.

Thomas Phelps and "South Wood River Jake" have changed jobs. Joseph Crocker held a farewell party for Tom the day Tom left Crocker's gang.

Herman Falkenhain started off the straw hat season at the Wood River Refinery. Herman wears a big broad-rimmed veteran of three Summers, quite a contrast to Harry Camfield's snappy Panama.

Shorty Meecham has become a sort of farmer or herdsman. He bought two or three rabbits from Ty Cobb to start his herd. They are of the celebrated breed of Flemish Giants. A good rabbit of this strain, according to Cobb, should weigh from 10 to 14 pounds, but Meechan thinks nothing of one weighing 20 pounds, while his blue ribbon stock runs around 40 pounds. He lately sold a drove of 300 rabbits which averaged 32½ pounds each. Many people have mistaken his rabbits for Shetland ponies.

Charles Huber has been lecturing lately, mostly to Bill Hoffman, about the evils of the theater. Charley scoffs at anyone who would waste time on these burlesque and leg shows when he might as well have been out fishing, buying eggs or enjoying the country scenery. Hoffman and Huber now go out in the country together to buy eggs.

Wm. Price bought a pony the other day. We hear Bill became so lonesome thinking about the names of the good old drinks he used to mix before the world was made safe for Democracy, that he wanted to buy something to remind him of the "Ponies" he used to enjoy.

William Hoffman appeared before George Thompson, a Justice of the Peace, and swore that he fished in Macoupin Creek one day in early May and caught a catfish which weighed eighty-five pounds. Clyde Van Camp says he doesn't believe Hoffman ever caught a fish in his life, but Charlie Smith says that, on the strength of Hoffman's statement, Van Camp spent an entire Sunday on Macoupin without getting a nibble.

William Kitson is the coon hunter. Let others catch fish, Bill has caught some, and let them buy rabbits, squirrel and quail. It takes Bill to get the 'coon. One day he found a hiding place, a big cottonwood tree. There were big cracks in the tree and so many 'coons in the tree that when they breathed, those cracks expanded and contracted. Obtaining help, he arranged to poke them out one at a time and kill them with a club. All Bill did was to pile them up as they were killed. When the carnage was over, Bill counted them—59 in all. Can you beat it?

Dave Moore is in a streak of hard luck. Someone stole his Ford and came back the next night and got his chickens. Dave then moved out of the neighborhood, but someone came to his new residence and took all his potted flower plants.

Rollie Rettinghaus has given up cleaning stills. He says it is because he isn't feeling well, but Albert Hall says it is because Rettinghaus made money too fast while cleaning stills.

B. Dorsey, friend of the poor, best patron of Upper Alton rummage sales and a pillar of the church, sent James Green over a nice looking mackinaw in response to an appeal by Green as an out-of-its-place cold snap swooped down. Green was getting along well until Charlie Ronnenberg came down with a club and demanded return of his coat which he accused Green of stealing. He would not even let Green explain. Dorsey says he can't do a thing about it as Green didn't specify whose old clothes he wanted.

Laboratory

Miss Wilkening, one of our distillation operators and STANOLIND RECORD reporter, has left us, but we are glad it is only for a short while. She has taken Mrs. Winkelman's place at the Standard Oil Cottage for the Summer months. Be careful, Laura, don't make that caramel brandy sauce too good or you may have a cottage of your own for the Winter months.

Our new road oil man things this bunch is crazy about wiener roasts. He says he heard the gang speak of six wiener roasts in the last week. He doesn't know that "speak of them" is all they did, and all they are going to do until, "It ain't goin' to rain no more."

Miss Halloran, better known in the laboratory as "Tillie," is the first of our young ladies to take her vacation. If all the dances, dinners, golf, tennis and picnics which we heard about in the last month take place, Chicago and Whiting will have two real social weeks in their history. "Tillie" is taking her vacation early because the Doctor says she needs a rest.

Mr. Buck has been telling us about the sweetest baby in the world. We never doubt his word, but we were all very anxious to see her, so he had Mrs. Buck and Miss Betty Jane pay us a visit and we all agree that Mr. Buck sure is right.

Machine Shop

Frank Hubbell's arm gave out last week, so he was transferred from the paint department to the machine shop. Good luck, Frank, don't let anything else give out.

Anyone wishing to know how the Volstead law was passed, ask Doc Weindel.

Ed. Kerwin has returned to work after recovering from his recent operation. This is the fifth operation Ed has gone through, these operations being on his head, but claims he is O. K. now and has asked the doctors to put a button and hole up there this last time. Easier to open.

Lanky Bill Miller has been appointed representative from the Sixth Division to succeed Rex Craddock, who resigned from the Joint General Committee because they would not move the tin shop back off the sidewalk. The machine shop force is glad to have a representative from their ranks.

Willard Clark left us the first of May to resume his duties at the Carlinville mine. Good luck, Willard.

Electrical Department

Carl Fox, electrician, and who, by the way, is Chief of Wood River's Volunteer Fire Department, is trying to devise some way to raise the money to buy a fine pumper for the department. Go to it, Carl, we're for you.

Tin Hawk, the paragon inventor, and Safety First man, electric shop, is on the verge of another world-startling discovery.

Did you ever notice the Madonna-like smile on

the face of the bicycle repairman at the electric shop? There's a reason.

Main Pump House and Steam Stills

Ed Fox, water drawer at main pump house, made a non-stop trip to Gillispie the other night—object, pleasure.

C. E. Custer received a fine trouble light through the mail the other day, gratis. Better be careful, Custer, there's always strings tied to those gifts.

Matthew Freeman sighs and remarks, "Ain't Summer never coming? There'll be no fishing a'tall."

Walter Haller, after completing a nine weeks' study course in intensive enamels, pumice stone and camel hair brushes, now has the Buick back on her wheels and running. It's a fine job of paint if we do say it.

Merle Manley has just finished painting his Ford—black with white stripes—so that it looks like a zebra. Manley has also opened an office where he figures on the construction of dwelling houses. His masterpiece is a six-room brick house, lot included and six bricks left over, for $3,500.

C. E. Custer of the main pump house has found his dog, or rather the famous Airdale came back of his own accord to Custer's roof. Perhaps he was hungry or perhaps he thought Custer was a pretty good man after all, even if he did run from hoot owls and sell grapes to fellows who didn't have much respect for the 18th Amendment. Dick Thompson says the Airdale is now firmly attached to the Custer home by a long chain and collar, fastened to the big elm tree in the front yard.

It is reported that Dick Thompson will start a roadhouse on the outskirts of East Alton, now that he controls the village politically.

C. E. Custer is agent for balloon tires. He carries one on the back of his Ford for an advertisement.

Masons

Sam Guarino wheeled up a load of mortar while the bricklayers were working at No. 3 Crude Still. "Watch me," he yelled to the men in his road. Everyone stepped aside as Sam made a slanting drive to go over the ash line. The wheel slipped and in spite of Sam's efforts, the load overturned. If anyone wants to see Sam show some real Mussolini wrath, he has only to say to him "Watch me."

Charley Magronyi bought a fine cow recently which he locked in the barn and the following morning the cow was missing. He is not sure a cow could jump through a small window in the barn but the door was closed and the cow missing. Johnny Kovack does not know a thing about how the cow escaped but it was noted he did most of the laughing.

Lubricating Works

Artie Swope has given up chicken raising. It will be recalled that Swope had a large number of oat sprouting trays made last year, in fact he is said to have had an acre's surface in those trays. It was generally thought that Swope was growing oats for the Quaker Oats Company. Artie also cleaned the market of all young chicks, paying as high as 58 cents for some. But when the chicks grew near the frying size, they ate Artie's grapes and gooseberry bushes, they tramped out the grass and ate up his young trees. No dandelions grew in his back yard, it was not even safe to set down a basket of elder berries. The garden looked like one of the battlefields in France. Swope's entire estate looked as though one of the twelve plagues of Egypt had struck it. Then Artie had to spend quite a lot of time in the basement to take care of sprouting the oats and it looked to the gossipy neighbors like Swope was construing the Volstead Act very liberally. So Artie chose the short way out and sold the chickens.

Don Naef and Charles Baker are fond of driving near the Upper Alton Hospital, not too near, and conversing with friends in that vicinity. Their warning to friends, however, is that it is safe to drve there but safer to keep on driving.

Carpenter Department

C. Cason and E. Rudy were visitors in Springfield recently looking up matters in connection with the game and fishing laws.

C. Burris has moved to Wood River again. Claude is getting too old for hill climbing.

Wes Mathie of the saw filing shop has secured a regular parking concession on State street which is good for any hour of the night or morning.

Jess Curry has been absent for some time on account of illness and has reported for duty again.

H. Burris has waited a long time to get his car but we must admit he got the best on the market when he did decide to ride.

W. Burgan has finished his course of study in the fishing code of Illinois and has material stored away for the seasonal week-end trips.

Pressure Stills

Fred Snodgrass has opened a store where he sells windshields and dog harness. He has some bargains.

Grover Weimers of No. 6 Pressure House has made a good start on the County Board. Grover was elected a member in April and has been appointed a memer of several important committees including the fee and salary, the clinic and judiciary.

George Redmond has vacated the sand lot and moved back to the hills. George says those Alton Hills look mighty good to him.

Labor Department

Jules Kocher is very envious of the splendid red nose of Joseph Crocker.

Jack Fennessey is wearing a smile from one car to the other on account of the arrival of a 9½-pound baby boy. Mother and baby are getting along fine.

Edgar Hannold, better known as "Whitey, the Band Leader," fireman, precinct committeeman, and old veteran of the Philippine war, has been on the sick list with sore throat but is feeling all right again. We are glad to see him that way because the basement at the steam stills was certainly dead while he was on the sick list.

We all give our sympathy to Al Jameson on account of the way Bill Halton and C. Ambrose with several others show their interest in Al and on account of the ten blocks he has to walk to get to his locker.

Paraffine Department

Robert Parks was entertained recently with a four-course dinner on the occasion of his retirement as president of the Community High School

Board. Mr. Parks has been a member of this Board for six years, a member since the board was first organized. The office carries much responsibility, work and worry but no pay except what thanks the people may give and the satisfaction that comes from giving public service. The high school has attained a very high standard. The equipment is excellent and a high standard of instruction has been attained. Many Standard employees have occasion to be thankful that their children are able to attend a high school of this class and for the men who labored to make it possible.

Louis Timar of the acid separators joyfully reports the arrival of a pretty baby girl in his family.

Reports from the River: Water high and fish not biting well, that is not very well. Caught one today weighing, twenty pounds. Charles Zweig.

Sam Hubbard is away on account of illness. Sam is city dad now and it is hinted that high living is the cause of much illness. Toby Poeling is absent on account of gout, more high living.

Tinners, Painters and Pipe Coverers

John Schulte chose the month of May for his wedding month and very generously passed around the cigars to the men in the tin shop. Our very best wishes to Mrs. Schulte and to you, John.

It has been reported that Batchelor and Lee Jenkins were visiting in Heads addition the last Saturday in May with William Soliday and others, who remain unknown to the writer on account of the modesty of the visitors.

Ollie Lemond, formerly of the tin shop and STANOLIND RECORD reporter, is getting along nicely now in his serious illness. Ollie has a bright outlook and is hopeful of being with us some time again. We certainly hope he will be able to come back.

Boiler Department

Several new arrivals in the boiler department this month. John Hamilton is the father of a fine baby girl and Bill Yenny the grandfather of a granddaughter.

John Crow now resides on a farm near Bethalto. He has brought in several large turtles lately. That is all.

Curley Beiser has his eleven thousand dollar home in Alton about finished. Curley certainly has a fine home.

The east gate is being watched at the present time by a welder who was formerly in the boiler department. "Skinny" Westbrook is the guardian of this gate. We are happy to report Mr. Westbrook's arm is getting along nicely and he expects to resume his regular work soon.

Pipe Department

There was a very light crop of mushrooms this spring. Charles Cason got four and Mike Sern two. So far that is all that grew in this part of the country. However, Cason is making up for lost laurels in the mushroom fields by catching an unusually large supply of big fish. Cason never fishes in company. He says he gets far better results when he goes by himself.

Tom Williams of the tube cleaners was confined to his home for a few days with a bad spell of the grippe.

Melvin Dillon was off from work a few days repairing his Ford. Melvin says that it shakes like it has chills.

Louis Miller resigned his place to accept a position with the Edwardsville Country Club as golf instructor.

Ike Crofton spent Easter Sunday at home dyeing eggs.

Tate Colbert is still rushing the can between Alton and Wood River every day.

Frank Walters is known as the handy man up on Belle street. Frank repairs anything the neighbors want. A certain lady asked him to come over and look at her chest. Frank went over as fast as he could, but much to his surprise, it was a cedar chest she wanted repaired. Frank fixed it.

Buck Blackburn is known as the Candy Kid. Buck sure steps some after he leaves the plant. Some boy with the girls.

Jack Maloney was a visitor in Dow, Ill., April 27. Jack is covering some ground in his new sport model Buick.

Kenneth Volz was selected as shortstop on the S.O. ball team. He is an understudy of Doc Lyons, the old war horse of the Chesterfield team.

Pete Corrigan has purchased a second-hand bus. Pete says he believes in taking his family with him when he goes out for the day.

L. Ritter sepnt a few days up in Calhoun County looking over the apple crop.

Ben Weinrich is in the market for a big car. Ben invites all agents to call on him.

Willie Woods of the safety valve department is in the market for a good safety razor.

Mr. Beilsmith was confined to the hospital for a few weeks and underwent an operation for appendicitis. We are glad to see him back on the job again.

A. Willard, fitter helper, was taken to the hospital to undergo an operation for appendicitis. He was taken there the same day Mr. Beilsmith left. He got the same room. All his friends wish him a rapid recovery.

Ed Trigg looks like a lost child. He hasn't got a car to ride around in. He traded his car for a wheelbarrow. He wanted to haul some dirt in his yard so he could plant some grass seed. Ed tried to haul dirt in his Ford, but it shook so much that all the dirt fell out. He then thought he could make better time with a wheelbarrow.

Ike Crofton spent May 4 visiting in Moro, Ill. Ike sure likes to have Sundays off from work.

Mr. Powell, tube cleaner at No. 5 pressure house, went to St. Louis one day last week to talk for an Edison record. He said that when he talks, everyone laughs so hard that he wants to hear himself talk to see if he really is so funny. He is having a couple of hundred records made. Riley Hefner is taking orders for them. Put in your order for one.

Herb Fox has entered the ladder climbing contest at the Illinois State Fair this year. Herb will represent the Wood River Fire Department.

Rich Dawson has purchased a horse and buggy. Rich says he always likes to be in the lead. He thinks that they will come back again in a few years. Several auto dealers took him out for a spin trying to sell him a car. Rich said he only rode a mile and they passed ten cars on the road, pulled out to the side with a repair man under each. Rich says that you don't have to pull a horse to the side of the road and lay under him to see if there is anything wrong.

Willie Woods reported off from work, May 6, feeling badly. Willie asked his foreman if the appendicitis started in the back. Jack asked him why. Bill said becasue he had a bad pain in the back. The boys finally convinced him he only had a back-ache.

Bert Smith was seen running around in a Ford. Watch out, girls.

Eddie Smith, assistant fire chief, is considered the best looking man in the pipe department. How about that, Simon.

Mr. Hammet was home for a few days with a wrenched back. He is back on the job again all O. K.

Carl Lenhardt has sure got all the girls on the jump since he got his new Gray car.

It is the talk around the yard that Troy Kessinger and Otto Tecklenberg were put out of the Kil-Kare Theatre the other night for talking too much. Really, boys?

Pennifold and Bauer of the tube and cleaning department went fishing on May 8 and returned with two big catfish and three baskets of elderberry blossoms. What kind of bait did you use?

Joe Schenk, Rex's first helper, is some genius. On the farm Joe sawed a limb off of a cherry tree and then cut out a limb from an apple tree and then put the cherry limb on the apple tree. He made some mud and took a clamp and held it there until they grow together. And now Joe is all smiles because he has a tree with cherries on one side and apples on the other.

Jim Dooley was away from work a few days on account of the death of his aunt, Mrs. Thomas Jones of Alton.

Red Hodge is the proud daddy of a big sixteen pound boy born March 5.

Rich Dawson, Charley Beasley, Art. Slater, Pete Corrigan, Charley Lee, John Van Buren and Charley Eades asked the writer to interview the Athletic Committee and see if they will not start a marble contest for the championship of the refinery, the winner to play the winner of the St. Louis contest and the winner there to get a trip to New York. They claim they practice every night wtih the school boys.

John Stimac was absent from work for a few days on account of the death of his brother, who died at his home in Wood River.

Biddie Ritter, who has not been feeling well for the past two weeks, has been promoted to the well drillers' department.

Newt. Green has a new way to pull teeth. Newt. had a big tooth which was troubling him, so he went and got a wooden plug and put in the air line and then tied a string to it. He then tied his big tooth with the other end of the string and turned on the air. It blew the plug out and also took his tooth out with it. The tooth hit Ed. Olney in the face and cut him. Ed. had to go up to the First Aid and and have it dressed. Now Ed says he is going to have Newt. arrested for biting him. But Newt. has promised to pay all damages and call it square. Newt. is now wearing his tooth as a watch charm.

General News

William Cook Jr. has become a regular beau brummel according to persons who were present when William captured the attentions of a beautiful lady performer at a local entertainment recently. The lady not only bestowed much attention on William during the entertainment but treated him to a large stick of candy after the show.

Miss Marie Brown entertained recently for Mrs. Mary Hutchinson with a kitchen shower, rolling pins, etc. Now Mary will have charge of the kitchen instead of the stationery room, complete charge as usual. What say, Tom?

The band will begin the open air concerts during the month of June. The city dads are fixing up the park to make more parking space which is badly needed and doll up the park for these entertainments. The band appeared in the Memorial Day parade and took part in the exercises at the School Auditorium. The speakers were very generous in their praise of the band and the organization that stood back of the band and made it possible to have music on such occasions.

During May an announcement was made of the coming marriage of Miss Helen Beach and Ralph Volz. Miss Beach is the daughter of Stover Beach, former superintendent of the Wood River Works. STANOLIND readers wish much happiness to the bride and bridegroom.

Athletics

After being out of the game for two weeks due to rainy weather, the baseball team journeyed to Granite City, May 31, and played the Robert Coke and Chemical Company team. This team leads the Tri-City league and has not been beaten this season. Our team made one run in the third inning and the score stood 1-0 in the seventh when things slipped slightly and the coke boys took the lead and the game. The game was the best seen this season and made Standard baseball stock take the upward turn. The boys were not able to bring home the bacon this day but expect to carry home the whole hog before the season is much older.

The schedule beginning July 5, is Coke Plant here on that date with the home team due to win. All hands out for the job. July 12, Standard plays the Commonwealth at Granite City; July 19, the National Lead here; July 25, Hoyt Metal at Granite City, and August 2, Nescos here. The rest of August schedule will be given in the August STANOLIND RECORD.

Pairings for third round of Horseshoe tournament: C. E. Wilson vs. J. Bailey; H. Ferguson Jr. vs. E. E. March; E. Kahl vs. W. I. Jolley; Claude Burris vs. Geo. Veach; Fred Schulz vs. W. Crofton; R. S. Lane vs. Al. Seynhoven; R. Green vs. winner of Bantz-Bauer match; W. Shawmeker vs. Sam Leigh; O. Vernor vs. winner of Wollenweber-Chas. Burris match; E. R. Durham vs. J. J. Maloney, and J. Davis vs. J. F. Halloran.

The above is a lineup for the third round of the Horseshoe tournament. There was a good turnout for this sport this year, about 88 entrants being listed at the first of the tournament. The elimination contests have been hard-fought games throughout, and there will probably be a number of interesting contests in the final stages of the tournament.

CASPER, WYO.

Jack Angehrn is spending his vacation saving the Old Homestead. Just what he is saving it for nobody can ascertain. Perhaps it's like the old hat with seven years service, he hates to part with it until he gets his money's worth out of it.

Jean was seen driving his own car the other

day. This is worthy of note because it is a rare occurrence. Usually he is lucky if he is allowed to ride in it.

H. M. Robb has given up his hope of heaven and gone back to golf. The fluency of his recent damns and other oaths more vivid indicates that he is rapidly regaining his old time form.

John J. Lewis of Ireland and Plant No. 3 is now among us. He is a likely lad with a generous smile and a prominent personality and has already made the acquaintance of a large number of the Plant No. 1 personnel. Mr. Lewis added several to his list of acquaintances in endeavoring to locate the parking space assigned to him for his car. The plat of Plant One parking spaces had evidently been mislaid by some member of the engineering department, but Mr. Lim claims that someone "confiscated it into the river." If this is the case we suspect the storehouse, knowing as we do their failing for this sort of thing.

H. A. Shea had hardly become inured to the Casper climate before he felt the call of home. Alas, poor Shea! He is now back in Boston. It was Shea's sudden decision to go home that brought Mr. Lewis to us. Shea was assistant to Barney Borgstrand in the yeild department, to which position Lewis succeeds.

Ray Turner is going to drive home to Illinois on his vacation. The way we figure it Ray will spend one-third of his time wondering if he'll get there and the other two-thirds wondering if he'll get back (and so will the rest of us).

Brian B. Daugherty says the new Chevrolet Coupe for which he claims parking space is his own property.

Clyde E. Wilson of Colorado, Arizona, Idaho and Wyoming succeeds Maurice Post as messenger. Mose is now in charge of the stationery department.

A. J. Parkin, Community Service Director from Whiting, Ind., gave a very interesting talk to the members of the Standard Luncheon Club, May 8.

Oscar Howard is not backward when it comes his turn to show his stuff. Oscar is a good barnyard golfer and pillow fighter, but lays down his "Stillson" for no man.

William Holden and Ralph Steen of the asbestos department were talking about a large catch of rainbow trout. Steen told the writer to say William Holden caught a 23¾-inch Rainbow trout at Pathfinder Dam. William being a very quiet gentleman and not caring for publicity regarding his prowess as a Nimrod, suggested that the story be held out of the Record, but it happened that the writer knows the Casper department of the S. O. Co. has the most famous fishermen and never doubts their veracity.

John McClellan, painter foreman, is building a new house on South Lincoln. John is a believer in the great future of Casper.

Paul Bauer of the boiler workers' department says he is going fishing soon. Leave it to Paul, he knows the bait the fish like.

Ralph Steen, foreman of the asbestos department, is building a new home in the Standard Addition. We asked Ralph if we could come over and look at the place and would he "Hi-tone" us? Ralph said, "You boys know it's the boiled shirt neighborhood!"

Walter Compton, Pumper at No. 3 Transfer Pump House, motored to Dry Creek and lured a few of the speckled beauties. Walt says if it were not for the sand and sage brush he could make the trip on high.

Clay Hill has been transferred to the new asphalt stills—we miss the marine at No. 3 Receiving House.

Paul Braden reports that he was defeated at the recent town election of Mills, where he was a candidate for councilman. Paul says he knew all could not be elected when he entered the race.

William Corson, stillman at No. 6 Receiving House at Plant No. 3, reports that radio has been put on the bum since the recent electric storm.

Smithy of the structural iron gang, Plant No. 1 could give any of you bald headed fellows a bit of advice concerning the raising of hair on a billiard ball. Smithy has to let his wife braid his hair before coming to work now, but we know he used to comb his head with a towel! We will have to put Dr. Diggs' research chemist on his trail as we have reason to believe Smithy is using some Standard Oil product.

We sincerely regret the loss of our co-worker, Harry Cushing, of the tower stills and extend to Mrs. Cushing and family our deepest sympathy.

John Benell, clerk in the filling house, is the proud father of a bouncing baby daughter, Cathyrn Mae, born March 11, 1924. John is passing the cigars.

H. G. Holstein has his car for sale. We understand the new features on this car is that it has four wheels and no brakes.

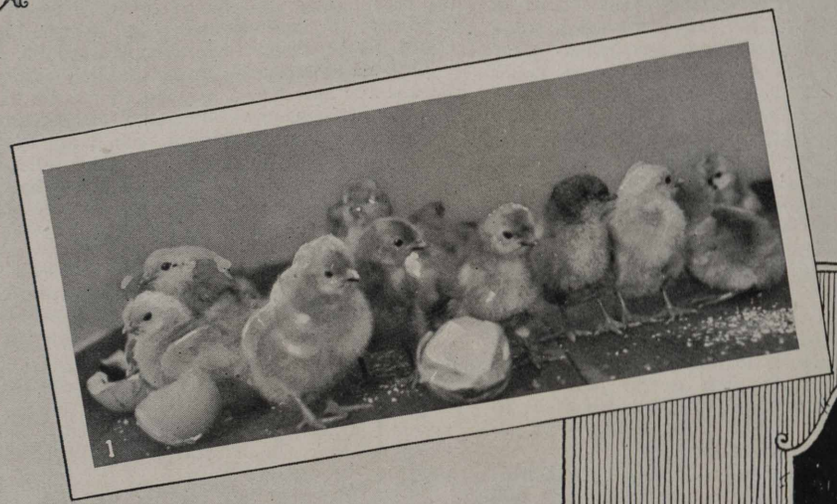
Speaking of Cy Rinalski's car (Chevi), the curtains go on at night and come off each morning. Who is she, Cy?

F. C. Patterson "Pat," chief of the filling house, is leaving for his home in Canyon City, Colo., to spend a few days with his parents.

On May 6, the Foreman's Club staged a show which will be remembered by all for a long time to come. The meeting was turned over to the entertainment committee, consisting of Messrs. Briney, Tombs, Canady, Hansen and Brewster. They staged a burlesque on the U. S. Senate's investigation of the lease of the Teapot Dome, introducing Senators Melvin, Wiederhold, Landers and Price. The chairman of the committee made a very forcible and eloquent speech that struck terror and panic to the hearts of the oil men and caused a rush to the witness stand to see who would first turn state's evidence. Sergeant-at-arms Nifty E. Thomas headed them off as best he could but got crippled in the rush. He finally got a wrist lock on Four X Arbuckle and chained him to the brass railing around the bar. Roxie Stinson Greenbaum fainted on Prosecutor Price's shoulder. The smelling salts brought by Chauncey Depew Melvin failed to revive her. Lew struggled with his burden until Senator Wiederhold yelled "bring a drink of cold water." This brought her up standing. Attorney General Brian Doherty denied everything she said, disclaiming any connection whatever with the Washington, D. C. bootleg ring. Jesse James Huff, the tough, almost cleared the court, scaring the senators under their desks. He refused to be intimidated and answered just what questions he wanted to answer. The sergeant-at-arms then led a chorus which sang "Little Roxie," composed by Lew Price. The chorus leader deported himself so nobly and the encore was so great and persistent that the author-prosecutor took

(*Continued on page* 34)

STRUTTING THEIR STUFF AT WOOD RIVER AND SAGINAW



No. 1—Herman Oetting, No. 3, Pressure House, Wood River, had good luck with his first hatch. This is it. Herman is Wood River's foremost chicken fancier. No. 2—John Van Buren, Wood River refinery, has a pet coon, Punkie, and a coon dog, Queen. They're good friends despite the fact that they are supposed to be hereditary enemies. No. 3—Here's a sign of Spring in Wood River. The same coon and coon dog, but pictured with some puppies. Punkie doesn't like the newcomers, however. No. 4—Saginaw division strutted its stuff in grand style at a Minstrel Show and Annual Spring Party. Here are (left to right) Ted Mayville, Glen Niendorf, Ollie Richards and Harry Snyder. They are the four end men. No. 5—Here are some of the principals of the great show of Saginaw. The party after was one to be remembered. It was estimated that about 400 persons attended.

(*Continued from page* 31)
the curtain 57.6 times, dropping back to his chair in utter exhaustion. The committee investigated Dr. Paulus, who gave them a twenty minute talk on matters of general interest to all. They called Mr. Andrus, who started an invstigation of his own on "Why cannot Natrona County have some of the oil taxes it pays to the Government spent for irrigation within its bounds?" He certainly won his case as far as those who heard him were concerned. Chairman Landers eloquently reviewed the session, stating enough scandal had been brought out to furnish the leading dailies copy for the next day and moved adjournment to the dining room where Blue Ribbon in cold bottles, doughnuts, coffee and sandwiches were served.

April 21 was gala day at the Industrial. This was the day of the annual visit of the Board of Directors to Casper. After the inspection of the Plant and a dinner by the J. G. C. they adjourned to a smoker given by the Atheletic Association and the Foreman's Club. The orchestra opened the program. In the boxing matches, Buckley and Donahue battled three rounds to a draw for the glory of the boiler makers. They handed each other all they had, but the old time grudge remains unsettled. Leo Hallock of the filling house and Fleming of the refinery department put on a good exhibition. Fleming started strongly but Hallock stood the punishment well and came to win the decision. Andy Guimont and Blake put on their usual smiling exhibition with lots of action for a draw. The sack rush was the best entertainment event of the evening. Patterson's Heavies are "Champeens" by defeating the Howard, McQuin, Knapp trio from No. 1 pipe department and Purdue, Stanbro and Conklin from No. 3. Patterson, Beaner and Davidson did great work in pinning their opponents to the mat while Pat tossed the sack into opposing territory and then held off his own man. Moline, Dedlow and Stevens held Stanbro's Boasters to a tie. In the wrestling, McAllister and Earl Dowler were evenly matched and showed considerable science. The decision was a tie. Green disposed of Kidd in quick time with a little more manhandling than appeared necessary, while Borsch finally threw Holstein for a win. In the pillow fight, Safety Last Osburn and Brewster covered themselves with glory and flour as did Howard and Crisman. The idea is to stun the other fellow and then to suffocate him. Unfortunately, everybody lost. Schaeffer of the pipe department easily outclassed his four opponents in the Hobble Skirt Free-For-All Boxing Exhibition. Gates, though hampered by attacks from Rynalski, Hook and Francis knocked Schaef through the ropes. Victory? No—like Dempsey, Schaef returned for his triumph. The referee said everybody won but he is not a judge of pure science. Did the Directors enjoy the affair? Well, the Burlington had to hold the train forty-five minutes until the very last exhibition was finished.

Bill Tolhurst, champion tennis player, started his Spring training taking fishing lessons from A. J. Johnson and Andy Schrepfer. These two men claim to know more about it than the venerable old Isaac Walton ever thought he knew. The Luncheon Club didn't eat fish May 19 at that.

Interplant Baseball Game: Foreman, Plant No. 1—6; Foremen, Plant No. 3—Calculating machine ran out of numbers! The foremen of Plant No. 1 were given an unmerciful beating Saturday May 17th by the foremen of Plant No. 3. Tolhurst and Guimont were the battery for Plant three and Andy Thompson and Bill Eads were the battery for Plant one.

GREYBULL, WYO.

George W. Snyder, formerly in charge of the Industrial Relations and Safety departments at Greybull, has departed for Chicago where he will make his home in the future. We hope for his success in his new work.

"Slim" Dalrymple has gone back to old familiar haunts for a visit. We all wish the boy a pleasant trip.

Plant No. 2 has been the scene of much importance and interest of late. Mr. Cooke and Andy Thompson, known to every human who dallies with gas in the Rocky Mountain Division, paid us a call recently. Now comes along Roy Hartzell and Dr. Reeve of the Safety First Department of Casper. Waldo Roberts, too, has come and gone.

B. L. Warren, superintendent of Plant No. 2, Roy Hartzell, Dr. Reeve and Superintendent Lockard of Plant No. 1 are on their way to Cody Dam to angle for the "Big Babies." Bluejacket, when asked to accompany them, showed a jellyfish resistance.

"Sure Shot" Dan Cupid has gone and played thunder of late. He shot our Tom Patterson square in the heart. About the time Tom yielded to that mystic power that was scampering through his frame, Floyd ("Red") Dunn cave-manned his sweetheart, Jessie McNeal, carted her away to Billings, Mont., and when they returned Red smiled and passed the cigars.

Penn Newton says he likes to help the boys out in their Sunday trips to other towns, but that he isn't crazy about such ball games—as when the enemy makes over twenty runs during the game—with eighty miles to drive, it makes homecoming a dread, especially when required to explain his delay to "Mother Newton," he says.

The convention held daily by the "Fasting Phenoms" has been rolling merrily along, although Steve Krajicek has fallen off the wagon and has decided upon a single sandwich at high noon, the boys are generous to his weakness, feeling certain that he will eventually return to the fold.

Monte Fletcher, who up until recently cared but little about claiming his off-days, is a changed human, and is consulting the work and play schedule. He surely insists upon all that is coming to him. A new car is responsible for the change of heart.

"Shorty Dobbs," little man of big mysteries, is still doing some fly casting upon the surface of the turbulent matrimonial sea. Keep whipping the water, Shorty, they begin to rise in June.

The regular monthly meeting of the Foreman's Club of Greybull was held on May 20. Addresses by Mr. Lockard, superintendent of Plant No. 1, on the "Burton Process of Pressure Stilling," and Mr. Nix of the Laboratory on "Asphalt" were enjoyed. It was decided to adjourn during the Summer, the next meeting to be held in September.

At the regular city election this month, Lee Anchors, foreman of the machine shop, was elected on the Council.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Harold Desch, an oil pumper, has left the service of the company and is going to New York state for a long visit with relatives. We are sorry to see Harold leave, for he was one of the old "standbys" of the company.

Jimmie Henderson has been promoted to oil pumper and Ted Partridge to relief man. E. Wolaver has become boiler skinner and William Isberg his faithful helper.

Ed Polidna is thinking about moving to his ten-acre lot in west Laramie. Ed and Pike Oakley are going to be real farmers some day.

Last Saturday, after working hours, Russel Morris, warehouseman, and wife left for Sand Creek for a Sunday's outing; and behold, when darkness came on Russel saw the outlines of a *bear*. He did not know how large the bear was, but you can bet Russel crawled into his enclosed car and locked the doors so Mr. Bear could not come in. Some sleepless night! Now Russel says it might not have been a bear, but one of those porcupines that sometime stray down from the pines.

Isaac O'Neal, stillman, went to Pole Creek on the mountains east of here slid off the road into the creek with his car and stayed there until the next day. It cost him $20 to get pulled out.

Phelix Ward and Fred Brown went fishing last Sunday and on their return reported no fish. Later we found out why they didn't catch any. They didn't have time to fish. 'Nuf said.

Al Musser and Jay Vermillion were displaying a blueprint of Al Musser's basement. They are trying to find someone to solve their problem. The basement was to be 18 feet 11 5/16 inches by 18 feet 11 13/16 inches by 6 feet 1 3/64 inches deep. As Jay did the excavating for forty dollars, he wants to know how much he made per cubic yard, and Al is very much puzzled to know how much sand, gravel and cement he will have to use, and what his dimensions will be when he puts in a 5 3/4-inch wall and a 3 29/32-inch floor. Also, how long will it take to complete the job when Al and Jay go fishing every Sunday.

A. J. Jones surprised the boys by pulling McAllister's Grant car all over the plant. Some Overland, Arthur. Mac wants to swap his car for a wheelbarrow.

The snow that fell here May 27 makes our Summer look pretty short. Several of the boys wish to sell their fishing poles at a sacrifice. Who'll bite?

Andy Winchell went to Blue Grass and had to walk back to town. Wonder if Andy had more fish than the limit or was the car only weak.

Dewey Hilton, pressure still cleaner, finds that it does not pay to drive too fast over roads that have curves. He had the displeasure of going over the bank, but no one was injured.

John Curry also had to walk home last week from the fishing trip he took to Dale Creek. Broke a rear axle. Better buy a Ford; broke-in cars sometime break too much.

George Weeks, stillman of Plant No. 1, left the service of the company and at present is taking a trip through the Grand Canyon in Arizona. We understand he will tour on to Washington.

B. W. Ferris is quite sick with tick fever. Bentley seems to have gotten ticks instead of fish. We hope to see him back on the job before long, after his unfortunate experience.

The second splendid entertainment and dance was given April 29 in the Moose Hall by the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Plants Nos. 1 and 2. E. L. Wood acted as presiding officer in his usual pleasing manner and the Whizz Bang Orchestra furnished the music. Mr. Wood startled the audience by asking that Dangerous Jim be disarmed, upon whose person was found a huge .45 caliber glass pistol. The Fuel Oil Quartette (Caruso, Companari, McCormack and De Redzske) regaled the audience with a number of songs, then all joined in the community singing. Professor Knode, superintendent of the Laramie city schools, after a few introductory remarks, made a strong appeal for the voting of a bond issue for the benefit of the city schools. "Violet Milo" Brown, accompanied by Mrs. A. G. Burckert, gave a selection on the xylophone. "Violet Milo," with those wooden pieces of musical machinery, always makes a hit. Eggo Dyken was called to the rostrum and introduced as a man who had crossed the Alps with Napoleon and wanted to challenge to a bout with the mits C. E. Loucks, who handled the throttle of the first locomotive making the run from Chicago to San Francisco. As Mr. Loucks was not present the bout was postponed. "Shep" Miner and "Kid" Dolan went several rounds with the gloves, sometimes mistaking Bob Elliff, the referee, for their opponent, who retaliated with an occasional knock down. Peaceful Alvin (Alvin Cyrus Musser), accompanied by Mrs. J. C. Bogie, sang a number of songs and gave a variety entertainment with the bones. Perhaps the horseshoe pitching contest created the most enthuiasm of the evening. Mr. Robay and Mrs. Kellog for Plant No. 1 were arrayed against Mr. Blair and Mr. Helms for Plant No. 2. Plant No. 2 won the honors by a score of 21 to 19. After the entertainment dancing was in order until midnight. Lunch was served in the subway by the kitchen directors, Mr. Isberg and Mr. Elliff, ably assisted by Robay, Helms and others. Everyone seems to enjoy these meetings thoroughly, they are much like a real family reunion, and we are all looking forward to the next one, which is to be held in the mountains.

GENERAL OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Office

Others on their way to the top! We are glad to announce the promotion of W. E. Blodgett from secretary to N. R. Grimshaw to Mr. Lannin's assistant. E. L. Larson, chief clerk, succeeded Mr. Blodgett and Mr. Essery stepping in as chief clerk.

We also want to report the promotion of J. E. Sayers from Chicago sales to general manager's department. Welcome, Mr. Sayers, and we know you will like us.

A new boy made its appearance at the home of H. H. Akers on April 9. Another Standard Oiler in the ranks. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Akers.

Mr. Burritt, who left the services of this company to go in business for himself, has been succeeded by C. C. Inglefield.

More additions to general manager's department. H. J. Saladin, V. C. Parker and Miss Carrie C. Brown.

If you want the inside dope on how to reduce,

see Mrs. Shaw. We understand she is now taking her turkish bath regularly.

Miss Stonehouse, as well as Miss Franket, has joined the ranks of the bobbed hair brigade. Girls, we didn't think you would do it.

Messrs. Kinzie and Arnold both report the arrival of heirs at their respective domiciles. Kinzie took a week off to get acquainted.

Mr. Carr leaves on his annual fishing trip soon. He's going to chop a hole in the ice somewhere near Winegar, Wis., and drag out some frozen fish.

Mr. Essery, our new chief clerk, can be seen each morning at 8:30 watching for late arrivals.

Did everybody see Jennie Burton's hair the day she decided to be an anti-makumrich-quick booster. Oh, bring back dem days of long ago.

Manufacturing Department—Sixth Floor

One bright spot in the picture of the Casper bunch in the May issue of the RECORD was that of Miss Coyle, late of the billing department. The Wyoming air hasn't done any harm to Fair Catherine—so far as we could see.

Joe Valentine bought a set of golf tools for about twenty bucks Saturday; then went out to the Budlong Woods with the other beginners to show the world what he could do. He made the eighteen holes in 313, busted two perfectly good sticks and lost all his golf balls in the heroic attempt. Not so bad, Joe! Not so bad!

Great excitement was caused by the recent fair addition to the stenographic department; her name is Laura "Giggles"—said so herself to Jack Crothers. Yep, Jack's married and everything.

Did you see George Johnson's picture in the *Englewood Economist* on the occasion of his getting Hitched Up? White bow tie and winged collar and everything! Lucy sure looked sweet enough to eat. Congratulations, George, and may all your troubles be little ones.

Now that Ed Vail is giving up his tobacco chewing there will be an increase in the chewing gum expense—of some of his old standbys.

The bookkeeping department is building up a bad reputation; one of our young ladies who has been showing two naughty but nice little slashes in her skirt refuses to pass the bookkeepers' desks on her way out. Speaking of those naughty little slashes reminds us that Bob MacMullen lost a three-dollar side bet on them.

Frodin, Wolfe and Skorz are very busy campaign managers; we never knew they had such "pep."

Quite a rousing campaign on the sixth floor—even some candidates losing their customary urbanity—not to mention the finger pointing arguments of their managers. Answer my question, Mr. King! Did I see you at any time personally? Wow! And the crowd vociferously cheers.

Did you see old "Smitty" thump the table in his fifteen-minute peroration? Gosh, you would think these fellows were running for first ward committeeman with the energy they are putting in their stuff.

N. E. Lorimer is going to run for representative next year and has already appointed Bob MacMullen as his campaign manager. He figures it will be a cinch and we advise all other candidates on the sixth floor to drop out as they won't stand a chance.

We hear that H. B. Borger is soon to leave us after his vacation to go into the shoe business with a friend. What will the girls do without him?

Fifth Floor

The old radio bee has sure stung Mr. Callahan badly. He is working his baby grand overtime.

Meyers got two votes in the election. I thought a party could vote for himself only once. It takes an election like the present one to find out just what kind of fellow workers you are surrounded by. You know that "You for me, I'm for you, now I'm for the other fellow stuff" is pretty poor co-operation. The writer hopes the next election will be one the employes will be proud of. Just steer clear of those cut-throat tactics.

"Hank" Hansen is going into Spring training at Wallace. We are watching daily for some "strong man" stunts.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente, Correspondent; Harry Blix, M. C. Peterson and Art Emrath, Associate Correspondents

Phil Smith, agent at Fourteenth street, is back at his post again after being ill for several days.

Fred Fischer, formerly chief clerk at Rogers Park sub-station, has been tansferred to agent at our new sub-station at Elmhurst, Ill. Fred says he is going to show the boys some real sales.

Fred C. Podoll has just recently joined our family, taking over the duties of head check clerk. Fred was formerly check clerk at Fargo, North Dakota.

Our friend, Jack Sayers, has been called upon to take over duties in the general manager's department. We miss Jack's smiling face, also the good stories.

Max Ross, our able salesman at Gary, is on the job again. Max was laid up for several weeks.

C. C. Inglefield, formerly S. S. superintendent, has been transferred to the general manager's office. Mr. H. G. Monroe has taken over Clint's position as superintendent.

H. E. Milde proved that he is a real salesman. He sold himself to a young lady and closed the deal by slipping a wedding ring on her finger Saturday, May 31.

R. C. Molter has been transferred to agent at Gary, Ind. Motler has been a salesman for several years and we wish him success in his new position.

Along with a few other of our good men, E. L. Des Jardins, who had charge of the educational department, has been called upon to take over duties in the general manager's office.

Due to the fact that Miss Margaret Furman has been receiving numerous love epistles from ardent admirers, "matrimonially inclined," we are wondering just what the outcome of her vacation will be.

On the afternoon of May 18 the Fourteenth street baseball team trimmed the team from Englewood to the tune of 7 to 1. The game was featured by the superb twirling of Walter Hansom, pitcher for the Fourteenth street team. J. W. Wilson also played a dandy game at shortstop for the Oilers.

Benny Parrino is the proud father of a new baby girl. He is also the possessor of a brand new ten-year service button. Ben is having some

trouble buttoning his vest over his chest these days.

Little Johnny Kula is back again after several weeks' absence suffering with a boken arm. John says that since Doc Morton worked on his arm, it is better.

It makes us all happy to see the smiling contenance of Bill Wallace again. Bill was very sick for a number of weeks, but has completely recovered.

Henry Wendt, attendant at S. S. No. 125, is the daddy of a nine-pound two-ounce boy born May 28. Maybe it was because it was so near the first of the month that Hank named him "Bill."

R. C. Kells, buddy of Hank at S. S. No. 125, is spending his spare moments telling H. W. how to bring up a boy. R. C., Jr., ate part of a cake ornamented with one Standard Oil candle on June 10.

Tank Wagon Department

Fred Brown is assisting Roy and Babe at Antioch this Summer and "by-gol" is swinging right into the game. With Babe taking care of the Lake trade and Fred hitting on all six, Roy won't have much to worry about.

When you meet Heb Scott, our popular Cortland street agent, on the golf links don't fail to ask him where he got his new shoes. Maybe he'll tell and maybe he won't.

With the tourists pouring into the Fox Lake region, Herman Wienke has crawled out of the hole in which he has been all Winter and has started to show some of the other northern stations how to sell Polarine. Here's hoping Herman doesn't have to hibernate in the snow next winter.

Ralph Noble and his new crew at Glencoe are just getting on to the ropes and we expect to hear nothing but good reports from that region in the future.

Jefferson Park station, besides showing nice gains on Red Crown and Polarine, boasts a champion horseshoe player in the agent, Charlie Basham. There have been rumors on a match with Basham and George Fyfe, agent at Oak Park, against Mr. Hatmaker, manager, and Mr. Appel, equipment superintendent. We are putting odds, two to one, on the agents.

Pee Wee Sanderson, our former clerk at La Grange, considers himself quite a golfer. He has had one of our correspondents out several times but has not fully demonstrated his superiority. Incidentally, Pee Wee is doing special work in the territory and has probably not had as much time to think of or play golf as in the past.

Our friend Guy Miller wasn't crazy about sticking around Lake Forest, so has been transferred to Waukegan in order that he may be near his family. With the Miller brothers at Waukegan it looked like a "clean-up" at that station in the Northen League.

Miller's successor at Lake Forest, S. J. Sorenson, has taken the reins in good style and bids fair to put Lake Forest on the map.

Our Wheaton station is now in charge of A. J. Keyes, who, with the help of Mike Cronkovich, formerly of La Grange, and the rest of the crew, expects to make a great showing.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

For ten long years he fought against it, and each Spring patted himself on the back, proud of his will power and resistance, but he weakened. Mr. Vogler has taken up golf. Reduced prices in lots of six, that's what gets 'em.

The entertainment committee certainly put on a wonderful party the night of May 16. Extra Special, a quarter a throw more than usual, resulting in elaborately beautiful and appropriate decorations, expensive music which wasn't so bad but could have been better, delicious refreshments entirely suited to the occasion, dozens of new spring and summer dresses, a couple of hundred girls and a few men. What a blow! Still, for those as had partners, it was quite a success. With a little practice Ed Day might make a good head mixer—but he did his best. The singing and dancing of the Lau children was quite the hit of the evening, outside of the big mystery, jewels lost and found episode. The Dancing Gays proved very entertaining, though some of the gay young bloods, who are also accomplished terpsichoreans, regarded the performance with no little contempt. As yet, however, none of them have offered their services for entertainment at the picnic. Oh, hadn't you heard about the picnic? Well, cheer up, you will. The ladies holding the four luckiest numbers either couldn't read or left early, and the lovely corsage bouquet was finally presented to Miss Eve Lynette Clark, one of the out-of-town visitors. Although Miss Clark is related to one member of the entertainment committee, we understand that the deal was perfectly square and above board.

Mr. Peterson of the equipment department celebrated Decoration Day by taking a sixteen-mile canoe trip down the Mississippi and up Rock River, in the company of two ladies and another gentleman, and he claims that he and the other boy friend did most of the paddling. Must be darn clever girls to get by like that in this neck of the woods.

Now that Libbie has her golfing outfit and, oh yes, her clubs, she's ready to start—any time.

We wonder if Lillian Kruse works nights just for the thrill of getting that telephone call.

Do you suppose it was shyness that caused Mr. Clark to discard his walking stick? And it looked so swanky, too.

Have you heard the storv about the first step? Well, ask Mr. Watson, Mr. Vogler, Mr. Slater, Mr. Day or anyone around the first floor, they know it by heart and practice about once a day.

It seems that Mr. Baker, salesman at Wapello, is quite up on the etiquete of extending and recalling invitations. He says it is a delghtful pastime.

Alice's salesman friend certainly made a killing at the noonday meeting of the Women's Alliance. The ventilation was wonderful, but Miss Wheeler didn't seem to be very crazy about it.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Manager Budde and Assistant Manager Phillips were in Wood River, May 15, and were entertained at lunch at The Cottage by Dr. Holland of the refinery. Both report a very fine reception and are hoping Dr. Holland will return the call and visit them at Decatur some time in

the near future so that they may have a chance to reciprocate.

Mrs. Rhodes, wife of our Bethany agent, is recovering nicely from a recent operation for appendicitis and we are glad to see "Rhody" back on the job.

The Standard Oil organization at Danville think they know why the Urbana-Champaign outfit failed to come to their meeting which was held recently. They don't know for sure, but they *think* they do. It is good weather for cold feet. How about it, Urbana?

Agent Beshoar at Danville has given his trusty Ford coupe a nice spring coat of paint. We think he is trying to kid himself into thinking that it is a Packard. Don't disturb him; let him dream on.

Driver Carl Kieser of Danville will have some good fish stories to tell the boys before next fall—but don't think many of the boys will take him seriously, especially when they get to be over eight inches long. Pictures are very convincing, Carl, in a case of this kind.

Agent Enloe of Mulberry Grove is the proud owner of a new International truck. Anyone who ever heard his old "Olds" realizes what a public benefactor he is.

Louie Franz, agent at Greenville, says he wishes they would either make gasoline a little lighter or bridges a little stronger. And especially when he had to work all night in the rain to dig out his truck.

Agent Arnold of Carlyle has been handicapped recently on account of his wife's illness. We hope she will soon be well so John will be free to assume his usual place.

S. S. Salesman D. K. Williams at No. 42, Sullivan, recently lost his mother. The Decatur division extends its sympathy.

Agents Downs at Shelbyville, Anderson at Windsor and Switzer at Sullivan are all sporting new Chevrolet trucks.

Agent Swengel at Neoga has purchased himself a new Reo Speed Wagon and has received from the equipment department a tank all painted and everything, and thinks he now has one of the swellest outfits in the Decatur field. It sure does look nifty and Foster has a right to feel proud of it.

E. E. Ferguson, formerly one of the S. S. salesmen in the Decatur field, has been promoted to general salesman with headquarters at Casey. Here's wishing you the best of luck, Ferguson. You will have to "step on her," as you are following a good man.

T. E. Wilson, formerly salesman in the Casey territory, has been transferred to the Vandalia territory with headquarters at Ramsey. Wilson says he is going to make 'em sit up and take notice. Here's hoping, Wilson.

Agent Hill's son of Casey says he has the best dad in the world. Reason? The young man recently graduated from the Casey Township High School and dad presented him with a new Ford coupe in honor of the occasion. Suppose when he graduates from college, Dave, you will be handing him a "Caddy" or Rolls Royce.

Agent Corwin, Belleville, wants to know if Charlie Owens was down his way about May 19. He says his safe was blown that night and he is hunting for a clue. No, Corwin, you can't hang it on Mr. Owens this time, as he was not there, but we believe the gasoline crew was in that vicinity.

Lillard Quinn has taken a position as T. W. salesman at the Paris station. We wish you luck, Mr. Quinn, but are telling you now you will have to go some to keep up with that Paris bunch. They are sure go-getters.

Leo Twigg, salesman at S. S. No. 45, Paris, and better known as "Branny," has purchased a new Chevrolet. Let us know, Branny, when you take the next step.

Frank Crabb, attendant at S. S. No. 23, Paris, has been sick with a bad cold for several days. Glad to report he is back on the job again.

Mrs. Charles F. Spaulding has the usual amount of flowers at each S. S.'s Nos. 23 and 45, and they are the beauty spots of Paris. Thanks very much, Mrs. Spaulding, for your interest and help.

Agent Guy Taylor, Arthur, Ill., is a great booster for prize drawings. The merchants of Arthur have been giving a ticket with each 50 cent purchase and recently had a drawing for the prize offered and Agent Taylor stepped up and took the first prize of $50.00. However, his wife took immediate charge of the money and Guy says she has one hundred things she is going to do with it. Even so, Guy, we will wager she will have more to show for it than you would have had.

Agent Instructor James Hams is the proud father of a baby boy born May 8. Congratulations to you and your wife, Jim, and may you always have a plentiful supply of Little Hams at your house.

It has been reported to the correspondent that Salesman H. L. Porter of Greenville, who is pretty strong on Polarine contracts is either about to, or already has, entered into a different kind of contract than he has been used to making. This is a life contract with Miss Gladys Binney as party of the first part, while Porter is the party of the second part, a position which he will occupy henceforth. We extend our hearty congratulations to the happy couple and are very glad indeed to welcome Mrs. Porter into the fellowship of the great Standard Oil family.

We are glad to report that Agent Linkhart, Lerna, Ill., is back on the job after several days spent at home on account of sickness.

Harry Craig, agent at Argenta, Ill., station, is again wearing "The smile that won't come off," on account of a nine pound boy which arrived at his house about April 25. We say "again" advisedly, as this is the fifth child and every one of them boys. Some of you sales managers better take notice of this. If these boys grow up to be anything like their dad you may want them some day to help put things across.

Agent F. W. Sturts, Bondville, has a new Ford truck. He says watch his Polarine sales now; he already has a carload to start on.

Some one said the other day that City Tankwagon Salesman Allen Steel of Champaign was contemplating matrimony. He has a nice Ford coupe now, too. Let us know about it, Allen.

Agent-Salesman L. M. Sands, Urbana, captain of the S. O. Co. "Polarine" Baseball Team, was painfully injured in a practice game May 25, when a foul ball struck him in the mouth, loosening three teeth and necessitating five stitches in his lower lip. He is coming along good and will be able to play first base in two weeks, as well as talk Red Crown and Polarine. (Wonder how a picture of that team would look in the Record, Captain—Corresp.)

Tom O'Burne, attendant at S. S. No. 44, Champaign, has resigned. His place is now filled with Smiling "Chuck" Stockwill, former attendant at S. S. No. 16.

R. F. Mottar and Roy Dusan are new drivers at the Urbana plant. Both are ex-college men whom college has not spoiled and bid fair to shine as "top notchers" in the sales of our products.

The employees at Champaign and Urbana banqueted at the Beardsley Hotel on May 1 and aside from a general instructive meeting a general good time was had.

Drivers Brownfield, Coon and Dusan (all country drivers at Urbana) made their assigned quota on Perfection in April.

J. G. Whittle is a recent acquisition to our office force, having taken the position as head of the advertising department. We are glad to welcome you to our ranks, Mr. Whittle, and wish you the very best of success in your new position.

Salesman Sims of Decatur, who recently moved out to Faries Park to spend the summer(?) had the misfortune of being burned out May 29. The cottage and everything in it were destroyed. Mrs. Sims escaped uninjured. We extend sympathy and trust it will not interfere with your plans for spending the Summer at the park. Get a tent, Sims, and camp out if you can do no better.

Walter Rasp, salesman at S. S. No. 26, Belleville, is right there when it comes to putting across Finol.

Messrs. Schadow and Bartlett of the gasoline crew sure did their stuff in Belleville with the mileage tests.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Tanisch, Correspondent

Two new faces appear at S. S. No. 33, Creston. Geo. Larimer is the new attendant and Fred Harshaw is the assistant.

On May 23 at St. John's Parish House occurred the wedding of F. A. DePuydt, equipment clerk, and Miss Amanda Lonning. Frank is back on the job after a short wedding trip. He passed out the cigars and candy. They were fine, Frank. We all wish you a long and happy married life. Mr. and Mrs. DePuydt will be at home after July 1st at 523 Franklin avenue.

More Standard Oil Company Service. Recently Mr. T. A. Monson, manager, while on a tour of the field noticed a car stopped at the foot of a hill near Shenandoah. Inquiry developed that the motorist was out of gasoline and two miles from town. Mr. Monson immediately arranged for a supply of gasoline to be drained from his car and given to the stalled motorist, who was profuse in his thanks and appreciation of the service.

Mrs. Albert Scown of Goose Creek, Tex., formerly Miss Grace Stanley, of the Des Moines office, was a very welcome visitor in the office on May 24. Come again, Mrs. Scown, we are always glad to see you.

Chris Christian, stock department, says his dog, Jake, is the "fightenest" dog in West Des Moines. Jake is an optimist, as he thinks he can whip anything alive, but he doesn't have much luck. Bring him over some day, Chris, and let him have a whirl at "Suzanne."

J. H. Sass, salesman at Murray, Iowa, has a new baby girl at his home, born on May 15. Mr. Sass says the young lady's name is Evelyn Jane and that the mother is doing fine. Congratulations, Mr. Sass.

The daily papers at Des Moines, May 13, carried the information that Emmett Brobst, bookkeeper, had secured a marriage license to marry Effie M. Paiste of Perry, Iowa. Emmett is sure keeping his secret, but we suppose the license was used. Any good cigar, Emmett.

Ed. H. Hearn, truck driver at Des Moines, is the proud father of a seven pound boy, born May 12. Mother and son doing fine and Ed is all smiles.

LOOK, COL. STEWART!

E. J. Rodgers, attendant at Toledo S. S., is the proud father of a son, eight and one-half pounds, born May 13. Mr. Rodgers advises that mother and son are doing fine. Mr. Rodgers insisted on calling the boy Robert, for like a great many other Des Moines division employees, he is a strong booster for Colonel R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors.

Joe Holland, assistant T. W. driver at Madrid, Iowa, is the happy father of a new daughter born April 12, 1924. Congratulations, Joe.

"Nobs" Burken, sales department, has returned to his desk after recovering from a severe case of the flu. We didn't know that you could have the flu in Urbandale, Nobs.

B. H. Fuller, tank car order clerk, has returned from a vacation trip to Dubuque, his old home. He reports a fine trip.

Bob Turner spent a Sunday recently fishing at Clear Lake. Bob says it was so cold the fish got cold feet and wouldn't come out and play.

William Ostberg, assistant warehouse foreman, spends his Sundays with his brother at Madrid, where they own and operate what they claim is "The best S. S. in Madrid."

D. McCormick, warehouse man, has purchased a new Ford Touring Car to help make his stock pay dividends.

Paul Mills, head attendant at S. S. No. 44, is "strutting his stuff" in a newly purchased Ford Coupe. 'Atta boy, Paul!

L. J. Rowley, sales department, spent Memorial Day at his home in Woodward, Iowa.

Ed. Campbell, formerly of the equipment department, has been placed in charge of the order department. Congratulations, Ed.

W. W. Janisch, correspondent, is entertaining a bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Abbey of Corning, Iowa, at his home. The general opinion of the office gang is that it is the last place in the world they would think of going on a honeymoon. How do you get that way?

Arthur Peters, sales department, who was operated on for appendicitis recently, has fully recovered and is back on the job. Peter proves the old saying that you can't keep a good man down.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

During the past thirty days the city garage department, piloted by Stub McGauley, has been experiencing some difficulty in reaching the quotas set by the above fiery individual. We hardly felt that things were as serious as is now represented since a new first-aid cabinet has been placed on the wall in that part of the office occupied by this department. Evidently it is a silent reminder to each salesman of its fate in case he fails to "come through."

J. A. Green, who has always contended that

he is not much of a salesman, has been doing a nice piece of work the last month in selling our new product—advertising. Since transferred to the advertising department he has certainly proved it an article worth selling.

Strathmoor plant is rapidly coming in the limelight in musical talent. Harry Abbott, banjo artist, is showing some wonderful ability in producing melody on his tenor banjo. Keep right on, Harry, we wish you every success. He is ably assisted by Elmer Johnson, trap drum artist, who goes through the regular motions of a jazz drummer. We're with you, Elmer, and we expect to see your name in electric lights in the future with some symphony orchestra.

Miss Frances Votrobeck received a number of her S. O. friends at her home recently. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner the evening entertainment consisted of music and cards. They all agree that Frances is just as good a hostess as she is a stenographer.

When it comes to keen vision we hand it to C. W. Baeg, T. W. driver at Strathmoor, who paid 50 cents to find out the difference between a meadowlark and an ordinary rat. How about it, Clarence? You lose.

Walter Pierson, formerly of the city order desk, has recently taken up the duties of a general salesman.

Nat Tyler, assistant shipping clerk at Bellevue avenue or better known as the dangerous sheik, has caused quite some commotion. Even his old friend, "Missouri," has sent his wife to the country so she will not become his next prey.

Attention! When in need of any musical entertainment call Bellevue and ask for Lou Kraft and Duke Baker to render their latest big hit "Abie, Abie, Abie, my boy," also Harry Kurth, the wonderful warbling canary.

W. C. Schwig, T. W. driver at Strathmoor plant, who has been laid up with an attack of blood poisoning, has resumed his duties and his return to us has been keenly noticeable.

Duke Kennedy, formerly of the city specialty department, has recently been promoted and is now covering the city garage territory. Duke has been a consistent winner on the specialty force and undoubtedly will continue to be one in his new work.

H. J. Datlee, he of the ever-ready smile, is starting to build himself a home in Dearborn township. We wish you every possible success, Harry.

Lee Alfonso, known as Sir Rogers DeCordova Jasper, alias Baldy Allyn, was unsuccessful in securing a ticket for the first ball game. Look for him either on one of the tree tops or on the fence. At any rate, Baldy was there.

Any one visiting our Clay avenue plant during the past two weeks were agreeably surprised to meet our city candle department all dressed up in new uniforms. Both Kenrick and Danforth, who comprise this department, were all dolled up in overalls rearranging their candle stock. No casualties were reported with the exception of a few stiff muscles and taped fingers. Anyway, our candle room looks much the better for their efforts.

G. T. Davis, congenial cashier at Strathmoor, is now back to bachelorhood days, his wife and baby having returned to Springfield, Mass., for a month's vacation. Watch your step, Gerald, you can't tell who's watching.

Talk about being 100 per cent Standard Oil. Why Mr. Baker even owns one of the window panes in Bellevue avenue's office, which was broken during our first baseball practice.

With further reference to the musical talent of Strathmoor, it is fit to mention that W. W. Taylor of the main office is another musical product of this plant.

A bloodless battle was recently fought at Clark Park when the Check Specials met the Bookkeeper Nonpareils at baseball. The outstanding feature of the game were sixteen errors, home runs by Slunder, Carter and Lindsay of the Check Specials and ruined batting averages for practically every one connected with the game. It might be well to add that through the efforts of Umpire Dickson of the Check Department, the Check Specials had little to worry about and won the game, 18 to 9.

Howard Kiser, formerly T. W. driver at Bellevue avenue, has been transferred to the city specialty department. All of his old friends at Bellevue and his new ones in the sales department are wishing him the best of luck in his new endeavors.

Since Miss Freda Hiller, T. W. record clerk at Bellevue, has appointed herself local reporter for that plant and STANOLIND RECORD readers can expect considerable news from this source.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Aha! Caught at last! Pete Johnson was recently found looking over furniture at a local dealer and from the furniture store he was noted to travel in a direct line to the electrical shop and look over electric fixtures. Who is she, Pete?

A change was recently made in our field salesmen. R. M. Holm, salesman at Ishpeming, Mich., has been changed to Marinette, Wis., taking the place of W. E. Nelson, who has been transferred to Marquette, Mich., taking the place of our former salesman, H. C. Anderson, who has left us. J. A. Talo is taking the place of R. M. Holm in the Ishpeming territory.

New members with us this month are Miss Mildred Norman of the transcribing room and Miss Lillian Anderson in the advertising department.

"Wild Bill" Mueller sure was gleeful when he heard that the Duluth Division had won high honors for April and had again copped the Red Crown banner for that month. One thing Bill says though, and that is that if the banner is as slow in arriving as we were in being notified of our field winning, it will be sent by freight. Bill Mueller is our refined oil and gasoline salesman and his face beams brightly when you ask him of our sales in these two products.

Frank Larson, former benedict, is now enjoying his honeymoon with Mrs. Larson, who was formerly Miss Inga Johnson of Superior, Wis. Frank was pretty nervous the last few days before vacation time. However, the cigars were fine, Frank, and we all wish you much happiness in your new role. Just before Frank left to be married the office force got together and presented him with a set of silver.

And along came Leo Dennett. Yes, and with him came the first straw hat of the season and a Palm Beach suit to match. We haven't been able to figure as yet whether Leo bought the hat

to match the suit or the suit to match the hat. Pretty spiffy, Leo.

On May 15 the office force gave a party to Miss Leah Fontaine and Charles Foster, who plan to be married soon. About sixty of the force were there and dancing and card playing was the main items on the program after the big feed was over. The party was fine and lasted until late. The couple were presented with a set of silver.

Miss Ann Lynott gave a card party at her home recently. Four card tables were kept busy and a lunch was served that was delicious. Favors were won by Charles Foster and Miss Norma Patterson.

A party was given in honor of Miss Leah Fontaine recently at the home of Miss Florence Lufholm. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion and household gifts were presented to Miss Fontaine by the girls of the office.

The club recently formed at the Duluth office for male employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), headquartering in either Duluth or Superior, has taken for its name the DULSOCO Club, taking this name from the words DULuth Standard Oil Company. The motto for the club is "No axe to grind; no fish to fry." The last meeting was held on the evening of May 23 and three reels of moving pictures were shown on the manufacture of gasoline. These pictures, by the way, were taken by the Bureau of Mines with the aid of our Whiting refinery. The pictures proved very good and much information was gleaned from seeing them. The club now has a membership of forty-five and more are expected to apply for membership.

A cabin party was recently given by a bunch of the Duluth office employees. The cabin was three miles out of Woodland. Six couples made up the jolly crowd. Dancing, hiking, ball games were only a few of the events that made the time pass altogether too swiftly. Those who were in attendance were Misses Myrtle Lindstrom, Chrystine Larson, Agnes Schulte, Nora Hughes, Adelaine Anderson and Madeline McClennan and Messrs. John McCabe, Alton Sailstad, Charles Rounds, Clarence Jenkins, Olaf Sorenson and Carl Wester.

Marquette, Mich.

The Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company of Marquette thinks so much of our safety signs that it recently asked our agent at that point to secure four each of the different signs for use on their own equipment. Our safety program is fast assuming national attention.

Iron River, Mich.

Mr. Kraus, tank driver, has the Ford, Peerless and Nash trucks of this station all painted up, and he says the Duluth paint shop jobs has nothing on the work put out at Iron Mountain. The Iron River drivers are all proud of the work and are keeping their equipment new and shiny looking and are always prepared to drive in a parade.

Escanaba, Mich.

Edwin Erickson, John Johnson and Earnest Moreau are new S. S. attendants at Escanaba. Welcome to our crowd, boys.

Here's a hot one. W. O. Nelson, clerk at the plant station, received notice from the postoffice to call for a package that was too large to deliver by carrier. On calling for the package he found it to contain a pair of shoes. What size shoes did you say you wear, Mr. Nelson?

On May 18 three members of the Escanaba crew went fishing and, although the lake was stormy, they came back with 76 fish of legal size, threw back 45 that were not. Of course, the biggest ones got away.

George Jacobson, construction foreman, is working at the Escanaba station putting in a new tank and other new work.

A smoker was held for truck drivers and service station men on the evening of May 9 at the Escanaba station and after a very enjoyable meal excellent talks were given by Mr. Shields, our manager, and Melvin Dock, sales manager.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian (field) and Irene Deig (office), Correspondents

Field

Earnest Tarrant, our new Norris City agent, says when he started in the roads were "soft" and the electrical work "hard" but now it is just the opposite and the only worry he has is to get "Henry" over the roads fast enough to supply his customers.

Fred Peyton has acquired a new interest in life. It is a baby girl, born May 21. Fred tells the boys at Mt. Vernon that he hasn't had to use the alarm clock since.

We were glad to discover that A. F. Quasebarth was not so difficult to become acquainted with as his name. Quasebarth is helping keep the motor equipment in service at Evansville.

Mrs. Guthrie, our chief clerk's wife, continues to improve nicely following her recent operation. We would like to see her calling for him at the office once more.

Helen Zachman and Irene Deig were overheard confidentially informing each other that they were to have orange blossoms next year. What's the trouble this year, girls? If you can't get them in Leap Year how will you manage next year?

Elmer Matsel is sporting a brand new truck which is the talk of Carmi. Elmer and Doc are so proud of their truck that the old hats will not fit them any longer.

Ewald Brauns, assistant manager, will soon be moving into his country home. His hands are blistered now from making garden to keep down the high cost of living, but that good river breeze makes up for it all.

May 13 was no unlucky day for J. Coffman at New Albany for on that day the stork left an eight-pound girl to stay with him and his wife.

Jerry Ryan, well known former S. S. man and salesman for the company, died at St. Louis recently from a combination of pneumonia and appendicitis.

The air was very light May 17, in the vicinity of Oakland City, for Darwin T. Woods, our Owensville agent, took unto himself Miss Grace Darlene "for better or worse." Good luck to both of you and "many happy returns of the day."

Office

Once again we boast that our girls are among Evansville's most popular. At a recent style pageant, Miss Helen Zachman, our raven-haired coupon clerk, was such an attraction that many of us could not even get near the windows. (We just bet some fellows were glad the parking laws were not being enforced that night.)

Dan Cupid seems to have aimed his deadly weapon at our Titian-haired girls, and within a month has claimed two victims. Lois Powers, comptometer operator, was an early June bride; Verla Grant, one of our stenos, is to be married July 5. And may they live happily ever after!

Miss Mary Ainsworth of the Ediphone department entertained the girls of the office with a miscellaneous shower in honor of Verla Grant, bride-elect. We had hoped that the affair would be a surprise, but as Mr. Guthrie says, red-haired—pardon—auburn-haired people have a way of finding out, and for a time we were afraid Verla had turned tables on us. Anyway, we all had a lovely time, and now Mabel Brewer says she will have to buy some shoesies so she can use the shoe trees she won.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Ralph Dannettell, salesman, whose brother recently passed away.

Strutz Stadler says he has been in need of a social secretary since January 1. The reason? Leap Year!

One of our brunettes seems to have completely charmed Fred Miller, who has always seemed indifferent to feminine fascination. We won't betray you, Fred, but surely there must be some of the rest of us who would like to know more about it.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Morris Williams, warehouse, in the death of his father.

Ernest Mentzer, our credit man, says there is no truth in the words, "By their duds ye shall know them." With the description of a dark-haired girl in a gray coat and black hat, he sallied forth to meet an applicant. He says he counted *six* girls alighting from the street car who answered the description, but that finally he did get the right one.

Miss Thelma Jones came all the way from Terre Haute to be one of our comptometer operators, and we are mighty glad to have her with us.

Horace Alexander says it doesn't seem any different to be married, except that you can enjoy your "off nights" more.

Billy Ralston recently celebrated his birthday and treated the girls to his favorite brand of chewing gum.

Besides wielding a wicked pen in the equipment department and showing us the latest card tricks, Bob Gunton is a chef of no mean ability. We came to this conclusion after overhearing a conversation with his wife the other day.

Lee Carlisle says "Smiles" is what puts the miles into Red Crown. Being a tank wagon driver, he ought to know.

Louis Laib says this is a cruel world. Several weeks ago the milk bottles were being missed for several days from his porch, so he decided to watch for the thief. One night the culprit came all too soon and Louie started out after him. The darkey led him a merry chase down dark alleys, and finally Louie stumbled and fell, breaking three fingers on his left hand. We are glad to report that he is able to be on the job again.

Alvin Scholz is our idea of an optimist. When he found his home had been burglarized, he merely stated he was glad it all happened while he was away; it saved him the trouble of entertaining the visitor.

It is rumored that Gil Heldt has a standing date with all the girls for some time this month. Who could resist a congenial bachelor in a new Buick sedan?

Vincennes

Harry M. Shackelford, Reporter

Vincennes' 5-gallon lithographed can Polarine Contest is over. The winner, Dave Lawton, S. S. No. 27, is to be commended on his energetic and efficient fight for the championship, and we here take the opportunity to hand him the laurels. Dave grabbed off the prize of ten dollars offered by Roy Kaufman, agent, and Henry Stronge, salesman. Now that you have it, Dave, please don't squander it, for it was well-earned money, and hard.

Adolph Bowers has joined our little but mighty group in Vincennes, as assistant warehouseman. He is sure a husky lad, and is willing to work.

We are proud to say that the baby of our family, Heinie Strange, has gained three pounds. He is very worried for it is a current rumor that another race is looming up in the near future, and we are picking Heinie to win.

George Bennett, attendant at S. S. No. 38, has picked several nice messes of greens from the lawn surrounding the station. George says the crop was very good, in fact, it eclipsed the blue grass and clover. At last reports he is picking still.

George Bennett, attendant at S. S. No. 38, deserves a medal for the simple little method he originated for putting a real shine on the Red Crown pumps. After applying the polish, sprinkle a small quantity of Bon Ami on the shining with us at S. S. No. 69. A decided stimulation Try it and see.

The He-Man Club recently gave a play, and Frank Danes was John D. Rockefeller. He made a good one, too. Tom Loudermilk, T. W. driver, was a scream in the old-fashioned square dance that concluded the show. We are confident the show would have been a fizzle without the able assistance of this sterling pair.

James Murphy, S. S. No. 9, accuses the correspondent of taking advantage of his job to tell a few secrets about the rest of them, and the correspondent here takes the opportunity to say that now it has been called to his mind, they had better look out. I am going to make the skeletons rattle upon the closet door.

Here is the first one. Who was the little lady at S. S. No. 9, talking to Olaf Gard? We would all like to know.

"Fritz" Peterson, an old timer, is again back with us at S. S. No. 69. A decided stimulation is evident.

Roy Kaufman recently showed his ignorance of the modern woman, when he voiced his intention to see a current movie, "Daughters of Today." Such tactics are the only way a married man has of showing to his better half his fidelity.

Anyone who knows something on Harry Shackelford, attendant at S. S. No. 38, please tell the correspondent and he will see that it is not printed. That is, if James Murphy doesn't send it in. (We would like to hear from you, Mr. Murphy.)

Ed Schmidt is sporting a new Ford coupe. We are wondering if it is because Ed is getting frantic as the years roll on that he will be left out of the great army of married men that can come home to a place they can call their own, have a good quarrel with the wife, spank

the kids to sleep, and call it a day. Oh, for the life of a bachelor, say we. (Yes, Shackelford is married, fellows.)

Attendant Bert Sager, S. S. No. 27, has a new Dodge roadster and also a sweet little woman to bring him to work and take him home. Was she given with the car, Bert, or is she your very own. How soon can we expect a good smoke and hear the little bells tinkle?

Bicknell

F. G. Charley, Reporter

"Benny" Benjamin, stake truck driver, inquires what kind of a fence will he need to buy to keep his boys in. He was advised to make it "horse high, pig tight and bull strong."

We know where Bill Steimel would spend his vacation! Those country maids and leafy shades would surely be a paradise for Bill.

Lonnie Brown may know something about fleas, but we can hardly imagine anything that could make a man jump and scratch more than *hives*. (Just ask our Irishman.)

Ray Wallace has attempted to turn in his 1923 pocket piece for a half dollar. Can't get by with it, Ray, the eagle on that piece has turned to a crown!

Raymond Rainwater says, "Sure, I want to go along; where are you going?" Yes, he wants to know if a fish hurts when it bites. You had better have your first aid kit on the first trip at least, Raymond.

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

Shades of Beau Brummel! What's the matter with that man Savre in the record department? The girls call the office, even as late as 9 p. m., to find out what his phone number is

Fred Rickert, formerly inspector in the equipment department, has been assigned to duties in the equipment department in the Fargo office. Fred recently overhauled his Ford and put in a larger fly-wheel and claims that Lizzie will now run perfectly at three miles per hour.

Carl Lunde is back again with the Fargo division. Question: Why is Fargo more pleasing to Carl than Minot? The one answering this question correctly wins a nice, leather mounted, gob of Mica axle grease.

Loren Flasseth, who has been developing his muscle by turning a crank at a Fargo S. S., is again pushing a pen in the office.

Fishing has begun and we anticipate that our notes from now on will be of the finny variety. Saw Erdal talking with his hands to Paul Thomas the other day. Judging from his wig-wag style of talk it must have been a whopper.

The many friends of Mrs. F. I. Packard, in this division and in others, will be pleased to know that she is now recovering very nicely from a long siege of sickness.

Two more bobbed heads among the girls—Margaret Spotts and Lillian Henning. It don't hurt your looks a little bit, girls.

Miss Lillian Henning took a little jaunt to Winnipeg, Canada, recently. She says she took a vacation, but we believe she wanted to get used to her bobbed hair before showing up at the office.

Another one of those "Better-than-ever" parties was held by the S. O. Social Club, May 22. Decorations, oriental. Music—not so oriental—more Americanese and up-to-the-minute. Refreshments—punch, etc. (Don't get excited about the "etc." It was perfectly all right, don't-cha-know, even if we do live up towards Canada.) The girls say, "that man Weeks dances like a dream." Anderson and Edgar pulled that old alibi, "I haven't danced for ten years," but we noticed that they danced every dance just the same. We were sorry that Frank Leonard was out of town, but our other Frank, Lawrence, officiated in his absence very capably and did his best to see that B. F. should not be missed. Bill Fay showed a lot of the others that he really could dance and we are expecting him to build up quite a reputation along these lines from now on. (Mr. Carnine, better look to your laurels.)

Fred Tucker dropped into the office the other day to say "Hello" to the bunch. Came down from Minot to get the Mrs. and little Peggy.

Mrs. F. J. Lawrence is visiting her daughter, Mildred, in St. Paul.

Carl Sorlie of the advertising crew has been on the sick list the last few days, but is again on his feet ready for business.

Casselton

C. H. Dale, Salesman

S. O. Green, better known as "Standard Oil" Green of Hatton, is high man on Semdac in the Casselton field. His sales in five and one gallon cans would make some of the fellows green with envy.

G. F. Pfingston, agent at Casselton, was the first agent in this field to erect a Mica Hog Post. Watch his Mica sales climb, boys.

Andor Anderson, the Mica King of the Casselton field, sold a record number of twenty-five-pound pails from May 16 to May 27. Andor is from Northwood, perhaps that accounts for it.

Grand Forks

S. S. Attendant, Dewey Cady

Harold ("Red") Aylesworth, former salesman, is again with the company and garnering big business at S. S. No. 8. He is ably assisted by E. A. Thomas.

Our idea of a divorce would be separating "Bill" LeClair from S. S. No. 11.

Purcell and Cady are wondering what put the "jinx" on S. S. No. 13 in East Grand Forks. They're out to find out.

Chorus by Bredell, Petersen and Ole Hagen, T. W. drivers, "Doggone this open Winter that lasts all Summer."

Dave ("Scotty") Ferguson claims he has a boy worth just "four bits" more than any other. The youngster swallowed the half-shekel some time ago and from last reports it's still swallowed.

For a pleasant evening get "Gil" Collins to tell Red River old time S. O. stories.

This is the "good word" for Mr. Hills, daddy of the whole local outfit. It has been quite a while since the agent's meetings but we've still got plenty of pep, even though some of it seems to be in cold storage along with the rest of the spring.

E. C. Dreblow, agent at Fertile, Minn., has just purchased a new Reo Speed truck. That boy is certainly out to give service to his customers.

Joe Lachapelle of Warroad says he's going to sell enough Bovinol to kill all the flies on the Lake of the Woods. If anyone can do it, Joe can.

North Stoen, agent at Greenbush, says his

Ford truck may make a lot of noise, but she's running fine and he'll deliver as much Red Crown with it as the next agent will.

A. J. Ferguson of Hallock is all set for some nice business from road builders who will work through that field this Summer.

J. Nicholls of Argyle, Minn., turned his truck to good use the other day. He transported all the eats, ice-cream, etc., for the community picnic which was held for the school children of Argyle, Oslo and Warren.

When Ben Killeran gets into the country with his car lining up business, he travels like an old time sheriff out building up "political fences." You ought to see the equipment he carries in the back of his car!

Elroy Shultz, agent at Hillsboro, N. D., says we don't need to worry about him making his quota on Polarine. He's a hustler and we believe him.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

May 5 brought Mr. McDonald back to the office, having fully recovered from the mumps. Glad to have you back, Mac.

That sweet aroma of Sloan's Liniment could be traced to Kenneth Turner, who was doctoring up a "turned over" ankle. Dr. Clay Todd being out of business, Kenneth took care of it himself and evidently was successful as at the present time he has fully recovered.

Spring is here! All the trees are in blossom, etc. On April 29, C. E. Blossom assumed his duties as agent at Sparta, Mich. Welcome to the SOCO family.

Ethelyn Yost, Ediphone operator, sure was up in the air on May 11. It was over her sweetie, in fact everybody. She said he was 3,000 feet in the air with an English aviator at the Roseswift Airplane field.

Louise Kooiman Swett, who was recently married, left us to join her husband in Atlanta, Ga. We understand she is to forsake comptometer work to get trained in the culinary art. Good luck and much happiness, Louise.

Louis Yager of the record department feels exceptionally lucky. He says someone just died on his street from the mumps. However, Louis is back on the job again, having fully recovered.

Vera Laubscher spent her vacation in the wilds of Elk Rapids. Besides hunting arbutus, etc., it rained and Vera is back with us again, busy at her daily duties.

Everyone couldn't help but notice how conceited Frank Hyland, tank car clerk, is lately. He has that "I-own-ya" air about him. What is it, Frank?

Harry Ellis has his Buick car all "dressed up" "as good as new". Quite conceited like he asked Louis Pyman of the S. S. department where he got his "old can" and if he didn't mean it was a 1912 model instead of 1921. Just because it's shiny, you can't fool everybody, Harry.

Ray Sluyter, cartage clerk, has returned after "the honeymoon". Ray took the fatal step on May 15, taking unto himself one Jessie Lake, who took unto herself the name Sluyter. So far Ray eats his usual meal at noon and evidently isn't suffering from dyspepsia. It's all right Ray, the first 100 biscuits are the hardest.

On May 11 the Standard Oil Baseball team defeated the Allegan team to the tune of 6 to 5. The game was played at Allegan, Mich., and many Standard Oilers who drove down there enjoyed the game. Keep up the good work, boys, and stay on the big side.

We were startled, surprised, no, horrified, to read in the paper that Walter A. Buck was killed, following an explosion after carelessly using gasoline. Imagine our Safety man in such a predicament. Second glance, however, proved that the incident took place in Grayling, Mich., and turning from the paper, we saw Mr. Buck, at his desk, sending out a Safety bulletin. It pays.

Pat Keating drove up to the "Electrical Home" which is being demonstrated in G. R. in his little Fordlet. He and "Duckie" were going to look it over. However, his eye caught sight of an Overland, and on second look there was Frank Hyland, tank car clerk, and Ethel Fleming, coupon book clerk. Pat said to Duckie, "Let's not stop, it's sold."

Announcing the arrival of Howard Jr., weight 8 pounds, born May 23, 1924, at Grand Haven, Mich. Howard Dykema, general ledger clerk, returned with a smile.

Harry Ellis, sales manager, came down to the office all puffed up one morning. Upon investigation we found it was because he had become Great-Uncle to Betty Louise, weight 6 pounds, born May 21, 1924. The next morning, Louis Pyman of the checking department came down with the cigars and candy, and all smiles. That was all right, he is daddy to Betty Louise, and says, "She's some girl." Congratulations.

We understand F. H. Fillingham, our assistant manager, B. H. Bishop and R. D. Fonger, agent at Cadillac, had some fishing trip. We didn't hear any tales about the size of the fish, or how they were caught—in fact, we didn't hear if they were caught. Some little bird reiterated the fact that Mr. Fillingham tried out the water, Mr. Bishop rolled off a log and got wet feet and Roy Fonger tried the ducking with his good suit on.

Louis Yager of the record department has been "browsing" around Grand Rapids furniture stores lately. Evidently getting all set. When is it coming off, Loui?

Thorne Brown, salesman, has been mighty quiet lately, but we heard—he is contemplating the fatal step. Upon questioning, he merely says, "Virginia Dare".

We are inclined to believe that "Gus Busch" is a good "ticket pusher" and would also make an excellent banker from the way he handles various finances of the Baseball Boosters. You're all right, "Buschy".

Ann Irrgang returned looking better than ever from a vacation at her home in Newago, where she spent a week petting chickens, etc.

Ray Calvin of the equipment department, well known baseball fan, had the misfortune of letting a little thing like a baseball hit his ring finger and break a bone. We are sorry, "Cal", and hope it heals so fast it will only be a memory.

Lieut. Bill Russell of the record department came to the office one morning recently unusually happy. Bill never says much, but we found out he shipped his wife to the country and is enjoying himself in bachelor fashion.

H. Stutie of the record department rushed into the office one morning with blood oozing

from his mouth. We thought he surely must have been confronted by some burly bandit, but upon investigation found it was only a tooth he had "yanked".

Every morning we see such a profusion of blooming beauty on Lenore Gillis' desk that we are becoming suspicious. Who says it with flowers, Lenore?

At last Marie De Young submitted—put aside the fear of the steel—and had her locks bobbed. Who's next?

When it comes to "dough" see Earl Lehr. Earl is the champion doughnut maker.

Ellis Hargis of the checking department has returned after motoring to Bloomington, Ill., spending his vacation with "home and mother".

Since the above was written, Thorne Brown's quietness has been accounted for. Society columns proclaimed the news. "Surprise to the many friends is the marriage of Virginia Campbell to T. J. Brown." They were married on May 29. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and may your sojourn be long and happy.

Warehouse

Ray Elkins, T. W. driver, is back on the job again, having recovered from an operation.

C. E. Stevens, M. T. driver, has a new Star car and drove to Grand Haven, May 11, to catch a mess of perch. Ed returned minus the perch.

Frank Dudley has moved into his new home at North Park.

J. H. Eavey, rural driver, didn't quite comprehend the meaning of the word "stop" one evening. Jim found out next day at 9 a. m.

James Grady, old time SOCO man, has returned after a siege of the flu.

Martin Wierenga bought a new flivver. "Mart" says they are expensive luxuries at times. It went down Fulton street hill so fast that it cost Mart $10.

L. Schipper, M. T. driver, says, "Hang on to your home grown teeth." We are still trying to figure out how a man can drive over his teeth with his truck. How is it done? Wanted: A Set of Teeth.

Garage

Talk about your feature transformation! Did you notice the misplaced eyebrow that Dave Johnson is trying to coax along on his upper lip?

L. F. Williams, our radio fan, recently sold his radio set, and is now contemplating the installation of one on his car. Don't get your aerial too high, Bill, there are a few low shade trees in Grand Rapids.

Roy Travis has one hobby in life and how he loves it! It's to go down to Middleville, be with the cows and chickens 'n everything and put his feet under the old home table.

Even mighty powerful men like our blacksmith, Charles Wagner, are gripped by the enemy, "flu". Hope you have fully recovered by this time, Mr. Wagner.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Albert Nulf, T. W. driver, has left the employe of the SOCO to go into business for himself, having purchased a meat market at Marshall, Mich. While we hate to see Mr. Nulf leave, we all extend a wish of good luck. However, we are sure he will make both ends "meat".

We regret the loss of Al from our midst, but we have now acquired the presence of M. Neil Shepard to take his place. Neil has that winning smile—there is never a loss but what there is a gain.

Mr. Brown, smoke stack salesman, has just recently moved to Battle Creek to be closer to his duties after having lived several years in Kalamazoo, a "suburb" of this city.

G. B. Ricketson has just returned to our midst from a short visit to Chicago and general office and from all reports survived the lures of the big city in fine shape.

Scientists say that eventually this world will be inhabited with people, sans teeth, etc. We wonder. Recent casualties but not lost time accidents: F. Burnham, fourteen teeth pulled, C. H. Iden, twenty-six teeth pulled, L. C. Wilson, twenty-eight teeth pulled, and George Shulters, twenty-eight teeth pulled. All are back and getting along nicely. (Evidently you people of the Corn Flake city are indulging too much of that food—back to the rougher foods again—Corres.)

Benton Harbor, Mich.

During the few warm days that we have had Leo Merchant has been mysteriously occupied in trying to keep cool. We didn't discover until just a short time ago what was a fault. It seems that the leather jerkin that was fortunately, for Leo, left here by Mr. Johnston was picked up and no one has seen any trace of it since. Someone told us that Leo had taken it home and had it sewed on him. Just a few more weeks, Leo, and you can safely take it off.

We were very much pleased the other day to find that our suspicion in regard to Charlie Dade, the new T. W. salesman, succeeding Frank Bedunah, was correct. Where we found that our trust in him was well founded: A friend of his picked him up for a short ride one afternoon lately. About a half hour later we were out in the yard and there was Charlie cleaning mud from his shoes. Bravo, Charlie!

Frank Bedunah, former T. W. salesman, has been transferred to S. S. No. 24. Every minute now we are expecting Frank to bust open and do his stuff.

We're getting buoyant over the appearance of our service stations. Their new coats of paint and the general changes that have been made have sure improved their looks. Now all we need is more good looking attendants like "Bob" Luthardt, the new man at No. 24.

Another find that we have on our list at Benton Harbor is "Shorty" Dunlap. Dunlap is a fiend with the brush and he sure has had lots of chance to practice his avocation. If he sells Polarine and Red Crown as well as he wields the brush, "quotas" won't mean a thing to him.

Traverse City, Mich.

A. J. Witkop, attendant at S. S. No. 59, who has been sick, is back on the job. Glad to see you're back, Al.

W. A. Bovee, agent, and George Hyde, went fishing the other day. They claim they caught the limit, but no one saw the fish.

W. B. Hubbell, T. W. driver, believes in staying out late. Barney gets in for breakfast once in a while.

W. E. Driggett, attendant at S. S. No. 58, won a trip to G. R. for selling a lot of Semdac. He said he had a nice time, but he doesn't believe in daylight saving time. He says time goes fast enough and trains faster. However,

he arrived home safely after the train caller told him how to get here.

R. D. Purchis is paying us a visit. Two of our trucks are sick, one in the hospital and the other too weak to get there, nothing serious, however.

Pat Atkinson sure is a hustler. He has to make out two Form 351 envelopes for one day, and wishes they would make them a little larger.

Our Peninsula driver, S. Ghering, says he has a man interested in a gallon can of Bovinol. They don't keep cows on the Peninsula, which is a fruit tree country. What new use now?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

See Sidney Kurtz is back from a vacation spent on one of his many farms, the old chip on his shoulder no smaller. There's Fred Peine taking his "daily dozen" drinks (water) and still dry—get him a hose. It's Ed or John Pyle as you will have it; he steals Jim Morgan's red ink. Pass up Carl Paul, he has had too much free space already. Yes, Walter Boemler runs a free noon bus to town—when he gets a flat tire all his passengers hide. Next. Garnet Aikens, alias GA-1, and that covers a mouthful. Speedy Urban Braun, fast as Single G., time to the drinking fount 1:58 flat—distance 40 ft. Dick Brenna, politics still discussed, dissected and arranged as you wait. They say Georgina Eshleman did the usual sob stuff in the hair bobbing chair. So hard boiled that even the complete array of compto vamps cannot get him to smile—that's George White, also known as Jakey. Norman Redmond, late arrival! His average will come in handy on the bowling team next fall. Guess the Beard-Christman romance is still "mancing," as Leetha looked daggers the other day when Troy was joshed about his red nose—said he got hit by a bumblebee. What ever became of Mary Thompson's orange collar and cuff set. Ask the ragman, he knows? Daisy Voyles lost a bunch of 0130's so thoroughly that even Ella Wagner got stirred up—"leave 'em alone and they will come home wagging those 'beloved' 042 tissues behind them." Roland Zaiser wearing out a perfectly good map of Indiana looking for a good fishing hole—like as if they would be marked on a map. Yes, Frank Tomlinson will spend his vacation in Terre Haute near the greenhouse and he will not be watching for the country plant to bloom, either. Clarence Booze and his new Overland will camp out this Summer—if there is any Summer. Ray Benjamin has a fine brother and that goes, also. Fred Osterbrink has taken up a fine Bostonian style of lingo in his train calling stunt with "Bill Nye" Thomas. William Sursa, late of Decatur office, is here manipulating ledger "D." Shake, Bill. For consistency, Bill Teppig and his line approaches a jewel as near as Irvington gumbo. Bill wouldn't have a car he could not tear down himself and all the time his flivver is in a shop for respiratory adjustments.

This column called the turn in October issue, page 52, but every one evidently weakened. So, on May 29 the girls of the office gave a shower for what they supposed to be Miss Pauline Kline, but horrors, she had been Mrs. R. F. ("Flake") Baity since way last October (chrysanthemum time, to quote from the right dope). Say, the girls were almost in time for the cotton wedding anniversary, weren't they? Tee hee. What might be classed as getting stungedid. Nevertheless, all are wishing Flake and the Missus many happy days, weeks, months, years. Oh, yes, the shower—a quite merry affair—was almost wrecked when Loretta Spears and Myrtle Schueneman appeared in a simultaneous clash of a flaming rose dress and a flaring Alice blue gown.

Preliminaries inclined to forerun and point to wedding bells appears to be on the card with a member of the construction and a young lady of the trade record as principals. The names you guess are the names you walk away with, boys. Recommending himself very highly, Bill Reed wishes to be put down at the "old master"—at golf. Amos Beeson has a Leo Deitrickstein laugh and even worse. Charley Griffin just checked in to battle 262 recaps. N. Sage, for short but not short hair. Every Saturday she is going to get it bobbed and every week loses her nerve. Irene McCurdy desires to be put down for the next shower. Leo ("Zeek") Shewalter is organizing a drill squad, full particulars for a 2 cent postage stamp. Messrs. Fields, Peterson, Kean and Revel please note. Chester Tryon jars many ears with his incessant bird-dog talk. He dreams bird dogs. He thinks bird dogs and maybe eats them, we don't know and care very much.

Gone from the pumphandle to specialty salesman—Ed T. Green, S. S. No. 63; Jesse Peyton, S. S. No. 6; John R. Sample, S. S. No. 18.

Tommy Plunkett's rough treatment in the Windy City has just sprouted up much like truth crushed to earth. You see Tommy got to visiting so strong at one of the Chicago S. S., that the attendant called the wagon. T. A., just before the famous ride, to the policemen spake thusly, "I'll go if you bring me back." Tommy *went* and they did *not* bring him back. Salesman Plunkett finally convinced all interested parties that he was not Al Jennings turned bad again and his trip to the Whiting refinery was made sans handcuffs.

Salesman Ben Kinninck carrying Newt Hicks as excess baggage, met a truck on fire which the other motorists had been passing up like the smallpox. Ben jumped out, slammed his aviation coat in the mud and grabbed his trusty fire extinguisher and surely made a new Red Crown-Polarine customer for life. Hicks says Ben was there on the melodrama stuff with a steady nerve but he can't figure out why Ben threw the coat in the mud.

Unsigned 452's from S. S.'s have been filtering in. Following a campaign of razz to those guilty of this oversight a few choice retorts are noted with relish:

Paul Wilinson, New Castle, 315, "Yes, and people what make no mistakes, do nothing."

E. H. Stucky, Indianapolis, 70, "Rip Van Winkle went to sleep, so did I."

J. R. Sample, Indianapolis, 18, "Boy, you don't stutter, do you?"

HAY, SAGINAW!

Answering your appeal to "take good care of Georgie Hintz," We sent him on to Chicago. How's that for taking "good care?"

Aurora

Hello, Indianapolis! Forgot you had an Aurora station, didn't you? Well, we are here, all right, along the beautiful Ohio. If you don't believe all this look up our Red Crown sales for

the stormy month. That is only a beginning of a bad habit (for the other stations) and that is not such a joke as it is a threat. Muncie, take notice.

New arrivals. A fine new boy, weight 165 pounds, name Ervin Ruhlman, S. S. No. 65.

Jim Schuyler, former S. S. attendant, has graduated to the class where he has a black grip in one hand and a bottle in the other. Jim, just starting out, fears the bottle will spoil the shape of his grip.

Society notes. At a recent private theatrical (publicly given at the Opera House) our cherubic little clerk, Pinky Ruble, almost stopped the show. Even his father, mother and s-hhh—best girl admitted he was good.

TUNE IN, HUT AND CLINT!

Let's put a stop to the Terre Haute-Clinton line of fishy repartee. It was just 5:05 A. M., our warehouseman Cliff Heaton was impatient over the delay, so here is the greeting he handed the Rising Sun agent who hauls his stock from this station, "Say, big boy, don't the name of your town mean anything to your young life. At the rate you are slipping, it will have to be changed to Setting Sun." Come on, Coxey of the Hut, and match that.

JOLIET, ILL.

Miss Agnes Paton (office) and C. H. Kniep (field), Correspondents

Wedding bells rang out for our former correspondent, Miss Evelyn Reece, and she is now Mrs. Charles Whiteleather. The wedding took place May 24th in Christ Episcopal Church. In honor of the event, the girls from the office surprised Ev at Snapps Cafeteria May 14 with a delightful chicken pie supper. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Whiteleather, and many thanks for the candy and cigars.

Latest in wild animals recently discovered by S. C. Edmonds, advertising man. Upon investigation same proved to be the garage Ford. Apparently Mr. Edmonds doesn't believe in "Not a kick in a thousand feet."

George Ball was operated on May 5 at the Ravenswood hospital for appendicitis. He is getting along splendidly and we will soon be able to see his smiling face among us.

We have just received word that Mr. Heinan has taken out a license to "attempt" to catch fish.

General Watson issuing orders to Corporal Hartley falls in waste basket—breaks two ribs and his heart.

Who are you falling for Norman? or did the chair just slip from under you?

G. W. Reese, mechanic, is the proud daddy of a ten-pound baby boy. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Reese.

We have a big smart boy at Minonk in the person of C. B. Heninger.

Bill Watson attended a wedding last Saturday night. Talk about slicked up. Full dress affair, you know, but all Bill had to buy new was a shirt and a pair of slippers as he shook the moth balls out of his old suit. Bill says there wasn't a better looking fellow there.

Kirk is afraid Elsie won't be able to see him well enough if one of her bobbed golden locks obstructs her view, so he gallantly removes same for her. He takes good care of you doesn't he, Elsie?

There is a beauty contest now going on. Hilda Anderson and Hazel Gumalius are in the lead. Judge—Mr. Edmonds. Cast your vote early.

Ambrose Dorsey is our new sales writer. Why such frequent visits to the sales department, Ann?

Why not let the secret out, Eleanor? Since when did you acquire a father-in-law?

Miss Mae Norberg of the file department, who was in the hospital a week, is back at work again.

Frances Smith, Helen Kramer, Ruth O'Day, Oscar Horn, Francis Buck, Orrin Smith, Bert Ingold and Bill Watson have all returned from their vacations.

We note Louie Brehm sent each of the salesmen a Mica Rubbing Post for their own use.

Why does Mr. Kneip make frequent trips to Chicago? Is it to see Miss Lucile?

Ray Kramer of the stationery department is quite handy at spilling pins, especially when packed as neatly as Eleanor always has hers. Now Eleanor has a week's job packing them again.

Kathryn Kane was downtown one day at 6:45 a. m. thinking it was 7:45 and time to go to work. Kaney blames it on her mother, but we think it was the effects of the automobile accident the night before. How about it, Milton?

Since Mae Norberg came back to the office after being ill in the hospital. She has gained in weight so much that the chair won't hold her. She broke it twice in one day. Some heavyweight.

Field Notes

Bryant Purcell is the new attendant at S. S. No. 41, Oregon.

Kenneth Burk is the new attendant at S. S. No. 35, Polo. The way the ladies are flocking into the station, Kenny had ought to sell some Semdac.

Harry Allen, Oregon agent, has completed a new two-car garage at his home. Some dandy.

Bill Starnes, S. S. attendant at Oregon, has had his station slicked up with some interior decorating and he is keeping it looking fine.

Allen Grant, driver at Oregon, is getting some nice business away from the competitors.

Oscar Vietmeier, our tall agent from Forreston, is out after the largest sales in Mica and from the start he has made will probably get it.

Our old friend, George Sauers, the old Mica king, is keeping S. S. No. 35 at Polo looking grand.

Agent Long at Mt. Morris has joined the radio bugs by purchasing a new radio set.

Agent Coffman of Byron is out to set a mark on Bovinal. Go to it, Lewis.

John Voss, our six-foot, two-hundred-pound agent at German Valley, wants a bigger truck.

Bill Beaman was a Sunday visitor at his The Ford can't hold enough.
mother's home in Oregon. Come and see us often, Bill.

Comment was made in the DeKalb newspaper of the attractiveness of the S. S. It says that some of the largest flowers ever seen are blooming there at this time. The boys who are taking care of the bed have arranged plants bearing different bud flowers so that the letters "S. O. Co." are distinguishable.

The agents in M. E. Snyder's field, as well as Snyder himself, feel very proud, for being first in the Joliet division in sales on Red Crown for April.

Agent Rees at Scarboro has become so interested in Red Crown that he insists on the ladies that he takes out for a ride wearing a red hat. This does not even satisfy him as he is now tracing the red letters on his bulk storage tanks a brighter red as the old ones have faded. And in addition to this he has painted the wheels to his ford truck red.

Agent H. O. Prestegaard at Shebbona has brought his station up since July 10, 1923, from 12 per cent to 60 per cent on Red Crown, Perfection and Polarine Oils. He has delivered a car of Polarine so far this Spring and is still selling Polarine.

Roy Eberly, Hinckley agent, has brought his field through with a large gain showing a gain of 5,000 gallons Red Crown and 6,000 gallons of Perfection with large gains on Polarine.

Rockford

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ruth Pauline Larson to Desmore Farrow. The marriage will take place in June. Mr.. Farrow is a mechanic for this company at Rockford. Congratulations, folks.

What's the matter, Rockford? Are you asleep or doesn't anything happen in Rockford?

Sterling

A. H. Zanger at S. S.'s Nos. 25 and 47 has quit the Service Station and is going to Rockford to work. Good luck, Zanzer.

Mr. Hall has accepted the position at S. S.'s 25 and 47 vacated by Mr. Zanzer.

Don Smith and R. Laurren motored to Fenton Tuesday on business. Some real salesmanship took place.

Tousley and Jones, T. W. drivers, are high men in the sales of specialty goods.

Kelsey and Compton claims there is plenty of time to sell specialties.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry Correspondent

O. A. Leintz is the new agent at Easton, Kans., and T. H. Haas at Wellsville, Kans.

Our second party this year has come and gone. Both were grand successes. Burt Hudnut, Eddie Lane and Billy Spicker have organized an orchestra and were a "knock-out" at the party in a specialty number. Sugar Creek Refinery was represented at both parties, and the following took part in the entertainment, Douglas Bailey and Herbert Fraher, Mrs. H. O. Eyssell and Dr. Eyssell.

Clarence Dawson was very proud to be one of the guests and listen to his daughter play the piano. These parties are sure the life of the S. O. Co. Let's have more of them.

On April 14, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Granly, a daughter, 8½ pounds named Wilma LaVerne. Congratulations!

R. F. Butler is new agent at Yates Center and A. W. Goodwin at Galena. They are live wires, and are going strong.

Mrs. Bert Cole and Mrs. Regan, both wives of S. S. attendants at Cherryvale, Kans., went out recently and sold fifteen half-gallon cans of Semdac Liquid Gloss in one afternoon. Not so bad, not so bad. What do some of the salesmen think of it?

Paul Surber, salesman, has been transferred to Independence, Kans., where he hopes to keep up his batting average all year. Go to it, Paul, we're all with you.

Ward B. Egbert has been appointed as general clerk, succeeding Paul Fraser. Ward is a popular fellow around the office, and we're all with him 100 per cent. He and Jerry McGowan will make things hum this summer.

Anna Enright has at last put us out of our suspense, and is a married woman today. Several of the girls from the office attended a very pretty wedding, and report the bride looked very "sweet." Why not? All brides do, don't they?

The following office employees are back from their 1924 vacations, Messrs, H. Hinde, B. W. Hudnut, Billy Merrick, Buss Yankee, Fred Oberlander, Joe Wilhelm, Harry Branditz and J. H. Kosmoski, and Misses Ida Mae Kemp, Anna Wilhelm, Irene Seckinger and several other pretty stenographers and clerks.

Claude V. Cochran has been appointed supervisor of outside service stations and W. N. Skourup comes in to the office as assistant sales manager. We all welcome Mr. Skourup and hate to see Claude leave the office. However, both will make good in their new positions, and have our hearty good wishes.

Miss Bulson has been elected to the Board of Business and Professional Women's Club of Kansas City. She has been connected with this organization a long time, and deserves the honors which they confer upon her. The Standard Oil Company and all her associates are proud of her.

We are very sorry indeed to announce the death of one of our former employees, George Williams. George was well loved by every one in the organization who knew him; and extend to his bereaved family their sincere sympathy.

Also, Miss Margaret Hunter, formerly with the company in the stock department, passed away. All who remember her extend sympathy to relatives.

Vacation time is near. Can anyone tell us whether or not Gorman Rainey is coming home?

Mr. Houston, agent at Drexel, and Mr. Leonard, agent at Pleasanton, were in the office recently giving us the once-over.

The Hughes Brothers, demon pitch sharks, challenged Oberlander and Plympton to a pitch tournament last week. After Les Hughes had lost everything except his clothes, Al persuaded him to bet them, and the remaining games are to be played in the vault, says Oberlander.

Grundy Shuck has purchased on an average of three new pipes a week for the past few months. It has not been ascertained just what the trouble is, but Grundy complains they don't make 'em like they used to.

George Brownrigg is wearing a melancholy look these days as the result of the loss of Miss Martin from the stenographic ranks. "Got any dictation, Grundy." Har, har, har! Ask George, he knows.

Fred White is now in charge of the stationery department and Lyman Jones has been transferred to the cashier department with Morris Rodgers. They are getting quite chummy, we understand, and eat their lunch together.

Carl Sapper and Jessie Bell Latimer were married last month and both have resigned. Resigned what?

Ed. Fraher is now an old married man, and the Armourdale crew report that he is sure tamed. We knew it was coming.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Halfen, Montrose, not long ago. Halfen is a real go-getter and one of the livest wires with the company. Congratulations!

B. B. Haynie is now salesman on the territory covered formerly by P. D. Surber. Haynie is reported as a whirlwind and is expected to live up to his name, or names, which are reported as being Big Boy, Big Foot, Sickler, Bubber and Bee.

R. H. Willming is the agent at Slater, Mo., and we hope he goes as well as did Haynie.

Wonder where Phil Hutchings hides out when they are paging him for that long distance call from Liberty, Mo. Phil says it's all right as long as the charges are reversed.

Tank Wagon Instructor Doctor is driving a new Hup. Some class to Doc.

Fay Trueblood has gone and done it, too. He is driving a D. L. F.

Mrs. Oliver, who operated the switch board while Miss Kemp was away, has decided to take a vacation for the Summer. By the way, she has a standing invitation hereby, to all S. O. dances and parties and picnics.

Bill Murray, O. L. Scott, Claude Rees, Joe Fortner, E. G. Neel and C. W. Phillips were in the office recently and created a lot of stir among the ladies. Oh, yes, forgot to mention the fact that Bill Reno accompanied them, although he strayed around the office by himself most of the day. These seven represent seven of our salesmen in the field.

The dancing party given by the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at The Garret May 29 was a great success from every angle. The night was ideal, every one in fine spirits, the generous supply of that splendid punch added much to our party. Those who could not be present truly missed a treat. The program was unusually fine and will not be forgotten very soon. A feature dance, "The Ethylized Tango," was introduced by two talented young men and was a great success. "It pays to advertise." This was put on by William Spicker and Charles Albers. To those serving on the committee deserve much credit for the success of this party, as every minor detail was taken care of and when the parting time came it was almost unbelievable that it was time to say "Good Night." Music for the dance was furnished by the "Missourians" and the program preceding the dancing consisted of the following numbers:

Mr. Montgomery .....Vocal Solo

Mr. Fraher (Sugar Creek).....Vocal Solo

Miss Dorothy Sala.....Minuet Dance

Eddie Lane, Wm. Spicker and Burt Hudnut (Jazzy Trio) Saxophone, Violin and Piano, respectively .....Two "Hot" Numbers

Service Station Department

J. H. Hefty, Superintendent; C. V. Cochran and R. W. Curnutt, Supervisors

Wanted: Someone in the vicinity of 15th and Paseo to write a song for the following title: "Riley has lost his hair."

Attention, S. S. attendants: Four men promoted to salesmen this month. There is your incentive to create a volume of sales at your station. Be the next one to go up.

Every member of the S. S. department wishes Messrs. Robinson, Hewett, Cullum and Oates a great success as members of the sales force. Go to it fellows and let this be only the first step toward your objective. You must keep climbing, which gives the rest a chance who are just behind and climbing, too.

Forty-seventh and Paseo. Thomas and Sproull. New service station, real attendants. Let's go!

G. E. Stutz who was recently transferred to Manhattan, Kans., (home town) to open up the new S. S. at that point wishes to be remembered to the boys at Fourth and Minnesota.

Should any attendant desire tutoring in the method of keeping a S. S. clean, C. E. Bush, Seventh and Virginia will be glad to show you around and explain just how it is done.

A nice meeting on uniform service was held the other night at Topeka, Kans. The effort put forth by the attendants in turning out at 10 p. m., after the service stations were closed, was very much appreciated.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

L. N. Larson is again on his territory after having been confined to his home for several days on account of illness.

N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, visited the La Crosse office, May 17.

Mabel looking for thumb tacks, "Harold, have you any push pins."

George T. Morem has been installed as agent at Wykoff, Minn. Good luck to you, George.

The following are some of the new S. S. attendants that have joined the SOCO family: Alex. Dotzenrod at Austin, Minn., Robert Williams at Tomah, Wis., C. W. Sperstad at Menomonie, Wis., Harold Atwood at Winona, Minn., M. J. Weiss at Marshfield, Wis.

Says Mrs. Kane of the record department, "I want to leave on the 17th for North Dakota, but, Gee Whiz, pay day isn't until the 18th. Well, I'll just have to wait, that's all."

Everyone is wearing ear muffs around the office. Why? Harold Pardis is our new telephone girl.

A. D. Kirk, warehouse department, is back on the job after spending a couple of days at the hospital having his tonsils removed. Never mind, Art, you'll soon be able to talk.

Roland C. Snyder is our new agent at Knapp, Wis.

What's the trouble, Jack? Didn't they tell you there wasn't any paper in the adding machine?

S. L. Levy celebrated his 60th birthday trout fishing at Squaw Creek, the head of the La Crosse River. Mr. Levy informed us that there were lots of good looking squaws up there. Be careful, S. L., you know this is Leap Year.

C. D. Tinker, salesman from Menomonie, Wis., visited the La Crosse office one day last week.

We are very glad to welcome J. H. Bailey and E. W. Lundquist into the sales force. Mr. Lundquist will cover the territory formerly made by R. A. Amundson and Mr. Bailey will have the territory formerly covered by K. Stewart. Both Mr. Lundquist and Mr. Bailey are from Montana and lived within seventy miles of each other, knew the same people but didn't know each other until they joined the Standard Oil family.

G. E. Johnson, agent at Spring Valley, Minn., was a business caller at the La Crosse office recently.

The Standard Oil Social Club gave a dance at the K. P. Hall. 'Twas a regular "get-together" dance and a wonderful time was enjoyed by all.

Rolland Forrester is now in charge of S. S. No. 9, Chippewa Falls, succeeding Ernest Leow, who has been transferred to T. W. salesman.

Fred Zink, T. W. driver at Spring Valley, Minn., took unto himself a wife. The entire La Crosse division wishes Mr. and Mrs. Zink many years of happiness.

Lee Williams is the new attendant at S. S. No. 7, Winona, Minn.

Harold Smevog, formerly of the equipment department, has been promoted to the tax, legal and accident department as assistant to Mr. Evenson. Congratulations, Harold, we will miss you downstairs but hope that you will like your new work.

T. Butler of the Safety department in the home office in Chicago visited the La Crosse office several days last week.

E. A. Nordstrom has been transferred from the Minneapolis territory to La Crosse to take charge of the construction here. Welcome, E. A.

H. H. Boardman, agent at Lynxville, Wis., resigned and is succeeded by F. J. Stluka.

Jack McHugh is with us again as salesman at S. S. No. 6, Rochester, Minn. Jack was known as one of the quickest pump men and now he says he is going to beat that record. We are for you, Jack, and wish you lots of luck.

F. H. Thompson, agent at Viroqua, has been transferred to general salesman covering the territory formerly made by R. E. Jones. Mr. Jones is now special salesman and will cover the entire field.

The office force beware, that is, if walking under a ladder brings bad luck. But, who's superstitious, when we think how nice the office will look all dressed up in a new coat of paint.

T. McCahill of the lubricating department at Chicago visited the La Crosse office last week.

We are very glad to report that Mrs. Stokke is improving after undergoing a serious operation. We hope that she will be able to return home soon.

Ed Boldon is the new clerk in the sales department. Welcome to the family, Ed.

"Quick! Some salt! Get me some salt!" Sales-manager Remp issued a series of commands which also sounded very much like heart-felt plea. "I see a flock of ducks flying south," he cried, "and if their tickets read via Chicago, I want to tell 'em to stop over and see Mr. Grimshaw and tell him it's so cold and rainy up here this spring that even the ducks are going south."

H. Drysdale has been transferred to attendant, working at S. S.'s Nos. 8 and 19 at Winona, Minn., succeeding Lee Williams, who has been transferred to the warehouse.

Ernest Skaff, office boy, has enjoyed two days vacation, likewise giving enjoyment to the Ediphone department. His presence may be missed, but his unceasing chatter,—never.

About sunrise the 26th, there appeared on the street a beautiful roadster, of a sky blue color. No one could be as proud as our mechanic, Frank Noel, but, some one is always taking the joy out of life, when one of the many admirers called Frank's attention to the gasoline tank, tire carrier and the rear end of the frame. It was not painted. "I guess," said Frank, "he didn't see that." Too bad, Frank, that you have to have it all done over again.

Bill Radtke, who has spent the last ten weeks in Rochester, is again back with the shop force. No, he wasn't at the hospital, just doctoring up the equipment.

J. E. Monegan won a carton of cigarets at the Lyons Club. Not smoking them himself he gave them to the girls at the office. Why the girls? Well, he must know. No casualties or additions to the sick list have been reported.

Rochester, Minn.

Carlton Anderson has resigned his position as S. S. salesman to go into the tire repair business for himself. We wish him success in his new work.

Clyde Crume has been employed as warehouseman and shipping clerk. We can see a difference, everything spick and span. Mrs. Crume is partly responsible as she has trained him well at home.

C. W. Bohm has resigned his position as warehouseman to accept a position as chief mechanic at the Reid Motor Co. We wish him lots of luck in his new work.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

The April 28 meeting of the Petroleum Educational Club was addressed by A. W. Otto and Earl Johnson on the subject, "Stock Purchase and Profit-Sharing Plans." Both of these members had prepared interesting and instructive papers which proved a thorough knowledge of the subject. Of course, our stock purchase plan came in for a major share of the discussion and it was unanimously agreed that no other plan in operation could equal it.

The girls of the Mankato office have organized a diamond-ball team which is holding regular practices several times a week. We gather, however, that the practices consist for the most part of wiener roasts at Sibley Park after which it is too dark to practice the game. Mere men being excluded from the practice sessions, we have been unable to get any pictures for the RECORD.

A whirlwind visit to the Mankato office was made by H. J. Foster, Tracy agent, on May 7. He stayed just long enough to say "howdydo" and he was gone.

Several fishermen (at least they so designate themselves) have signified their intention of hieing to the federal dam at Winnibigosh, Minn., to lure the elusive walleye from his native haunts. Among those who will make the lengthy trip at some time during the fishing season are Messrs. Meyer, Thomson, Brown, Fields and White, not to mention several who will probably answer the call of the north before the season is well along.

R. E. Nuebel, now of the Mason City division, paid us a short visit early in May. Roman professes to like M. C. although we notice that he likes to come home once in a while even at rare intervals.

E. S. Hagerty's address before the Petroleum Educational Club at the meeting of May 12 was a fitting close to a most successful Spring program. Mr. Hagerty had for his subject, "Credit—Its Basis and Operation." His talk gave

evidence of painstaking preparation. No further meetings of the Petroleum Club will be held during the Summer months but on the second Monday in September the first number of the fall program will be presented by J. J. Meyer and C. J. Humm on "Automotive Equipment and Its Operation."

The Blue Earth river is as an open book to Elmer Anderson, our office boy par-excellence. Elmer steps out to the river and lures the wiley sandpike and bass from their hiding places. Experienced fishermen would do well to associate with Andy a while in order to discover how he gets 'em.

Waterville is only a few miles from Mankato but nevertheless it is seldom that we enjoy a visit from John Pischel, agent at that point. John was in the office on May 15 but he only stayed about ten minutes. "Too busy, too busy," shouted he as he rambled out of the door.

Never again! That picture of the correspondent in the RECORD was the cause of so many scurrilous remarks, that said correspondent now states and affirms that he'll never do it again. The next time, though, the physiognomy of this writer will appear on the cover of our magazine. Now what do you say, folks?

Wallie Anderson has now reached a stage of saxophone proficiency, where he is allowed to "sit in" with the Mankato Boy Band.

Committees have been appointed for the big annual Red Crown Club picnic. This annual jubilee will be bigger and greater than ever this year because President F. C. Brown has instructed the committee members to spare no expense in putting across a real party. The picture man is hoping for clear weather. It's so long since we sent in a picture that our memory faileth.

We apologize most profusely to E. Green of the office for stating in the May RECORD that he had been hailed into police court. We shouldn't have called it a "police" court because it was really a "municipal" court. There is distinction there which we should have emphasized. Roisterers and vagabonds are dragged before a "police" court but gentlemen who incur the wrath of the traffic cop must face the "municipal" court. Does everybody understand? Beg pardon again, Green.

On April 15 Perry Harley, truck salesman at Fairmont, celebrated his sixth birthday with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). He celebrated by delivering three full loads on that day, but that's about average for Perry anyway.

C. J. Humm and family spent a Sunday in May at the old homestead near Albert Lea. It is rumored that Clarence startled the traffic in the southern Minnesota port when he essayed some clever stunts with the wheel of the fliv. How far did you miss him, Clarence, and what did the wiff say?

John Grimes has grabbed off the highly important office of assistant secretary of the Mankato Baseball Club. John has surrounded himself with a high-calibre group of men to assist at the gate. A glance at the gate-keepers would lead one to believe that he were attending a S. O. Co. convention instead of a baseball game. 'Sall right, John. You sure know where to pick the efficient help for this Sunday league.

The golfanatics have once more commenced to harass the globular sphere around the emerald globe and once more the ether is filled with conversation of stymies, birdies, pars, strokes et al. Don't some of those golf cuckoos have funny looking legs though?

Carl Norby, Canby, and Art Johnson, Worthington, fought it out to a finish in the Eureka Harness Oil battle among agents. The match resulted in a dead heat at 170 points apiece. Shake hands, boys, and keep right on selling Eureka.

Now that F. McK. Blough has located in Owatonna, C. J. Jensen has lost his bridge partner and the championship of the world is blushingly accepted by C. J. Humm and his partner.

MASON CITY, IOWA

F. H. Doten, Correspondent

We have heard of people going to shows and taking their shoes off, but have never heard of stenographers coming to work and taking their shoes off. We won't mention any names, Dorothy and Lucella.

We have seen moving pictures of cars running without an engine but never knew before that they would go without a gas tank. For full particulars, see Clarence Manson.

"Buck" Stacy, agent at Somers, is papa to a girl, born March 31. Weight unknown. Must have been a whopper.

"Dad" Kuhl, orator and S. S. attendant at Odebolt, whose picture has already graced STANOLIND RECORD pages, comes back in 1924 in Eureka Harness Oil sales. He is still going. He has also future orders for 1925.

Eph. Kohn is now our attendant at S. S. No. 13, Belmond.

Miss Frey Cleves recently took home a bowl of gold fish which were given her as a prize for buying some tooth paste. That is one way of starting housekeeping as we understand that Frey is not a long ways from the jumping point.

Donald Hepburn has been appointed S. S. attendant at Eldora, Iowa. We are looking for some big showing now at that place.

Carl Anderson, agent, was seen riding around with an automobile salesman. What is it Carl, a new Ford. Says which?

Anyone wishing canary birds call on Casper Steinberg, agent at Hubbard. Also wish to announce they are in the market for an incubator, 120 egg size.

We are glad to report that Frank Benhart is back with us again. He is now recovered from an accident he sustained while cleaning a T. W. tank.

Anyone wishing to get references on the S. O. Co. please write the First National Bank, Odebolt. For full particulars see Ralph Parkhouse, salesman.

Not long ago Kansas City was unkind enough to say that Leo Ford, our construction superintendent, was sweet on some girl there. Leo says his wife didn't like that so we here and now say that Kansas City must have been talking through their hats. We sure have some nice looking girls here but Leo goes around the block to avoid meeting them.

Our new field salesman, Jake Kaiser, and his wife of Fort Dodge have moved to Webster City, Iowa, and are nicely located.

B. C. Nemitz, attendant S. S. No. 4, Mason City, recently hung up a record number of cans

of Polarine in 3½ hours without leaving his S. S. *Chicago please note.*

James Davidson, attendant at S. S. No. 301, Mason City, recently made a trip to Waterloo at the request of Mr. Thomas to show Waterloo attendants how Mason City wants things done.

The sympathy of the entire field is with Mr. Thomas, our manager, and his family in their recent bereavement. Mr. Thomas' father passed on after a lingering illness.

E. R. Netcott, warehouse superintendent, spent Sunday with his sheba at Plymouth. A good time was had by all, including the three natives of the town.

Wonder why Jones, our Graettinger agent, has rented a house and has planted a garden.

Our attendant at S. S. No. 334, Waverly, is the proud father of a new baby boy. Mother and son doing well, thank you.

We are pleased to report that Mr. Kays at Ft. Dodge is now a married man. Good luck to you both, Mr. and Mrs.

A. A. Nayes recently made a short trip to Davenport and it was the understanding of the office force that he was coming back all "hitched up". However, he states now that he hasn't money enough yet so he has postponed the fatal step. Think twice, Adam. It pays.

Some of the boys headed by Mr. Kern, C. C., went fishing the other night. Mr. Kern did not get a bite and went again with the same result. He now swears that the next time he goes he is going to stay until he gets something, anyway.

Speaking of fishing, Clarence Manson is in the same boat with Bill Kern. Three times he has tried to land a member of the scaly tribe but with no luck. His wife catches them and he can't. Can anyone give us the answer?

Miss Redenour, head of the stenographic department, is so busy now that she goes to her desk with her hat on. That's the spirit, Cora.

Anyone wishing to have their car greased and overhauled see Harry New and "Red" Roland. They have a method all their own for greasing the rear axle.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Headley and family were guests of honor May 11 at a picnic at Riverview Park at Marshalltown, Iowa, given by T. R. Jansen, salesman for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), employees at Eldora, Iowa, and his agents.

Mr. Jansen and his assistants were under Mr. Headley's direct supervision when he was district superintendent of the company in this part of the state, but since the new division of territory, are under the management of Mason City.

Mr. Headley has been appointed district manager and with his family will move to Council Bluffs, June 1. Mr. and Mrs. Headley were given a silver gift of remembrance.

"Dick" Rickena at Wellsburg says he will give his new friend, the enemy, 18 months there.

Casper Steinberg, T. W. driver at Hufford, says it is a long winter here, in fact, almost too long to raise canary birds.

Phil Hamm, agent at Union, is rather superstitious. A black cat crossed the road and Phil had four punctures in less than a half day. Phil says it should be open season on black cats.

E. E. Tracy has been appointed our new agent at Ackley.

Tom Nickson, agent at Renwick, was sick a few days, but W. G. Berry was right there on the job with the "Anywhere-Anytime" motto, consequently not a tractor in Tom's field was held up a minute. Wallace says Tom's truck tried to kick him at first but we are betting that if it really did, it was because he sat down on the wrong side of the durn critter.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Morton B. Dodson, Correspondent

Herbert Schwanka, star right fielder of the Pennant winning Polarine twilight team, must have joined the hod carriers union, as when he arrived at the ball field, he had a satchel full of bricks. As an explanation he offers the following: "I thought that the team might want some bases."

Beaver Dam, Wis., reports that if the efforts of Salesman Jackman are of any avail, there will be no flies at Beaver Dam this Summer. He is sure a Bovinol expert.

P. L. Reganfuss, S. S. attendant, has a new Ford Tudor, and with all the extras he is having put on to save gas, etc., he expects to have to stop every few miles to take out the excess gasoline. Be careful, Reggie, your lizzie might get too much pep.

Does Frank Hanson of the checking department work for some haberdashery as a sideline? The reason for this query is due to the fact that Frank was the first one to be seen wearing one of the new dollar straws.

We are very sorry to lose Dan Sheehan of the lubricating department, but hope that he will soon be with us again. The latest reports are that Dan is doing nicely. He is spending his leave down on the farm somewhere near Janesville.

Mel. Blodgett has recuperated and is again ready for the harness. Mel sure had a bad siege of it. Glad to see you well again. Mr. Blodgett is salesman in the Kenosha department.

Laurette Sanders, the fair blonde of the order department dazzled the office when she displayed a beautiful diamond on her left hand. Congratulations, Laura, and we hope the future Mrs. Frank Heaton will be happy.

Mrs. Baum sure handed Peter Baum, S. S. attendant, an awful surprise the other day. Said surprise being a pair of twins. We hope that the trio are in the best of health.

J. A. Campbell, S. S. attendant, seems to breath easier since he disposed of his Oakland Six. His interpretation of the Golden Rule in this case must have been, "Do unto others as you hope is never done unto you."

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Chester J. Webb, Correspondent

The election of officers of the Red Crown Social Club took place May 29 with the following results: Douglas Johnston, president; Guy Van Antwerp, vice-president, and Ardes Osgard, secretary. The new officers come highly recommended and a successful year is anticipated. The outgoing administration, Christensen, Wolfgang and Ofstun, extend to the officers-elect, their congratulations and best wishes.

Our versatile telephone operator, Norma Clarice McCarthy, has left for the new world

to conquer. Miss Wicklander is the new hello girl.

Miss Harmsen has acquired a Ford coupe and her transportation to and from Bald Eagle is now a ecrtainty.

Harry Roug, "late" of the sale department, is experimenting with Bovinol as a cure for dandruff.

J. H. Bullard evidently is familiar with the trick fixtures of certain Chicago refreshment parlors of yesterday. He certainly pulled a bright stunt on one of his guests at the Automobile Club recently. It was entitled "Gazing at the Stars" and Jim will gladly initiate any interested candidate.

Joe Huckenpahler recently celebrated his first wedding anniversary. Congratulations, Joe. You were the confirmed bachelor of the St. Paul Elks Club.

Cliff Stenning and his saxaphone are now parted. The syncopated melodies kept Cliff awake nights and he abandoned the proposition for a more conservative vocation.

Hugh Glenn Moshier, lubricating correspondent and ladies' man, has recently introduced his new Mah Jong specialty. It is done in full Oriental style and guaranteed to stop the show. (Pekin papers, please copy.)

Check off one of the available leap year prospects as J. W. Wheeler has been talking about a certain Ethyl lately. Especially when he is about to embark in his Ford coupe. Who is she, John?

Since Adolph Johnson, S. S. attendant at Willmar, bought a Ford coupe he has been making regular trips to New London.

Cecil Linn is a new driver at the Willmar station. Cecil says most of his Mica axle grease sales will be in one-half barrel lots.

Martin James Shallenberger and Bobbie Conners have both fully recovered from the measles and are now active in their respective Spring vocations.

Joe Huckenpahler's right hand man, Ernie Nordstrom, was transferred to superintendent of construction in the La Crosse division this past month. Luck to you, Ernie. Smith Smithson is taking over this work.

Conversation between Mike Knoll, agent at Rice Lake, Wis., and Nelson: Nelson promises cigar to Knoll every time he sees him if he will send in his daily measurements.

Clyde W. Kizer, salesman at Morris, Minn., was drowned while fishing in Pocket Lake, according to a telephone message received from C. T. Mucker of Morris, with whom Kizer left for the trip.

Louis Klebba, Minneapolis tenor, will assist the Midway Glee Club in its Spring concert to be given in the Central Swedish Baptist Church. Mr. Klebba has appeared in concert in Chicago and New York, with marked success. He will sing "Sidmund's Love Song" (Wagner) and a group of three songs at the Midway Glee Club concert.

Salesman Brock announces the new arrival of a baby boy weighing 7 pounds eight ounces, born May 11.

We had heretofore been under the impression that Joe Matthews, painter, was a confirmed bachelor, but it seems as if Cupid had at last gone to work on Joe in earnest. We have been informed that Joe stops at Franklin avenue bridge every morning, picks up a young lady and drives her to Oak street in his coupe. Joe takes George Larson along as interpreter as the young lady has but recently arrived from a foreign port.

"Period Paragraph" Van Kirk is about as lively a chap as has been around this office lately. He always has to throw his thinking appartus in Iowa, otherwise it would get away from him.

Louis Doepke is justly proud of his new Kardex file. We will be proud also when it is so up to the minute that when George Day wants to know all about Polarine Contracts, we can say, "There it is, George, help yourself.

Recently, while Lawrence Fischer and "Mike" Anderson collected at the service stations it was necessary for them to prove their identification. All the fault of the big Hudson car, folks.

Nick Ericsson feels a whole lot better now since he got a new door to his cage.

S. S. Department

Frank Jordan says the only trouble his boy gives him is that he wants to kiss everybody he meets. Like father, like son.

Roy Walbom, S. S. No. 47, has a Hudson Super Six sport model. He says, "Fischer's Ford coupe is a good car, too."

Charles Applelach, who is the day watchman at S. S. No. 68, almost got into some serious trouble when he assaulted a mail man last week, but after explaining to the authorities he thought the mail man was a confederate soldier, he was warned against such mistakes and released.

After checking up on a Polarine shortage at S. S. No. 38 it was finally discovered Shiek Robacker was using it on his hair. (Writer is jealous.)

"Chip" Mannie, attendant at No. 1, is getting all ready for the painters. He says he knows they are coming for he saw George Davison make a note of it.

Will Fellers of No. 38 has sent to Sears-Roebuck for a new set of monkey glands. He says, "There is nothing like being prepared for the tourists' trade when they start coming."

Everyone was complimenting the snappy looking attendant at S. S. No. 83, but on closer observation it was found to be Fred Cummings with a shave.

Chuck Barnes wants to know what kind of a premium they were giving away with those 25 and 50 gallon sales of Semdac last month.

Bill Grabe says, they can take one man away from his station now since he got his new roller skates.

Donald Penny says he ordered a day bed and electric fan six weeks ago and hasn't received them yet.

Country News

Charles Mecklenberg, our new agent at Baldwin, Wis., claims he is going to tear up the earth. We do not know what he has planted, but we hope it is S. O. products.

The expression, "stuck in the mud," must have originated in Elmwood City, or vicinity, as Agent Krammos says it is a case of push your truck out. Nevertheless, he say, business is better.

On the Q. T., Ralph Hunt of Boyceville says he is going to see more Polarine than any agent on territory 16.

It is a good thing that Salesman Brock of Rice Lake uses Red Crown gasoline or he never would have answered the summons so quickly to see his new arrival. But in all his haste he

found time to meet R. A. Geist at the New Richmond P. O. the following week with the cigars.

Charlie Young, agent at Holdingford, took H. F. Luedtke by a surprise on his last visit. Charlie showed Mr. Luedtke a new two-door Ford sedan he just purchased.

A. A. Fox, agent at Albany, is wearing altogether a different smile since the new drive-in S. S. has opened for business.

Leo Hoescher, agent at Freeport, talks quality and not price when selling the full line. That's what counts, he says, in selling S.O.Co. products.

Robert Bartylla, agent at Browerville, says Bovinol is sure death on flies and chicken lice.

It is rather hard for a Swede to say Bovinol. Agent Peter B. Nelson calls it "Povinol" on account of his Swedish brogue.

Gregor Voit, agent at Malrose, can be recognized as the S.O.Co. representative. He drives the only Red Baby truck in Melrose. Gregor says he is making things hum, too.

E. E. Taylor, agent at Sauk Center, has been praying for better weather since April 20. (What do you mean, E. E.?)

W. J. Bailey, agent at Long Prairie, says he is going to make his quotas for 1924. No wonder, Walt, the hours you put in to do it with!

MINOT, N. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hathaway are the proud parents of a fine, big, red-headed baby boy. Both mother and baby are just fine. Mrs. Hathaway says that she is going to call this baby "Happy Hooligan" after its father, H. H.

Two office boys who are taking on more weight. Cause? Ma Wood and Ma Tucker have come to Minot to live.

Agent Neil Littlejohn of Sherwood was a recent caller, taking up business matters at the office and also visiting Mrs. Littlejohn, who is under a doctor's care at Minot. Mrs. Littlejohn's health is being improved.

Mrs. H. C. White, wife of our salesman on the Towner field, was operated on at Rugby. Howard says that Mrs. is doing as well as could be expected.

Golfing Hugo Westinghousemiller says: "I'm a judge of good eats and Miss Daly and Miss Brunelle are expert builders of wonderful meals."

We know its coming—Herb Allen will be wearing marcelled hair.

Salesman A. M. Olson was transferred from the Dickinson field to the Williston field.

W. O. Dixon, head of the equipment department of the Northern division, spent a few days with us checking up the motor equipment.

A. R. Healy is the new member of our sales force, who will cover the Dickinson field.

Agent C. J. Holton of Hamberg has disposed of other lines of business and from now on will devote all of his time to the marketing of Standard Oil products.

Agent Louis Axness of Maddock, N. D., was forced to take a vacation on account of ill health and has gone to Hunter Hot Springs to recuperate.

Ann Richards gave all her kisses to Barnby—candy kisses they were.

Bismarck has some attraction for B. J. Blithe, our agent at Glen Ullin. As yet we have been unable to get in on it. Give us three guesses, B. J.

J. M. Grier, S. S. attendant at No. 1—some man! Wait for later reports.

They say J. H. Baty, our agent at Almont, seems partial to brunettes.

Old-Timer Bennie Hanson, with many years of good service at Belfield, keeps young by pushing Red Crown. While the roads are rough in Bennie's Field—Bennie is always smooth with service.

L. L. Sperry, agent at Arnegard, is after Babe Ruth's scalp, by all appearances, as he sure lined them out when his team played against Watford City. By the way, he is making home runs on Polarine, Red Crown and Perfection this month.

Frank Lash, agent at Alexander, N. D., 6 ft. 7 in. in his stocking feet, is also long in giving good service.

We wonder what kind of an endurance test Iver Tweedt went through on his vacation, as he is about 10 pounds lighter.

The only explanation Hugh Westmiller could give for a coughing spell and pains in his chest were that he may have swallowed a golf ball. Burleigh, Nick and Herb all claim to have lost one. Hugh is not the only member of the force that enjoys "killing" golf.

While Nick was watching a field drive, another golfer's ball met with Nicks' bean. At the same time "fore-two," the golfer cried. Nick says, "Fore-two 'ell, call 'em right, fore-one."

Close to an accident—missing a heavy swing at golf nearly broke C. C. Burleigh's wrist. Pay checks may be delayed.

Constructionman C. M. Hanson and wife are to be congratulated upon the arrival of a ten-pound baby girl.

Mrs. T. E. Green, wife of the good-looking driver at Devils Lake, known as "Tubby," is spending a week's vacation at Sherwood. We know Tubby's capacity for eats and we wonder how he likes batching.

Theo. B. Jensen, formerly of the Fargo division, is now construction foreman in the "Why-not-Minot" division.

We are wondering why C. C. Merry, agent at Taylor, N. D., bought a Studebaker roadster. One single that the roadster may double.

Reports reach us that Martin C. Jahr, S. S., attendant at Dickinson, had much feminine help in landscaping. S. S. No. 12 looks fine and the girls promised Martin that they would carry water and assist him in keeping the shrubbery growing. Martin, is this true?

When Hetzler works at the S. S. he sure can "Phil" 'em up.

"Slim" Loebe, agent at Beach, N. D., has other things on his mind in addition to selling Standard Oil Company goods. We hope "she" will like the arrangement of the new house.

Leetle Mary is in bad again with her sweetie—for going to Bismarck. But Mary just couldn't resist driving that new Oakland.

We are all happy—but some of us don't show it as much as some of the boys — that Miss Thelma Moe returned to work after a serious operation.

Everyone is anxiously waiting to see who will have the highest score in a test that was recently put on by Assistant Manager H. H. Hathaway, which called for the correct answers of

twenty questions that were asked the office employees about the Standard Oil Company, its leaders and activities. Hurry up, Nick.

Barnby, we like you sign painting. Keep it up.

No wonder Alda is serious. All dentists require serious-minded girls.

E. Percey says he is so tough now days that some people don't dare to speak to him.

Hay and Kincaid can't be beat in breaking springs. Hay has a wonderful line of wit and humor, but its form will have to be rearranged for print.

Cando Notes by Lang

"Horray!" the first gallon of Bovinol sold in Minot division was sold in the Cando Field by Egeland Agent Roy Cook. Agent Sam Wilson Starkweather came in second.

The family of Agent Dan Donovan, Mylo, has been sick with scarlet fever the past several weeks, and Dan says this batchin' life is absolutely the "weeds." Reminds him of Andy and Min—but as every one is getting along nicely, Dan says the quarantine sign will be off soon, so he is happy.

Roy Dunbar, head of the construction department, was in Cando for a few days recently, making some necessary changes for us, and as Cando is Roy's home town, everybody was glad to see him.

Minot Warehouse Notes by Dick

During the recent snowy weather Driver Louis Williamson nearly ran down a cow belonging to a Standard Oil Company customer. Louis says his mind was on the sales talk he was planning so he was quite unprepared to slack up for the cow when she emerged so unexpectedly before him out of an eight-foot bank of snow.

Agent-Salesman Pass and Mr. Grim of the construction department journeyed to Sawyer through the recent snow. Between the two they swore so hotly on the way down that very little snow was encountered on the return trip.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Concentration plus; W. I. Wantling, entering dictaphone room in response to a "first aid" call for one of the machines, puts on head-piece and says, "Hello."

Hiram Essex, recent addition to the sales force in the Petersburg field, was the recipient of unwelcome attentions from an unfriendly canine a short time ago, and the encounter necessitated absence from his duties for several days. The bite was quite severe.

Friends of Julius Serkowich, veteran city salesman at Peoria, will learn with regret of his confinement in the Methodist Hospital, victim of appendicitis. His condition is still serious as we go to press, but prospects are for his recovery.

Our other casualty, Salesman Britt, the miniature dynamo from down Springfield way, is back on the job once again, bubbling over as usual with pepper, although still somewhat pale around the gills. We knew they couldn't kill that little cuss. Glad to see you back, Bob.

Agent White of Fairview was a recent visitor to Peoria office, making the usual round of the various departments.

Other visitors included Agents George Zeter of Lincoln, Jackson of Knoxville, and Madison of Easton, the first two newcomers in our ranks and the last named one of our "vets."

Ask Agent Instructor Perkey how far it is from Gilman to Buckley. "Perk" apparently took a notion to hoof it the other day, and several S. O. men passed him up, taking him for a hog oiler salesman.

The youngster called Cupid turned loose another barrage of arrows in our midst recently, and bagged two victims. J. Edwin Dalton, dapper assistant tax, legal and accident man, "fell" on May 24, when Miss Alma Mitchell agreed to become his life partner. The two slipped away for a honeymoon in Chicago and northern points. On the same date Ruth Sutton, demure miss of the comptometer department, obeyed a like impulse. Quite unexpected was this happening, so far as concerned the office, and details are at present lacking.

Woe untold has fallen to the lot of our ball-tossers thus far. Absence of several relied upon standbys, combined with continued cold weather and resulting sore arms, have proved a combination of misfortunes altogether too strong for the weakened lineup.

Recent additions to our ranks are as follows. Salesman E. Fitzsimmons, Agents J. F. Doland, F. Tincher, G. Zeter, W. H. Farquer and J. P. Brown; S. S. Attendants W. Stittbacher, C. L. Essex, A. C. Brigham, R. A. Chism, F. Cadore, J. W. Penewist, B C. Frye, L. E. Williams, W. S. Tucher, A. K. Green and R. E. Clerk; warehouseman, E. B. Clark; driver, H. R. Smith; pipefitter, E. L. Carlin, and painters, C. F. Finnley, E. E. Howland, E. Grant and C. Sylvester. Welcome to all of you, gentlemen, and may you prosper.

Our old friend, Agent C. F. Eberle, of Springfield dropped in on us recently for one of his enjoyable and businesslike calls, looking "plumper" and healthier than ever. Gonna run that boat excursion this Summer, Charlie?

Agent Hilligoss of Paxton bobs up with an inquiry, on behalf of his force, as to how Tractor Mechanic Rhoades loses his quarters. Says Night Marshal Crowe of Paxton tried to explain, but that he himself couldn't quite get the drift. Rhoades, step forward and be sworn.

Elroy Langellier, attendant at S. S. No. 19, Watseka, advances to salesman. Up the ladder may you continue, Elroy.

J. Blake of Galesburg joins the S. S. force in that city, as does G. A. Elbel, D. E. Miller and C. R. Reiger at Peoria. L. K. Snavely falls in line as driver at Bloomington and P. Crawford in the same capacity at Peoria, these additions having taken place late in April. Glad to see you, gentlemen.

Mechanic Bob Spitler chuckled when he gave the "open air" car to Dalton and Sherwin for their trip to Chillicothe, as rain fell in sheets immediately after their departure. Just between us as friends, however, the joke was on Bob, but he doesn't know it yet. We'll let Dalton tell him.

Mr. Hanna of Chicago recently paid Peoria Office a two weeks' visit. We are always glad to see Mr. Hanna.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

H. W. Jones, formerly agent at Farmington, Iowa, has been appointed agent-instructor. It certainly pays to get out and put over the full line. Success be yours, Casey.

Salesman Lee Bailey had to play truck driver

at Downing, Mo., on April 12. The reason was a big baby boy, which arrived at the home of Agent H. H. Lewis that day. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis!

Johnny Golden, Jovial "parson" salesman from the "show-me" state, is also a proud papa, daughter No. 2 arriving on April 30. Congratulations, folks!

Charlie Bennett, efficient Hannibal mechanic, has an awful time with that old water pump. Ever get it fixed to suit you, Charlie? We'd like to have a picture of that novel battle charger sometime, C. H.

Did you get to read Esther Taylor's article published in the initial issue of the *Liberty Magazine?* It was splendid, Esther.

Salesman H. H. McConnell had a tardy case of measles recently, C. P. Johnson handling his territory while H. H. battled with the microbes.

We are glad to see E. S. Doyle back on the sales force. Shale is pepping up the full line in fine style.

E. F. Carlson, refined oil and gasoline correspondent, was a business visitor at the general offices recently.

According to reports, Dorothy Scott of the telephone desk, broke some speed records in her trip to Chicago. Dorothy and her Ford seem to get along famously.

Equipment Clerk Hand came back from his week off flourishing pix of a lovely young miss amid the bridal wreath in Mounds Park. Watch your step, Elmer—we're all shy of quarters.

Bill Grimmer of the warehouse is sporting a Ford coupe. We like to, too, Bill.

Aldo Schwagmeyer, recently transferred to the sales writers' desk, reports that Bovinol is just the thing for a hair dressing. Fine, Aldo, that will give us a chance to see it's fly repelling qualities demonstrated this summer.

S. S. No. 28, Fayette, Mo., was recently opened and is going strong. William Lusby is the attendant in charge. Let us hear from you, Bill.

Carl Bexten made a flying trip to Princeton, Ill., over last week-end to visit Mrs. Bexten's father, who had suffered a severe injury in an auto accident a few days before.

Agent J. W. Snider of Kirksville, Mo., is certainly proud of his four fine sons and has promised to favor us with a pix of them as soon as the youngest gets old enuf "to look like something." Don't forget your promise, John.

F. Blanche Perry, iron barrel clerk, is back from a wonderful vacation spent in San Antonio, Tex. We don't believe that many folks get as much fun out of their vacations as Blanche does.

Other vacationers include Nellie Maxwell, check department, who is whiling away the time in Battle Creek, Mich.; Joanna Jenkins, R. and M. department, beautifying her home; and G. J. Sohm, stock department, who cleaned the basement, took care of the baby, etc.

Salesman O. B. Rutter learned a thing or two about testing spark plugs the other day. Ask him to name one of the tools not to use.

R. L. Wilson, Green City salesman, shows signs of prosperity. A fine addition has been made to his handsome home. The folks in Green City look upon this as the home of a retired capitalist.

E. F. Engles of the equipment department is spending a few days with us again. The bunch seem to enjoy his presence, for there are always some sticking close by.

We hope to see Salesman W. M. Cook back on the job before long. Walter has been laid up with a sort of malarial fever.

City Salesman Thurston Smith is taking care of a part of the territory just across the river now.

The third meeting of the Quincy Petroleum Educational Club, which took place on May 8 was well attended and the members were privileged to hear a splendid reading on "The Theory of Lubrication" given by John O'Donnell of the sales promotion department.

H. E. Green succeeds C. P. Johnson as order clerk, C. P. being a new member of the sales force. A. M. Mann has been transferred from position of warehouse clerk to that of warehouse cashier, A. J. Scholl filling the former position. Emmett Thompson is back in the office again, this time in the sales promotion department.

J. H. McGartland of the garage force was handsomely complimented in a letter received from J. H. Melton of Unionville, Mo. According to Mr. Melton, Mac knows his berries when it comes to installing pumps.

After a painstaking perusal of a mass of data pertaining to Hayes Visible Pumps, Harry McClanahan, expert pump man, avers that he'd enjoy going to Wichita and choking "Old Man Hayes." Mustn't let your angry passions rise, Harry. 'Tain't nice.

Newcomers in this office include Fred A. Rhynsburger, check department, and Mrs. Mees, at the telephone desk, at present.

Moberly, Mo.

It was a pleasure to have W. C. McAdams with us for a while the first of the month.

Construction Man C. W. Sharp spent several days here also, superintending the laying of new driveways at S. S.'s Nos. 1 and 20. We'll tell the world we have some real driveways now.

S. S. Attendant O. G. Burton is treading on air these days. He is the proud papa of a brand-new baby girl. We are anxiously waiting to get a picture of this latest addition to the SOCO family here. Congratulations, O. G., and may you have many more of them.

Keokuk, Iowa

We are very sorry to report the death of Charles Blinks, who was our most efficient city truck driver for so many years. He will be keenly missed by the company and trade as well.

Prices are not the only thing that are going up. Harold Heitman has been promoted from T. T. driver in Keokuk to agent at Hamilton, Ill. Next time you hear of him he'll be assistant general manager or "sumpin."

In reply to note in recent issue: Yes we have no prize roosters today. But next fall.

Bill Huston, who relieved Heitman, fit in the job like an old whatnot used to fit in the corner of the parlor. We are not worrying about the business now after seeing him perform for several weeks. He says he is going to keep on improving, too.

Ernie Moffit is going good in Missouri. We called on some of the trade in his field the other day and everyone had a good word for him and his service.

Elmer Hartman has a great big IHC truck now

with a new tank on it. He's one of these everyday sort of fellows. Good for his share all the time, and now that he has a new truck look for a big boost in the share.

We will now introduce to you Siney McCarthy. No force is complete without an Irishman, but that's not the only reason we have him. He's also a T. T. driver of some fame, and sure enuf polices his territory. (Well, the Irish make good policemen.)

We can't mention everybody, but we will say that everybody is doing his best to make the gallonage pile up, including Sir VandenBoom.

Hey, Saginaw

We almost forget to reply to your query. We are very sorry, but we'll have to refer you to Saginaw for further investigation, as H. Dean Thomas failed to advise us before he left regarding the status of his conscience.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

Some one wants to know if Russel Whyte is taking a course from some detective bureau. It is reported that he shadows the Y. W. C. A. every evening from seven till nine.

Miss Ringott is back from a vacation which refreshed her so much we thought she was her little sister.

Extra! Dudley Jones reduces! Impossible? Not a bit of it. If you could have seen him perambulating up and down on the mason work to and from his home about sixty days ago and see him shake off a pound every tenth block you would wonder what he is going to do with all his old clothes.

Sanford Getz, our worthy Brown City agent, keeps others well supplied with Red Crown and Perfection but we know of one case where he found himself three miles from any supply station with a gasoline tank as dry as the smile on King Tut's mummy.

Andy Goodell, our enterprising agent at Caro, has put on two new trucks. His new driver is John Parcel and believe us, fellers, he's some package.

Alfred Stock is the new Standard Oil agent at Unionville and he says all that stock we haven't been shipping to Unionville wants to put in an early appearance for he's got a hunch he is the boy that can sell it. Hop to it old boy, she's all in transit.

Morris Smith is a new S. S. attendant at Caro. They say he has the kind of service the public is looking for.

Floyd B. Slater is our new Harrisville agent, succeeding John Greenfield, who is retiring after many years of good conscientious service. We are sorry to sever relationship with Mr. Greenfield, but think he deserves a well earned rest and we sincerely hope that Mr. Slater will enjoy the good business that John did.

B. A. Clark was appointed attendant in charge of S. S. No. 52, Marlette, replacing Burt Cargill.

E. J. Bogart was appointed agent at Vassar, replacing C W. Osgerby, who was transferred to our construction department.

C. C. Elliston will be the attendant in charge of S. S. No. 60, Vassar.

Bill Sodeman has signed up with the stock department. He makes the bald headed row just a little more conspicuous.

E. R. Soop was pleased to receive a basket of trailing arbutus, a token of esteem from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fitzpatrick of West Branch. His office smelled like a perfumery for three days.

Earl Goodrich proved to the satisfaction of the Johnson Trucking Company the excellence of Standard Oil service when he hooked onto their heavy loaded truck that was trying to inspect a sewer over in North Saginaw. Earl's truck was empty but when he anchored his three hundred pounds of sunshine onto the seat she got all the traction she needed.

Miss Ruth Blondheim spent her May vacation in Detroit. The balance of the year will be spent in the Saginaw office.

During the early part of May, Messrs. Thomas and Carle made a trip to Port Huron and while there made a brief visit across the border into the land of red noses. On the way over Fred was challenged by an immigration officer and on their return they were both held up by immigration and revenue officers. We don't doubt their sagacity but you can't fool them revenue officers.

"Bob" Allardyce, who has a radio set with which he is unable to get outside the house, wants to trade it for a Poll Parrot. He says he's got to get some noise of some kind out of his investment.

Mr. Koch, Clare agent, was a Saginaw visitor recently.

Mr. Willard, our red headed office boy, has a new suit which makes him look like the sheik of Alabam.

One of your correspondent's admirers timidly handed him a full page advertisement which depicted a man wearing a contraption something on the order of a graduated stovepipe hat without a brim which was given over to a detailed explanation of its merits with regards to growing hair. Right now we are taking the mange cure and expect in a few short months to come breezing into the office with hair of such profusion that King Ben by comparison would look like a Mexican Hairless.

Gerald Horner is the latest acquisition of the check department and went through his initiatory degree in good style when the back leg of his chair broke off its relation with the chair proper and let him back against the cashier's cage with a slow jerk.

ROMANCE?

We understand that Miss Edna Gates, a Saginaw product, is employed in Mr. Seubert's office. We wonder if she ever thinks of the "Hart" she left in Saginaw.

If Harry Ruth had been left to his own resources the night of the annual party he would have been as dizzy as a whirling dervish with a sick headache. He lost himself over in seaman's neighborhood but luckily Ollie Richards came along and gave him a lift.

John Mead is reported to have stopped his car along Dixie Highway to assist a party whom he thought were in trouble. They explained that they were only gathering violets and could manage very nicely. Tough luck, John.

Mr. Keating joined the junket trip in the "Thumb" Territory in which prominent wholesalers and manufacturers visited retailers of several of the stragetic trade centers. They were led by a Kilte Band and were greeted with much enthusiasm.

The office members of the SPB Club gave a

dance at the Y. W. C. A. on May 23. The attendance was quite large considering the weather and the decorations done in the club's colors of blue and gold were very artistic. Music was furnished by the Metropolitan orchestra.

Harold Earnest Miller was in Flint last week. The boys think Harold is some dude.

Mr. Proestel, our junior salesman, is conducting the purchase of the controlling stock in some floral company so his pocket book won't have such a vacuum in it on the occasion that he "Says it with flowers." All the sheiks in Yale have started an egg collection and as soon as they get ripe we understand our dashing salesman will bring scrambled specimens back to Saginaw for our inspection.

"Leo Hendrick's Hay Makers"

Bill Conzelman, our Frankenmuth agent, took unto himself a bride about six months ago. Bill now has a brand new house with full up-to-date basement, cement floor, cistern, furnace, etc. Bill says that doesn't include everything, either.

"Al" Braithwaite likes to talk about his jumbo truck and Polarine. When he bought this truck four years ago someone told him not to use Polarine Oil but "Al" didn't worry and now he uses the proof in his sales talk.

George Eastwood was all set to attend the annual party but was unable to attend. The only reason he gives is, "Ask the wife." We understand a dressmaker figures in the deal.

Our new agent at Montrose, "Bill" Stevens, is not married—yet, but he is developing a few positive symptoms that unmistakably indicate that the love bug has been boarding on his neck for so long he has waxed corpulent and indolent.

Harold Epictetus Miller was a caller in the haymakers' territory quite recently.

Bay City

Floyd Duchane, S. S. attendant at No. 8, has been on the sick list, but we are glad to note that he will soon be up and around again. We all miss his smiling face.

The paint gang was here the early part of May and our Service Stations were done up in fanastic style. We have always taken a lot of pride in our stations and their attendants but now you can't touch them at all as they are running around with their chests out like blower pigeons.

We have several new faces in the S. S. department this spring. They are Gilbert Saunders, Arthur Scheff, Otis Losey, Richard Mueller and Chester Bacon. From the looks of the sales on Polarine and Semdac it looks like they were after more of the Bacon. The sales force had better keep watch over them, as you can't keep a good man down.

We have two new faces at the plant that have developed the SOCO smile of satisfaction. They are George Colby and Clarence Laur, truck drivers.

The S. S. meetings that are held each month are showing results that warrant their continuance. The meetings are open to suggestions from the boys who serve and anything that has made a hit with a customer is passed around, so that the Bay City service is practically uniform.

May 25 started off Safety First Week with a parade including floats representing Safety First. Of the many floats, we modestly state, ours had them all outclassed. Our five ton Packard S. S. truck was the vehicle used and we were justly proud. The weather man threatened us with rain all day but was good enough to put off the bath until after the parade. Those deserving particular mention were Public Health Service, C. R. Wilson Body Company, Mercy Hospital, Yellow Cab Bus and the Industrial Works. Safety First Harold Egbert Miller gave a very interesting talk that was received with much applause.

Fred Cox has his straw hat fitted up with ear muffs and a hot water bottle and he states that his father has the old heating stove all primed and cocked with cordwood, coal and benzine as an emergency measure in case he wakes up some August morning and finds that the Labrador current has come up the Saginaw River on an inspection tour.

"Lew" Berry's "B" Liners

Onaway—Clair Polard has been added to the staff in the S. S. at this point. For the benefit of our fair readers we must add that Clair is unattached and has a Durant touring car which is in good working order. He possesses light hair, blue eyes and good teeth and is some contrast to Bert Clute, his running mate, whose complexion is just a shade lighter than the ace of spades. Bert Clute is busy trying to raise grass and flowers upon the property surrounding the driveway and elsewhere. His first attempt, while not as successful as hoped for, it proved that he could make seeds change their nature provided he kept them in the building and near the stove until the May snows had passed for good. Joe Follette, assistant manager of our company's business at this point, is taking vocal lessons. While working in the rural ditricts with him we were pleased to have him entertain us with the following selections: "The Light That Shone O'er Eden Was Made by Neolite" and "Oh, Dry Those Tears With a Semdac Mop." His repertoire is somewhat limited at the present time, but he has promised to Sing "While Irish Eyes Are Smiling the Jug Is Emptying Fast," upon our next visit. Mrs. Joe, the real manager of this station, has been busy giving Nancy Rose lessons in domestic science. Nancy having reached the ripe age of seven months sometime during the past month.

Millersburg—Ben Hill wants to know who it is that makes two resale barrels grow where only one grew before. Ben reports that he has a dickens of a time trying to make some one in the Saginaw office realize that he checks his barrels every month and that he can figure back to the date of his tenure and make them come out to the dot, but that he can't put it across with Saginaw. Mrs. Hill presented the writer with a large wedge of whipped cream cake upon our last visit and it sure was whipped when we finished with it. If they ever start a pastry contest in the Saginaw division we will enter Mrs. Hill and take all prizes.

Rogers City—Edward Bruder has been added to the staff in the S. S. at this point. Ed is a big fellow with a winning smile and we are sure that he will fill the bill. Chester Clark, the old standby at the S. S., has finished digging up the folk's back yard and secured enough worms to take a try at perch fishing. Chet tried his hand at painting the walls of the station and we claim that he made a decided improvement. He finds that soft coal will smudge about as fast as paint can be applied, so he feels that he has secured a steady job at last. Bill Bross and

family are still on the job and going strong. Bill gave the Michigan Limestone Company a hand at emptying a car of Red Crown and he claims that the boys informed him that they were glad to get a fresh supply. There is some worry in this man's town due to the fact that the main street will be torn up for at least three months while concrete is being laid. Bill, however, has taken time by the forelock and has purchased a pump to head off the traffic before it finds it will be impossible to get to one of the old pumps. Bill reports that the usual Fourth of July parade will be omitted this year due to the work in progress. When you drive in to Rogers this year and see the old tank wagon right in the heart of the job just remember that Bill is always in on the ground floor.

Posen—Our old friend Phil Lewandowski, agent at this point, has the "Ford" back in harness and is busy caring for the wants of the many farmers in his vicinity. Phil reports that summer has not as yet arrived in Posen, but he lays the blame on the D. & M. R. R., as he claims they are usually late and that it is no doubt coming by that route. He reports also that he has not been able to sell "Bovinol" and does not believe he will until it gets so they are not obliged to use a hammer on the ice in the watering troughs.

Hillman—The agent at this point, Arthur Sabourne, wants the world to know that the reason he is not in church on Sunday is because he spends that time pumping tank cars. He maintains that should the pump in use at the present time give out completely he is going to have the spur run closer to the tanks and save time by bailing them out with a bucket. We know that this is no joke, as we stayed with him until eleven thirty one moonlight night waiting for that same pump to do its stuff. If anyone of our fair or unfair readers wish to know who the best engineer in the state, we refer him, them, or it, to this agent.

Atlanta—Well, the board walk is still in place and the sun hasn't warped it much as yet. The clay in the roads is still sticky and the going is tough at times, but Claude Sherwood is still on the job and going strong. Claude had a sick horse along about the time we had the agents' meeting at Alpena, but he called in the doctor and a trained nurse and went to Alpena just the same. It seems that the horse was suffering from fallen arches or something like that, but the latest bulletin published in the Chicago Sunday Tribune reports it on the road to recovery, but we doubt the report, as the last time we saw it, it was on the road to Lewiston. This is another town where the main street will be torn up this Summer, not that it makes much difference to most of you, but we want you to understand that we have to make progress up this way as well as elsewhere.

Gaylord—Ray Thumm has been added to the S. S. staff at this point. While Ray is not quite as beautiful as Donn Bailey, his side kick at the station, yet he will give some of the Rudolph Valentinos a race for their money. His winning smile and manly figure are worth going miles to see and with the running mate he has we doubt that we shall be able to keep the fair sex from blocking traffic this summer. If you don't believe this, we invite you to come and see for yourselves. Joe Hale has two trucks running to capacity and wonders how he will keep the tanks filled this summer when things really get started. Of course, his business isn't as good now as it will be when the snow stops flying, but it's not so bad at that. Joe reports that he pensioned "Old Dobbin" off until Labor Day, at which time he expects it will be time to get him back on the sleigh again, that is, provided the present brand of weather keeps up.

Cheboygan—You have all heard about the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, but the next thing to them is the raised flower beds made at the local S. S. by our friend, Fritz. Yes, Sir, the old boy spent a day putting out hothouse plants and then mother nature took a wallop at him and they froze during the night. We have suggested that the next time he sets any plants out in the cold, cruel world that he stay there during the night with an umbrella and shelter them from the icy blasts, but the only comments Fritz made was to tell us to go to the place where woolen underwear is not in demand. Bill Charters, the boy who makes good trucks out of bad ones, spent a week in this locality. How do I know all this? Well, Bill had to put our wagon in shape and we came in to get it prior to the time he found necessary to cure its faults and was pressed into service tightening bolts and such like. When Bill first looked at it he suggested that we salvage the steering wheel and put a new car under it, but Oscar decided otherwise, so we are still using the same old boat. At that it is more sedate than the one used by Fitz, as it does shimmy and the other does. Guess that is because it was in Saginaw at the time the annual party took place and it can't forget the noise Johnson made on the slip horn.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

T. R. Ridge, Correspondent

Oscar Yaeck, S. S. No. 1, tells us that since the Ethylizer was put on the pump he has one customer who has worn out a pair of shoes coming down to the station every day to see if there is any "Red Stuff" in that little thing yet.

Leo Brown recently took a day off to move and has not yet recovered from the effects of carrying the piano to his new location on his back.

Ben Wells tells us that storks are as common as crows in central Kansas.

J. Anderson, tank salesman out of Colby, was one of the first boys in western Kansas to sport his new straw hat this year.

Mr. Breckenridge, our agent at Woodston, Kan., is a great duck hunter, but he says that he believes it is more profitable to get the unauthorized tickets in now than to hunt ducks.

Roberta Chambers made a preacher lay his Bible down long enough to sign for a coupon book.

Clay Waddill's little boy is again reading his dad's proof book after an attack of the measles.

Fighting Jack Johnson, our Selden, Kan., agent, is just that for business.

Have you noticed Harold Spencer's new sedan?

Bert Morrissey, our S. S. attendant at Colby, is shining up since he heard that "Ethyl" is coming.

O'Neil, Arensberg, and Waddill have a campaign on for the year on one product, O'Neil choosing gallons of Finol, Arensberg, 25-pound pails of Mica, and Waddill, 10-pound packages

of Polarine grease. Of course, there were no bets made, for O'Neil and Waddill won't pay a bet if they lose. They owe Bill Arensberg a pair of Nettleton shoes and a package of Camels since last year, so Bill is off of these two when it comes to betting anything.

George Arnold was seen on the playing field of the St. Joseph baseball diamond most of the time during his vacation.

Salesman Childers tells us we can expect big results from our Stockton, Kan., station as we have a new team in the harness there.

Leonard Hartigan, our St. Joseph city salesman, is cornetist in the American Legion band. We also have another musician in the organization in A. L. Steinhauser, who toots the saxaphone in the Shriners' band.

Where were you coming from the other morning, Gertie? Someone tells us that Gertrude Meeder was knocking at the office door at ten minutes to seven, instead of ten minutes to eight, which is the time she customarily seeks admittance.

SIOUX CITY, IA.

J. M. James, Correspondent

S. W. Marshall from the S. O. Co. office at Duluth, Minn., has succeeded W. J. Dyer as chief clerk at Sioux City. Welcome, Scotty, may you live long and prosper in Sioux City!

Earl Murphy succeeds H. P. Smith in the check department. Smith has been transferred to duties as warehouse clerk.

Dave Johnson succeeds T. V. Curren as ledgerman, Mr. Curren having left Sioux City to live in Denver.

G. W. Hays has been added to the personnel of the equipment department.

William Wilson succeeds Jack Burner as iron barrel clerk.

We welcome the following new salesmen to our organization: C. M. Blanchard, transferred from our Fourteenth and Jackson S. S.; R. K. Gossard, assigned to the winner territory; L. P. Ellerbroek, taking the place of our Henry Miller at Cherokee; D. P. Denig and Paul Agnew who are at present "in school."

J. A. Campbell succeeds "Barney Google" Webster as legal and accident clerk.

Speaking of Campbell calls to mind his trip to Chi to be interviewed and instructed by F. L. King. Did you have any trouble getting your breath while you were "up-town," Campbell?

Miss Jones, head of the transophone department, has joined the bobbed hair squad. Miss Kelly, when, oh when will you join the ranks of the carefree hair-tossers?

Henry A. Miller, formerly our salesman at Cherokee, has assumed duties as refined oil and gasoline correspondent in sales promotion; more power to you, Henry, we have to have that banner!

Jake Kniper, former attendant at S. S. No. 5, is now driving a tank wagon at Sheldon. J. G. Buchanan takes Jake's place.

John Nelson, agent at Soldier, says that he's selling so much goods that he wakes up at night hearing loud and pleading voices calling for Red Crown and Polarine—that's rather strong, John. We're sorry you haven't a twin brother like Minneapolis has.

Lee Sarff, agent at Doon, Ia., has purchased a new Chevrolet truck. Business is picking up.

John Kiers, agent at Hull, Ia., visited Sioux City recently but returned home the same evening, saying that the bright lights are too much for his eyes.

Mr. Hoben, former assistant at S. S. No. 4, Rock Rapids, Ia., has been promoted to S. S. attendant at Sibley, Ia.

The Safety First department reports the name of Wilbur Austin, T. W. driver at Sioux City, as having a record of 32 years 10 months of actual service with no accidents on his record. May was a "No Accident Month."

P. J. Beale of the St. Paul sales force, traveling with the St. Paul Trade Tour, called on our S. O. Co. representatives at Parker, S. D., on May 24.

Ask "Hi" Smith, "How is Emily?" and watch him blush. He has been coming around the office every morning lately with a cigar box under his arm, and the girls are all wondering when he is going to put out the candy, but his only answer is that he is in too much of a hurry.

Walter Gobel, our inquisitive cashier, is the proud daddy of a fine boy. We have heard on good authority that Walter is going to bring the boy to work with him to give Landeck a few tips on the money side of the game.

A very late report gives the illness of Mrs. Barnable, Katherine's mother, as being serious.

Miss Margaret Woods of Pittsburg, Kan., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Marie Tinder.

We add to the list of new salesmen, O. R. English. He has started off with a bang.

The following have been installed as T. W. instructors: A. R. Sasse, transferred from S. S. No. 28, Sioux City; H. A. Cowan, transferred from territory salesman at Ida Grove, Ia.; William R. Moore, S. S. attendant at Yankton, S. D.; C. J. Smith, transferred from S. S. No. 307, Sioux Falls, S. D. We already have good reports on the work of the men and we are sure that they will be worth their "weight in gold."

J. B. Allingham, our pictorial sign artist, is en route to the northernmost part of our field and is leaving a veritable streak of brightness behind him. Bruce, or "Lord Allingham," as he is sometimes known, is a darn good sign-writer and we are proud of his work.

Our immediate parent, N. R. Grimshaw, was a recent visitor at Sioux City and we were very proud of his call. Before long we want to take Mr. Grimshaw over our entire division and show him just what we are doing for him. Hurry back, Mr. Grimshaw!

Salesman Charles Farrell was recently called to Duluth by the illness of his mother. We are informed that Mrs. Farrell is now recovering. We are glad to hear it.

Mrs. H. J. Bemis recently returned from an extended visit in Minneapolis.

Louis Lunde is a new employee in our order department.

Dick Jansma, Mr. Dyer's right-hand man from Sioux Center, Ia., was a recent visitor in the Sioux City office and reports the hotel business very rotten. Dick is having to hoe a hard row of stumps in Sioux Center but he's a good agent.

We haven't heard Assistant Manager J. N. Elkert do any of his Coloroto Section promotion lately. What's the matter, J. N.?

Jack Carter is still broadcasting.

Jack has a rival in the broadcasting line. Fred

Hagy was doing dictation the other day when "the" city ambulance pulled up in front of the plant and wanted to know who was in pain. We think that Campbell called the ambulance.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Dietz, Correspondent

Oh My Soul (Lyman Harris) swears by all that's awful that he will never, never go in another tannery!

The South Bend office all deeply sympathize with Miss Louise DeGroote in the death of her mother, May 20.

Now that Wayne Baer is in the office someone suggests we tie a pink ribbon around his neck and call him "Pinkie" to distinguish the two Baers!

Joe Kimmel of S. S. No. 52, Ligonier, left us recently, Joe Taylor taking his place. Welcome, Joe, let's go!

Buh-lieve us when a 100 per cent S. O. Co. private owned S. S. thinks so much of Red Crown and Polarine that they sing a song in its honor and have a band concert and entertainment for the opening night we claim Red Crown and Polarine are there! W. D. Coffing of Fulton, Ind., pulled the trick.

Harry Kees, our salesman, feels quite gay with that new Ford Coupe. Notice how he wears his hat?

J. S. Brown, rural T. W. driver, started to make a delivery to a dredge last week. He drove into a swamp and got stuck. John left the truck set, went and got one of his good rural customers with his team to help him out and when they got back all they could see of the truck was the side racks and top. Leave it to John, though, he delivered the goods on time!

Ask Salesman Van Kirk why he takes off his collar and tie and glasses and pulls down his hat when he drives through Autoville.

Geo. Rains, agent at Montpelier, although used to "rains" says their have been too many rains for good business and that if he had hold of the reins it would be different. It doesn't seem to bother "Tommy's Huggins."

A colored man stepped up to Salesman Van Kirk, in a Marion hotel and asked: "Are you de man wat done make Kirk's Flake soap?" Pow-'rful good soap!

Bernard Fetters is a new man in the sales writing department. Welcome, "Bernard."

Elden Templin, Wilbur King and Orley Cain have all been put on new work, recently.

We welcome also Earl Marshal and Glen Miller! Two more Stanoco prospects. Oh, you are, thank you!

Phillip Carpenter, janitor, was severely hurt at a baseball game during May. Phillip was too near the base and a sliding player struck him with his shoe. Hope to see you out soon, Phil.

Ed Braniff is thoroughly sold on Polarine Oils after his talk with Salesman Frank Blake.

Arthur Clemans, T. W. driver, and Miss Mildred Wise were married May 10. Here's wishing you a life of happiness, folks.

Fred Irvine and B. L. Seiber were seen looking for mushrooms around the iron barrels t'other day.

Bert Long says he rolled the barrels around the warehouse so much that they refuse to stand on end any more.

"Jim" Plumback is more than a good T. W. salesman. Jim displayed much talent as an actor when he starred in "The Clod Hopper."

"Nick" Resler was absent from duty for a few days. Nick's reason for his absence was that his sweetheart just graduated from the eighth grade!

Fred Humphrey's police dog has developed an appetite for Stanolax. We have a hard time keeping Fred in samples these days.

And, Folks, did we have a picnic May 24? We'll say so. Although only about half of the Stanoco Club was there we sure raised the roof! The picnic was held at Christiana lake, about twenty miles from South Bend. It was a cold day but everyone got warmed up watching the ball game between S. O. Co. and Geo. Cutters. S. O. Co. lost the game but we let 'em have their supper anyway because they tried hard to win. Charlie Maggert was the "life of the party" at the ball game. Just ask Bill Harding! Charlie kidded the umpire so much he couldn't make a right decision! Everyone is wondering just what it was that made "Dal" Baer jump the fence. Be yourself, Dal! Puzzle, "why was there always a crowd following Fred Webb around?" It was hard to tell who ate the most hot dogs, Fred Irvine or Russell Gillis, after the 7th lap we lost count. We make a motion that everyone bring his own spoon at the next picnic. In spite of the fact that the orchestra "backed out" on us we danced. Between the electric piano and Louis playing it was a wild dance. The demonstration of the "Frisco" was, according to George Gale, an excellent demonstration of an exercise suited to Rheumatics! Cheer up, folks, we can swim next time, maybe! (And Pix, J. T.? Pix?)

C. E. Waymire, agent at North Manchester, reports that Mr. Miller, who has been cleaning up around the stations, was there and that he had to watch him to keep him from taking the storage tanks.

H. E. Brown, since getting their new S. S. caps, say they are all dressed up and have to stay at the station and work!

Chet Ulrey and Mr. Cool paid us a visit recently to do some repair work.

Lafayette, Ind.

Ralph Overholser is the new clerk at Lafayette. Welcome back to Lafayette as an S. O. Co. employee, Ralph.

Harry Burke, the "go-getter" T. W. salesman, is still singing "'Tain't Goin' to Rain No More."

Wanted: A first class umpire to give a decision to A. Searlett and Roy Wen on how to make deliveries to a certain customer at Seventeenth and Salem streets.

W. R. Miller is the new T. W. salesman at Lafayette. Glad to meetcha, W. R.

H. Sence says when he gets up to his new S. S. (note the "his") that the bulk plant won't be able to keep him supplied with 5 gallon Litho's. Luck to you, Harve, but watch out for No. 13.

V. Earhart, S. S. No. 34, is gunning for the Gold Star. Go to it, "Doc." Doc has only one worry and that is how he is going to reach the Ethylizer. Mr. McGriff has been requested to furnish "Doc" a pair of stilts.

No, Frank, we won't forget you are the proud Papa of a baby boy, born March 31.

Portland, Ind.

J. Edward Griffith, new salesman at Portland field, has a short growth under his nose. Red, too, not Red Crown but Red Whiskers.

O. Ray-Brake, clerk at Portland, is worrying as to whether he will be able to let the fire go out in the stove before Winter sets in. Ray wants to polish it.

Bert Whitacre, T. W. driver, has in his application for the old ladies club.

Brake asked Walburn if it cost more to lose a woman than to get one. R. C. replied: There's no sales or excursions on either route. Sure comes high. Lawyers are not going to live long and are trying to get rich quick."

Huntington, Ind.

Raymond C. Williams from Claypool succeeded Fred Soners as S. S. salesman at S. S. No. 58. Raymond has a new Ford coupe. Naturally we are expecting a nice increase on Red Crown and Polarine.

Robert Kettering, salesman at S. S. No. 313, was transferred to S. S. No. 58. Bob. said he wanted more work so that is the reason of the change.

Arthur Morrow, S. S. salesman at Huntington, was just a little late to work one or two days in the past week but that's all right, Arthur was just married.

Goshen, Ind.

Oh yes, M. O. Swank, our salesman, got $3.00 for high team average and $3.00 for high score of the season in the City Bowling Tournament. The Red Crowns finished in third place.

Elkhart, Ind.

L. R. Brill, garageman at Elkhart, visited in Chicago May 17 and 18.

A Stag Party was held by the employees at Elkhart, Ind., May 22. The evening was spent in card playing and singing. Balyeat and Webb carried the honors in cards while Mr. Biddler and Holderman headed the singing.

I wonder! Can anyone tell why C. A. Mahoney, T. W. salesman, makes so many trips to Warsaw? Looks to me like a waste of good sleep. Why do you do it, Claude?

P. B. Kellogg has just accepted a position as S. S. salesman. Good luck, P. B., we are all with you.

Say, Roy, how is that farm coming? We haven't seen any radishes and onions yet.

A correction to statement in April Record: Mr. Gaylor says he is not interested in chickens but poultry. No offense, Harry.

La Porte, Ind.

E. A. Fite, S. S. salesman at No. 11, has been confined at home for a few days by illness.

Charles Krueger missed the first act at the show the other evening. A customer called him from pleasure to duty and Charley did not hesitate.

John McLaughlin says he does not particularly care for a radio next to his room at the hotel.

You have just heard E. D. J. broadcasting from La Porte, "The City of Maples."

Logansport, Ind.

E. W. Mills has accepted a position as shipping clerk at Logansport, succeeding O. G. Ludders, who has been transferred to Wabash, Ind.

L. E. Lelley has accepted a position as S. S. salesman at No. 54.

Notice employees at Wabash, Ind.: Have O. G. Ludders tell you how his pockets were picked one night about two miles from town.

Walter Meyers has accepted a position as S. S. salesman at No. 80 which was opened about May 21.

Earl Kantzer is still looking for "clamps" and more help.

Jack Rehm doesn't know what to do after working hours since his guardian, Mr. Ludders, has been transferred to Wabash, Ind.

W. E. Smith has accepted a position as S. S. salesman at No. 80.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Bill Barter, T. W. salesman, was inspector at the weekly equipment inspection on Saturday, May 11, and showed his stuff when he removed the floor boards. The result? Ask the boys. Good stuff, Bill.

Incidentally, did you see Hank Sapp's new Red Crown radiator ornament?

Charlie Wenrick pulled a good one on the bunch by presenting three shining faucets. Competition is getting stronger every day, Charlie. (Ask George Strong.)

W. H. Bohnke, salesman at S. S. No. 27, showed up at the meeting all dolled up, but how? We won't tell Bohnke, but pink is a bad color. By the way, who gave 'em to you, Harry?

Henry Meyer, the dean of the Fort Wayne salesmen, tried to impersonate Samson the other day and pulled most of his lawn decoration down on him. He's feeling better at this writing, we trust.

Francis Costello, salesman at S. S. No. 57, has a lot of choice dandelions he wants to dispose of. Mr. Volstead take notice.

Paul Cottrell, we understand, is dolling up his new flivver with a carload of accessories. Who are you going to take out riding, Paul?

Henry Meyer, salesman, celebrated his thirty-fourth wedding anniversary by stepping out and selling two barrels of Polarine before 9 a. m. to a new customer.

The latest in athletics in Fort Wayne is the organization of a tennis tournament. Messrs. Cook and Congdon, who are fast rounding into mid-season form, have open dates and would like to meet some other Standard Oil champions.

WICHITA, KANS.

J. A. White, Correspondent

Verne Chism is the new general clerk. He succeeds Floyd ("Stub") Williams, who has fallen heir to the opening caused by the resignation of Ray Burlingame. This vacancy was in Tom Taylor's equipemnt department.

"Bob" Morris succeeds "Jim" Momb as city salesman. "Bob's" desk has been taken over by Cecil Cox, formerly assistant to Hudson in the order department. G. T. Mowrer, former stenographer, succeeds Cox. This is a step forward for all these young men and they are to be congratulated.

Mrs. "Tilly" Gibson, former STANOLIND RECORD correspondent, has been confined to the Wichita Hospital, where she was operated on a week or so ago for appendicitis. She is convalescing at present.

There have been numerous new faces in the Wichita Office the past month or so. It is a

difficult taks to keep track of them all but with the help of Miss Mae Smith, the pay roll clerk, we believe we have them all accounted for. Jack Grantham is back in the fold after nearly a year's absence. He succeeded Galloup in Coony's record department. H. N. Babcock is an assistant in the credit department and Thomas Harshberger and G. W. Neilson are new ledgermen. George G. Barnes is the capable assistant to "Bill" Long. Robert Sheets and Lynne Henrie are the most recent mail boys. Sheets succeeds Walter Wilson on this position. Luella Louella, Frances Kingston and Ada May Henderson are the latest additions to the stenographic staff. C. L. Wilhite has recently taken over the job as advertising clerk and Wm. R. Batton has charge of the lub sales end of the office. C. L. Payton has been transferred from the warehouse force to the check department. F. E. Sheppard and Neil Horning also are check hounds. The latter celebrated his entrance into Don Potter's department by getting married soon after the girls had gotten used to seeing him around. Everyone smoked on Neil. The fortunate Mrs. Horning was formerly Miss Ailene Thompson of Partridge, Kan. Walter Carey is one of the credit department's most recent attractions. Joseph G. Riley has accepted a position as traveling mechanic with headquarters in Dodge City, Kan. We welcome all these additions to the Standard Oil family in Wichita and wish them a long and prosperous stay with the company.

About the only interesting event which is writable the past month is the Stag Party which was held on May 14. There were several interesting boxing bouts and about 125 men gathered at the ringside for the opening gong. Several well known local scrappers donated their services. They were secured from the American Legion through the influence of L. J. Black, our warehouse superintendent and a member of the Legion. Cecil Cox of the order department and Abe Martin, cashier, put on an interesting three-round exhibition. The bout was smoked up as a "for blood" affair between "Knock-'Em-Dead" Cox and "Spider" Martin. There was no gore to be noticed at the conclusion of the bout and Cox obtained a slight edge over his opponent due to superior aggressiveness. Music was furnished by piano and drums. Smokes and apples were supplied the guests, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It was a most successful affair.

We believe all the young ladies on the upper floor can now breathe a sigh of relief for more than one has asked what Geo. G. Barnes's name is. Really we didn't mean to give it away, Barnes, but now they want to know if you are single. What shall we tell 'em?

Fan Goodman doesn't think much of the present moist weather conditions. She attended an Alumni Banquet on May 26, at Mount Hope, Kan., and it became almost necessary to push their car home. Yes, it was a Ford.

F. E. Sheppard sure stands in with the "wimmen." He arrives each morning with a great bouquet of American Beauties. Needless to say, the girls all flock his way. Evidently Sheppard figures that's the only reason they flock. You're all wrong, boy, all wrong.

"Sheik" Morehead and "Sheba" Masten had their pictures "tooken" together. Oh, boy, page Harold Teen and Lillums.

What was it Julia Masten called Wilhite? Her bleached blonde papa?

"Bob" Morris, our new salesman, certainly acts dignified since being transferred to his new position. Have you piped that pipe? We believe we would have let it go with your old job, Bob. It may interfere with steering your new flivver.

Vern Chism is about the most popular man in the office. Right now he is engaged in completing the vacation list. When he has satisfied everybody else he will need a vacation himself.

Marvel Cole has joined the "goggle eyed mamma" class.

We have very good news to report from Los Angeles. Our former credit clerk, Ed. Brandt, is now employed and in a position, therefore, to purchase postage stamps. Hence he craves to hear from some of the bunch here.

Mr. Butler, safety device man from Chicago, has arrived in Wichita to commence work on bonding and grounding our bulk and service stations over the entire field.

Salesman Holmes is a baseball star. He believes it good business to play ball among his customers and his ambition is to knock a home run with the bases full. He guarantees to sell Standard Oil products to everyone in the park immediately thereafter. But Holmes has discovered that this plan has its drawbacks. While playing with the Natoma, Kan., team against their bitter rivals, Plainville, Holmes had gotten two solid swats his first two times at bat. Each time he hit the Plainville team had suffered and Natoma had pushed over a run or so. The third time he faced the Plainville pitcher, who was one of his best customers, he saw that the twirler was getting peeved. He was between two fires. It was fan or lose a good S.O.Co. customer. Holmes fanned.

Victoria, 12-year-old daughter of R. L. Knybel, our agent at Durham, Kan., has been having a very serious pull with the measles, but is now getting along nicely.

There is a new future agent in this field. Ben Payton, agent at Kanopolis, has a new baby boy. Ben says he already has him sold on SOCO products.

Agent Charles Kline of Tribune, Kan., has joined the Meek and Mild Society of the Benedicts. Agent Charles claims the water's fine. He dived off the plank on May 2, 1924.

Agent Scott of Utica, Kan., purchased a new International H. C. truck recently. His service is unequaled in Utica.

Agent Stolfus of Whitewater is "batching" these days. While visiting at Emporia, on Easter Sunday, Mrs. Stolfus became ill and was unable to return and now Agent Stolfus is quaffing his full of the forbidden joys of being able to eat his meals in unwashed dishes and sleep in his beeveedees.

The El Dorado force met at the S. S. one evening recently to watch Jean Jones of the Wichita headquarters run distillation tests on Red Crown and competitive gasoline. After comparing the results the boys now know why Red Crown is superior.

Owing to the fact that Fred Krause of S. S. No. 53, Ellinwood, Kan., has been missing flowers he has decided to have Frank Richards patrol the S. S. grounds at night astride a bicycle.

It looks as though I. B. Smith, the agent

at Hutchinson, Kan., is going to make Hutchinson a 100 per cent Standard products town.

Mead, the company mechanic, is at Hutchinson, Kan., repairing some of the company trucks. He says he expects to be in Anthony at the same time that the electricians are there to rewire the S. S. Look out, Anthony. These boys are liable to muss up this fair village.

Max Agee has just returned from a trip into western Kansas and is enthusiastic about crop conditions. "And," says Max, "I think the corn and rye crops are especially fine. They should easily average forty gallons to the acre."

At a recent bicycle parade in Wichita we noticed a tandem bicycle. Frank Richards of Ellinwood, please note.

Dick Cashard of S. S. No. 5, Wichita, has sent in an 010 for a new set of nerves and to date our worthy Mister Coke down in general supply has been unable to fill the order.

Bennett of the construction departemnt has taken a liking to Tribune, Kan., and is planning to move there.

Southwest Kansas

Geo. R. Brown, Reporter

Ulysses, Kans.

Salesman P. E. Elliott, who formerly represented the Standard in this locality, has been transferred to Wellington, Kan., and we understand that he is putting it over down there as well as he did here. Good work, Paul, keep it up.

Agent Clancy of Elkhart has purchased a new Ford roadster and fitted a 100 gallon Red Crown tank on it. He says he will put all competition on the run.

Agent Brown of Moscow says that he does not mind delivering the goods but that he does hate to arise during the wee small hours to do it.

Kepley Brothers of Ulysses who handle Red Crown and Polarine exclusively have equipped their machine with new machinery throughout and have obtained most expert mechanic to be had to be in charge.

Agent Baker of Ulysses has had to employ a transport truck to help him make his Polarine deliveries. That tickles Bill, Bake!

G. C. Stevens has built a drive-in S. S. and has named it, Red Crown Service Station. Mr. Stevens is well pleased with the snappy sales he is enjoying. (You have something to sell, Steve.)

Salesman Brown has been down in the northern part of Oklahoma. He says that if the world is as large north as it is south, it is sure a whopper.

Agent Jim Farris of Woodbine suffered from a severe attack of rheumatism which laid him low for the first sixteen days of May. He was able to return to his duties on May 19.

Salesman Dix reports that wheat in the vicinity of Abilene, Kan., is 6 inches high and headed out.

John Emmett, agent at Chapman, has been quarantined twenty-one days with America's favorite family disease, the measles.

Milton Loy, agent at Enterprise, also had the yellow sign tacked on his door. He is about four runs ahead of old man measles in the first of the 9th and expects to remove the sign in a day or so.

Hutchinson "A" Station

F. W. Bull, Reporter

Jeff Tolbert, agent at S. S. No. 42, was married on April 30 to Miss Bonita Hurley. We are for you, Jeff. All good looking men are snapped up during leap year.

We all know now why Clarence Blazier, agent at S. S. No. 16, has been so chesty recently. It's a nine-pound boy. Congratulations, Clarence.

George Kinzel, attendant at S. S. No. 13, is also the proud and happy father of a bouncing baby boy. George reports that the infant is K. O. and the mother O. K., which means we presume that the babe is a knockout and the mother recovering nicely.

F. H. Mettscher, agent at Pretty Prairie, reports that crop conditions in his locality were never better. He is feeling fine over the prospects of a banner year.

George Shaffer, agent at Hutchinson S. S. No. 3, has resigned to follow the races. George, we all wish you good luck and hope that your horse will prove a winner—at 20 to 1.

Salesman Bert Hiatt contributes the following gems:

J. P. Sandstrum, the new agent at Dexter, Kan., who checked in on April 22, is going fine, head up, shoulders square and like a house afire.

Agent H. H. Broderson at Arkansas City has been going some and is getting results. Henry is putting on another truck May 26 to take care of his increasing business. (Correspondent's Note: Perhaps that's the reason we didn't get a rise out of H. H. when we asked him to be a S. R. reporter.)

George B. Deems, agent at La Crosse, Kan., has purchased a new International truck and from now on will operate two trucks, the other one being a Ford.

C. L. Shanks, agent at Bazine, Kan., expects to return to work this week after being in the hospital since March 11. Watch Shanks make up for lost time from now on.

Liberal, Kans.

R. S. Ellis, Reporter

O. P. Chaffin, agent at Fowler, is another Leap Year victim. Mr. Chaffin and Miss Esther Shorb of Liberal were married, May 11. That means you will have to sell just twice as much Red Crown and Perfection, Bill.

Walter O. Davis is the new S. S. agent at No. 313, Liberal. Show 'em some stuff, Walt.

Fred Irwin, agent at Plains, Kan., has been sick for some time. Hurry up and get on the job, Fred, it's time for the busy season.

The Liberal boys challenge any "B" station in the field on Mica sales for 1924. (Correspondent's Note: How about it, you birds?)

Mister Oliver P. Branson, our Specialty Salesman, who is known throughout the field as "Handsome" Branson, because he is so often mistaken for a Cluett-Peabody salesman, writes us the following letter after we had vainly attempted to jar S. R. notes from him for some time:

"You win! But listen: If you don't publish this after I've gone to all the trouble to write you—well look out, that's all. (No. 1 poultry.)

"As you ramble on through life, brother,
Whatever be your goal,
Keep your eye upon the doughnut,
And not upon the hole."

—O. P. Branson."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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AMOS BALL, Central Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

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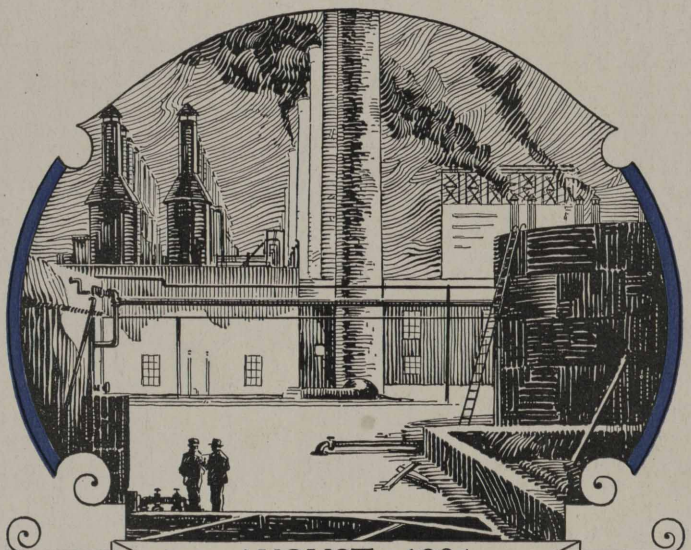
A MAN'S JOB

A man's job is his best friend. It clothes and feeds his wife and children, pays the rent and supplies them with the wherewithal to develop and become cultivated. The least a man can do in return is to love his job. A man's job is grateful. It is like a little garden that thrives on love. It will one day flower into fruit worth while, for him and his to enjoy. If you ask any successful man the reason for his making good, he will tell you that first and foremost it is because he likes his work; indeed, he loves it. His whole heart and soul are wrapped up in it. His whole physical and mental energies are focused on it. He walks his work, he talks his work; he is entirely inseparable from his work, and that is the way every man worth his salt ought to be if he wants to make of his work what it should be, and make of himself what he wants to be.

ARTHUR CAPPER,
United States Senator.

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD



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PRESS LAUDS STANDARD OIL DEATH BENEFITS PLAN

"This Single Generous Act of Standard Oil Company Will Do More to Sweeten Relations Between Capital and Labor Than All the Propaganda in the World," Says One Paper, While Others Are Equally Enthusiastic

COMMENTS in editorial columns of American newspapers on the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Death Benefits Plan, announced in June, were unanimously enthusiastic, but were so numerous that space prohibits reproduction of all of them in this magazine. That the Stanolind Family may know how others see us, however, several representative editorials on the subject are herewith reproduced:

From the Lapeer (Mich.) Clarion

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has insured the lives of its 25,000 employes. The insurance costs the employes nothing. The company pays the premiums.

Here we have a splendid example of the new spirit which is pervading industry, and which if persisted in must eventually level the barriers that often lie between employer and employe.

There may have been a time when corporations exploited their employes and yielded to them in better wages and working conditions only as they were forced to do so. Possibly a number of this type of corporation survives, but they are passing. Mutual distrust and antagonism is giving way to mutual friendliness and co-operation. If a social revolution ever threatened this country, the menace is fading. The ground is too barren.

This single generous act of the Standard Oil Company will do more to sweeten the relations between capital and labor than all the propaganda in the world.

From the Hibbing (Minn.) News

The great Standard Oil Company isn't so much of a soulless corporation after all—at least it isn't wholly heartless insofar as its employes are concerned.

Announcement is made that the dependents of twenty-five thousand employes of the company become beneficiaries of an employes' insurance plan, by which every employe is to be presented with a life insurance policy which will be maintained by the company with no cost whatever to the employe. All of the employes in the twelve states of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Kansas, Missouri, Wyoming and Oklahoma are embraced in the splendid plan.

One year of service with the company is the one requirement for participation. The minimum death benefit paid to dependents will be five hundred dollars, based upon a single year of service. All payments are based upon length of service, reaching a maximum of two thousand dollars after ten years' employment. For those who have no actual dependents a death benefit of two hundred dollars is provided to pay funeral expenses.

The object of the company will, of course, be questioned by those who rail at the big corporations, but the fact remains that the company didn't have to do anything beyond paying wages to its thousands of employes, and it may be accepted that as times goes on the generosity of the great concern will be blessed from many a household.

(*Continued on page* 3)

Bob, Rose and a Bridal Party

Decatur Division—No. 1—Hello, Bob! This, folks, is Robert M. Bagwill, Jr. He's the eighteen-months-old son of our East St. Louis plant barrel man. Like him? Sure, we knew you would. No. 2—And right over here is Rose Marie Rinehart. Her dad is H. S. Rinehart of the construction force. She's just half Bob's age. No. 3—And a June bridal party! What Summer magazine would be complete without at least one June bride? Anyway, the big man is Theo. Klekamp, T. W. salesman at Litchfield. He's the bridegroom. At his right is the bride. She was Miss Amanda Lewing of Litchfield. They were married June 15.

PRESS LAUDS STANDARD OIL DEATH BENEFITS PLAN

(*Continued from page* 1)

From the Wessington Springs (S. D.) Republican

Some time ago we made reference to the manner in which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), took part in the activities of their employes, and a brighter and healthier, well dressed lot of people belonging to one great family, as it were, never before came together for real pleasure and recreation. And now comes the information that the company has inaugurated a deservedly popular method of protection for its members. The company refers to it as the "Death Benefits Plan," under which employes of the Standard Oil Company are given insurance in sums ranging from $500 to $2,000, depending on the length of time the individual has been in the service of the company. Twenty-five thousand employes of the company become beneficiaries under this plan and the organization is to be maintained by the company without cost, covering twelve states. One year of service is the only requirement before the dependent can receive the benefit. Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the board of directors of Standard Oil Company (Indiana), is greatly concerned over the success of this new departure and it makes us a little prouder of our old friend and former South Dakotan. Everything that a human being can provide for its employes has been covered by this company.

From the Peoria (Ill.) Star

The Standard Oil Company has discovered that the surest way to insure the active co-operation and the one hundred per cent interest of its employes is to make them partners in the business. Some time ago it inaugurated the policy of selling stock in the company to employes on the installment plan. This not only inculcated into the minds of the employes aforesaid habits of thrift and economy, but it gave them an added interest in their work and the success of the company's affairs. It proved to be such a success that many other big corporations have now followed the example of the Standard Company and with a like degree of success.

Now the company comes forward with still another suggestion that appears to be destined to prove quite as successful as the first. It proposes to give absolutely free of charge insurance policies ranging from $500 to $2,000 on the lives of employes and it is announced that this is a gift outright.

From Galesburg (Ill.) Register

The Standard Oil Company has adopted a beneficiary insurance plan for its 25,000 employes and every employe is to be presented with a policy by the company, and to be maintained by it without cost to the employes. But one year of service is necessary to ensure participation. Twelve states are covered by the plan.

What appeals to one about the scheme is that it is accomplished without cost to the employes. It would seem that there is no compulsion about it. The company was not obliged to or forced to take the step. It could have gone on just as before.

In addition the company has established an annuity plan for the benefit of its men. This assures each employe of a comfortable pension when he becomes too old to labor.

The company always maintains an industrial relations plan, whereby agreements are reached regarding wages, hours, conditions and other matters affecting both the company and the men.

Another feature is the stock purchasing plan whereby the acquisition of stock by the employes is made easy, and already nearly half of the company's men are investors. It is felt that it is far better for the men to invest in this stock than in many of the wild stock schemes that are afloat in the land and which separates a man from his money. The Standard Oil plan is to make investment sure for its people, and to keep their welfare in mind.

The insurance policies range from $500 to $2,000.

Many of the railroad companies and the great corporations of the land have insurance and beneficiary policies, but as a rule the money to sustain these is taken from the wages of the men and put in a fund, from which payments are made to the beneficiaries. In this respect the Standard Oil plan is different, as there are no deductions

from the wages to maintain the insurance fund.

In this brief story it is shown that the men now can have insurance, old age annuities, and be stockholders of the company, and perhaps that is one reason why it is hard to get an employe of the Standard Oil Company to say anything against it.

We happen to know that the local men are very zealous for the company.

From the Casper (Wyo.) Tribune

Employes of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, of which there are 25,000 in this country, are soon to be insured under group policies paid for by the company. This means that more than 2,200 men working in Standard refineries in Casper will have protection for their dependents. That's a good thing for everyone concerned. Looking at it in only a practical way, widows and orphans left in poverty mean expense to the community. The Standard is not doling out charity—it is investing in and sharing its profits with its employes. There would be less necessity for charity, which almost always indicates something economically out of place somewhere, if there were more of such industrial welfare measures as voluntarily adopted by other corporations.

From the Lamar (Mo.) Democrat

Our greatest benefactors are seldom recognized for what they are. If you'd tell the average man, for example, that the Standard Oil Company had done more for the human race than all of the ripsnorting sorts of discontent that ever tortured the air with their raucous clamor, he'd probably say you were joking.

Yet, what institution in the world ever furnished a great army of men and women with better or more dependable jobs than the Standard Oil Company? What money ever did as much to conquer disease and to succor humanity from misery and pain as have the Rockefeller millions.

Every great and successful business does more to make happy homes, raise living standards, and place comforts and even luxuries at the doors of myriads, with whom such things were once dreamed of and longed for, but not possible to achieve, than all of the spouting declaimers that ever dwelt in the irridescent realms of fancy.

Good wages could never be paid without the creative genius to organize and carry on a successful business. Further, the secret of every big business success is to be able to sell things cheaper instead of higher.

The smart young man will do well to get a job with some institution like the Standard, and give it the best there is in him. The Standard pensions its employes when they get old. It has recently established a free life insurance under which the dependents of a man who dies in its employ, after he has served as much as a year, receive five hundred dollars. This death benefit increases, until, if an employe with ten years continuous service to his credit, dies, his family receive two thousand dollars. No assessments are required of the employes to meet this death benefit. It is entirely gratuitous, and its goes to the humblest Standard's worker as well as to the man at the top.

Facts like these speak for themselves. They don't require much comment.

NATURE FAKING?

Greybull Refinery.—On a recent visit up Shell Creek, "Big Jim" Bluejacket, welder at Plant No. 2 and manager of the local "nine," became tired of so dull a sport as landing mountain trout only thirteen inches long, reeled in his fly and began casting around in the air for something new. After several unsuccessful attempts, he finally sensed his nibble, did his stuff, and found firmly hooked a little Western Bat. It was getting dark, so he did not have time to catch more than one, but he says that fly fishing for winged animals is a delicate sport and very good for nerves and imaginations.

GREYBULL R. B. A.

Greybull Refinery.—Report of Charles T. Warne, secretary-treasurer of the Greybull Refineries Benefit Association, shows a balance of $1,287.26 on hand June 12, as compared with $1,275.26 on hand May 12. During the month $98 was added to the May balance and $86 deducted.

The funds are deposited as follows: $1,034.84 in a saving account and $252.42 in a checking account.

* * *

"Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith feel so sorry for each other."

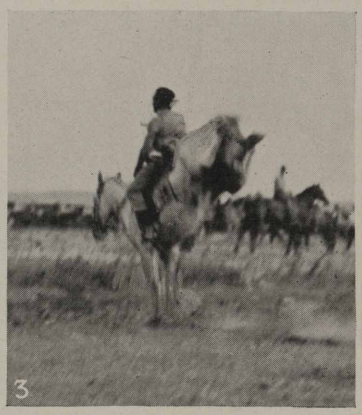
"Why?"

"One has a baby and the other has not."—*Life.*

SIOUX CITY CELEBRATES DIAMOND JUBILEE

1

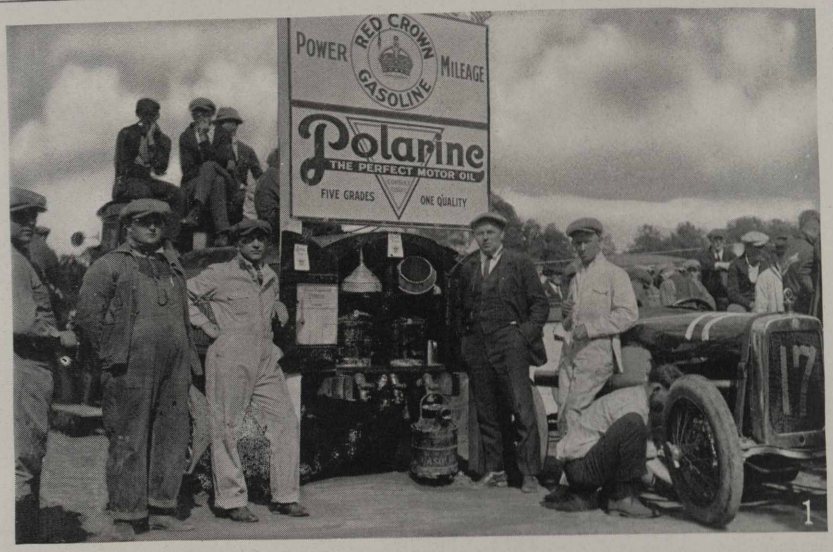
2

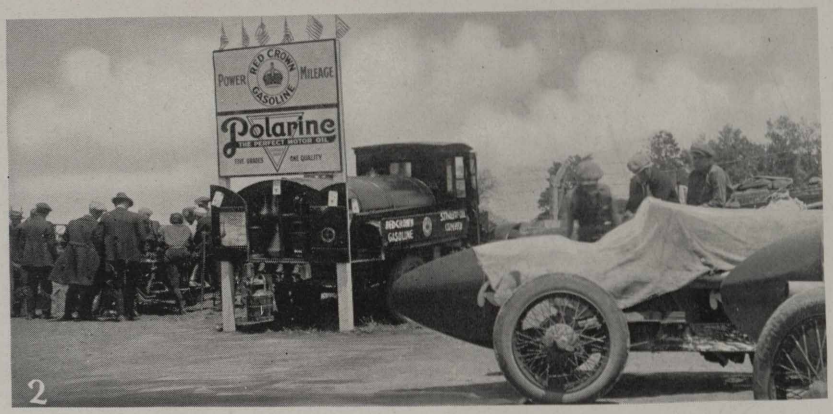


3

Sioux City Division—No. 1—One of the most effective floats in the great Diamond Jubilee parade at Sioux City was this one of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The float was 24 feet long and eight feet wide, decorated in the company colors of red, white and blue. It was illuminated with forty 32 candlepower lights. The jubilee was celebrated in commemoration of the 75th anniversary of the city's founding. Fifty thousand persons viewed the float. No. 2—Assistant Manager J. N. Elkert has a new boss. This is a photo of J. N. and his bride as they were leaving on their honeymoon trip. No. 3—Seeing is believing. R. Kelly Gossard, salesman, is shown aboard a "bad actor." The only victory the hoss hung up was the demolition of Kelly's hat.

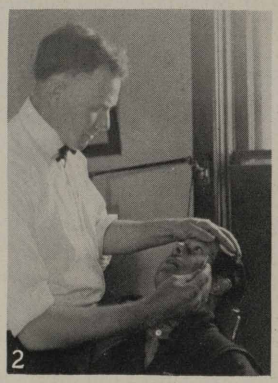
POWER TWINS ON INDIANA SPEEDWAY





Indianapolis Division—No. 1—The Power Twins, Polarine and Red Crown, strutted their stuff at the Winchester, Ind., races recently in grand style. Agent Roy Fullhart saw to it the speed merchants got real SOCO service. In the picture are S. S. Attendant M. L. Hinshaw (left); Arnold Bahs, T. W. driver (at his left), and Agent Fullhart (on the other side of the bucket box). The others are drivers, mechanics, hangers-on about the speedway. No. 2—It is estimated 18,000 persons saw the races and the SOCO service sign.

WOOD RIVER REFINERY MEN "AT EASE"



Wood River Refinery: No. 1—After something less than a million efforts, ye photog was able to get Jake Tremmel's machine shop crew together in one place at one time. Standing in back row (left to right) are E. Kerwin, F. Hubbell, J. Davey, Stanolind Record scribe, W. Miller, C. Davidson, T. Ehrhardt and E. Kahl; middle row (left to right), R. Richardson, J. Tremmel, foreman, H. Wuestenfeld, Joe Shank, shop bouncer, D. C. Burroughs, H. Weindel and J. Gamer; kneeling (left to right), J. Meurice, Mark Taylor, E. Bennett, G. Veach, F. Meyers and C. Bandy. No. 2—Ye photog was once more on the job when he snapped E. Council, first aid man, giving an employee a "shot" in the eye. Mr. Council has taken over the station since the illness and death of John Flanagan. No. 3—These, says our correspondent, look good on the bench and much better on the field. The players are (back row), Ash, Duke Parker, Henry, Fortschneider and Buck Parker; (front row), K. Volz, Bennett, Vaughn, Sox Parker and Blakely. The man in the baldheaded row is Louis Koenneker, umps.

MINNEAPOLIS FIELD'S ROGUES' GALLERY

Photos were taken in the Bertillon Room of the St. Paul Police Department. Number 19131, of whom we show two views, is a desperate character at present at large and supposed to be at present somewhere in the city of Minneapolis. By name, Leslie Rossiter, alias Lefty Less, alias Ambulance Chaser Leslie. Handles accident department of Standard Oil Company, Minneaoplis. Notice shape of head; low forehead, receding chin, etc. Notice mole on right side of face.

Bad sign. Twenty-three cent reward for information leading to his capture. Number 1913 by name of George Duncan, alias Stare Eyed George, alias Ramrod Georgie. Bad actor. Wanted for mashing. Handsome and knows it. Girls fall for him. Dangerous character. Dresses like Beau Brummel, but is really a wolf in sheep's clothing. Notice wild eyes. All young ladies warned to be on lookout for this masher. Supposed to be agent for Standard Oil Company at St. Paul, Minn. Escaped from reformatory at St. Cloud about six months ago and has never been apprehended. No reward. Not worth it.

POLARINE IS "STANDARD EQUIPMENT"

Wichita Division.—With each of fifteen new Case Harvester Threshers sold by George F. Womack of Rolla, the dealer gives a half barrel of Polarine Medium to furnish the necessary lubrication. Throughout Kansas, says our Wichita correspondent, the banner wheat crop will be harvested to the purr of harvesters lubricated with "The Perfect Motor Oil."

LAY OFF CASPER!

Casper Refinery.—It begins to look as though the editor, et al, would soon have to choose their weapons. Whenever a picture of a group of pretty girls is published, the editor or some one of his ilk, appends a word of sympathy for Casper. Sioux City is the latest purveyor of pity. (Page 10, June Stanolind). Evidently there are several who are in need of enlightenment. While our office is not furnished with the standard feminine equipment about which so many of the offices are so wildly enthusiastic, and flapping has not yet become an entrance requirement at the Plant One Main Office, Casper is full of beautiful girls and lovely women who provide sweet forgetfulness in our leisure hours. As we are not of the class of "puny tilters who spur their horses but on the one side"—love a little, work a little, love a little more—we are well satisfied with the present arrangement. However, if this facetious reference to the lack of girls in our office is considered to be a real funny crack, we don't want to deprive the boys of any pleasure. We may add that when we came to Casper the town had a population of 3,000. It now has 33,000. This fact, of course, needs no comment; and it rather looks to us as though praise, and not pity, were in order.—*Casper Vigilance Committee.*

* * *

Dot—Do you ever allow a man to kiss you when you're out motoring with him?

Dora—Never. If a man can drive safely while kissing me, he's not giving the kiss the attention it deserves.—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

Little Brother—"What's etiquette?"

Big Brother—"It's saying, 'No thank you,' when you want to holler, 'Gimme.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

Health Inspector—"Say, Pete, you oughtn't to have your pigpen so close to the house."

Pete—"Why?"

Health Inspector—"It's not healthy."

Pete—"Not healthy? I'll bet you can't find a healthier pig anywhere around than mine."—*Exchange.*

* * *

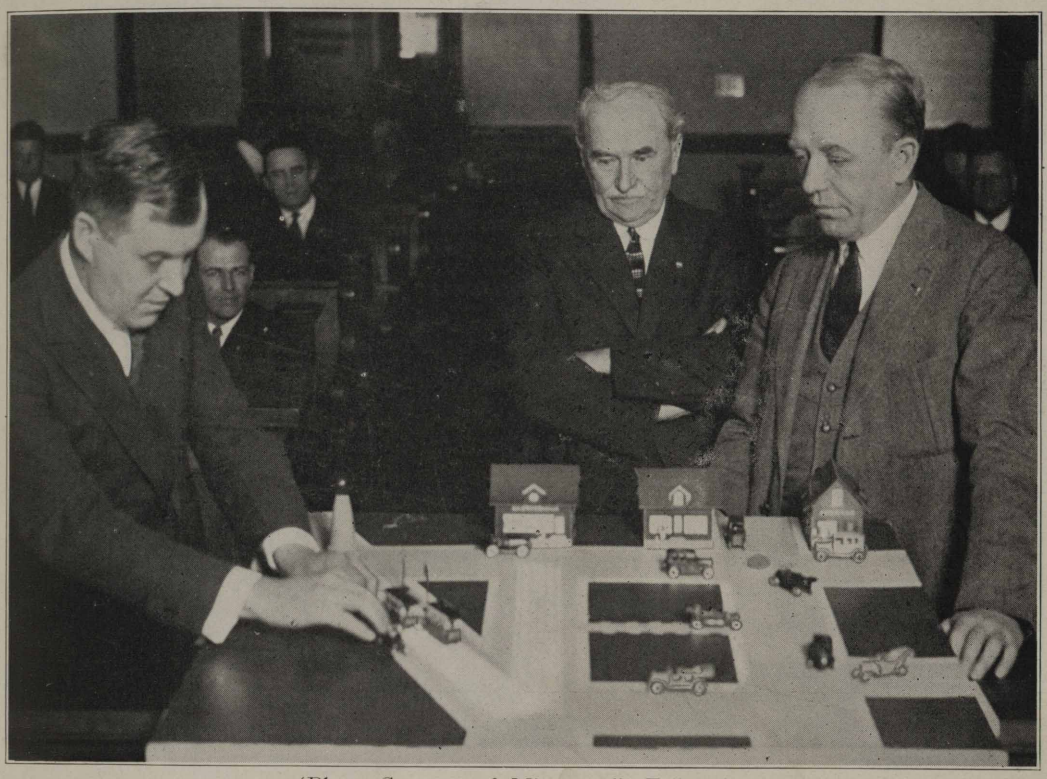
The customer waited a few minutes and finally called out to the proprietor, who sat sleepily in the rear of the store:

"Say, can't you come and wait on me? I'm in a hurry."

The proprietor shifted his position slightly and drawled:

"Couldn't you come in some time when I'm standing up?"—*Exchange.*

COURT STAGES MINIATURE AUTO ACCIDENTS



(Photo Courtesy of Minneapolis Tribune)

Minneapolis Division—When a motorist is haled before Judge Levi M. Hall in Minneapolis, he has to show the judge just how the accident happened by means of a platform on which is painted in miniature all kinds of street intersections. On the board are all sorts of movable props that can be used to create any sort of traffic crisis—miniature corner drug stores, street car tracks, semaphores, toy trucks, taxicabs, etc. When the traffic violator appears, he shows his idea of what happened. The plaintiff then shows his idea. Then the judge decides. The board was presented to the court by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and is a duplicate of the one used in the Standard Oil traffic court which meets every Tuesday. In the picture are (left) Judge Hall, (center) George Reid, bailiff, and (right) Fred Lundberg, clerk.

ANNUAL PICNIC AUGUST 23

Wood River Refinery.—Plans have been made to hold the Annual Standard Oil Picnic August 23, at Rock Springs Park in Alton. Last year the picnic was held August 25 and the weather was so fine it was decided a change in the time of the year could not improve matters, so the time is as nearly the same this year as the calendar permits.

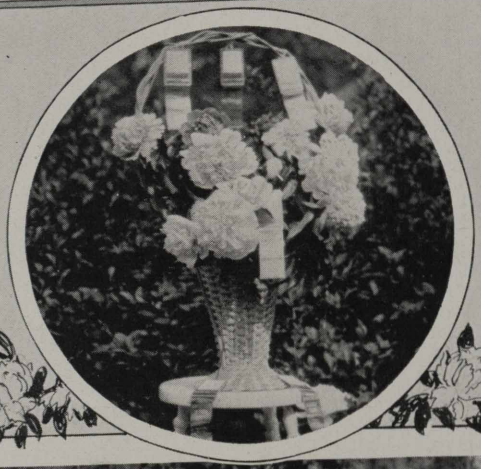
The baseball team will arrange, if possible, to have a game in the afternoon which will eliminate the annual game between the single and married men. The single men were so badly trimmed last year they have made no application to come back for another try.

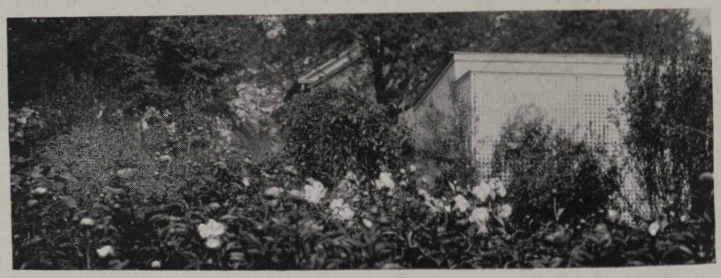
The horse shoe classic will be held at the picnic and others kinds of athletic contests will be arranged.

The band will play, the eaters will eat, dancers dance, and everyone will have their usual good time.

Extend pity to no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt, he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well. There never has been devised, and there never will be devised, any law which will enable a man to succeed save by the exercise of those qualities which have always been the prerequisites of success, the qualities of hard work, of keen intelligence, of unflinching will.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

SOCO MAN WINS FLOWER SHOW PRIZES





Sugar Creek Refinery: Thomas Abbott, reducing stills stillman, recently won four firsts, two seconds and one third in a peony contest of the Amateur Flower Growers' Association of Greater Kansas City. No. 1—Prizes and prize winners. No. 2—Some giant peonies, grown by Mr. Abbott. No. 3—View of Mr. Abbott's home with part of his flower garden in the foreground. The Abbott home is one of the show places of Sugar Creek.

DEATH BENEFITS RULING

With reference to Article II, Paragraph 2, Page 9, of the Employees' Death Benefits Plan, which provides as follows:

> "Employees absent from duties for more than one day, for other cause than sickness or accident, without leave of absence or temporary lay off, may at the discretion of the Board of Directors, forfeit their rights to Death Benefits."

Under date of July 11, 1924, the Board of Directors adopted the following rules in connection with this specific paragraph of the Death Benefits Plan:

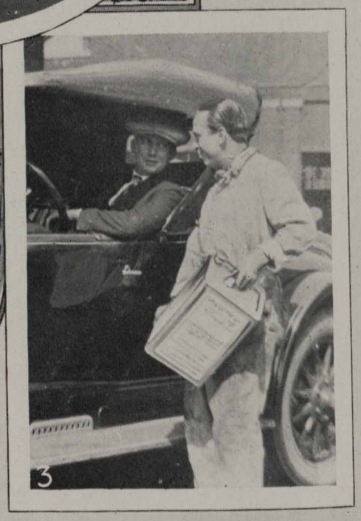
Where an employee on the works pay roll is absent from duty for more than one day, for other cause than sickness or accident, without leave of absence or temporary lay off, the local management may, if the case is deserving (without referring the matter to the Board of Directors) grant a leave of absence to such employee for the period involved, providing such employee is not absent beyond a complete pay period. (The works pay roll periods are from the 1st to the 15th, and from the 16th to the last day of the month, all dates inclusive). If such works pay roll employee is absent from duty for a period which necessitates removing his name from the works pay roll, then such absence must be referred to the Board of Directors so it may pass on same in connection with the employee retaining his rights under the Death Benefits Plan.

Where an employee on the monthly pay roll is absent from duty for more than one day, for other cause than sickness or accident, without leave of absence or temporary lay off, the local management may, if the case is deserving (without referring the matter to the Board of Directors) grant a leave of absence to such monthly paid employee for the period involved, providing such employee is not absent for more than six days or one working week. If such monthly paid employee is absent for more than one week, it will be necessary that the matter be referred to the Board of Directors so it may consider it in connection with the employee retaining his rights under the Death Benefits Plan.

Yours truly,

E. G. SEUBERT, *Treasurer.*

A PAIR OF KINGS BEATS A FULL HOUSE



Chicago Division—No. 1—Some poker player may demand to know the pair of kings—Otto Maiss, Semdac King and Coleman Sanford, how a pair of kings can beat a full house, so we are going to introduce Polarine King, of S. S. No. 60. SOCO T. W. drivers, who supply No. 60, will tell you that every morning No. 60 is full but by night it's most empty. Now, you poker shark, read the caption again! No. 2—F. K. Blandford, manager of No. 60, is finding a new papa for a five gallon can. He's kept busy showing fellow attendants who's boss by selling more than the others. It's a great life at No. 60. No. 3—Attendant Maiss wasn't so long in equalling F. K.'s transaction. Here Otto is finding a new home for a can.

THE OIL PROSECUTIONS

Reprinted from the Atlantic (Ia.) News-Telegraph of June 28, 1924

THE Standard and other oil companies are to be prosecuted by the government because of "conspiracy in restraint of trade" or on some other charge that is equally as wide-reaching and difficult of proof. Evidently the office of the attorney general of the United States is seeking to divide credit over oil discoveries and prosecutions with the democrats and radicals.

A close reading of the story as it comes out of Washington furnishes the information that there has been an exchange of patents used in the conversion of crude into gasoline and other products. It is alleged that because of this interchange the price of gasoline to consumers has been increased—stop and think of it—the outrageous sum of from one-half to one and one-quarter cents per gallon.

Now isn't it just awful that the joy riders—and most of us who own cars are—and the others who are all dressed up and no particular place to go—should be mulcted in the sum of one-half, or one and a quarter cents a gallon more than the government thinks we should pay, while all of us are paying dollars, and in many instances a great many of them, for the things which we think we have to have in order to be regarded as living according to American standards?

Transportation of both freight and passengers costs more because the railroads are compelled to pay an ever increasing wage to railroad employes, and for the material and equipment made by employes in other lines of business, while they, too, are demanding more wages for the work they do in producing them. The cost of the clothes we wear, both male and female, is due largely to the labor cost which enters into their making and the garment makers are now staging strikes in order to secure additional wages. The cost of practically everything else into which the labor equation enters is due to the wages cost in them. The "truth in fabrics" legislation proposed has been lost in the congressional shuffle, but the poor old Standard Oil Company and other companies are again trotted out to do their stunt for public consumption.

The writer listened over the radio a few nights ago to a talk by an oil expert on the oil industry. How many of our readers know that it is the second largest industry, with second to the largest capitalization, of any in this country? How many know that more than fifty per cent of all drilled wells are dry, although the cost of drilling a well runs from $30,000 to $100,000? How many know that it takes a barrel of crude oil to make the ten gallons of gas one has put into his tank at a filling station preparatory to a joy ride? How many give thought to the fact that the ordinary spillage at filling tanks is greater in cost than the amount per gallon the government will save to the people if they succeed in their suit and save the one-half, or one and a quarter cents per gallon to the consumer?

The recent cuts in the price of gasoline throughout the country and the knowledge that has come to the public as a result thereof is fairly good proof that it is not the producers of gasoline who have been making the big profits in the oil business. The multiplication of filling stations throughout the country is fairly good evidence that the retailers knew a good thing when they saw it and that one-half a cent a gallon did not mean very much in their young lives.

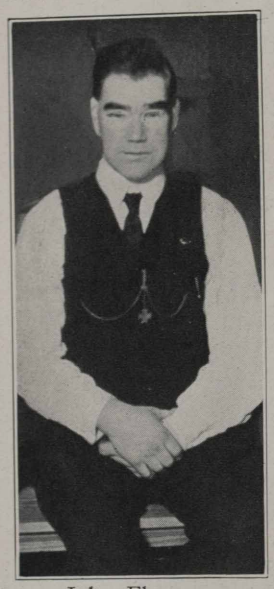
Of course it is popular to "pan" the Standard Oil companies; it has been the greatest outdoor sport for a good many years; and it is a cold day when an attorney general, no matter what party he belongs to, cannot find some sort of a peg to hang a prosecution on. Politicians who never produced anything except noise and an offensive odor seem never to have a thought of what would happen to this country, dependent as it is upon gasoline and oils, if the industry should shut down for one month. They apparently are not aware that there is no industry in the world where production and distribution are so perfect and where the costs have been cut to so low a figure as in the oil industry. There is not a single thing one buys as low in price as gasoline, if you will stop and think of it.

* * *

Service—Anywhere, Anytime!

JOHN FLANAGAN DIES

Wood River Refinery.—About seventy-five persons journeyed to Belleville, Ill., June 25th to pay their last respects to John Flanagan, our First Aid Man in the Wood River Works for the past seven years. "Doc" passed away Sunday, June 22, after a complication of ills that had been serious since early this year, although he did not leave work until the latter part of April.



John Flanagan

John Flanagan was born at Ashton-under Lyne, Lancaster, England, August 12, 1879. He came to this country in 1910, studied and became a graduate nurse and later took the degree of Doctor of Optometry. He married Miss Amelia Ehinger of Belleville, Ill., in 1918 and made his home in Wood River, where he lived since that time. Pallbearers were John Halloran, C. F. Hall, E. Council, Fred Clifford, W. I. Jolley and J. J. Maloney.

The death came so suddenly that few could realize it had happened and that we would never see this kind and cheerful friend again. It often happens that those who minister to us in illness and while suffering have a claim on our affections not held by the average persons and this was illustrated in the death of "Doc" Flanagan. In all the years he has been with us, none have been more kindly, considerate of others or proven themselves for a truer and more cheerful friend and companion.

He was for two years a member of the Joint General Committee, being secretary of the organization and came in contact with the many problems that come up in the committee. He was one of the most valuable men connected with the accident prevention work in the plant and it can be truly said that each accident that caused anyone suffering was directly a cause of sorrow to "Doc."

The "likes of him" are a blessing in the big Standard Oil family and men of his kindly feeling for others make ties that bind us to this great fraternity of workers. A host of friends extend their deepest sympathies to Mrs. Flanagan and members of the bereaved family.

SOCO MAN IS HERO

South Bend Division.—Again a Standard Oil man proves his strength in his community. A lunatic got loose in New Carlisle, Ind., recently. The local authorities were afraid of him, but our hustling agent, Seymour Fradenburgh, soon captured the wild man and in doing so received a black eye, administered by a wrench in the hands of the mad man. Seymour could easily be elected Sheriff if he cared to run.

ANNUITANTS

Five veteran employes have been placed upon the annuity payroll, according to statements by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Four annuitants have died. The retirements follow:

John M. Johlin, 506 Longwood street, Rockford, Ill.; formerly night watchman at Rockford, Joliet Division; with company 29 years and 4 months.

B. H. Fettig, Shelbyville, Ind.; formerly agent at Shelbyville; with company 24 years and 3 months.

Peter Koch, 435 Oliver street, Whiting, Ind.; formerly still foreman and stillman at Whiting; with company 33 years and 10 months. Mr. Koch died shortly after his retirement.

Harry R. Scott, 418 Ohio avenue, Whiting; formerly lubricating engineer at Whiting; with company 41 years.

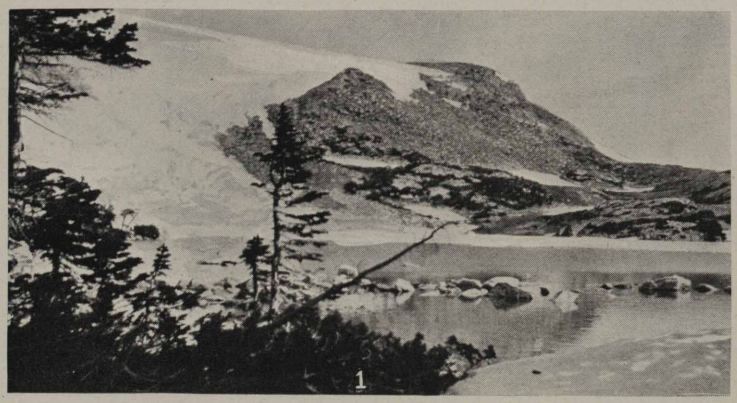
John Schelling, 427 Pennsylvania avenue, Whiting, Ind.; formerly boiler house water tender at Whiting; with company 34 years and 9 months.

Beside Mr. Koch, the others who died were Morton Trout, John M. Baldwin and John Freel.

JOHN FREEL KILLED

Whiting.—Hundreds of friends throughout the Standard Oil organization will mourn the death of John Freel, annuitant, who was killed by a passenger train in this city. Mr. Freel was one of the old timers of Whiting. He came to the city about 1892 and was employed as a stillman.

KEEP COOL, SAYS LARAMIE



Laramie Refinery: No. 1—When the thermometer begins to hover fretfully and sweatfully in the nineties, look at these pictures from Laramie way and keep cool. This is the Snow Range of Medicine Bow in the National Forest. No. 2—Here is a picture taken in July. F. O. Blair and R. Maudy are shown crossing a snow drift. No. 3—Here is the fourth brother of Seven Brother Lakes in the Bighorn Mountains. A view worth going miles to see. A. G. Burkert took these pictures.

WHY SOCO LEADS IN DAVENPORT FIELD

Davenport Division—No. 1—Agent O. S. Macy of Brighton, Iowa, believes in Service—Anywhere, Anytime. Here he is shown supplying the Empire Construction Company with the "Full Line." No. 2—We want to re-introduce to SOCO people our Davenport scribe, Miss Margaret Clark. It is said, Miss Clark planned at first to buy a checked skirt. No. 3—The prettiest spot in Vinton is the description given of our S. S. No. 18. Beautiful shrubbery and well cropped lawn, together with careful gardening, put this one among the leaders in the "most beautiful S. S. contest."

CASPER FOREMAN'S CLUB

Casper Refinery.—"Ladies' Night" is always eagerly anticipated by the members of this club, as the entertainment committee is always "there." For this very fine program thanks are due Messrs. H. L. Richards, chairman; Luxon, Frisby, Leschinsky and Pierce.

The opening number was a selection by the orchestra, "In Command." Mrs. D. M. Lobdell touched a responsive chord in every heart as she sang "I Like the Old Doll Best," and carried our thoughts back to early friends and childhood dreams.

L. A. Reed, always an interesting speaker, was at his best speaking of "Early Days at Casper's Refineries." He easily held the undivided attention of his hearers while he reviewed the high points in the history of Wyoming, with special attention to Casper and Natrona County. He told of the oil game from its inception in Wyoming down to the present day, telling many personal reminiscences of his experiences in helping to build the Casper refineries. He closed by paying a fine tribute to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and its management.

A clarinet solo was given by H. M. Robb, accompanied by the orchestra.

C. B. Pierce, disguised as a Louisiana cotton picker, dragged a pick and shovel upon the stage, but refused to use them. However, he proceeded to give a monologue, "Telling Tales," in which he gave the popular version of the other fellow's opinion of the foreman. He missed no one. Every sentence brought a hand clap or a smile.

Mrs. F. J. Leschinsky pleased her hearers with her rendering of "A Perfect Day."

"Parowax and Its Uses" was very ably discussed by Art Davidson, who told the ladies how to make every day a perfect day by using Parowax in the home. Mr. Davidson described the process of making wax, from the crude oil to the finished product, in a very interesting manner and at the close, presented each lady with a sample and literature on its uses.

Mesdames Gates and Sundwell sang a very pleasing duet, "Life's Dream Is O'er," and Miss Elsie Winter gave two whistling numbers, playing her own accompaniment on the piano. These numbers were enjoyed by all. The audience was requested not to insist on encores, as the program was long.

The chairman then announced that Captain Cotton and an army of eighteen waiters would bring refreshments. This they did in a very creditable manner, serving ice cream, wafers and punch. The orchestra played "Tripping Along" while the ice cream disappeared.

This meeting was especially enjoyed, as it was known to be the last one until autumn.

HOW, INDEED?

Sugar Creek Refinery.—This is Edith Burbridge, nurse, at the entrance of the First Aid Room. "How can we expect our safety director to have a 100 per cent score when we have a nurse like this," is the comment frequently heard while many feet beat a path to the door.

NEW USE FOR MICA

Joliet Division.—A new use for Mica has been found. We are informed by the mother of E. W. Long, agent at Mount Morris, Ill., that when Willie was a small chap he used to have his thumb in his mouth continually but after applying Mica to said thumb, this was stopped.

WHITING MOURNS DEATH OF PETER KOCH

This picture was taken at a surprise party given in honor of Peter Koch, shortly before his death. The center group is composed of Marie Koch, Peter Koch, Albert Koch, Mrs. Koch, Raymond Koch and Katherine Koch.

Whiting Refinery.—Peter Koch, Pressure Still Foreman, retired from the Company's service May 15, 1924, on annuity, having completed thirty-four years of continuous service.

His leaving the Pressure Still Department was regretted by his associates inasmuch as it was severing a most pleasant business contact, but they were extremely happy in the thought that he could retire from the responsibilities of his position. In order to show the respect they had for their foreman and the good wishes they held for him, a surprise party was arranged when these men went to his home, where with speeches and friendly word they indicated their regard for him and also presented him with a beautiful gold watch and chain. Mrs. Koch also received a beautiful bouquet of peonies.

It is extremely unfortunate that such a sad ending to this esteemed workman should come so soon after this meeting with the men of his department. Mr. Koch succumbed to an old illness June 14, 1924, when he was sixty-two years of age. He is survived by his wife, daughters Marie and Katherine, and sons Raymond and Albert, both of whom are employed at the Whiting Works.

He will ever be remembered by the men of his department and his many friends as a conscientious, plain speaking man who always advocated the principles of a square deal by act and word.

WINS MUSIC PRIZES

Wichita Division.—Salesman and Mrs. G. H. Black of Hutchinson, Kas., have a champion in their family. Their son, Clifford, who attends Hutchinson high school, recently entered the All-State music contest, which was held at Emporia, and walked away with first place as the baritone soloist. He sang "The Two Grenadiers" by Schumann. The honor carries with it, his proud mother tells us, a scholarship and a silver loving cup. The contest is an annual musical event in Kansas and this year, 102 high schools entered some 3,000 students as contestants. This makes Clifford Black's work all the more meritorious.

MINES REOPEN

The Carlinville coal mines, closed for some time, are again in operation. News from there will be found in the gossip columns.

SAVING, INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION

A man may hide his money in an old teapot or bury it in the back yard; that is saving. He may save and at the same time deposit his money in a bank where it will draw interest, or use it for the purchase of bonds; that is both saving and investment. He may buy stocks or grain or cotton with the purpose of holding them until prices rise and then selling out at a profit; that is speculation. Not all saving is wise, not all investment is sound, and not all speculation is foolish. Much depends upon the circumstances of each individual case and upon the condition of the man who owns the money.

Under normal conditions every man who receives wages or a salary can save a part of his income. He may be able to save only a small part; perhaps he ought not to try to save more. How much each man should save varies with individual circumstances. It is possible for a man to save more than is wise and in so doing deprive himself and his family of comforts and advantages which are worth more than the savings.

With the practice of saving once started, it is time to consider what shall be done with the money that is saved. The wrong decision at this point may be just as unfortunate as failure to save at all. It is perfectly possible to store money away or hide it, but the sensible man ordinarily will not adopt that method because, first, the money is likely to be lost or stolen; second, it earns no interest, and third, it is withheld from productive use in industry.

Idle dollars, like idle men, are unprofitable. Money ought to be put to work and it may be put to work in various ways. The most common of these ways is investment. If we put our money in a bank the money becomes of service to industry and we become capitalists. We become capitalists in an even more direct way when we buy stocks or bonds or mortgages and let our money work directly for the corporation or the landowner which has issued the securities. Putting money out at interest is called investment. Investment may be as safe or even safer than keeping the cash hidden away and it is many times more useful and profitable.

But sometimes men buy stocks or other things of value not so much for the purpose of earning interest or dividends—although this purpose may be present—as with the idea of selling them later at higher prices than those which they paid. This is called speculation. It may be entirely legitimate and often it is much more profitable than investment, but there is more risk of loss since the value of the stocks or goods sometimes goes down instead of up.

Speculation generally is not to be recommended except to the man who can afford to lose all or a part of the money with which he speculates—and most of us are not in that class. It is important for the man who is trying to make the best use of his money to understand clearly the difference between investment and speculation and to be able to distinguish one from the other and to know which predominates in a transaction that includes some elements of each.

There is one form of saving which can almost always be recommended, and that is life insurance. The man who buys insurance for the protection of his family after his death is not only saving his money in one of the most useful and necessary ways, but is paying for protection during the period when he is best able to afford the outlay. For the man with a wife or children life insurance should always be included among the investment of his savings.

Mr. Jones loved his better half dearly, but was unfortunately more lavish in love than money. Starting one day on a long business trip, he left Mrs. J. short of money, but promised to send a check which, needless to say, did not arrive. When the rent became due his wife telegraphed:

"Stone broke. Landlord in the house. Wire me money."

"Am short myself. Will soon send check. A thousand kisses."

Exasperated, she wired back:

"Don't bother about the money. Gave landlord the kisses. He was more than satisfied."—*Exchange.*

* * *

There is plenty of room at the top without pushing anyone off.

* * *

When you see a girl whose complexion is ashen you know she has been playing with fire.—*Exchange.*

* * *

Smith: "It must take a lot of money to follow the radio craze. I hear you have a new outfit—what kind of receivers are you going to have?"

Smythe: "I don't know. The court hasn't appointed them yet."—*American Legion Weekly.*

"GRANDPA" McELROY

Grandpa McElroy, otherwise known as Mr. R. H. McElroy, member of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and traffic manager of the company, is convinced beyond argument that the two members of the fair sex here shown are the loveliest colleens in the world, and the picture seems to prove him right. They are Mrs. Philip F. Harper, Mr. McElroy's daughter, and Miss Florence Harper, who will soon be saying "grandpa." They reside at Rochelle, Ill. Having remarked upon their pulchritude it is perhaps unnecessary to add that we fail to discern much resemblance to granddad.

106 IN WICHITA

Wichita Division, July 1.—Down here our favorite songs just now are "Oh, Sister, ain't it hot?", "Hot Lips," and "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." The thermometer has been flirting around 105 and 106 for a week. The asphalt pavement is so "skwushy" we've all got hot dogs.

* * *

A small boy was scrubbing the front porch of his house the other day when a lady called.

"Is your mother in?" she inquired.

"Do you think I'd be scrubbing the porch if she wasn't?" he asked.—*Exchange.*

WHITING DIRTY FACES

Whiting Refinery—Report of W. O. Walker, secretary of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association, showed a balance in all funds on June 1, 1924, of $23,154.98. On May 1, there was a balance of $22,890.20 to which was added $1,183 (receipts) and deducted $918.50 (disbursements) during the month.

The balance is invested as follows:

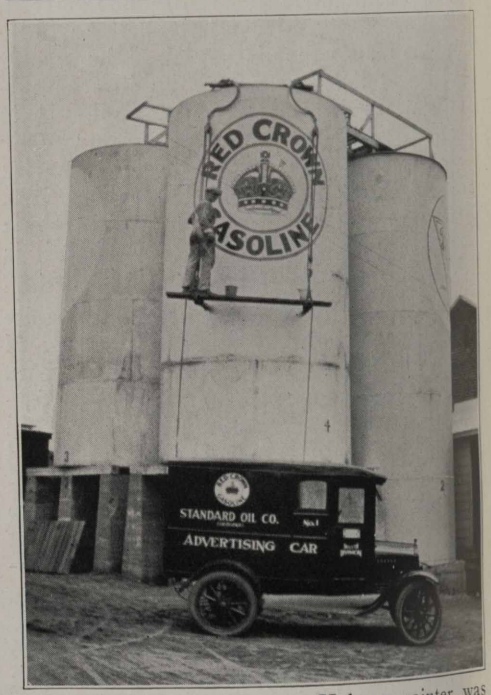
Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	17,453.26
Accrued interest on bonds	39.42
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	304.94
Checking Account	1,357.36

There are now 1,377 members.

BIG WET VICTORY

Bay City, Mich., (Saginaw Division) July 1.—(Special).— Our warehouse and office gang are all spruced up and on investigation we learn they have all taken their annual baths in anticipation of the physical examination they thought they would have to experience in order to become eligible to the Death Benefits Plan.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE



Duluth Division—George Halgren, painter, was snapped by our cameraman at Rhinelander, Wis. 'Tis a POWERFUL pix. (Four tanks of Red Crown).

CIGARETTE CAUSES FIRE

Wichita Division.—Another instance of the perpetual carelessness of motorists when getting gas at service stations was recorded at Pratt, Kas., when a tourist stopped at S. S. No. 46 in a Ford sedan and "tanked up." Scarcely had the seat been replaced when he casually lit a cigarette in spite of the numerous signs around the station cautioning against such acts. The flame ignited the gas fumes of the car and the man made a hurried and undignified exit. Ed Bennett, an employe of our station, was there with the head work and put out the flames with a Pyrene extinguisher before any real damage was done.

* * *

"The officer is all wrong, your honor, I wasn't doing anything like sixty miles an hour."

"Were you watching your speedometer?"

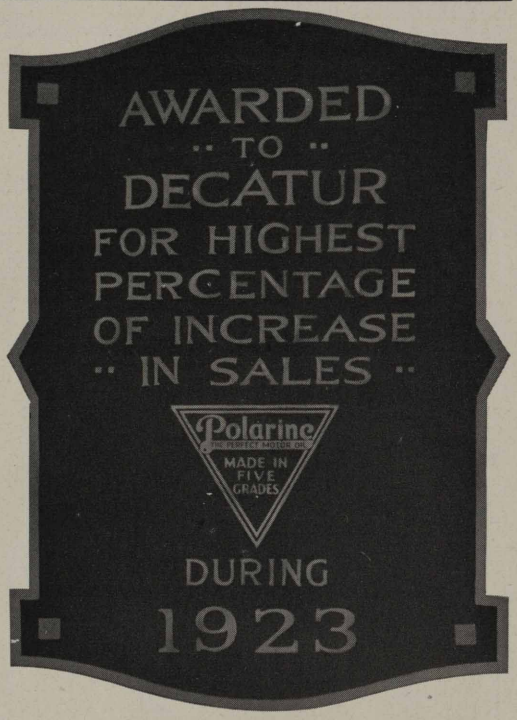
"No, sir. I didn't need to. I wasn't in any hurry—I was just out for a spin. I wasn't going anywhere."

"Well, you're going somewhere now. Ten days."—*Exchange.*

THAT'LL DO, THANX!

Greybull Refinery—When word came that G. M. Whitney, chief chemist at Greybull works, was to be transferred to Casper, he was requested to pose for a picture. After a little persuasion, he very graciously adopted the pose above.

TELLS ITS OWN STORY



Decatur Division—When it comes to finishing a year strong, Decatur is one of the divisions that knows how. Here is a photo of the Polarine banner for 1923. A lot of hard work and cooperation by all the employees there were necessary to bring it "home to roost."

A small boy was taken by his father to Washington to visit Congress. He was much interested in the chaplain, who always opened the session with prayer. Both in the Senate and the House he had observed this procedure.

Finally he asked: "Papa, why does the minister come in every day and pray for Congress?"

"You've got it all wrong, son," replied the father. "The minister comes in every day, looks over Congress, and then prays for the country."
—*Los Angeles Times.*

* * *

The Meanest Man was married the other day. He bought his bride a ten-cent bag of candy for a wedding present and took her for a honeymoon trip on the trolley. When they alighted from the car a couple of pieces of candy still remained in the bag.

"What shall we do with it, dear?" she asked.

"Better not eat it all," he advised prudently. "Let's save some for the children."

—*Exchange.*

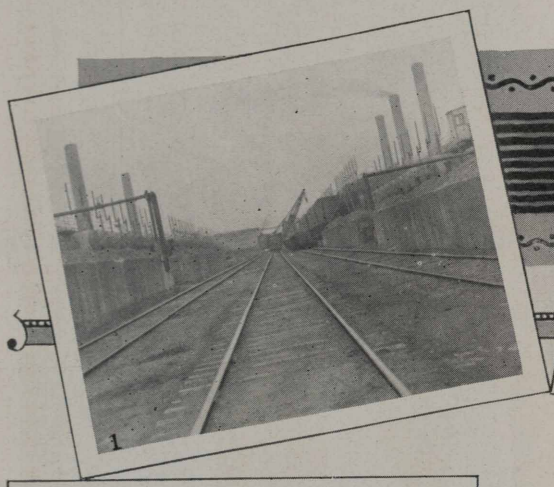
* * *

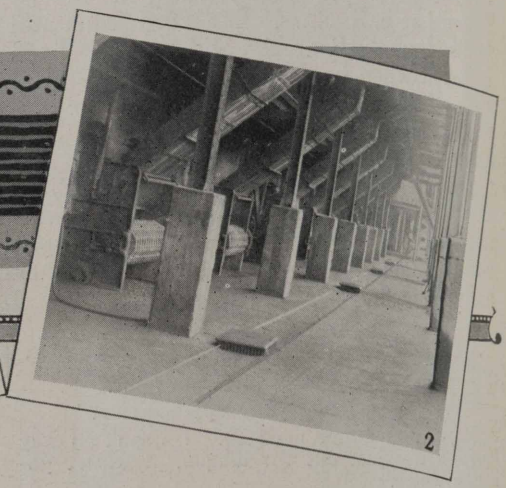
Old Colored Mammy: "Ah wants a ticket fo' Florence."

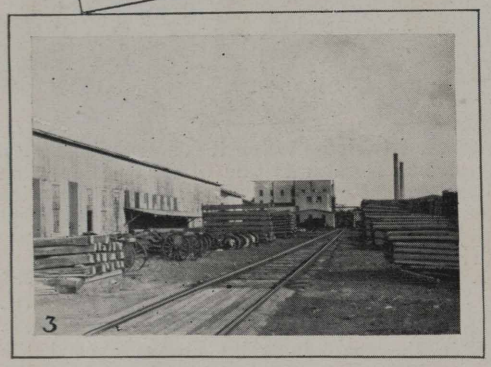
Ticket Agent: (After ten minutes of weary searching through railroad guides)—"Where is Florence?"

Old Colored Mammy: "Settin' over dar on de bench!"—*Exchange.*

BROUGHT TO LIGHT—SAFETY FIRST







Cleanliness and safety cannot be separated. A clean place is usually a safe place to work. Wood River Refinery believes in keeping its plant clean. No. 1—A clean track. A safe place for switchmen to work and no obstruction in case fire should break out. No. 2—Even the firing line is kept clean at Wood River. This is the 6th battery, Pressure Stills. No. 3—The lumber yard. Note the neat piles which are kept a safe distance from the track.

C. W. SMITH,
Director, Safety Division, Industrial Relations Department

and

L. D. PALMER,
Safety Director, Wood River Refinery

SAFETY-FIRST, *Last and Always*

Here are eleven advocates of Safety First, Last and Always. They have never had an accident during their employment with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). They are (No. 1) Thomas H. Choppman, Decatur; (No. 2) V. S. Buckner, Indianapolis; (No. 3) J. H. Toppert, Davenport; (No. 4) Earl Milin, Duluth; (No. 5) Fred Moshier, Minneapolis; (No. 6) J. D. Gibson, Evansville; (No. 7) William Austin, Sioux City; (No. 8) F. E. Wood, Quincy; (No. 9) H. F. Jacobs, Chicago; (No. 10) Aron Bates, Mankato, and (No. 11) William Strange, Des Moines.

F. C. Singleton,
Safety Director, Sales Department.

QUINCY SOCO ARMY READY FOR BIG DRIVE

1

2

Quincy Division—No. 1—Everything that can bring in the business is mobilized in Quincy for the great drive that that division hopes will bring home the "bacon" in the Red Crown and Polarine Sales Races. These are the tanks that are now moving on the enemies' territory. In the cabs are (left to right) Elmer Hartman, Ernie Moffitt, Sidney McCarty, Fred Miller, Jim Hanlin and William Huston. On the ground are (left to right) Oscar VandenBoom, mechanic; Charles Altes, city salesman, and H. A. Brunat, agent. On top of the M. T. W. is Bobbie Brunat. No. 2—The full line! Left to right are Huston, VandenBoom, Hartman, McCarty, Miller, Hanlin, Moffit, Harley Poole, Altes, Bob Parcell, Brunat and Bobbie.

WHITING, IND.

Can House

Joe Siska is saving up for a new flivver, so that he can take Hattie out Sunday afternoons.

Flossie Hines has been elected president of the Can House Flappers Club. They will meet at the Hammond Beach every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights. All flappers are requested to be present. (O-oh! A. W. Latzko, reporter, let's see some pix!)

Joe Pieter, says that he could just die dancing with Florence at the Whiting Park.

Mary Orenich, one of our little flappers, was married June 19 to J. B. Tokash of Gary. We wish them a happy married life.

Paraffine Office

Spring has surely come from the way weddings are lining up hereabouts. Several weeks ago "Spark Plug," alias Arthur Scheffler, took the fatal step. The lucky girl was Gladys Reynolds. The boys surely did enjoy the cigars. Here's to wishing you lots of luck, Arthur!

Andy Gyure, also of the machine shop, paraffine department, was united in marriage to (we don't know who the fair lady is, Andy always did keep her pretty well to himself), April 26, 1924. They had a big wedding, we know 'cause we saw a regular parade of machines full of guests. Much obliged for the cigars, Andy. We hope you will have a happy and prosperous wedded life.

Harold Brown wears a hat about seven-eighths larger than heretofore. He's the proud daddy of a baby boy. Name? Harold, Jr., of course. A nice little family you have, Brown, and say, there are no kids like his, either. Congratulations, and thanks for the smokes, Ole Top.

Have you seen Ralph Eberly's new Four Door? Humph, we're all out of step but Ralph now. It makes a peach of a taxi at that, Ralph!

Speaking of new cars, "Bill" Bohnsack has a new Willys Knight. He hasn't brought it down here yet. What's the matter "Bill"? Is there no room on the road for you?

The paraffine office surely is getting the cleaning of its life. A fine mess! Oh well, who likes housecleaning anyhow?

The baseball season now being open the boys are shining up the old bats and mending the good old gloves. Paraffine department baseball teams expect to walk away with the honors this season. Watch their smoke!

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

R. C. Harris, superintendent of the mechanical department, tendered his resignation, effective July 1. Mr. Harris leaves to take a position with the Illinois Glass Company at Alton, Ill.

Refinery

January 12, Ross Higbee completed six years of continuous service on shift work without missing a single regular shift.

Joe Bostian took the Shrine work during the big convention at Kansas City.

Judge Murray and Fred Main have purchased new Ford Coupes.

Frank Lee spent a week of his vacation at the Shrine Convention so he could do his "stuff" as a chanter.

It is not generally known that James O'Hara, Sr. is a collector of carpet tacks. He is specializing on the new or brighter ones.

Frank McInturff has been very industrious lately. We learn that while wiring his house he slipped through the ceiling, leaving his trousers and some flesh. Since then, the pumper's chair fails to appeal to him.

Oscar Westwood is planning on a big season of fishing—nice little tackle box, pretty red flies and hooks, beautiful corks and all the necessary apparel to entice fish, but Doran Davidson says the fish around here refuse to be vamped. He has tried both labor and song.

Brother Bill Beatty went fishing the other day and his son caught seven nice fish. Bill says he was too busy baiting hooks to catch any.

Otto Buddymeyer, the Sherlock of waterdrawers at the main pump house, is looking for a one-half inch log chain to fasten to his flash light so Shorty Brown cannot borrow it without his permission.

"Uncle Walt" Chandler spent the week end fishing in Greenwood. He says he caught fifteen fine fish but didn't tell us that he put them in the same bucket with his minnows and when he arrived home he found the minnows had eaten the fifteen fish.

Elmer Hopkins, tower still cleaner, wishes to express his appreciation for the kind remembrances of his friends from the refinery because of the loss of his wife, Sunday, May 25. Mrs. Hopkins died after a brief illness.

The still foremen were raised from the level of the river to the sublime height of pressure still hill where they could receive more early morning light.

Talk about quick service, Jack Keepes installed a new mail box and found a summons for jury service the next morning.

Fred Hix, stillman at No. 1 house, was seen wandering around the agitators looking for the storehouse. If it hadn't have been for industrious Charlie Hatten directing him, we might have found Fred across the river.

B. B. Wiler of the intake and George Mallinson, power plant engineer, purchased new Jewetts.

Henry Coin, pressure still fireman, purchased a new Buick 6 touring, May 22.

Kenneth Jackson, office boy, has purchased a new sport model Star car.

Ernest Dickey, pressure still helper, is building an addition to his home—looks as though he might be looking for a bird. The latest report is that he has the bird.

James Callahan, tower stillman, is building a new home in Fairmont.

Wilbur S. Beeman has the sympathy of all his fellow employees in the death of his 14-year-old daughter, May 20. Wilbur S. Beeman and wife wish to express their deep appreciation and thanks to their friends and neighbors for their sympathy and floral offering in the death of their daughter, Dorris Irene.

James O'Hara, Jr., has traded his old Hupmobile in and is now sporting a brand new one with balloon tires and everything.

John Rodman, Sr. was off several weeks when he sustained serious burns about the face and eyes while cleaning out a sink with lye and air at his home.

Homer House announces the birth of a son, June 16.

Mechanical

Mrs. Steve Vajda has the sympathy of all the employees in the death of her husband, June 24.

Ed. Greer, car repairer, took a vacation presumably for his health but in reality to get married.

Joe Jurigo of the mason's department recently left for the old country where he will make his future home.

Steve Pinyak became the proud father of a son, June 29.

Main Office

The company has purchased a new Dodge Coupe. F. J. Bergin bought the old Dodge Roadster after disposing of his Ford Touring to Clarence Spitser.

Joe Roby of the filling racks has purchased a Chevrolet Roadster.

Howard Sharp, of Parsons, Kan., who graduated from K. U. this spring, is the new chemist.

L. C. Howard has gone out of the junk business and bought a new Chevrolet roadster.

W. L. Hickey, chief inspector, is the proud father of a baby girl, born June 26.

Earl Cox has added another "side line" to many activities. He is said to be studying law, looking forward to holding down the job of prosecuting attorney in Jackson County.

Harold Echternacht is holding on to his stock at the sacrifice of his Ford and saxophone. He sold his Ford to Albert Taylor and his saxophone to another budding telephone operator musician, Ray Simms.

Floyd Lindsay entertained hopes of running down to Humboldt, Kan., during July and plucking himself a permanent sun-floweress.

Dudley McBride came to work June 30 with two skinless knees which he acquired while trying to ride the tongue of a concrete mixer attached to a moving tractor.

Bert Landfried, inspection department, and Miss Elina Erickson, daughter of Mike Erickson, were married June 14th and are now at home on the Sugar Creek road.

The S. O. A. A. Baseball League is enjoying a very fine season, the games are fast and the crowds are larger and noisier than last year. The Tower Stills are leading the league, under the leadership of "Sugar" Joe Bostian.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Acid Works

Louis Rieke is having built an eight-room brick house. As Rieke is in a hurry for it to be completed, he put it under quick construction by employing the firm of J. Evans & Company, contractors.

For the past month, John Hubbard has hurried away early on Saturday to lay in a supply of fish, but hasn't even got a bite as yet.

George McGaw, globe-trotter, would make an excellent salesman as he makes all the local towns daily.

Jack Hubbard thinks he has the prettiest baby girl on earth and he isn't very far wrong at that.

Tony Pabelek has arrived from his old home across the water but he did not succeed in bringing all he started with back to this country.

Athletics

Lubricating Works played the Main Office at Horseshoes. Both sides were risking more than their time on this contest and excitement was general and pronounced. Every ringer brought cheers and groans and a double ringer shook the foundation of the grand stand. This game was a result of a tournament game between John Halloran and Fred Schultz in which Schultz was eliminated. The boys of the Lub. Works did not see how their star could be beaten and a 100 point game was arranged but the result was the same as in the regular 30 point game of the tournament.

Tennis courts are not being used much this season. Mr. Gorman has requested that those interested get out. A little work on the courts in the way of getting rid of a fine growth of weeds will be the first order of the players.

The following item is hard to classify. It is a Sport Model so we suppose it should go with the other sport news. After being pulled out of the road North of Alton and pushed out of the streets in Granite City, C. F. Hall decided to get rid of the old Chevrolet. He now drives a beautiful Durant Sport Model touring car.

On June 21, a number of employees assembled on the green near the main office to see the semi-finals of the Horseshoe Tournament. Eighty made the start, most of us had our try, and three were left to play out for the finals, namely, C. E. Wilson, W. I. Jolley and Newt Green. The first game ended with Green winner and Jolley loser in the score of 50-44; second game, Jolley 50 points and Wilson 35, and the last game was won by Wilson with Green gathering in a total of 34 points which eliminated Mr. Green. Some excitement occurred in the last game when the score stood 34-34 and Green needed two points to get in the finals, and Wilson made six points, then threw a double ringer and it was all over. The finals will be played off at the annual picnic, August 23.

The game with the Hoyt Metal Company, June 21, was taken to Alton on account of wet grounds on the Refinery Field. Hoyt Metal proved the victim in this encounter, taking the short end of a 9-1 score. The game was the first won this season in spite of the fact that all the games were close and good ball has been played all season. We have five games in August, Car and Foundry here the 2nd, Coke Plant in Granite the 9th, Commonwealth here the 16th, National Lead at Granite the 23rd and Hoyt metal here the 30th.

Pressure Stills

Gus Bangert announces the arrival of a baby girl, June 24.

Main Office

John McDaniels admits that the Wood River climate is as good as California's. Anyway he is back with us after a short stay out there.

Dr. Holland drove his Marmon touring car from Wood River to Baltimore, 831 miles, in twenty-eight hours, the only new oil put in the car being a complete change at a half-way point and an average of 13.6 miles a gallon of gasoline. A splendid boost for Red Crown and Polarine.

Beaumont Parks has joined the forces at the Industrial Relations Office. He came in time to work on the insurance papers but did not arrive in time to win any laurels on the horseshoe courts.

It is reported that the wild tales of Treasure Island have nothing on Gus Haller since he has that new speed boat.

Walt and Tommie came through this June of

Leap Year all right so I guess they're safe from entangling alliances for a while.

Doc Stocker and a certain balance went on a simultaneous vacation. Ask Garde.

We learn now that F. Sims is going to establish a chain of cold drink parlors from profits as soon as his experimental "stand" makes good.

Jake Forter, Dr. Holland's genial "right hand bower," spent his vacation last month at his old home in Cushing, Okla. While there he incidentially married his boyhood sweetheart. Jake and his blushing bride "Forded" back from Cushing through sand and mud, arriving at Wood River safe and sound several days later. The cigars, chewing gum and candy were fine, Jake. Congratulations!

Pipe Department

Jim Feezel is all smiles. It is all over the arrival of a twelve-pound baby girl at his home on May 28. Jimmie says he will soon have a dozen.

Tom Williams was away from work a few days attending the funeral of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Slavin, of Alton, who died May 27.

Melvin Dillon was off from work two weeks, doing jury duty in Granite City.

Ben Weinrich has installed a radio in his home in Alton. Ben says he got Moro the first time. Ben says he got a big vaudeville act from Godfred on his radio, with two men on the bill who could sure imitate two cats fighting. Ben was very interested in the fight act, when his little boy called him and said, "Papa, our cat is getting all beat up out in the back yard."—Radio for sale.

Charley Henick is thinking of moving to Altwood.

Speedy Lovell has sure got some car, a Ford. He boasts that he never had it in a garage for seven years. He says he never even has had to wash his windshield. If you could see if, you would believe him.

A. Williard who was in the hospital at Alton is back at work again looking fine. The boys are all glad to see him.

Jim Fosha, Art Slater, Herman Schuster attended the Brown-Yankee game in St. Louis, June 8. After the game, they took in the Gaiety and had a sandwich at the Statler.

Charley Beasley spent Decoration Day at Quincy, visiting the Old Soldiers' Home.

The pipe department wishes to extend their heartfelt sympathy to Tom Kinsella over the death of his brother, who died in St. Louis, June 8.

Pat Donnelly, pipe shop foreman, is sporting a new Ford Coupe. Simon, you're next.

Doc Lyons visited the land of his birth for a few days. It was Chesterfield, Ill.

Herb Fox, stillman at No. 6 Pressure House, and George Buck, still foreman, have gone into partnership on a farm down south. George has been running a little farm of his own for a few years, raising oranges, banannas, cucumbers and green frogs, but he is a little old and wanted a partner, so Herb went in with him. You see George gets two weeks vacation every year and he spends his time down in Florida, putting in the crops and in seven more years Herb will get a two weeks' vacation, as that will make him twenty years of service. Then Herb will go with George on the farm.

Willie Woods, the speed demon Ford driver, is having a tough time with his new Ford. It has a self-starter, that is, he has to start it himself by pushing. Bill and Willie had to push it all the way home and when they got home they found the spark plugs were hanging out. Bill carries a tent to cover the car, it being one he used to keep over the cow when he milked.

L. Ritter has taken unto himself a Ford. Anyone caring for wild grapes, please put in orders right away because Lou says he doesn't expect Lizzie to last very long, as he is a 1908 model.

Charley Cason has made three trips up into Jersey County for the purpose of bringing back a beautiful carved rock seat there, but has not been able to bring same back on account of high water. We hope he is more successful the next trip.

Paraffine Works

Zoe and Steve Dvorshak have been visiting friends and relatives at Whiting, Ind.

When Charles Zweig pulled up the fishing line he found two Gars and an inner tube hanging on the line.

S. A. Montgomery's father from Mississippi is spending a few months in Alton with Sam and the family.

Bill Chalk is sporting a brand new Sedan.

Andy Matko is recovering nicely from an operation removal of the appendix and gall bladder.

P. Rice has recovered from an operation on his nose.

Hurrah! Charles Havens is a grandpa. This is the second time.

Don Naef, accompanied by C. Zweig, is in Whiting or someplace on the road by this time. They left to visit friends and relatives and will spend the entire time in the home town.

Labor Department

We understand Malley Powell is having trouble keeping his calves from doing any damage this Spring and has been forced to keep them tied up.

Machine Shop

Frank Meyer has returned from the Eagles' convention, he being a delegate from the Alton nest. He reports having a very pleasant time while in Springfield.

Herman Wuestenfeld is ill with diphtheria and is reported as being in a bad way, it being necessary to have the care of two physicians.

Abie Meyer wants an explanation as to why "Barney Google Joe" was barred from the J. S. High School Excursion, but no one seems to know anything about it.

Bill Woods of the valve room was seen looking over Frank Gainer's balloon tires. He smilingly said, "I've got newer stuff than that on my Ford." Bill has parachute tires and when one goes down, they all go down. Bill made a record run the other day, leaving the S. O. Co. at 3:30 p. m. and arriving near the Nazareth home, a seven mile drive, where Bill lives, at 11:00 p. m. Mechanics Kaeser and Kaburek say that expect to beat that record.

Charley Davidson has moved into his newly built house and is beginning to settle down after his extra labor that one finds necessary on such an undertaking. Now we will all have to go over and see if Charley has a cellar.

Crude Stills

Charlie Ambrose believes the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* is the most reliable of all the dailies.

Someone was telling about big potato farms and mention that he had seen a row of growing potatoes a mile long when "Bill" Kitson came forward with a real one. A mile potato row was nothing. When he was "up north" the entire line between North and South Dakota was marked with a row of potatoes, cultivated jointly by the two state governments.

Sam Katchaduroff and Joe Perry took in a picnic at Eagle Park and completed the swing through East St. Louis, Madison and Brooklyn. Bill Hoffman joined the party at Granite City and now Sam is riding a war horse because he believes Hoffman is trying to beat his time with the $10,000 widow.

Bert Desherlia stopped in Kienstra's coal shed to wait for the rain to quit. While there, he fell asleep and was too late to clean stills that day.

Charlie Ambrose and Charlie Amburg have much confusion about the similarity of their names. It seems that Ambrose has been paying for about half the coke Amburg buys and Amburg had to make a trip from No. 5 Crude House to the Industrial Relations building in a heavy rain and then Ambrose was the man wanted.

John Baker had an exciting time with his new Ford in a storm. Every time John opened the garage doors, the wind blew them shut before he could drive in. He finally left the Ford stand out in the rain and could not start it for a week.

George Meyers had a unique experience with a cook stove while his wife was visiting in Missouri. He was all ready to fry some sausages in a new aluminum skillet and thought he would lie down until it started to cook. George went to sleep and when he awoke, the sausages were burned up and a skillet ruined. His wife has decided to take him with her in the future.

Herb Powell and Loyal Palmer, with their families, attended a reunion at Greenville. The most amusing part of the day was when the party passed Bill Hoffman on the road home.

When Wesley Townsen started to visit in West Alton, he thought he would walk the bridge. The draw opened when he was on it and he had to stay there for two days before it was closed.

Ben Burke is an expert when it comes to painting automobiles. Even striped wheels are not too much for him.

Cecil King is building two new additions to his home in Picker Park. It is rumored that the neighbors have asked him to quit working on Sunday.

Charles Frey attended the commencement exercises of the East Alton schools. His daughter, Ada, graduated from the eighth grade.

John Baker says there is no Ford like his Ford. He drove it over to Vandalia the other day and made the entire trip of seventy-three miles without mishaps. John used to drive slow, but on becoming used to driving, his Ford moves swiftly now. It only required four and one-half hours to go to Vandalia.

Anyone losing any spare tires, tool kits or other auto accessories at Long Lake should place their case in the hands of William Hoffman, who has the inside track on things there.

R. C. Wilson has been appointed to fill the office of Justice of the Peace, left open by the resignation of George Thompson. Now, people must listen when Wilson talks.

William Price has been off for some time on account of illness. Bill says the only part of the illness that furnishes any consolation is the fact that he is a member of the Dirty Face. Bill is only one of a great number who have so expressed themselves.

Laboratory

Mr. Buck was called to Grafton by the death of his father-in-law, Wm. H. Thomas, who died June 12, after being sick for several weeks with cancer of the stomach. Mr. and Mrs. Buck have the sympathy of their many Standard Oil Company friends.

Homer Ferguson has deserted the laboratory gang. He left us on Friday, the thirteenth. Keith Cox is taking his place and Les. Endicott takes Keith's place.

Miss Edna Dietz, one of our telephone operators, is spending her vacation with her folks in Belleville. Home, Sweet Home suits Edna better than foreign lands.

Bobbie Lane is wearing two watches. He must be intending to have some time. Bobbie is also wearing his new Sunday-go-to-meetin' vest. He claims the extra watch was in it. We wonder what he did with his old vest. Outside of being torn under the arms, the seams ripped, worn at the neck, pockets and the lining torn and soiled, it was a perfectly good vest and should have given him good service until summer arrives.

April 23, 1924, goes down into History as the day on which Les. Endicott caught a two-pound catfish in the laboratory basement.

Anyone looking for some good oarsmen, call on Hilda Deuer and Clara Cunningham.

Main Pump House and Steam Stills

Tirey Harrod has bought a new Overland and is now carrying home all the boards he can find to box it in so he can have a closed car.

Earl Custer picked 74 gallons of cherries in one day. That ought to mean at least 30 gallons of good cherry wine.

W. Heideman and Merle Manley are on the jury listening to people's troubles and hearing stories about bottles, funnels and sponges.

Ed. Carmondy, treater at the refinery agitators, spent an enjoyable two week's vacation re-roofing his house.

Louis Hoffman has acquired an intricate knowledge of the workings of a washing machine, since a very important event.

W. C. Heideman has traded the old Lexington for a nice shiny new Willys-Knight touring car.

Boiler Houses

George Dysart, helper at No. 2 Boiler House, was married recently and the boys extend to him and the bride their best wishes and thank George for the smokes.

John McCourtney reports the arrival of a baby boy. This makes four children in the McCourtney family.

Jess Cannon reports the loss of his father-in-law recently.

W. Upple was one of the victims in the recent epidemic of Jury summons. He spent two weeks with the lawyers.

Pat Harmon is back on the job after his two

(*Continued on page* 34)

WHITING FOREMEN'S PICNIC BY SPECIAL RADIO

Fellowship Club Members and Families Have Great Time at Annual Get-together Meeting at Thornton Forest Preserve; Ball Game, Bands, Eats 'N' Everything on Picnic Program

BY FRED ORDEMAN

WHITING REFINERY.—This is station F. F. C. broadcasting from the Thornton Forest Preserve. The time is Sunday, June 30, 1924. The occasion is the third annual picnic of the Whiting Works Foremen's Fellowship Club. The day is perfect. The crowd is in a gay mood. A steady stream of automobiles suitably marked with pennants is arriving. All the men are wearing white ribbons to indicate they are members of the Foremen's Club. The women and children are easily identified by paper hats, horns, balloons, smiling faces and overflowing lunch baskets. A fight seems to be going on out at the edge of the crowd. No, I was mistaken, two groups just claimed the same lunch table. It's all settled now. They are spreading the tables, they eat, that is, all but the band.

Stand by one moment please while we change the microphone. You are now able to hear the S. O. Co. (Indiana) band work up an appetite. The voice you just heard at the conclusion of the last number was that of Morgan L. Eastman directing the band. No, it was not K. Y. W. Mr. Eastman is working for F. F. C. today. Hear the crowd call for more music.

We have just received a telegram from Dr. G. Cash. It reads, "I am sorry I cannot be with you; am on my way south on business for our company. Program coming in fine. All occupants of the observation car enjoying the music. I am telling them it's our own band." The other three members of the Whiting "Big Four" are here. Dr. R. E. Humphreys is operating the moving picture machine. J. E. Evans is busy with a Graflex Camera. Harry Glair is everywhere.

Tickets of various kinds have been distributed to the Standard Oilers and their families. There will be a drawing for prizes. Some blank cards have been distributed upon which the name of the handsomest man is to be written. They have been collected (the cards) and are being counted. We will now switch over to the ballot table and hear the results of the balloting and the drawing for prizes. Here we go:

"Bransky, Bransky, Bransky, Lew Moore, Glair, ———" Bransky is named on the "first ballot." The demonstration is by his followers. He is mounting the platform and now receives a hair brush, comb and mirror. What can he do with the brush and comb?

The winners of the draw prizes prove to be—

Married Women—Mrs. G. F. Ordeman..Silk hose
Married Men—Mr. A. J. Olson.....Auto (?) tire
Single Ladies—Anna Marie Petersen....Silk hose
Little Girls—Miss Patten.....Silk sox

Here I am again. We have turned over a number of telegrams to W. N. Bercaw concerning the fine music. Charley Naef says it's coming in swell back home. Now I want to give you the results of the races:

Event	Winner
Bag Race	Spors
Egg Race, Girls	Ruth Zweig
Egg Race, Boys	Robert Stoop
Shoe Race, Girls	Leona Cigrand
Shoe Race, Boys	Chas. Whiting
50-yard Dash, Men	W. N. Bercaw
50-yard Dash, Women	Mrs. R. N. Stoop
50-yard Dash, Boys 10 to 14	Wesley Moore
50-yard Dash, Girls 10 to 14	Mildred Zweig
25-yard Dash, Boys under 10	James Stoop
25-yard Dash, Girls under 10	Louise Belt
Husband and Wife Race	Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Bercaw

Starter—George Moffett.

Horseshoe Pitching Doubles:
1st—Catterall and W. N. Bercaw.
2nd—Prentice and Langhor.

Baseball:

Polarine Speedsters	21
Lightning Renowns	22

Umpire—J. E. Sceerey.

Line up:

Lightning Renowns—		Polarine Speedsters
Thompson	1st B.	Glair
Girard	C.	Koch
Gorman	S. S.	Daegling
Bransky	3rd B.	Thiesen
Ehlert	2nd B.	Harmon
Langhor	L. F.	Thompson
Bercaw	R. F.	Kasper
Prentice	C. F.	Ehlers
Burton	P.	Neilson

(*Continued on page* 30.)

INDIANAPOLIS FIELD'S PRIDE AND JOY

Indianapolis Division—William ("Fat") Haverkamp is the engineer and fireman of this 2,400 gallon capacity truck. The *Indianapolis News* says about it: "When it comes to big oil trucks, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has one in service in Indianapolis that for capacity is considerable of a truck. It carries 2,400 gallons of gasoline, said J. C. Marshall, manager of the Indianapolis division of the company. It is a seven and one-half-ton Mack truck. It is not built for speed, making only twelve miles an hour, but Mr. Marshall said it will carry more gasoline than any other in Indianapolis, possibly in the country. The company has several trucks that have a capacity of 1,500 gallons."

(*Continued from page* 29)

The winners in athletic events received beautiful and useful prizes. Bercaw seemed to be the all around star. The ball game went an extra inning and it was Bercaw that made the hit which scored the winning run. Between the events and the ball game Harmon and Hudson put up a balloon. It carried a note entitling the finder to 5 gallons of Polarine at any S. O. Co. filling station. The balloon traveled quickly out of sight. Will the Indianapolis district folks please watch for it.

Once more the crowd prepares to eat. I seize this opportunity to tell you that the committees responsible for this bang-up affair are: Transportation: A. F. Trebs, chairman, and P. O. Vandeveer; Athletics: D. T. Daegling, chairman, W. N. Bercaw, J. R. Gambril, E. Harmon and J. Prentice.

Julian, editor of the STANOLIND RECORD, telegraphs "Get photograph of Bransky and picture of Bercaw in uniform for Chicago papers." Here's one from Allan Jackson, "Sales Department will make good on the five gallons of Polarine." Well, the crowd is beginning to leave now, everyone continues to smile. Looks like Daegling will be last out and he'll be on the end of a rope with his new car. He has lost his auto keys! Well, I guess we will crank our Ford and start back for the Oil City. F. F. C. signing off until the next picnic.

POWER NOW BANK OFFICIAL

St. Joseph Division.—J. W. Power, former manager of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in this divisioin and later head of the new business department of the Tootle-Lacy National Bank, was elected vice-president of the Fidelity Trust Company of St. Joe. He is in charge of the promotion department.

* * *

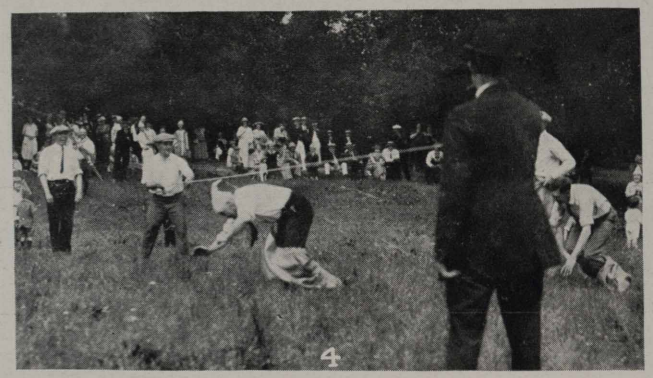
Patient—There is an awful rumbling in my stomach, doctor, just like a wagon going over a street car track.

Doctor—H'm! Probably the truck you ate last night.—Exch.

"RUNNIN' WILD" AT FOREMEN'S PICNIC

Whiting Refinery—No. 1—These are the contestants who ran in the Women's Race at the Foremen's Fellowship Club Picnic at the Thornton Forest Preserve. Mrs. R. N. Stoop won the fifty-yard dash. No. 2—Harry Glair believes in forceful baseball playing. Here he is holding "Doc" Bransky at first. Maybe Doc wanted to steal, maybe he was just wanting to hike back to home plate to take the other two strikes he had coming when he hit—anyway Harry is holding Doc. No. 3—For real "fight," the boys put up the most sterling exhibition of "go" at the picnic. Wesley Moore won the fifty-yard dash for boys.

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS OF THE WHITING FOREMEN'S PICNIC



Whiting Refinery—No. 1—Speed? Nothing else but. This is the exciting finish of the Girls' Race. Mildred Zweig won the fifty yard dash. No. 2—"Foremen's Fellowship Club Picnic" are the words on the pennant held by Masters Olson and Olson. Master Koch is the chubby youth at attention beside the OandO flag bearers. No. 3—Year after year (not so long a time as that) Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Bercaw keep winning the married couples' race. A real flash of speed, we say. No. 4—You can tie 'at man Spors up in a sack and still he's a speed demon. This pix shows him winning the bag race. No. 5—Mulligan Stew! Gee! Gosh! Mulligan Stew! No. 6—Leona Cigrand wrote history when she sped to victory in the girls' shoe race. As an action picture, this has 'em all beat.

(*Continued from page* 28.)

weeks' vacation, only leaving the home to make two trips to St. Louis.

Boilermakers

An interesting and exciting occurrence happened in connection with William Neisinger, who has acquired a reputation for bravery. William and his better half moved into a house which they purchased several years ago and have lived there without investigating the attic. Recently Bill received orders to take some things to the attic for storing. He obeyed, of course, and made his way up there, where he found a sight that made him age very rapidly. A large raccoon sat in the corner eyeing him, but made no attempt to attack or move away. Bill didn't move for awhile, he couldn't, but he finally recovered his voice and yelled for assistance and then noticed a certain dull look around the eyes of the raccoon that made the situation easier. Bill found upon investigation that the raccoon had been stuffed.

Charley and Less Thompson have the sympathy of the men in the boiler department in the loss of their father, who died June 11 at Grafton, Ill.

Dick Stafford was called to his former home in Grafton on account of illness in the family and has not returned at the time of this writing. We hope the illness does not prove serious.

Turpin had an iron jaw, that is, he had iron in the jaw. Recently his chin was struck with a piece of steel that made a hole and disappeared, but turned up later in the form of a lump in the jaw. Turpin decided he did not like iron roving around in his system and had the same removed.

Carpenter Department

If Sox Parker could hit a ball as well as he hits the nail heads, the baseball team would prosper.

William Atkins and Lee Jenkins have spent the past several days in Edwardsville studying law. They were accompanied by Ed. Meisenheimer.

William Burgan, while at the Royal Hunt and Fishing Club, was repairing his lines and after doing this job he dropped the line into an old wash tub filled with water standing near by and was unconsciously fishing away when discovered.

Earl Scott wishes to thank the boys for the floral offering sent to the funeral of his mother at St. Elmo, Ill.

Henry Maxeiner has made a trip to the hospital for an operation since the last issue of the STANOLIND RECORD and is back home again convalescing. We hope the operation proves satisfactory and Henry will be with us soon.

We wonder why Kenneth Tupper attends so many dances at Bethalto, Ill. There are no bright lights in town. It is intimated that he is dodging the bright lights. Kenneth comes from Thebes, Ill.

General News

We are glad to see Skinney Westbrook back on the job being off for several months.

John Adams, our prominent First Aid and Industrial Relations helper, and Miss Bernice Trigg, employed at the Roxana Refinery, were married June 26, 1924. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Fr. E. J. Douglas at St. Bernard Church. The young couple was attended by the immediate families. They left for Detroit on a two-weeks' honeymoon. John was very quiet and secretive about the affair, knowing the temper of his friends around the Industrial Relations building. The smokes were good, John, but don't forget the five-dollar wager you made that you would not be the first married. We need the money.

A telegram arrived too late to spread the news in the last issue of the RECORD that Gus Fredrickson is now being called grandpa.

CASPER, WYO.

Alva Sparks, Jeff Love, and Roy Kincade have left the Acid Department to make their fortunes at another trade.

M. J. Furlong is piloting one shift at No. 3 Acid Plant these days.

T. M. Johnson left June 17 to spend a vacation up in Minnesota with the rest of the weeds. He announced that he would have a good time in the land of "sky blue water and ten thousand lakes." Here is hoping T. M. has the wherewithal.

E. W. Mudge has resigned as acid house stillman in order that he may be able to spend his time watching the oil wells blow in on his property south of Moneta. Daddy! Do not forget that your fellow workers would be pleased to know how it feels to ride alongside of a millionaire in a spick and span "Fierce Sparrow."

The "Riot Squad" of the Casper Police Department was called out on the night of June 19. Reason for said call was that some bold, bad, highwayman relieved Ralph ("Hercules") Juza of $65. When asked why he didn't resist, Hercules said: "If some of you birds had looked into that twelve inch opening of that gun, you would have done what I did, reach for the stars." It all happened on the Sandbar. (Ooo! And what was Ralph doing there?—Ed.)

Dave Foote, pumper at No. 2 loading pump house, No. 3 Plant, while driving the company's baby Lincoln around the top of the firewalls on the tank farm the other night saw a white shape loom up in front of him. Jamming on the brakes he just barely touched the horse ridden by the night watchman. No damage was done outside of scaring the watchman out of seven years growth and causing Adolph Kurtz to swallow his chew of Copenhagen.

John Simmons, helper on crude stills, No. 3 Plant, left for a visit to Denver. While there John joined the ranks of the Benedicts. It was a distinct shock to some of boys as it was not known that Johnny was matrimonially inclined. However, everyone joins in wishing them a happy voyage through life.

Glen Watson, stillman, and Mac McDonald, helper, on crude stills at No. 3 Plant, departed one midnight for the headwater of Deer Creek. After starting up Nigger Hill they ran into a rainstorm which finally turned to snow as they neared the summit. Mac says he had to keep the brakes on his Lizzie all the way up to keep from sliding backwards. Anyway, the fish were biting fine when they arrived at their destination, and a fine big catch of trout was their reward.

Bing Wyman, stillman at No. 3 Plant crude stills, had a very enjoyable trip on his day off. With a party of friends he journeyed forth to

the wilds of Sage Creek and returned with a fine string of big trout.

Paul "Peanuts" Braden, pumper helper at No. 3 transfer, No. 3 Plant, who was overwhelmingly defeated for councilman of Mills, Wyo., says that never again will he run on a "dry" ticket. The day after election Paul headed for the wilds of Canyon Creek to snare the wily trout, but even the trout were wise to him, and three undernourished fishies was the size of his string. Paul says that he is a better fisherman than a politician as far as results go.

Walt Compton, pumper at No. 3 transfer, No. 3 Plant, says "No more living in the crowded city for me." Walt is at present living in one of Casper's newest additions, Mountain View, which is the scene of much home building, and bids fair to rival any other addition to Casper.

The reason why Tex Fortenberry makes so many trips to the Shift Foreman's office lately is because it adjoins the new Company Hospital, and a young lady nurse has been installed there. How is the eye getting along, Tex? It is also noticeable that F. J. Souczek has had considerable more work to attend to around the office since the hospital opened. (Pictures, please.—Ed.)

The Shiftmen's Benefit Association held their annual election in the Industrial building, June 4, at 8 p. m. The five trustees elected for the ensuing year were Wm. Emmel, Capt. Frisby, Dave Critchfield, Fred Corporan and Jim Wiederhold. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Wm. Emmel, president; Dave Critchfield, vice-president and assistant secretary; Capt. Frisby, secretary-treasurer.

Main Office, Plant No. 1

Thanx, Saginaw

We thank Mr. Johnson of Saginaw for his kind compliance with our request for a description of the Venderbeck Orchestra as heard over the radio. He expressed our sentiments exactly, although we are taking considerable risk in saying so. It simply goes to show the wonderful accuracy which the radio has attained. We hear the Vanderbeck Orchestra often and it sounds just like that every time.

We smelled a terrible smell around the office the other day and investigation brought out the fact that E. H. Crown had been testing the town's tonsorial facilities.

Sadie Wolfe, who is Rudy's storm and strife to be, won the 1924 bathing beauty contest in Sacramento and her picture was published on the back page of the June 21 issue of the *Police Gazette*. Rudy is now basking in the reflected glory. (Well.—Ed.)

"School is out!" doesn't have the same joyful sound to Jack Steel as it does to some of the other boys. The pretty instructors are gone and Jack is now doing his petting on paper. He puts mourning stamps on all his letters and when the train comes in, he follows the mail wagon to the post office.

At a recent soiree for office men only, at which Paul Briney was host, and every man had to provide a part of the entertainment, the features of the evening were Glen Howland's ode to a peach pie, and Wagner's attempt to stand on his head.

Clair Blanchard of Wyoming University is spending his vacation in the main office. He has mounted temporary guard over the stationery supplies. Clair is a three letter man in both football and boxing and his experience in this branch of educational endeavor makes him peculiarly fitted for his strenuous work in the stationery department.

When Brian B. Daugherty bought his new coupe he made the labor distribution department 100 per cent Chevrolet. We like to see the boys spend their money for cars. It makes the stock pay dividends and we may be able to buy a car someday ourselves.

The manager of the skating rink at Mills refunded entrance fees to Homer Gerbig and Carl Melin a few evenings ago, and thank them for keeping the floor dusted.

The vacationists at this writing are Maurice Post and E. N. Henley. Post has gone to the Casper Mountains and Henley to Denver, Colorado Springs and the Rocky Mountain National Park.

When Harold Lloyd Angehrn's Lizzie whispered in his ear, "Wither thou goest I will go," Jack didn't know how soon he would have to reckon with the consequences. One evening before dinner when Jack was going after his after dinner cigar, Lizzie went along, and when Jack got her slowed down she had her head in the door asking for cigarettes. Jack pulled her back out and explained to her that that was no place for a lady.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Plant No. 1

H. E. Williamson is wearing a broad smile these days. The reason is that he is expecting his daughter home from school.

H. M. Williams, bookkeeper at No. 1 Plant, has just closed a contract with the local stores to supply them with fresh vegetables.

E. F. Lockard, fireman at No. 1 Plant, has been keeping pretty steady company with the same girl lately, and at the same time has been making inquiries as to prices of furnished apartments. Looks suspicious, Fred.

M. A. Wales, still cleaner at No. 1 Plant, decided that two could live as cheaply as one and the result was matrimony.

A certain Stillman at Plant No. 1, not being content to lead a simple life, has entered into the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony took place June 21 at Thermopolis, Wyo. The lucky girl was Miss Lois Hoyt. The lucky young man is no other than Dave Patterson. We extend to them our best wishes and heartiest congratulations.

Plant No. 2

Things are not so confining for B. L. Warren, superintendent of Plant No. 2. He has help, lots of help. "Bun" Jr. arrived June 10 ready for his part of hard knocks. Heartiest congratulations, Mr. Warren.

The "Robert Fulton Club" christened their masterpiece at Bass Lake near Cody, last week. There must have been a serious hitch in the ceremony somewhere for Danny McLeod, financier, and "Chuck" Warne, designer and builder of

"Up-Set," have very little to say as to whether she sank or swam.

"Chuck" Stoops, for four years Pipe Fitter by day, a basketball player by night and short-stopper for the home ball nine, checked out June 24, to go to Pittsburgh, Pa., where he and Mrs. Stoops expect to make their home. Everyone hates to see "Chuck" go away, and we wish him lots of success. So, good-bye, Chuck.

Joe Zednick, official trapper, asked for a day's vacation around July 5 that his summer's rest might not be broken by hard toil July 4, 5, 6. Oh, boy! What a period of rest.

In addition to engineering duties, Steve Krajicek devotes two hours each day to the Industrial Relations Department, representing at the same time the Safety Division. Steve says, "The more the busier."

Sam Doctor, ichthyologist, proved a blessing to unweaned minnows while en route to Paint Rock Lakes. He not only appeased the appetite of the tiny tribe, but added oxygen scientifically to their water supply that the other boys might have and enjoy good live bait. Sam is a good boy if you know how to take him.

Ernest Rice, auto mechanic, is contemplating a change in side-cars for his Harley Davidson. He decided on too "hefty a bird" for a running mate this Spring. Big Jim promised he would get down to weight—looks like he was joking, Ernest.

Vern Patterson, confined to the hospital at Basin, Wyo., with a severe case of appendicitis, is on the road to recovery. All his fellow-workers are pulling for him to snap out of it.

Mike, pet cat of warehouse fame, has lost interest in the "straight and narrow" since Lou has gone to the River Pump House.

W. T. Hughes, office manager, realizing the necessity of keeping in trim, is doing a long hike from day to day. Will says that he is going to be keen as a briar when he pulls the next car through a snow drift up there.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Ross Moudy, chemist, left for Omaha to attend the Lions convention. Adventurous stories will be heard when he returns.

Russell Morris is leaving for Wisconsin where he will spend a few weeks with relatives.

Cash Miller saw a big buck deer on Jelm Mountain not long ago; now he takes regular trips that way and he says when the season opens he will bag that fellow.

Many of the boys are hauling their dimes and nickels to the fair grounds. Yes, it's a big Carnival. No wonder they named it Snapp Brothers' Carnival.

Ralph Cooke, the radio fan, reports that his experiments to improve his set led it to a shoe box; but he hopes to get it together again some day.

H. E. Bessey spent a few days in the city of Denver attending to some business. So he says.

The mother of Cecil McClintock is very ill with a paralytic stroke. We express our sympathy and hope for a rapid recovery.

Mrs. E. L. Keesee was called to Eastern Kansas, where her mother is very ill.

J. A. Chamblin took a day off to find some fish near Saratoga. He says a few won't report on, for they are in his basket. We want to see the fish.

T. C. Kellogg left the 15th for Marion, O., where he was born. This proves that more than one famous man came from one place.

B. O. Grout has been promoted from the bull gang to still cleaner. Another step for Byron.

B. W. Ferris who has been ill with tick fever is back on the job. We are glad to have him with us again.

Leslie Bilyeu and Don Hunton, as usual, are giving the summer school girls their regular treats.

Why did all the girls bob their hair when Fred Brown came to town? Because long hair doesn't look good when its mussed up.

Eggo Dyken knows where there is the nicest, cutest little school-marm that you ever saw.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Miss E. M. Harkins and T. W. Starbuck, Correspondents

Schoper Mine has again resumed operations with a larger tonnage than before the shutdown. Most of the men have returned to their former posts, and we have a number of expert coal producers from Berry Mine. Jimmy Delaney, former storekeeper at Mine No. 2, has elected to remain in Wood River, and his place is being filled by H. M. Blaeuer, who has been transferred from Mine No. 1. Denby R. Boring, who was working at Mine No. 1 at the time of suspension of operations, has also been transferred to Schoper.

Herb Crouch, our efficient main hoist engineer, has purchased a Fordson tractor and has joined the ranks of the scientific farmers. Who drives the tractor, Herb?

Bill Fries, formerly mine manager at Mine No. 1, is now assistant to John McMillan, mine manager at Mine No. 2. John McVicar and Paul Cerar, mine foreman at Mine No. 1 are now serving in the same capacity at Mine No. 2.

Mrs. T. W. Starbuck, wife of the Schoper mining engineer, has returned from a ten weeks visit with her parents in Marietta, Ohio.

L. Andrews is the new towerman at Schoper, succeeding Walter Duffy who is now employed in the Carlinville office of the Chicago and Alton Company.

Harold Hall, surveyor at Schoper, has returned from Chicago where he attended the Elks' State Convention. He is a member of the local Elks' Degree Team, which took second place in the state contest.

On June 7, Schoper made a new record of hoisting 4,022 tons, this being 500 hundred tons higher than the previous record.

Earl Robinson and family of East Alton motored up and visited with Carlinville friends last Sunday. Mr. Robinson was formerly invoice clerk in the general office.

W. R. Smith transacted business in Springfield this week before the Industrial Commission.

Jake Werner is cutting down the trees so we will have more light in the office.

We regret to report the death of Frank Rodgers, who was killed at Mine No. 1, May 30. This accident was most unfortunate as the mine was not operating, and occurred the last day prior to sealing this mine, while Mr. Rodgers and five other men were engaged in cleaning up. Mr. Rodgers was about fifty-one years of age, and is survived by three children, his aged mother, two brothers and two sisters. The funeral was held from the First Baptist Church, and was largely attended. Members of the Berry Local, Elks, and Old Fellows were present.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Graham, former employees, have written to friends in this city that they are pleasantly located in Culver City, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles. Mr. Graham was an electrician at Mine No. 2, and Mrs. Graham was employed as a stenographer in the general office.

John Liborio is reported to be considering the abandonment of single blessedness, and taking unto himself a wife. What do you know about this, John?

George Underkofler, our good natured auto mechanic, indulged in the sport of demons Decoration Day at Jacksonville. He drove his Stutz racer for second place in one of the five mile events and was in first place in the main event when he burned out a bearing and had to retire from the race.

C. W. Clark spent a day in Springfield.

E. W. Kasten has returned from St. Louis, where he was employed by the sales department during the suspension of operations in the coal mining department. He has taken a residence in Standard Addition, 1128 University Avenue, next door to R. E. Hessenauer, assistant office manager. "Slim" has been picking Mr. Hessenauer's strawberries "on the half," and they don't speak of strawberries in quantities less than twenty quarts. Nevertheless all we saw at the office was one strawberry Mr. Hessenauer brought so we could see how large they were. Mr. Kasten is now cashier for the coal mining department.

GENERAL OFFICE, CHICAGO

Manufacturing Department—Sixth Floor

On June 7, the Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel was the scene of a very lovely luncheon given in honor of Miss Nellie McKeon who left the Company to be married June 21. Thirty-five girls attended. Everyone present pronounced the "eats" O K and to see Helen Dundas and Phil Jones hop to it one would have sworn they were eating at some fellow's expense. You can see how ample the provisions were. After luncheon bunco was played, prizes being won by Carrie Zimmerman, Alice McInrue and Edna Gormley. Next time Mary Virzi plays, a Moon-Hopkins would come in handy—to add her score correctly. Too bad, Mary, that "Chickie" apron sure would have been becoming to you.

Ralph Blinky is one of those go-get-'em sheiks who make the ladies gasp at their super-speed. For instance: he was heard at the phone the other day cooing, "I'll be over tonight, dear, if it doesn't rain!" Well "for crying out loud"—he comes from Argo where there's plenty of starch.

Johnny Lynch, the impetuous young sheik, is now in the throes of a calamity. Yep; had a fight with the little girl from the ninth floor. Oh, well, Johnny, "After the Storm."

Miss Ward is the next victim to fall for Howard. She is learning how to operate a billing machine. Howard sure has an eye for beauty.

E. G. Vail, Indian fighter of repute and the only man to live through "Boot Hill" and the "Alamo," has recently announced a new novel written in collaboration with Eddy Heberg. This book, bigger and better than the last one, is entitled, "When I Was a Cowboy or My Cook's Tour to Denver."

A. W. Thomas fluttered around the flame once too often. Now he's one of the growing band of benedicts in this office. Here's one organization that bestows sublimity freely, and with a generous hand—for a while, anyhow.

It was while hearing Bill Wiltgen sneeze that Jack London, now deceased, was suddenly inspired to write that thrilling novel "The Call of the Wild."

Red Frodin and C. Biester were all smiles the other day. These up and doing gents have bought the well known weekly, *The Chicago Star*. This publication was good before but since the change in management we'll bet even *Whiz Bang* fears for its prestige.

Virgil (Yep, no kidding, that's his name) Land was seen in action the other night at East Chicago. This boy is a "pug" of known ability and a two-fisted mauler who makes 'em all watch their step. Beware, boys, of getting in a row around Miller's department. You noticed Battling McGahn has left.

Charles Aucoin may be a whiz as an efficiency man but can he tell us what school of economics taught him to labor on that most difficult of knots, the bow tie, and then hide its glory under the capricious and sheltering wings of his collar?

You know how surprised you were on your twenty-first birthday when your mother told you there was no Santa Claus. Well, you ain't heard nothing—steady your nerves for this one—Red Frodin and Ernie Enholm are cousins!

Didya see Bill Wiltgen folding paper into triangles? Sandy and the other happy fathers claim he's practicing. Why, didn't we tell you? Sure; Bill is the happy father of a 10 pound girl named Mary Jane.

Bennie Wolff had the nerve to play ball the other day with a straw hat—vintage of 1916—on his bean. Jimmy Thomas, making for first, pushed said hat down around his ears and Benny pulled slivers out of his skull for the next hour.

Traffic Department

Henry Z. Hendricksen celebrated his crystal wedding anniversary, June 21, entertaining about forty of his friends. The affair was a great success, both from Henry's standpoint and that of his friends. It presented a splendid opportunity for the guests to dispose of numerous articles of glassware accumulated during "pre-pro" times and if the country goes "wet" again Henry is equipped to start a very classy cafe. Art Nelson and Eddie Pallas represented the traffic department. Most of the evening was spent playing bunco. Art Nelson and family carried home three prizes—Art himself winning a very handsome tie, one which we are sure will become his

particular style of beauty. Eddie Pallas and family retired empty-handed, due, no doubt, to the activities of the aforementioned Nelson family.

Irene Dulen spent two weeks (June 8-21) in Ontario, Ind. She went on a Sunday in a choo-choo car 'n' first she was lonesome but after a while she felt better 'n' she et and et 'n' she gained almost half an ounce 'n' the first thing she knew she was callin' the cows by their first names 'n' she saw the farmer settin' hens 'n' one of 'em wouldn't set 'n' he made her 'n' she saw some cherry trees 'n' a lotta fields 'n' everything, but they ain't no place like old Chicago 'n' she was durn glad to get back.

Billy Pickering is getting discouraged because every year just about the time his garden truck gets big enough so you can tell the cabbages aren't beans, along comes a big storm and washes them all up.

You remember we told you about that dress Florence Johnston was making? Well, she wore it the other day. It's black, with white doo-dads hitched onto it with blanket stitch and it has a stand-up collar and a beaded belt. It certainly looks swell.

For Sale, Cheap: Two madras shirts with orange stripes. These shirts were purchased by George Savageau and Russell King, but when Russell saw the shirt on George he decided he didn't care about his, and vice versa.

Cooperage Department

Miss McCollum was heard to remark the other day on her way to the Y. W. for lunch, that she weighed herself going and coming to see how much she had gained.

Mrs. Haycock says she has found a sure way of reducing, and that is climbing stairs; she lost two pounds that way the other day.

Miss Collet certainly looks classy in her new Russian Pony Coatee.

Have you seen Miss Trace's new Spring coat? It sure is a peach.

Mr. Hassold seems to be very popular among the ladies. They call him all day for one thing or another—especially a certain young lady who insists on saying "Good-Night" to him every evening.

Mrs. Kirby (formerly Miss Mary Colbert), a recent bride, gave a dinner party a few days ago for the Misses Swenson and Kaiser and Mrs. Nelson.

Fifth Floor

As a golfer Paul Wilcox cannot be beat. The writer had the honor of seeing Paul make a twenty foot putt on a rainy morning, and that isn't all—he was playing on temporary greens.

We think the reason Anna Rommel doesn't get her hair bobbed is because George won't let her. You can readily see who is going to be boss at Anna's house when she gets married.

Well, our good friend, Alvin Lind, the cream puff warrior, has returned from a successful vacation. He says seven girls proposed to him. Not so bad, Alvin.

As a heart player, Harry Williams sure would make a wonderful deep sea diver. Have courage, Harry, better days are coming.

We don't know how true this report is but someone said, John Jordon bought a plug of chewing tobacco. We can hardly believe it.

E. E. Kelly has now left the distribution department to go with the Chicago division. Our good luck goes with you Ed.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to John W. Jordan, who recently lost his father-in-law.

Evelyn Swensen is quite busy these days at noon, trimming bobbed hair. She is getting good practice here so that she can soon start a shop of her own.

John O'Keefe is now on a diet. He eats milk and crackers one day and the next day crackers and milk. Watch him grow thin.

Percy Curtis slipped it all over us May 29, when he stayed home, and took unto himself a wife. Our good luck and wishes are with you, Percy.

Miss Alma Barron left us July 15 (she having been married for several months). We did not think you could keep it quiet that long, Mrs. Snyder.

June 28, Miss Agnetta Bauer entertained Mrs. Thomas, Misses Cerny, Crain, Young and Enholm, and Mesdames Thayer and Banville at a bunco party. Refreshments were served and thoroughly enjoyed. The first prize was won by Miss Cerny. However, the girls all said Miss Bauer won the first prize in cooking. Young men, take notice.

Charlie Meier should be furnished with a muffler for his "Loud Speaker" when giving people in his department a calling down.

Of all the "Fat" people on the Fifth Floor Miss Hill is the only one who says she doesn't care whether she gets again as big. Now, there is a real Pollyanna for you.

Congratulations, Mr. Leiber. We hear there is another Standard Oiler in your department.

Howard Golding certainly looked happy when he came back from his vacation. We don't know what it was about, but we just guess what it was.

The height of something or other. "Hank" Hansen and Ed Dockendorf waiting in line for five hours at Edgebrook to play a game of golf.

Exerine Julien and Gertie Moran have expressed intentions of shingling their hair. Better not, girls, because most boys don't like it and may get mad at you.

We've heard of the tree climbing fish. Now "Marty" Lundquist tells of his "tree climbing Willys Knight." On the road to Fox Lake his car wouldn't behave and after chasing the cows around several pastures, decided to lean against a tree for a second breath.

W. J. Bahr tells of "tree climbing fish" he chased up a tree while on his vacation. We wonder if he didn't see some snakes at the same time.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente, Correspondent; Harry Blix, W. N. Walker, and Art Emrath, Associate Correspondents

W. N. Scharff, formerly salesman, has been transferred to the general office to assist J. A. Danner of the lubricating department.

E. Byrne, one of our good-looking M. T. salesmen at Kensington Station, is a proud papa. Yes, it's a baby boy, born June 30, 1924.

Cliff Ledderboge, attendant at S. S. No. 46, displayed some real sales ability by more than doubling his quota of Polarine sales in June.

She fooled 'em! Miss Eleanor Esser, one of our fair stenographers, broke several of the boys'

hearts when she let the cat out of the bag, spilling the news that she has been married for over two years.

Sometimes a windy day, then again it's a front seat at the Follies that accounts for a stiff neck, but Ed. Walsh's is due to boils.

Leonard Laurenz, better known as "Buck," has been transferred from the office to the sales force. If Buck does one-half as well selling Polarine as he does tickling the old banjo, he needs no sympathy.

Two of our old trusty bachelors, Jimmy Brandt and Joe Drinan, sang "Good Bye Boys" the other day and jumped into the "Sea of Matrimony." Good luck, boys, good luck!

E. E. Kelley, formerly head of the distribution department in the general office, has been transferred to our division as assistant chief clerk.

Dan Cupid has been working his charms on several of our able young salesmen. S. E. Muschott, C. J. Joyce and W. I. Norman were successful in signing up the ladies, or possibly it was the ladies who got the signatures on the dotted lines. Perhaps we should get the young ladies to sell Polarine, because they surely know how to pick 'em.

J. Baer, S. S. No. 18, is the proud father of a baby boy. Baer recently confided to Mr. Hodowal, his supervisor, that he was going to name the boy "Semdac" in order that he would be a very *polished* gentleman. Congratulations!

Attendant Murphy, S. S. No. 513, recently had a bad attack of something that looked very much like mumps. What say, Murphy?

Carens, attendant at S. S. No. 104, has discovered a new use for Finol. Carens sold a lady customer a one gallon can of Finol for making salad dressing. The lady returned the Finol but Carens said he could guarantee that Finol would prevent any rust from accumulating in the salad. That's selling, anyway, Carens; more power to you.

Attendant Ledderboge of S. S. No. 46 oversold his Polarine quota 100 per cent for June. That's stepping high, Ledderboge.

Hoffman at No. 60 has been with us only two weeks but he certainly knows service, and better still he *gives* it.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

Salesmen Wren and his agents had a picnic at Center Point, June 14. With all the wives and children and lunch baskets it was a real success. According to the affidavit sent in by the agents present, Mr. Wren is a regular guy—that might have been just the result of the picnic and again it might not.

According to Slater and Day, their scores for last Saturday afternoon were 85 and 84 respectively. Yeh, and they seem to believe it.

Florence Wheeler is suffering with a couple of off size tonsils. Gloomy is right, you'd hardly know him to be the same man.

Just as we thought, Harriet has finally succumbed. The scissors and shears have done their work, and say, doesn't she look youthful? Thirty girls in the office and only six left in the hairpin and hairnet class.

Mr. Vogler claims that the secret of rouge is to use it sparingly. Down with the cost of marketing, absolutely.

Mr. Newell, that handsome and clever young salesman, was in town one Sunday recently and, as is the custom of young men, dated up a little queen for that evening, and motored out to, yeh, that's it.

Dorothy Swan has a lovely new diamond. Haven't heard his name but he comes after her about four nights a week in a great big car. One thing sure, he certainly uses good judgment, no kiddin'.

Harry New and Joe Gasling spent the last couple of weeks in Davenport. Is it memories of former pleasant associations that prove such a drawing card at the office? Surely they wouldn't spend so much time hanging around just to see a couple of girls.

H. L. McClellan at Dubuque is some baby when it comes to hauling in the Polarine orders, and what's more, seeing that the goods are delivered before the customer signs another agreement. At that, W. E. Wren isn't so far behind. Just one or two more barrels and he'll have Mac hollering for time out. Come on, the rest of you guys. Do your stuff. Why, can't you hear the children crying for some Polarine?

Nothing slips by F. C. Dickey of Traer and he doesn't take it for granted that the Davenport Office will do all the remembering there is to do. That's the spirit.

Frank Hammer, Sr., was in the other day, and don't think we weren't overjoyed to see him 'cause there's nothing half so cheering as his smile and handshake, not to mention greetings.

Elva Bachus Estes, accompanied by her husband and month old daughter, Phyllis, was a visitor in Davenport this week. Much to our sorrow she didn't make a visit to the office, but she did say Hello to everybody; so, Hello!

Ye gods, those red dresses! Won't it be giddy when Cordelia starts sporting hers, too? Nothing like a little color to brighten the place up. And everything helps, even the bright and shining faces of the golf fiends.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

John Beaman has been appointed agent at Greenfield, Ia., succeeding J. D. Embres, who resigned recently. Good luck to you, Mr. Beaman.

James R. Pope, attendant at S. S. No. 71, Madrid, Ia., is a happy man, being the proud father of a new boy named "Bob," and taking second place in the Polarine Campaign. We don't blame you for feeling fine, Mr. Pope.

M. A. Wilwerding, agent at Earling, is completing a very fine new eight room stucco bungalow and hopes to move in soon.

G. C. Copeland, attendant at Harlan S. S. No. 103, has spent all his spare time the past few weeks fishing, but caught only one large mud turtle. That was sure *tough,* Mr. Copeland.

Fred Higgins, T. W. agent at Grand Junction, has purchased a new International Speed Truck to handle the S. O. Co. Higgins says send on your quotas and watch him go over the top.

We regret to report the death of Ed Burke, attendant at Gladbrook S. S., who passed away suddenly on June 3. In the death of Mr. Burke, the company lost a loyal and trusted employee and his many acquaintances a true friend. The sympathy of all is extended to Mrs. Burke and family.

O. F. Anderson, former M. T. salesman at Corning, Ia., has been appointed agent there, succeding H. H. Meyers. Sell the full line, Anderson.

Neil van Hemert was in Des Moines recently to get his oil truck, which had been undergoing an overhauling. Mr. Van Hemert has the best equipment of any driver of oil trucks in this part of the state. His equipment consists of a Ford truck with a three gear transmission and his White truck, the one recently overhauled. Neil believes in service all of the time.

Leo M. Bruce, attendant at Guthrie Centre S. S. No. 46, is the happy father of a ten pound boy, born June 1. Congratulations, Mr. Bruce.

We are glad to welcome I. B. Rohrer as new salesman at Council Bluffs, Ia.

Council Bluffs employees feel that a position with this company must be the means of settling some big questions. C. H. Robey, our new S. S. attendant, was married a few days after securing his position. We wish them much happiness.

J. D. Carter, S. S. attendant at Council Bluffs S. S. No. 122, has been transferred to city M. T. salesman.

Herman Schoening and R. O'Neill have been recently employed as M. T. salesmen at Council Bluffs. We are glad to welcome them to our Standard Oil family.

P. H. Headley is now back with Council Bluffs employees, having been transferred from Marshalltown to Council Bluffs.

On June 15 occurred the famous warehouse picnic at Grand View Park. Everyone had a fine time and Shackelford says that the fellow who said "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," was right, as he was crowned king of the eaters and he sure was uneasy all night. He says, however, that the crown should have been presented to Mr. Riepe, 'cause Riepe stuck it out for supper, too. The big athletic events on the program were a horse-shoe pitching contest, which was won by Riepe and Butcher. They say Butcher made the points and Riepe was bookkeeper. The second big event was a foot race between Sackett and Riepe and those two guys are arguing yet because the judges said the race ended in a tie. The baseball game between the Polarines and Finols will be long remembered by those who took part. Yea, bo! The score ended 22 to 19, favor of Polarines. Features of the game were an attempted catch by Jasper Cook, the sliding of Rudy Hanson, the pitching of Riepe and Byers and the double putout at home plate when Leech and Riepe lost track of the ball, which was held by the catcher. Sackett covered himself with glory, also dirt, at first base. The official scoring by Mr. Monson was the most perfectly conducted part of the game.

Bernard Hart, former M. T. salesman at Des Moines, has been promoted to salesman in the Indianola field.

We welcome two new M. T. salesmen to the family, R. E. Sprong and L. J. Tussing, formerly with the S. O. Co. at Bussey, Ia.

O. E. Skipton, cashier department, says he spent his vacation picking strawberries. That was sure a "hot" vacation, Skip.

On June 11 occurred the marriage of F. E. Steinbring, general supply clerk, to Miss Kathleen Bailey. Mr. and Mrs. Steinbring are at home at 1406 Twenty-fifth street. We wish you both a long and happy life. Any good cigar will do, Frank.

W. E. Swygard, assistant chief clerk, has at last fallen and purchased a Buick Sedan. He says it is a good car, as he drove it about one mile with the four wheel brake set. Sure is a good looker, Bill. (We can beat that. We drove ours twenty miles with the emergency on and hit 45.—Ed.)

F. A. DePuydt has been placed in charge of the equipment, succeeding Ed Campbell, transferred to the order department. We wish you the best of luck, Frank.

Murray L. Bitting former warehouse clerk, has been transferred to the main office and placed in charge of the iron barrel department. Roll 'em in, Murray.

Miss Mona Buckley has returned from a vacation spent in Colorado. Mona says she didn't get lost in the mountains once.

Chet Wright, formerly of the sales writer force, has been transferred to the marketing department. Good luck in your new position, Chet.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Wanted: The name and address of the party who composed the song, "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No Moh." Messrs. Budde and Phillips will pay a liberal reward for information leading to his whereabouts. Our tank trucks will do everything but float.

They are telling a good one on Miss Nina Myers of coupon book fame. A fine looking young man stepped into the lobby and asked to see Miss Myers. "Nina," said the young man, "I want to buy a coupon book." "Oh, Les," said Nina, "I am sorry but I cannot sell you one." "Why not?" said the Y. M. "I have the cash to pay for it." "Oh, it isn't that," said she, "but I left my coupon books at home." Finally someone suggested to her that she go up to the coupon book clerk and get another one. So her future brother-in-law went away happy.

Ken Gardner, our refined oil correspondent, met with a painful accident a short time ago in which three of the fingers on one hand were burned quite severely. We are glad to report, however, that he is getting along nicely and hopes to be in shape to pitch at the ball game which is being talked of so much, and about which you will hear more later.

Elmont Bowman, that good looking salesman in the Pana territory, has finally succumbed and was married at the First M. E. church in Decatur, June 10. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman left for a Western trip, expecting to visit Kansas City, Denver and possibly Yellowstone Park. On their return, they will be at home to their friends in a beautiful modern home which Mr. Bowman has just completed.

Agent Petersen of Bement is the proud possessor of a new Ford roadster. Hope you'll get a lot of enjoyment out of it, "Pete."

We are pleased to announce that Miss Viola Kunz, eldest daughter of Agent John Kunz of Marine, has returned home from the hospital at Highland following an operation for appendicitis. Accept our congratulations on your recovery, Miss Kunz.

Information for the Girls: The new spiffy mechanic at the East St. Louis station is married.

He is Warren Werner and he was married on May 17. Congratulations, Mr. Werner. Too bad, girls, another good chance gone.

M. L. Ernst, salesman at S. S. No. 6, Belleville, is wearing the smile that won't come off. The reason is the arrival of a 6½ pound S. S. attendant at the Ernst home. Congratulations, Ernst.

F. R. Dinges, S. S. No. 305, Belleville, is the happiest man in town since the improvements were made at his station.

Walter Rasp, S. S. No. 26, Belleville, has been giving lots of attention to the lawns and drives at his station and No. 26 is sure pleasing to the eye.

M. T. W. Driver Schlueter at Belleville is getting to be a "Wiz" on putting out Bovinol. If he keeps going we will have to call him "Bovy"

You would think "Papa" Butts at Belleville owned the town the way he "rares back" when driving that new International tank wagon. Keep your eyes open, Papa, safety first, you know.

An agent for this company was the victim of a surprise at a dance recently at Newman. You can't get away with it, Cutsinger. Stick with your steady.

Pop Spangler has been having cow trouble lately. Jean Lewis has been assisting him. Would Bovinol help?

Business has gotten so good with Agent Dawson at Christman collecting unauthorized tickets that he has to wear nose glasses.

Agent Gaines of Sidell has taken out some accident insurance lately. Playing safety first, Fat?

S. R. Schecter was seen the other Sunday standing at a cross roads undecided which way to go, as he has a girl in every direction since the arrival of the Hudson. Better get a truck, Sheck.

Dale Pritchard, traveling mechanic, visited with his mother at Georgetown recently.

D. O. Henry is back as agent instructor. Don't forget Georgetown when you are over this way, D. O.

Danville-Urbana Joint Picnic at Homer Park. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. It blew up a rain at Homer that marred the day of the picnic but it saved the Urbana bunch one awful walloping in the baseball game. (How that Danville bunch do hate themselves!) It was a few minutes too late, however, to help them at "Barnyard Golf" as the Danville boys went in and took three out of five before they were rained out. They were a game crowd, though, and insisted on earning their defeat so the hostilities were to be held at Urbana on July 13. The rain threatened to spoil the eats as well, but the park management let us use the dance pavilion as a dining room. It was demonstrated during the afternoon that several of the crowd could shake a mighty mean hoof.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Our service station department has again proved its efficiency by furnishing the sales department with three new specialty salesmen—James Arthur, Ralph Klipple and J. Marrison. They come to the sales department well recommended and without a doubt will prove worthy of the positions.

The advertising department with J. A. Green in charge and a troupe of fellow actors have recently toured the field expounding the virtues of Standard Oil advertising to all employees. The only peculiar thing was the fact that when the troupe returned to Detroit and a meeting was called of all office employees for the purpose of selling our advertising program, Green deserted his helpers and monopolized the entire time. In all fairness to Jim we should state that with an allowance of ten minutes his action was undoubtedly justified.

May was quite a battle ground for the specialty department. With Ray Hill as umpire, the West Side and the East Side clashed in a sales campaign which waged hot and heavy until midnight, May 31. After the smoke of battle had cleared away it was found that the East Side, piloted by Jerry Newton, had put over a "scoop" and beat Fred Zahn and his West Side warriors to a frazzle, causing the West Side bunch considerable discomfort as they were compelled to finance an excursion to the ball park. Billy Knapp, one of the jovial East Side boys, captured the individual prize by having the largest single day's business, and is now writing up his orders with a brand new Ever Sharp pencil.

We would caution all S. O. employees who may be contemplating a visit to Monroe during 1924. This extra caution is necessary since "Doc" Gehrken has been made a deputy sheriff of Monroe County. We understand he has been assigned to duty from eight until mindnight in the lobby of the Park Hotel.

Always living up to his reputation on being modern in all respects, our friend Dick Jones of the city sales department recently tried to duplicate the non-stop coast-to-coast flight made by an army aviator. The only difference was that Dick was equipped with a Ford roadster instead of an airplane. His flight started at Sharron, Pa., and ended in Detroit. In other respects the flight was the same, being made in 22 hours and 15 minutes—stops being made to re-fuel only.

Detroit dealers in crutches did quite a flourishing business recently, all on account of an amateur ball game between two of the sales departments at Memorial Park. Several sensational plays developed, of which a one-handed catch by Jerry Newton was the most spectacular. Spectators claim it was fully five minutes before Jerry was really convinced that the ball was still in his glove. Batteries for the game: Polarines—Frank and Seder; Red Crowns—Crowley and Milner.

Members of the advertising department are still trying to find out why Mabel Soop was so intensely interested in the recent talk given by Jim Green on advertising.

Mr. Heath of the lubricating department has added another holiday to those already specified on the calendar, the new one being June 15, that being the birthday of Robert Gardner Heath, the new arrival in the Heath family circle.

Leo Mattson, smokestack salesman at Jackson, arrived in the office as these items were going to press and announced that since the last issue he has been quite sick but is in good health once more. From his attitude we would suspect that it has been some time since his name appeared in this column.

Having located at Lake Orion for the season, Bill O'Mara and his Maxwell has converted the road between Orion and Detroit into a miniature speedway, both night and morning. At times he

is accompanied by Art Bailey, whom readers of this column will remember was with Bill on one other occasion in which the Maxwell and a 5-foot ditch figured.

Several inquiries have been made recently as to why one of Ray Hill's eyes had taken on such a brilliant hue. Stub McGauley claims it is from looking around Detroit for a few extra gallons of Polarine to make up the loss in the specialty department and is supported in this view by the other department heads. Ray contends, however, it is due to a stye and not to looking at a succession of red figures. To prove his contention he has promised a gain on every item in July.

Recent advice indicates that two members of our sales department, Tom Cade of the General Sales, and Don Anderson of Specialty Sales, who have been on the sick list, are rapidly improving.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Duluth Division did. What? Won the Red Crown Banner for two consecutive months of this year. Yes, sir, we're getting real familiar-like with the banner now that we've had two months to get acquainted with it.

We sincerely regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Zimmerman, wife of our agent at Bark River, Mich. We extend our deepest sympathies to you, Mr. Zimmerman, in your bereavement.

Roscoe Reynolds, agent at Swatara, Minn., was a visitor to the main office on June 2. Roscoe is noted for making his quota.

Proud daddy is right. Ray McDonald, assistant tax and legal clerk, is now the father of a bouncing baby boy born June 3. Both Mrs. MacDonald and the baby are doing nicely. Ray Junior will be the prefix before MacDonald. The candy and cigars were fine, Mac, thanks.

You've got to be a real business man to get along as a Standard Oil agent. Our Agent Carl Hanson of Barnum, Minn., had a farmer customer whose credit was long overdue. Carl tried to collect but the farmer had no money, but offered a pig instead. Carl took the "fat baby" and sold it again and everybody was again square with the world.

We're always glad to receive complimentary letters from outsiders telling us of the service that our employees give and it was a warm feeling to receive a highly complimentary letter from one Mr. Davis, connected with the Star Transfer Company of Ashland, Wis., praising the service rendered by our agent there, W. S. Kennedy.

Lyle T. Vaughn, our agent at Lake Nebagamon, Wis., was a recent visitor to the main office.

The DULSOCO Club of Duluth and Superior had a regular meeting on the evening of June 27. Excellent talks were given by E. G. Rounds of the sales promotion department and Walter Borgen, St. Louis county auditor. Mr. Borgen spoke on the comparison of the duties of work in a public capacity and in private affairs.

Application blanks were being received at the chief clerks' office at the main office and this was received from Harry Hoar, our agent at Shell Lake, Wis.: "I have no dependents—will have one next June (1925) if she doesn't change her mind."

It was at a noon luncheon of the DULSOCO Club. The program had been varied and instructive. Pausing a moment to think up a sticker, the chairman suddenly called on John M. Nelson, our lubricating engineer for a selection on the harmonica. Without hesitation, Mr. Nelson responded with three excellent selections, one of which he had composed himself. That's what we call a musical treat.

Esthyre Pomroy recently returned from a vacation. Charlie Rounds was expecting a bunch of violets during her absence but none were received. Never mind, Charlie, they sure pile flowers on your desk.

John McCabe, Frank Larson, Andrew Hutchinson and Fletcher McKenzie all returned recently from extended vacations. Fletch. McKenzie spent his vacation at Hancock in the copper country and enjoyed the trip which was made by automobile immensely.

Renny Milroy, attendant at S. S. No. 302, Virginia, Minn., is looking pretty blue these days after having lost a bet to Percy Trevathan of the main office on the sales of Semlac at Renney's station. Well, if you don't win the first time, Renny, try, try again.

Gust Forsell of the construction department has resigned.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Irene Deig (Office) and W. T. McBrian (Field), Correspondents

Edgar Lee Watlington, our city collector, entertained the office force with an all-day excursion several Sundays ago. This certainly was a treat, and everyone had a lovely time except Helen Zachman, who said things had been "done up" somewhat since the boat ride, and Ed Walker, who ruined a perfectly good pair of trousers.

Rainbo Garden is one of the most picturesque spots in Evansville, according to Ione Zimmerman, who has been seen there quite frequently in the company of a handsome young man. Take notice, Buster.

Our baseball season was opened with a flourish several weeks ago, with Bus Gader managing the upstairs crew and Bink Lowe in charge of the downstairs men. We lost the first game to Bink's team 12-5, but came back in the second and gave them a drubbing to the tune of 19-10. With all due respect to the downstairs men, we certainly are glad the steno department is on the second floor.

We want to know if Mary Ainsworth isn't living proof that love makes a pretty girl beautiful?

Pete Ramsey says that New Harmony may be an interesting landmark, but it is no place to go unexpectedly after 1 A. M. We agree with you, Peter, and there are just a lot of girls in Evansville, whose fathers may have Red Crown in their tanks to help you out.

Poetic genius is rarely found in a man hashing over personal ledgers. Ray Butterworth finds time to express his thoughts in verse, and since he has been married but a short time, someone has asked whether he ever used that talent to advantage.

Nettie Klein has a corking good story about a man who had a dollar to spend on a drum and sticks, etc. There is but one person so far who has given her a satisfactory answer, and we hope Nettie will talk in her sleep some time so we all can get in on the joke.

We have learned in a confidential manner that

Walter Stadler has promised to wait until the next leap year for a certain little girl. Good luck, Strutz!

When Gil Heldt decides to buy that Buick, he certainly will relieve a bit of suspense around the steno department. Gil has promised us all a ride. (We might add, Gil is our cashier and a most eligible bachelor.)

Anna Leahy is the most envied girl in the office these days, that is, when she rolls in the driveway with Jackie in his Dodge. Oh, for the life of an athlete's sweetheart!

No doubt, we have all had our heart strings trampled on by the opposite sex, more or less, but we cannot understand why our own Eberhart should be pining for the love of some beautiful young lady. Ebbie at one time posed for Arrow collar ads.

Vincennes

By H. V. M. Schackelford

Salesman Henry Strange, that determined looking gentleman who scares people into buying Standard Oil products, that is, he scares them into buying the first time and they automatically repeat "throwed" another one of his hot parties the other night. All the boys were there except those unfortunates who were on duty at their service stations.

James ("Stubby") Trueblood lost 610 gallons good Red Crown and couldn't find it. Then it became known that he had made a delivery to S. S. No. 38 and had not made an 042. Well, the condensed version is that "Stubby" accused Heinie Strange of distracting him from the line of duty by a new line of sales talk. Heinie said that Ed Schmitt should have caught the shortage in checking that night. Ed said that the S. S. attendant should have seen that the 042 was made out, and George Bennett, attendant, said that "Stubby" should have called it to his attention, and there you are.

Levi Shappard was caught crossing a crossing incautiously, the same translated meaning that he failed to stop before driving over a railroad track. W. J. Lang and H. R. Cochran were the spectators, and the result was that he was penalized by the Vincennes Safety Committee. His fine consisted of selling 100 pounds of Mica. Levi went to work and sold 130 pounds the first day, but the General Safety First Court at Evansville in reviewing the case, said selling Mica was just part of his job, and therefore he had to read the Instruction Manual pertaining to the crossing of railroads to every employee at the bulk plant. Levi says that any other time he would have stopped. Queer, isn't it? Well, the way of the transgressor is hard.

Ray Kaufman, agent at Vincennes, is spending every other week at Sullivan, his home town, in behalf of the company.

The reporter made the rounds of all the service stations recently, taking photographs, and while taking them at S. S. No. 69, he noticed that Eugene Kieffer couldn't keep still. When asked what was the matter, he replied, blushing, "I just know if these pictures are published, I'll get a letter from some girl!"

Nothing of great importance has happened at Vincennes, only that Frank Lane purchased a new straw hat.

"Under Separate Cover"

Our general clerk, W. J. McBrian, recently made a trip to Chicago, but we were unable to get in touch with him after he left Evansville. We thought he would have a lot of explaining to do upon his return, but he had an excuse to offer immediately upon being questioned. However, we noticed several of the office force scanning the Lost and Found columns of the Chicago papers for several days.

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

The sympathy of the organization is extended to Mr. Sanstead and wife in the loss of their baby daughter.

George Root, check department, is back at work after a week's absence on account of illness.

Florence Nelson of the traffic department was a Minot visitor recently. She says she's pretty well acquainted at Minot.

E. H. Stefferud, Superintendent of Equipment, is again about the office after several weeks spent in the hospital. Says he feels like a million dollars.

The following new agents have been added to the force of the Standard Oil Company in this division: Frank L. Zimmerman, Jud, N. Dak.; Frank A. Bennefield, Ada, Minn.; E. F. Wheeler, Red Lake Falls, Minn., and Carl Brovold, Baudette, Minn.

C. Mead, formerly our bulk station agent at Red Lake Falls, Minn., is now operating the new S. S. at that point.

Joe Lachapelle, agent at Warroad, Minn., is a proud daddy of a son of regulation weight.

Mr. Packard reports a nice visit with F. A. Gallagher, agent at Cogswell, N. Dak., recently.

H. H. Kincaid, Mel Paulson and Ella Ramstad were visitors from the Minot office who did not feel that their vacation would be complete without calls on the old bunch at Fargo.

Mrs. Gerties has had as her guest for the last few weeks, her sister, Mrs. Brown of Ft. Hall, Idaho.

R. H. Reed of the Chicago office is making one of his periodical visits to the Fargo office. Judging by the perpetual smile on this gentleman's face, it is difficult to tell which is enjoying the visit the most, Mr. Reed or the Fargo organization.

F. C. Singleton, Safety First director, was a recent visitor from the Chicago office.

One of the latest converts to the efficiency of Bovinol is "Wee" Mary Dunn of our stenographic department. There are no flies around the stenographic department now. Mary says Bovinol gets them every time.

It is with regret that we report the death of Mrs. Vasichek, wife of William Vasichek, agent at Brocket, N. Dak.

Salesman H. B. Weeks has promised some good pictures after he catches some big fish. (To the editor: Don't hold up the next issue waiting for these pictures because the big fish all get away from Harry.)

The semi-annual election of officers of the Standard Oil Company Social Club was held June 13, Mr. Packard presiding for Miss Henning, vice-president. Annual routine business was taken care of, followed by election of officers for coming six months. Officers elected were: A. E. Asleson, president; Sarah Weiss,

vice-president; O. M. Ranger, secretary and treasurer, and C. R. Ewald and Mrs. K. Gerties were elected members of the executive committee. At this meeting arrangements were made for the lawn social and under the very able direction of these officers, this social was held June 26. The beautiful lawn south of our office was used to very good advantage. A very interesting program was rendered, consisting of a vocal solo by Miss Stribley, daughter of Salesman J. F. Stribley. This was followed by two very interesting readings by Miss Sarah Olson and vocal solo by Miss Marvyl Larson. This portion of the program was very well received by the large crowd in attendance and was followed by a comedy number consisting of musical (?) selections by the Hickville Band, led by its famous director, Mable Foy. This band consisted of a variety of instruments and the performers were each artists in their way. Mary Dunn, officiating with the bass drum, was particularly effective and was ably seconded by Kathryn Gerties, Ross Randall, Enga Nelson, Florence Nelson, O. M. Ranger and Rose Meyerlie. After this program, refreshments were served, consisting of strawberries, cream and cake. All present were firm in their conviction that if this was a sample of the entertainments which were going to be offered by the new officers of the Social Club, Friday the 13th, the date they were elected, was not an unlucky day for our Social Organization.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

A visitor arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Posthumus to stay. It is Donald Keith, 8 pounds, who arrived on June 8. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Posthumus. "Daddy" works in the order department.

Vincent Kindig, formerly cashier at Battle Creek, is in the Grand Rapids office now.

On June 25, 1925, Mr. and Mrs. William Werkman will celebrate their first wedding anniversary. Mrs. Werkman was formerly Miss Cleo Uplinger of the order department. The candy and cigars were great. Congratulations.

Harold Warner of the bookkeeping department had the misfortune of breaking a leg, while playing amateur ball one noon hour. However, he's with us every day, though it is a bit hard to get around.

Ray Calvin of the equipment department injured a finger in like manner, but has almost fully recovered at this time.

Sophia Coeling, comptometer operator, has returned from her vacation, which she spent at Zeeland and Holland, etc. We fail to note, however, that Sophia has gained much weight during her stay in the "Rusk" and "Cheese" towns.

June 14 was a gala day for the Grand Rapids office. On that day: Elmer Gaikema was quite an important character. He celebrated his (?) birthday, and also passed the cigars and candy announcing the arrival of June Irene, so hereafter it will be daddy and daughter day; and Jack Yonkers slipped quietly from the office to "go on his vacation." He did, but things cannot be kept quiet longer than fifteen minutes in the G. R. office. Jack took along a jewel, one Ruby Finkbeiner, now Mrs. J. Yonkers. Jack says Ruby is a pearl. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Yonkers.

Dorothy Hat, comptometer operator, came down the other morning with a sparkler on her fourth finger, and is was before July 4 too.

Peggy Carr of the ediphone room has her fourth finger adorned, and Ethelyn Yost of the same room, sighed, "We're still patiently waiting." Come on, boys.

Blanche Warren of the ediphone department is getting the rest of the girls jealous, the cause being a photograph of a "sheik" on her desk. However, Blanche makes an offer, "How would you like to be my niece? He's 17 years old."

Christine Vehyl of the ediphone department is spending her vacation "at home," Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. Florence Afman, bill clerk, is confined to her home, due to illness. We hope for a speedy recovery, Florence.

We welcome to our city, C. O. Baine, lubricating salesman, from the Indianapolis field.

Mrs. Scott Johnson, our cook, is spending her vacation by motoring to Louisville, Ky., the land of the blue-grass, etc., and seeing all the sights in that town. We are still wondering whether a kiss that we witnessed was offered because she was leaving for a short time, or because of the "Etc." in Kentucky.

Oscar Nelson, general clerk, never did like bob hair, but since a week or so he has been very quiet. Ah, we have it, we heard the Mrs. went down and had hers bobbed, regardless of hubby's likes and dislikes.

August Busch of the equipment department, motored from "Coast to Coast"— a fine way to spend a vacation. August just returned and said he had a wonderful time. Don't misconstrue, this is coast to coast of Michigan.

Dora Walters, coupon clerk, is back again, having spent a restful vacation at home and Muskegon.

The Standard Oil Baseball team now consider themselves the "cream," having come out on top of the milk outfit, when they beat the G. R. Dairy's, 7 to 3, at Beverly on June 26. George Bentley was the hero of the day, when he hit a pretty one over the fence. SOCO was well represented in the bleachers. SOCO players beat the Mecosta Tigers June 29th, to the tune of 16 to 6 (not a football score).

If you happen to hear those moanful sounds like those of a ukelele, in the vicinity of Grandville avenue, you can make up your mind its Ernest Gibbs, our genial mail clerk, strumming his mandolin. Ernest is wondering if the harps in heaven sound anything like it. We, who have heard, Ernie, can clear up your mind on that, No! No! Nora.

We all hope for the speedy recovery of "Dad" Winslow, who is suffering at his home with pneumonia.

Ace Hanna from Joliet, Ill., dropped in to say "How-do-you-do." We're always glad to see you, Ace, but you should stay longer.

G. R. Garage

Dave Johnson just naturally can't say "no" to a woman. Two fair damsels called on him for a subscription to a magazine. Although he insisted and forcefully told them he already was "A Woman's Home Companion," he signed, and the magazine will come forward in the usual manner.

Sam Woolpert dropped in to see us the other day, after having recovered from a recent operation.

Fish and Beneficiary. Anyone interested see Al Petrie. It's Al's "long suit" to fish at Long Lake, and he gets them. We hear, too, that Al is looking for a beneficiary for his insurance. And that cozy cottage at Long Lake!

G. R. Warehouse

Art Stevens, superintendent, says they didn't do anything but work this month. We wonder.

Ed Sutter says he always remembers King Edward's birthday, June 3, because he celebrates his the same day. No doubt that's why Edward's mother named him thusly. Where's the title, Ed?

Paul Smits, Polarine man, encountered a rather vicious dog the other day. Now ordinarily dogs are nice sometimes, but this particular one dropped the meatless bone he was gnawing on, started for more desirable prey and put an impression of his teeth on Paul's ankle. Paul ran and said, "Dawgone." He has fully recovered.

Roy Siple just hates to be alone. He likes company and the more the merrier, sometimes. Roy had a nice time at the ball game at Beverly.

Cadillac, Mich.

We are glad to learn of the recovery of L. F. Halladay's father, who underwent a serious operation recently at Mercy Hospital.

Speaking of fishing—we know now that the big ones caught by George Alt last winter is not idle jest. He lugged 25 wall-eye pike up the street the other day.

Some little bird tweeted that Dave Anderson, city M. T. W. driver, and C. Anderson, at S. S. No. 95, now have steadies. Boys, there is no time like the present.

William Charette, attendant at S. S. No. 43, decided that a certain desirable young lady had the name of Marguerite "Fur long" enough, so unanimously she became Mrs. William Charette. Bill and the "Mrs." visited Saginaw and Bay City on their honeymoon. The cigars were enjoyed. Good luck, Mr. and Mrs. Charette.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Neal A. Snyder, attendant at S. S. No. 36, claims it is not necessary to take a hot sling to work up a sweat, as he claims he has found the latest, which has the same effect, and that is to look at the end of six inches of steel. Neal was held up on the night of May 10 just before closing the station for the day.

L. G. Braybrook, attendant at S. S. No. 41, in reading the Kalamazoo paper, noticed that the county clerk made the statement that providing his business did not pick up it would become necessary to raise the price of a marriage license. Braybrook is a strong believer in keeping the cost of living down. Accordingly, he found the "party of the first part" and he is now "the party of the second part." Was it really a way of keeping the cost of living down?

Harry Winterburn, truck mechanic, is back on the job again, after a long siege of illness, due to appendicitis. Glad to see you back, Harry.

W. B. Locey, attendant at S. S. No. 36, when asked the reason for his smile on April 25 said, "It's a boy." We haven't found out "sonny's" name as yet, as Locey said the only thing he could think of was "Semdac." Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Locey.

Midge Cross, rural T. W. driver, claims he has enough orders booked for his limit catch of bass. Let's wait to see what his excuses will be.

J. L. Dooley, agent, is yet undecided as to his attire for the summer of 1924. He's debating between a Palm Beach suit and an overcoat.

"Chef," attendant at S. S. No. 63, upon being asked the baseball score between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids in the Mint league, came back with a reply as follows: "Wait until June 31st for the 'Finol' score, and Grand Rapids will forget they ever had a baseball team, although the score will be in 11/5 gallons of Polarine Oil." Hit 'em hard, Sheffield.

C. Weenink, T. W. driver, and H. Koning, clerk, just recently mixed in a debate as to the latest song hit. "Hank" says, "It hain't goin' to rain anymo" and "Case" says it's "How dry I am." Who's the judge?

Manistee, Mich.

Manistee has acquired a Mutt and Jeff combination in two new S. S. attendants—C. A. Benson, 6 feet, 4 inches tall, 251 pounds of hustling humanity, and E. Knudstrup, only 5 feet, 4 inches tall, 141 pounds of determination. There ought to be some real competition between these two, as there is no Mrs. Mutt to molest them. We wish them success in their new endeavors.

E. C. Warnes, S. S. attendant, has equipped his "bouncing" Ford with balloon tires. Guess he thinks that he is going to eliminate all the "rough spots" on the matrimonial highway, upon which he is soon to start. Drive careful, E. C., it's a hard road to travel.

A. F. Steffens, genial T. W. driver, commonly called "Grandpa," made a social call to Midland last week. According to statistics, he discovered many new roads on his return. Take a map along next time.

Manistee now lays claim to having the champion heavyweight S. S. men in Michigan—F. A. Nelson, 242 pounds; E. C. Warnes, 217 pounds, and E. A. Benson, 251 pounds—total 710 pounds. How's that for avoirdupois? What other town has three men like this? (Pictures, please.—Ed.)

C. V. Julian, editor of the STANOLIND RECORD, paid us his respects last week. He was on his way to Red Park, on Portage Lake, to locate his family and dog for the summer.

Z. Zielinski, T. W. driver, says, "Women are all angels, they're in the air most of the time, harping all the time and they never have any clothes to wear."

Muskegon, Mich.

Congratulations to Mrs. Anderson. "Robert" made his appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Anderson on June 18 for a long stay. Robert's daddy is agent here.

Ed White, warehouse superintendent, has given up bowling and has taken up bass fishing. Judging by the "fish" stories we hear, he is making better progress fishing than bowling.

John Chidester has purchased two new fish poles. By the looks of them, he is going to give Ed White some competition.

A. C. Anderson had the pleasure of conducting Col. R. W. Stewart, Allan Jackson, B. Parks and R. H. McElroy through the Muskegon plant June 15.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Leslie Baker, chauffeur of the advertising limousine, has "busted out" in a corset, using a lumbago excuse as an alibi. Some of his sidekicks around the plant are arguing that Les ought

to get some chiffon socks, a pair of open-work French heels, bob his hair and cut a real splash.

A. E. ("Speedy") Gustin of the order department, spent his vacation combing the lowlands around Cook County looking for a new accessory to his coupe, not being content with the full line he now uses on the vehicle.

Sidney Kurtz is demanding sympathy over his recent terrible mistake of arriving at the office at 7 a. m. instead of the more hardboiled 8 bells. He refuses to tell whether the Big Ben was ahead an hour or had stopped for eleven.

Agnes Hanlon, secretary to Safety First, while out Fording with her beau, entertained herself between telephone poles by correcting the queen's English as spoken by her companion. The entertainment, as far as Agnes was concerned, ending in plenty of fireworks when she got her continents and worlds all balled up—as the following dialogue proves: Beau—"Well, you know so much, tell me, how many continents are there?" Agnes—"That's easy, there are two, the old and the new."

Arrived at this port, one Lawrence Henna, June 26, via Willys-Knight. They say he don't stop every mile to dust 'er off, now.

"Stick 'em" exercises were forced on C. C. Knoop, S. S. No. 92, Indianapolis, by a colored man wielding a butcher knife. Knoop says it had the same effect as a .45 and maybe more so.

In an effort to soak in some of the grief carried by the office, "B" Station Instructors Frank Strain, J. T. Burns, Ernest Boyer and Noble Eaton were recent whole-day visitors.

Act 1, "Going"—Miss Nelle Sage and Miss Agnes Hanlon entertained at a miscellaneous shower on Miss Irene McCurdy, at the home of Miss Hanlon on June 14. The house was decorated in wall pockets and baskets of pink and white roses. The gifts were presented in a large crepe paper rose and the ices in the form of cupids and hearts. Winners in the bunco games were the bride-to-be and Miss Daisy Voyles. Miss Voyles, in capturing "Spark Plug," announces that she will spend her vacation horse riding over the plains near Martinsville.

Act II—"Gone"—The marriage of Miss Irene McCurdy to Thomas P. Newett was solemnized at Holy Cross Church June 18 at 8 a. m.

Mrs. Charles Hanrahan, at the organ, played Mendellsohn's Wedding March for the entrance of the bridal party. During the ceremony, Mrs. J. Connelly sang "I Love You Truly" and Ave Maria from Gounod at the offeratory. The bridesmaid was Miss Ruth Hoss. After the ceremony a breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents. Those in attendance from the office were Mary Thompson, Nelle Sage, Daisy Voyles, Thelma Nieman, Elizabeth Amos, Ella Wagner and Georgina Eshelman. (Correspondent's note. Miss McCurdy was our very popular and talkative compto operator and we learn that Tom goes by the nickname of "Chatter," so their married life won't be exactly a "Quaker meeting," will it?)

Coming down the home stretch of a four-round tournament with some super-golf, our own Billy Reed of the stock department finished up next to Chick Evans in the Amateur Invitational held on local links, June 14 and 15. Bill has a white gold watch worth a century note for his trouble and a very satisfied air. (Well, maybe we can't bowl or play basketball down here, but we sure got *some* "GULFER," eh, Editor?)

After popping off at such premature datings as 11:58 and 11:59 A. M. and fizzling badly along about 12:02 and 12:03 P. M., to the agony of our official truant officer and the possible detriment of the "naval observatory, hourly" time-piece, Warehouse Foreman Adolph Bode is now in a position to state with emphasis that the foresaid "vistle" "vistles on the dot by the warehouse yet and never did 'vistle' for the office folks, nohow."

Anderson

After Carl Norris, S. S. No. 13, got held up, he went right down to the hardware store and measured some 6 inch stove pipe. When asked his reason he said he was only satisfying his curiosity after looking into the exit of a .45 automatic.

What is troubling the Safety committee? Plenty. How did Sam Long, city M. T. driver, pull that thin dime from George Lewis, S. S. No. 24. Sam smoked, too, and laughed, too, and some more too's.

All the scales in Anderson have gone bad. Because Ray Rector just knows that he does not weigh near 249 pounds.

Sitting pretty in a pretty little city, so quotes Harry Shuman, Middletown agent.

S. S. No. 38 now harbors a composer—A. A. Harshman. Three new Blues records are due for an early release: "Solicitation Blues;" "Always On, Never Off Blues" and "Oh, Where Is That Utility Man Blues."

Newcastle

Is this why there has been no news lately from Newcastle? R. M. Gant, agent, is busy playing a private fishing place where he pays 25 cents for the privilege of drowning bait and taking his chance on hooking fish or old shoes. R. M. is also cutting in on his spare time experimenting with Bovinol as an exterminator for potato bugs.

Crawfordsville

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Holland entertained the SOCO bunch in honor of their twelfth wedding anniversary. The house was beautifully decorated with vases and wall pockets of red peonies, white iris and ferns. Prize winners of the various contests were Mrs. Frank Lane, Mrs. Mark Ellis, Mrs. Leo Steele, Mr. Swank and Guy Harper. Agent L. J. Swank in a very pleasing talk presented the host and hostess with a linen table cover and napkins. Ice cream, angel food cake and coffee were served to the following guests: Guy Harper and family, Joe Shubert and family, Mark Ellis and family, Lester Swank and Family, R. F. Lee and family, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Faith, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Steele, Harley Clifton and O. W. Steele. The occasion resulted in the organization of the Travertine Club Election of officers were as follows, president, Lester Swank; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Leo Steele. The social activities of the club calls for a weiner roast later in the month and some sort of a stunt each month thereafter—down through roasting ears, watermelon, papaws, less than ½ of 1 per cent cider, etc.

Muncie

Making him look so much better that his wife took him for a movie star, George Davisson, warehouse man, has reason to be elated over

the purchase of a new cap. And if this does not make Agent J. J. Miller smile, we pass him up for life.

Shorty is on the sick list now, but we think he will improve nicely if we can keep him in Muncie for a few days and nights, which isn't saying much for Anderson.

Harry Burkey knows among other things the price of milk. He sure does.

Clark Mull, S. S. No. 61, was receiving many letters from furniture houses, then he called for time out, so now it is Mr. and Mrs. Mull. (Congratulations).

Richmond

Attendants C. A. Wright and Thomas Littlejohn can have the pleasure of knowing that a group of business men made the remark that S. S. No. 98 is the neatest and best looking station in or around this city.

The boys at the office seem to be heavy with the mop. Go to it, fellers, that's how I got my start, signed E. W. Stout, reporter.

Scotty and Englebert are being noticed for their grass mowing and pump shining abilities.

Here comes G. H. Thorp and E. Daugherty, S. S. No. 80, desiring to Ethylize everything from scooters on up.

Terre Haute

Dear STANOLIND RECORD: Sorry to disappoint you this month on news from here, but we are all hitting the ball between showers and not much time to gossip. Coxey's dome is getting balder, Bobby Lee is waxing fatter and Norman Orloff has loaded up every outlet with Campers and Tourists candles "to burn." Outside of that we don't know a thing but might some day, so beware, signed "the Hut Bunch."

EVERYBODY, TUNE IN

Because Terre Haute, Clinton and Aurora have been getting up (verbally) long before the sun rise in attempts to show that "clocks don't mean nothing in the Indianapolis field" it has been suggested that other fields come in with their best stories of early risers and squelch the Hut, Clint and the Roaring Aurora. So, Saginaw, South Bend, Minot and you other English jugglers, tune in with just how early folks get up in your neck of the woods.

JOLIET, ILL.

Miss Agnes Paton (Office) and C. H. Kniep (Field), Correspondents

Office

Employees of the Joliet office were very much grieved to hear of the death of Gladys Gallagher of the dictaphone department on June 9 after an illness of several months. Gladys was employed at this office for about four years. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the family.

H. E. Keating, our very efficient lubricating salesman, has been transferred to the technical department in Chicago. We wish him success.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Smego announce the birth of a baby boy on June 15. Congratulations, and many thanks for the cigars and candy.

August Schmidt is a grandpa. He has a new granddaughter who was born in Lexington, Ky. Congratulations, proud grandpa.

Orrin Smith says a good looking woman is a novelty. But how about the good looking men, Orrin?

Everyone thinks Helen Kramer's new dress is charming. We could mention the names of several who think it exceptionally charming, but we value our life.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Byers announce the birth of a son on June 4. Mr. Byers is our agent at Benoa. Congratulations.

Miss Helen Rimmke of the dictaphone department spent a most delightful vacation in Indianapolis and vicinity.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to our agent at Dundee in the death of his wife; to Roy Olson of the warehouse, in the death of his brother; to Elmer Campbell, assistant cashier, in the death of his sister, and to Lillian Lundberg in the death of her father.

Albert Hartong, clerk in the check department, underwent a serious operation last week, but is doing nicely at this time and we expect to see his smiling face in the office soon.

Lillian Lundberg has just returned from her vacation, which was spent at The Dells, Wis.

Miss Helen Kramer of the dictaphone department has just returned after spending a week in Michigan, having motored there. She has had some wonderful experiences on her trip, especially with the spiritualist. We will be on the watch to see what the big event will be that she predicted. Don't take same too seriously, Helen.

Field

Charles Heil has opened his service station at Kankakee, Ill. We wish you the greatest success, Charles.

Wilbur Hobson is the Bovinol king at Kankakee.

Carl Alm has joined the Kewanee gang and is now a full fledged Standard Oil tourist. He is touring on a truck south of town and will make those hay kickers know we are doing business at the old stand.

Joe Stewart, the smiling boy of the S. S., is now racing his governed truck in the north territory. That smile has made many a farmer make his hogs and cows happy with Mica and Bovinol.

Since Sonny Humphry let a train run over his Ford, he has been rolling down to work in a Reo. Looks strange.

Wilson Smith, attendant in Geneseo S. S., is now working both shifts. The fish in the canal and the crows and other wild things around are safe as long as we can keep him busy for fifteen or sixteen hours a day.

Louis Rahn, agent at Geneseo, has bought a restaurant and has left the company. We all wish him success in the new venture.

Charles Swearinger is the new agent at Neponset and is up and at 'em. We feel sure that there will be no complaints on lack of service in the future.

William Starnes, attendant at S. S. No. 41, Oregon, is the proud father of a baby girl. Congratulations, Bill.

Harry Allen, agent at Oregon, is giving his home a couple coats of paint in his spare time. As he has been at it three weeks now and it is not finished, we believe he don't have much spare time.

John Voss, agent at German Valley, is very proud of his Ford truck which has received a coat of fresh paint.

Agent Oscar Vietmeier contemplates buying a new Nash Sedan. He claims he is not going to let Abe McKinley of Freeport with his Jordan Sedan take all the honors as a sheik bachelor. Better look Oscar over, Joliet, before you fall for Abe.

Agent L. D. Coffman of Byron is out for a record on Semdac. Better watch out, Orangeville, or he will beat your last years' record.

Agent Al Pyfer of Polo is building a new tile, two car garage.

Mr. Rideout has been transferred to field work and was succeeded by F. Wingert.

C. H. Rosentiel has been added to our T. W. force. Look out for the Mica and Bovinol sales at Freeport.

Robert Ellis is the new attendant at our S. S. No. 29. Mr. Ellis succeeds A. A. Graff, who has been placed on our clean-up squad.

Wilbur Partridge is the new attendant at S. S. No. 303. We are looking for some good sales, Wilbur.

Mr. Black believes in celebrating the Fourth early. Eh, Erv?

Oscar Walz, our city salesman, is chasing flies in the country with Bovinol.

It's not a rumor, it's a fact. Ralph Matthews has a girl and has purchased a new bungalow. We're all ears, Commodore. When are you going to step off?

Bill Beaman says he goes to Oregon to spend the weekend with mother and nothing else. Don't tell that to the oldtimers, Bill. The evidence is too evident.

Both S. S. at Dixon show a big gain for last month. We know the reason why. There's a traffic cop on duty to keep the young ladies moving on to make way for the next one when Jerry Kilday is in charge. More power to you, Jerry.

C. E. Poisel has been downcast of late. There is a rumor afloat that old "Gun Powder" is to be replaced by a new truck. Never mind, Cliff, you'll get used to some other one in time.

M. E. Potter and Frank Kness are still wearing the "mouse's mane" on their upper lip. Aren't you supposed to amputate it when hot weather comes on, boys?

C. M. Good has a new friend in Rockford. He says it's an Italian gardener. Does he do anything else, Clarence?

Clarence Wenstrom, the white headed sheik, insists on going to White Rock when an outing is mentioned. What's so nice up there, son?

Bill Brechon says: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Eldena." We don't know just how he wants us to take that.

George Acker of S. S. No. 30 has a big smile on his face these fine days. Business is good and he's getting new customers. Go to it, George. The bigger they are, the harder they fall.

George Otis is doing some truck repairing in Sterling this week. George says it beats all how them trucks hold together.

R. W. Crawford, cashier, wants to know who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle when Rip Van Winkle went away?

C. E. Tousley, truck driver, reports he got the farmers going on Bovinol. Some farmers still insist that it ought to smell to drive the flies away.

Ray Walzer, S. S. attendant No. 25, thinks the station should be open all night. No wonder. Ray's sweetheart lives next door.

W. F. Bennett and William Limond are Sterling's champion pool players. When is the next game?

Guy Jones reports the first 100 pounds of Silo Wax sold.

B. E. Kelsey, truck driver, in demonstrating Bovinol to a farmer customer, went to the pasture with Mr. Farmer to find the cows. Mr. Farmer picked out one supposed to be a cow. Mr. Kelsey started application from the rear, as directions require to get under the hair. All went well until Kelsey got to the head. Mr. Cow turned his head and Mr. Kelsey discovered it was a gentleman cow he was demonstrating on. Mr. Kelsey beat his own record in getting out of the pasture. Never again.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

J. Joseph Wilhelm, Correspondent

The way N. A. Armel is stepping around so highly here lately certainly must have a reason. Well, folks, here it is: a big baby girl. Congratulations.

J. E. Rogers requested a day off recently. It developed that he had a very good reason—he was to be married. All the boys of the S. S. department extend their hearty and sincere congratulations.

Roy W. Curnutt, our S. S. superintendent, who has been in ill health for a long time, has been granted a leave of absence. He has left for Colorado where he hopes to be his old time self again. S. C. Hudson is taking his place.

The S. S. department announces the resignation of J. E. Kincaid, who leaves to take up other duties. The best wishes of the organization are with you in your new endeavor, J. E.

The Polarine campaign has come to an end for the S. S. department June 12. The department was divided in two parts, the North Side and South Side. It was a peppy fight from the start but the North Side boys nosed the South Side out by a few points. But the boys feel proud as it shows that we can sell Polarine by the barrel and half barrel lots and make 'em like it.

Here is another reason why the boys are proud. Look this over. Doc Collum came through with a record drive during the three days before the end of the battle. R. M. Greenleaf won a new hat selling more Polarine than any other attendant during the campaign. Pick out a good one, old top.

A splendid meeting was held at Pittsburg, Kans., by Supervisor Claude Cochran.

Vic Walters, who has held down the rapid fire station at Sixth and Grand for the past three years, is leaving us July 1. Vic is going to take his family and Henry down South. We wish you all the luck in the world, old boy.

The following new men have joined the ranks of the S. O. Co.: N. D. Gilmour, R. P. Austin, R. D. Fraker, J. M. Davis, J. D. Church, H. L. Green, and E. O. Fisher, all good men.

J. C. Calhoun has resigned and we wish him the best of luck no matter what he intends to do.

H. K. Wells, formerly of Eighth and Minnesota, is now on the sales force. It's his first adventure and the organization is backing him strong.

H. T. Rees, our high pressure salesman at Har-

risonville, Mo., and Miss Cleta Gazell Johnson embarked on the sea of matrimony on June 22 at Topeka, Kans. The Sales force and the office extend to Mr. and Mrs. Rees their hearty congratulations.

The following new agents have been appointed to the force: John Stosopp at Baxter Springs, Kans., and A. F. Melvin at Baldwin, Kans.

Joe Fortner has again changed his address. He has now moved to Butler, Mo. What's the matter, Joe? Does the landlord bother you too much?

The large majority of the office force missed the time of their lives when they did not see the two ball games between the Tigers and Bear Cats. The Tigers are a team picked from the office by the crafty leaders M'Garry and Billy Merrick. The Bear Cats were picked by Bullet Joe Wilhelm of the traffic department.. The Tigers won the first tilt, 9 to 3, and it was a knock out. The second game was won by the Bear Cats, 18 to 14. Now comes the real game which is to decide the best team in the office. Both teams are all primed up for the fray.

One thing we would like to know is, why does Miss Rachford of the dictaphone department go to Carrolton, Mo., so often? Come on, Helen, tell us. Is it a He?

Miss Latimer and Miss James are newcomers in the office lately. Welcome to the fold; hope you will like us.

John Seward, cashier, has been on vacation and he tries to tell us he did not work his garden.

Homer Longsdorf has a new Chevrolet car. Now what's Homer up to?

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Our sincere sympathy is extended to C. J. Stokke, who recently lost his father.

N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, visited the La Crosse office June 30.

Some of our new S. S. attendants are, Roy Smith, Joseph J. Johnson, Homer Brodie, Leonard Boisen, Emil Johnson, Lewis George, Dyer Campbell, V. B. Stillwell, Earl J. Barnier, J. O'Connell and Harold Bell.

R. C. Snyder has been installed as agent at Knapp, Wis.

Jack Groenert has decided to get Ed. Henneman's fish hound to guard his car the next time he visits Chippewa Falls, Wis. Spare tires don't grow on every bush, do they, Jack?

A. F. Anderson, tank driver at Westby, Wis., has been installed as agent in that city.

Miss Alice Ortwein has resigned her position to take up other duties. Yes, household! Alice will be married the first part of August and expects to make her home in Chicago. We wish you much happiness, Alice.

Peter Degnen, agent at Lewiston, Minn., still believes in dreams evidently. Not long ago he was invited to spend the night with relatives in the country. Pete was awakened about 1:30 a. m. having dreamed that he had left the door of the bulk Station unlocked. Pete dressed, drove to the station only to find that the door was locked. We'll wager that Pete won't believe in dreams again.

F. W. Blumrich, salesman at Red Wing, Minn., visited the office June 14.

Miss Marguerite Thrune has taken over Miss Ortwein's position along with having charge of the transophone department.

Jack Groenert left to attend the Stanolind University at Whiting, Ind.

Marguerite Thrune, Myrtle Robinson and Clara Severson delightfully entertained in honor of Alice Ortwein, who is soon to be a bride. Alice was presented with a linen table cloth and a half dozen napkins. Each of the girls brought their favorite recipe for Alice's cook book. Eighteen girls were present.

We wish to welcome Miss Amelia Waldenberger into the Standard Oil Family at La Crosse. She will be found in the transophone department.

The Social Club held their annual basket picnic June 22 at Myrick Park. Coffee, pop, ice cream and peanuts were furnished by the club. A ball game and races of all descriptions kept the crowd busy most of the day. A wonderful time was enjoyed by all.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

Mary Wackwitz, stenographer, makes frequent visits to the old farm. At last the reason for these frequent trips has been uncovered. An attractive hired man detracts much from the loneliness of farm life.

As a salesman, Carl Kuehne, credit department, is giving some pointers to others in the organization. Two new accounts of some size, one on Polarine and the other on Red Crown, is Carl's achievement within the past sixty days.

At the salesmen's meeting held at the Mankato offices on May 31, C. V. Gunion was welcomed back into the organization as salesman in the Windom field.

Charles Sloan and Silvy Bjerke, attendants at the Owatonna S. S.'s, are mightily elated because they led the division in sales of Finol during May. They certainly did incite some envy by their endeavors.

Joe Bieberle, warehouse man, is kiting around in a brand-new rubber-tired vehicle. It will soon be necessary to enforce parking rules within a block of the office and warehouse.

The accident department suffered a reverse when A. M. Holte's car was struck by another car, June 10. Mr. Holte's car was badly damaged but he luckily escaped serious injury although laid up for a few days. (Private car, Mr. Singleton!)

Jack Krier, Clarence Humm and John Grimes went calling on John Pischel, agent at Waterville, on June 15. Mr. Pischel wasn't at home so the three office men went fishing, and when a severe storm cut loose, they got a practical taste of the fishermen's proverb.

Paul Kern, sales department, when he heard that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to love, secured for himself a canoe, a lassie, and blithely paddled his fanciful way up the romantic Minnesocta. But the engineer of the dredge at the tile works had no blissful dreams or youthful love. Little suspected he that budding romance was drifting on the river with the current. He lowered his huge bucket and Paul found himself struggling in the water. Luckily the frail craft did not overturn and the lady maintained her seat, but Paul had to paddle to shore in the cold water while the folks on shore

telephoned for a taxi to convey him to his home. Oh, cruel, cruel world!

On June 3 U. R. Diehl, Fairmont truck salesman, submitted to an operation for appendicitis. He is once more well on the road to health.

Syd Fields and Lee Thomson with their wives set forth on a fishing trip, June 5. They expected to land the big ones which swim in northern waters and be back on the job on the Monday following. The garage seems somewhat lonesome without them, so the boys say.

The office men have organized a diamond-ball team which will fight for honors in the Mankato city league. On June 5, our team trounced the Patterson Mercantile aggregation but the lack of practice was very evident. Earle Johnson must reduce his sylph-like form to more modest proportions before he can hope to cover the third sack with fitting alacrity. Clem Neubel's center of gravity is very unstable, judging from his antics in the left garden, but you ought to see Joe Roemer run! There is the fastest runner (in one place) we ever gazed upon. All we need now to beat Minneapolis is eight good men. We've got a good pitcher who will develop into a second "Greb" if he lives long enough.

A. F. Weber, smokestack salesman, and family spent June 8 with the Giberson family at Faribault. Now Salesman Giberson plans on transporting his family to Mankato to visit the Webers some Sunday.

We hate to admit that the Faribault baseball demons defeated Mankato for the second time at Faribault on June 7. We like that Faribault outfit—Dilly, Fisher, Schilling and all the rest of them, but right after they win a baseball game they are the most disagreeable bunch of geezers in the universe.

The auction bridge championship still belongs to C. J. Humm and his partner. Challenges will be accepted in the order of receipt but out-of-town challenges are particularly desirable since all worth-while competition in Mankato has been disposed of. "Veni-vedi-vici!"

The Mankato Petroleum Educational Club is pleased to see other clubs of similar nature springing up in other divisions. The Mankato membership has held some very interesting and instructive meetings. The club will not meet during the summer but in September activities will be resumed with papers by J. J. Meyer and C. J. Humm on "Operation of Automotive Equipment." The program committee is preparing subject matter for the entire 1924-25 season so as to give members ample time for preparation. The club has adopted a ruling that papers are no longer to be read. The talk may, however, be given with the aid of notes. In this manner the membership secures excellent practice in public speaking which is one of the primary purposes of the organization.

A scab on the nose was George Pratt's reward for over-enthusiasm in erecting "Sorteberg's Wonder Mica Post." It seems that Doc Sorteberg has invented a Mica Post which, among other contraptions, has a strong spring. George attached the spring to a hog house and the hog house fell down. George is salesman on the Pipestone field and he says this is true. We have not as yet interviewed Mr. Sorteberg, who is the salesman on the Tracy field.

John Mulcahy, attendant at S. S. No. 28, Waterville, cavorts around the hot corner for the Waterville baseball team in the Waseca-Le Sueur County league. Judging from all reports of the games, John is some third sacker besides being a lusty wielder of the ash.

C. H. Sorteberg, also commonly known as "Doc," salesman in the Marshall field, is causing great rejoicing among the hogs through his activity in selling Mica for hog posts. Doc knows hogs. In fact he knows more hogs and more about hogs than anyone in this division, consequently he ousts the elusive hog-louse from his lair, and frequently places his field at the head of the list on Mica sales.

'Tis rumored that hair-pulling and anguish is about to result between Angy and Mildred, they being both enamored with one J. H. Gunn, who is our salesman in the St. James field. Look straight ahead while in the office, Mr. Gunn, or dire things will result.

We are pleased to annnounce the marriage of T. H. Devinney, our agent at Hardwick, to Elsie Catherine Johannsen on June 11, 1924. The office extends hearty congratulations and the men acknowledge with thanks the box of excellent smokes sent in by the groom.

N. H. Reed, advertising manager, spent June 19 at the Mankato offices.

Our organization extends sympathy to J. W. Armstrong, whose father, H. B. Armstrong, passed away in Portland, Ore., on June 10. The funeral was held in Mankato on June 15.

The Red Crown Club will soon be ready for its annual picnic. President Brown is making plans to outshine all previous years and the various committees appointed state that this will be a real celebration. The benedicts are engaging in daily workouts of diamond-ball preparing to trim up the bachelors. The barnyard golf enthusiasts have been heaving the horeshoes at the distant pegs so as to get the old arm limbered up for the big championship events.

Lillian Paulsen is exhibiting a most intense interest in the great American game of baseball and is making a special study of second base and team management. 'Tis well! Mankato's second baseman is leading the league.

MASON CITY, IOWA

Frank H. Doten, Correspondent

Within the last week Red Rowland shows marked ability and anxiety with reference to becoming part of our local censorship committee.

We are pleased to have L. B. Hanna with us once more. We always like to see him walk in to pay us a visit.

A farewell party was given by some of the boys from Des Moines to T. G. Hobbs at Henry Thomas' home. Mr. Hobbs has gone West to try his hand at tilling the soil on his father's farm. Good luck to you, Mr. Hobbs.

See Joe Gasseling or Harry New for a new use for green ink.

Jack Welch, our local Caruso, is now aspiring to become a farmer. While digging in his garden recently he made a hole for his potatoes that was fully as big as a grave. We don't know whether or not he ever dug a garden before, but he says he has. However, Jack, a potato plant does not need as much room as that.

Mr. Miller: Never try to dictate letters into the dictaphone unless the motor is running.

We are glad to welcome Miss Fisher back to

the office after her recent illness.

Russell Evans recently spent the week-end traveling around Algona in a Buick sedan. He is still wandering around in a trance. Which is it, Russell, the girl or the car?

Mr. Ofstie, our local salesman, recently took a picture. Now we have no camera. How come? Were you in front of it, Art?

Our park across the street from the office is a great place for the boys to meet their friends at noon time. Evans and Galbreath are satisfied to see only one girl at a time, but Dick insists on sitting on one of the benches with a girl on each side. Divide 'em up even, fellows.

C. G. Peterson, salesman at Clarion, is the proud father of a twelve pound boy, born June 14, 1924. Mr. Peterson is usually very truthful but when he states that he has christened his son "Polarine Pete" we are somewhat skeptical. However, that is a firstclass name.

E. F. Sandahl, agent instructor, calibrated a tank at Grundy Center. Since then he has made two trips back there. What is the reason? Is it to verify the stick or is some woman in it?

Notice to Mr. Maitland and Mr. Larson: Don't go so fast when driving through small towns in the future.

In spite of the fact that the gentlemen of the office endeavor to keep the hall and stairway clean, Dorothy Hall refused to eat one of the ice cream cones Frank Doten was delivering merely because the ice cream refused to stay in the cone.

Beg Your Pardon, Allen

In the June issue of the RECORD your correspondent was in error in showing A. A. Nayes' name as "Adam" Mayes. We take this opportunity to rectify a great error as Allen A. Nayes says he is so well known around the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) that he wants people to know when he gets into print.

We hereby nominate the following as champions in their respective classes. We believe that they have earned the nominations and if the following sports were listed in the Olympic Games there is not much doubt that the gentlemen mentioned would represent the U. S. A. H. E. Hanson, golf; Will Kern and R. E. Neuble, fishing; Jack Welch, songster; C. L. Manson, driving a machine without a gas tank and also noted for his patience when fishing; A. O. Ofstie, patience when driving with a governor on his car; A. A. Nayes, swimming, and H. B. Wright, driving without gas.

We will back these men against anyone in the employ. J. J. Len should also be mentioned when speaking of golf.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Morton B. Dodson, Correspondent

We are in receipt of a notice of the sudden death of A. R. Mularkey's father. Mr. Mularkey is our general salesman.

The following S. S. attendants were promoted to the Sales force: A. Blumenthal, M. Neils, F. Graham, B. Kelley, K. Purvis and H. Stoll.

We have recently opened eleven new S. S.'s and with their aid expect to put Milwaukee on the map.

Stewart Farley joined the Milwaukee Safe Parkers' Club, paying the initiation fee of $4.41.

Chester Hacker, attendant at S. S. No. 3, claims his Hupmobile coupe can make forty-one miles per hour. In fact, he has the evidence to prove it. Ask him to show you.

G. Rohwerder was called home from his duties at S. S. No. 28 to become acquainted with a new arrival at his home.

Slim Jim of the record department, commonly known as Buege, pitched a wonderful game (oh, boy!) for the Semdac team, allowing only sixteen runs in two innings. Another future Walter Johnson.

Earl Collins is still using his puddle jumper as he is afraid his radiator will freeze on the car which he intended purchasing last October.

We noticed the happy expression on E. Christianson's face May 24. Upon investigation we learned that it was his wife's homecoming. He is now humming the famous ballad: From Sunshine to Sorrow.

Help! Fire Department! Mr. Stanley Hansen of the credit department took onto himself a Studebaker. After getting his usual driving lessons he got nerve enough to take the car out alone. After returning from a short drive the engine became overheated causing the car to ignite. With the assistance of neighbors he was able to extinguish the fire without much damage.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Chester J. Webb, Correspondent

The spring program of the Red Crown Social Club was fittingly terminated, June 4, with a party given at the main office. It served to better acquaint the folks with the new officers, Douglas Johnston, Guy Van Antwerp and Ardis Osgard. About sixty participated in the fun-fest which included dancing as of yesterday and today. Circular two-steps proved highly popular and effective in getting the folks better acquainted. Charles Banning's Melody Monarchs proved to be a front rank organization in their ability to supply real syncopated harmonies. The musical program was interpolated with several piano-vocal numbers in true southern style by a local vaudeville comedienne. Frank Jordan, capably assisted with his eccentric antics. Plenty of delicious refreshments were served during intermission and the Solite Ice Cream was a big favorite. President Johnston has not divulged his program of coming events but we can be assured of an active season on the strength of his past accomplishments in the social limelight. Hugh Glenn Moshier, the Mah Jong wizard, temporarily set aside his oriental pursuits and came to the party, making the attendance of Past Presidents 100 per cent.

Office

Mr. Sire of the order department, one of the leap year matrimonial prizes, was observed May 29 bringing the usual morning bouquet to none other than our good friend Birdie Anding. (Renville papers please copy.)

You wouldn't think she was so heavy to look at her, but every time Miss Ofstun sits on her chair it begins to fall to pieces.

Art Ofstie, formerly of our bunch but now with the new Mason City division, dropped in to see the bunch during the Memorial Holiday period. Art should have gone into the advertising busines judging from the way he described Mason City division and activities. Good work, Art.

On June 12 the girls of the stenographic depart-

ment had a weiner roast on the banks of the Mississippi. Although Margaret Tuffley ate a lot she was able to entertain the kids of the neighborhood by chasing them around the field. Emma Madsen and Selma Risty were crippled the next day due to the strenuous exercise of climbing the river bank. Everyone had a good time and got home safely, although Merrill was driving the Ford. "Honey" certainly knows how to plan good feeds. Yes, Merrill Ofstun had the new Tudor Sedan for the evening and the girls extended a vote of thanks to Henry Steffes accordingly. The location selected for the picnic proved a wonderful setting for Miss McCauley to give a few of her classical dancing numbers. "Billy" ranks with Pavlowa and St. Denis in her terpsichorean ability. Judge Leslie Rossiter, senior member of the legal department, capably acted as chaperon and saw that all activities were within the law.

Has anyone heard the news? Van Kirk is considering joining the American forces to the Olympic Games. He certainly is some runner. Just ask the boys who saw him do a marathon at the Minnesota Union at the time he handed the cashier two wooden dimes in payment for strawberry shortcake.

The following amicable fellow employees have bid us a fond farewell, having taken unto themselves each a wife: D. A. Grant, from the credit department; Ray A. Williams, from the check department; L. C. Bauman, from the general supply department, and Paul Peterson, foreman of the garage. We certainly thought that quartet was immune to the wiles of women, but behold, they all succumbed within ten days of each other.

Ask Gladys Munro what Henry Rockendorf says when his shiny sedan receives an unexpected shower of water splashed up by passing cars.

One of the boys recently saw Carl ("Moustache") Frandsen of the sign shop applying Grow More Hair Tonic to the decoration on his upper lip. It has since been learned that he had received a compliment on this sorrel adornment from one of the fair sex and is now trying to capture all honors. Luck to you, Moustache.

The older members of the SOCO family in the Minneapolis Division will be sorry to learn of the death of Lester Ellis' father. Mr. Ellis was one of the star bookkeepers on our force about a year ago.

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Pearl Heller in the recent sickness and passing of her father. Mrs. Heller is one of the old crowd, having been with us for a number of years.

Field

Salesman Geist of New Richmond, Wis., is a daddy once more. Their little family totals three children, the latest acquisition is a girl, who was born Election Day. Oh, yes, his chest in inflated considerably.

Pat Persen, agent at Willmar, is always coming out with a challenge. He now informs us he will lead the Minneapolis division on Bovinol Oil sales.

Michael O'Donnel is our new agent at DeGraff. Mike is noted as a hustler, and we welcome him to the SOCO family.

Ole Heen, agent at Maynard, says he is pleased to hear he is eligible to participate in the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan.

Service Station Department

Roy Walburn says he wants to be transferred from S. S. No. 47, as it is too near Oxboro Heath.

Fred Robacker was seen carrying a new Big Ben alarm clock one morning.

C. E. Barnes at S. S. No. 36 says Major Parker's talk on Polarine was good, but if they will give him that much time with a customer he can prove to him that it's impossible to have tire trouble while using Polarine.

Lock up the fill pipes. Larry Fischer is loose again.

When Tackelberry's, at S. S. No. 52, air compressor gets out of order he just blows her up himself and keeps on selling Red Crown.

Lost, one note book by George Davidson. Finder can have two best 'phone numbers and return book. No questions asked or answered.

Eddie Holt says he can't see why they never let him address the boys at S. S. meetings.

Clarence Barnes swears he caught two big bass in the basement of S. S. No. 36 during last week's flood. "Clarence, be yourself."

George Davidson pulled into No. 33 the other day and found an attendant he had never seen before. Upon inquiring he found the man to be Henderson himself. Hendy's nose looks three inches longer with his moustache hacked off.

As Oscar Lind says, "It's a tough life when your landlady makes you park your flivver in the alley." Some people have no appreciation of antiques, have they, Petter?

Where do you park your chariot, Washburn?

No wonder Carl Henzel, our 300 pound S. S. attendant at No. 319, never gets in jail. You should see him in the copper's sidecar that takes him home. If Carl breaks the sidecar, he will lose his drag with the force.

Mike Anderson played a game of golf the other day. He succeeded in keeping his score under 200. Mike says he is going out again and try the second hole.

"Monkey Wrench" O'Connor is going to take boxing lessons. He has decided it is ungentlemanly to clop even a bandit with a wrench.

If there is anyone in these United States that wants an agreement, let him talk with Art Ziegler.

Will someone find out how Bussey of No. 56 keeps his wax collar so clean?

Bundy of No. 57 hunted all over Minneapolis to find "Lake Blaisdale" so Quack could wash his car.

The stenographic department would like to know how to "install" flowers. It is being done at the service stations. Perhaps Larry Fisher can inform them.

MINOT, N. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

Manager Beaton and Assistant Manager Hathaway have just completed holding agents' meetings. One of the outstanding features was the able talk given by Mr. Hay on Specialties.

Two of our office force who can vouch for the beautiful scenery on the Surrey Road,—Barnby and Miss Daly.

Miss Billy Wouters, our former head stenographer, paid our office employees a visit and reports the credit department in A-1 order. Glad to see you, Billy, come again.

Marie Tiber just returned from an extended trip to Fargo and Watertown, S. D., claiming that Lake Kampeska is a real summer resort.

John O. Locke has been transferred from the field to new duties in the office. All of the girls are with you, John, even though it has leaked out you are soon to be married and success is sure to be yours.

Specialty Salesman E. J. McKellar reports entire satisfaction with being placed in charge of the Hettinger field.

N. R. St. Marie, better known as "Hell Marie," is a new member of our sales force, who will be known as agent instructor. This live "frog" has marked sales ability and we know our agents will welcome his assistance.

The Merry brothers, Ed from Reeder and Charles from Taylor, where they displayed marked ability as agents, have recently taken charge of the Hettinger agency.

Cliff Benson is our new agent at Reeder.

J. E. Loutz is our new agent at Taylor.

All members of the Minot Division extend their heartfelt sympathy to Agent Wetzig of Manfred in the loss through death of his wife.

Salesman A. J. Pass: Tell us all about the red tag being placed on your auto.

Who says that the Standard Oil Families are not doing their part to populate North Dakota? Born to our Agent and Mrs. J. O. Kravick of Elgin, N. D., a baby girl. To Agent and Mrs. H. G. Schoonover, Selfridge, a baby boy. (Their first born.) To Agent and Mrs. P. A. Johnson, Mott, N. D., a baby girl. To Agent and Mrs. John H. Franz, McClusky, a baby girl. To S. S. Attendant and Mrs. I. J. Beehan, a baby boy. To Salesman and Mrs. Matt Warnken a baby boy. (Matt doesn't know whether he will make an agent or a salesman out of the late arrival.) We congratulate every one of these happy parents.

No wonder Agent Franz was unable to attend the agents' meeting. Fifteen years of married life and then the arrival of a baby girl would detain most any of us, but as yet Jack has not told us what name will be given to his daughter and—Incidentally, we smoke "Chancellors."

One of our most welcome visitors was R. H. Reed of the Chicago office to whom we all feel deeply indebted for the progress we have made and we sincerely hope that he found conditions that would meet with his approval.

Cando Field

By E. C. Lang

Had Agent C. B. Yeager, Rock Lake, attended the recent agents' meeting at Devils Lake, the Cando Field could have boasted 100 per cent attendance. Sorry that you didn't appear, C. B. You missed something worth while.

Our new S. S. attendant at Cando, Will Lipp, says that he wouldn't have missed the meeting for any price, and is making use of some of the valuable information that he learned there. More power to you, Bill.

That story that Matt Haugen told at the banquet about Minot isn't true, Matt told us after the meeting. However, Matt had them going.

Johnny Nicholas of Perth says it isn't true that he uses Stanolax on his hair, but on account of the numerous demonstrations he has been making on the Mica Hog Post. What makes it so curly, John?

And now Dan Donovan of Mylo is sporting a Jewett. He has tried so many now that when we are in the market for anything but a Ford we will ask his guidance. He ought to know.

The two Scotchmen, Bobby McPherson of St. John, and Sammy Wilson of Starkweather, got together at the agents' meeting and it was like a meeting of the clan—or a horse race. It was a *close* race, neither would admit anything, except advice, as they said that it was free.

Frank Geisen is going in training for "public speaking." Frank certainly has been in hiding a long time, but now that we know his number, he will be called on, and Frank likes the work, he says.

Ira Corson of Rolla was the same busy Ira at the meeting. Was everywhere and into everything. Of course, the meeting wouldn't be successful without him.

Fred Kraus, Calio, says that he is glad that his station is in the Minot division and that we should have a meeting about every three months instead of every year.

Oscar Anderson of Hansboro and Ed Hall of Webster were there on relating experiences and telling stories.

S. S. Attendant O. C. Melroe, Devils Lake, is to be congratulated on having sold the greatest number of 5 gallon cans of Polarine at his service station during the month of June.

Yes, we noticed the sparkler that Ann Richards is wearing. They say that "Bump" of the N. P. is the guilty guy.

June 25 was not only an outstanding day on account of primary elections but will long be remembered by all of us as on that date Robert W. Palda, son of Judge L. J. Palda, married our amiable efficient file clerk, Genevieve Charlotte Vandenoever. The wedding ceremony was read by Father Hougan after which a sumptuous dinner was served at Mrs. Palda's home—Peter Vandenoever's. This fall they both will enter Ann Arbor where Mr. Palda will complete a course in law and Mrs. Palda will take up a course in designing. We all extend congratulations.

J. E. Sayers, candle sales promotion man from the Chicago office, paid us an official call and gave very able sales talks, which will assist this division in selling more candles.

Agent John Reinbold at Balta, N. D., has been called to serve on the Pierce county jury at Rugby. John states he will try to get off as he is too busy selling S. O. products to be tied up on a jury.

Agent Adolph Rognlie of Minnewaukan returned home from Fargo after spending a week on the Federal jury.

We are pleased to learn that Agent C. J. Holton of Hamberg has made arrangements to give all his time to the handling of our business at that point.

Agent Christ Haugen, Sheyenne, is the proud owner of a new Ford truck. Christ says he will take the vice out of ser-vice.

TUNE IN HUT, CLINT, AURORA

Talk about service. Agent H. F. Leader at New Rockford, delivered a load of gasoline and had breakfast with a farmer at 4:30 a. m.

C. P. Peterson, our big good-looking warehouse man, stepped into the seas of matrimony on June 7. The lucky girl was Miss Elizabeth Johnson. Congratulations from the S. O. Family.

Harry Overby breaks previous eating record. For full details, see Mel.

Agent Henry Warnke, Flaxton, made a flying trip to Minot, hurrying back that no one would be out of S. O. products.

Ella Ramstad returned, June 23, from a vacation spent at Fargo and the lakes in Minnesota. Ella reports a nice trip and the catching of some real fish.

Agent Bakken of Heimdal got stuck in the mud on the way home from the agents' meeting, and was obliged to spend the night at a farmer's home. However, Ole made good of the opportunity and sold the farmer some Bovinol and Mica axle grease.

Agent Lewis Axness of Maddock has returned from Hunter's Hot Springs where he went for treatment.

Rugby Field

By A. G. Cummings, Salesman

Ed Kjelsbus, who has been spending the winter in California, away from the snow balls, has been reinstated as agent at Souris. Ed says he doesn't like California, because he never hears the name Polarine out there.

LeRoy Spillum and Carl Sand have joined the S. O. Family as attendants of S. S. No. 14 at Rugby. We welcome them and wish them a long life with the SOCO.

Albert Ekblad, agent at Bottineau, has found business so good that he has had to buy a new Ford truck.

Everyone "hits for cover" when O. Blessum of Augby comes down the street in this truck. Obert has "dolled" his truck with a coat of red paint and a new tank and it is very easily taken for the fire truck.

Miss Brauer, the file clerk, made it tough for one of the boys by filing his coat and hat.

Frank Bosworth, our agent at Raleigh, was married in June.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Glen Oak pool is a mecca for Standard Oilers these stifling days and nights. Even some of the old boys who can't swim go over and sit on the "sidelines." We wonder why. (And pix, P. A. J.?)

Little Mary enjoyed very much the solo rendered for her benefit the other day, after 5 p. m., by our gifted warbler, the selection being "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

Agent Ed. Wright of Jacksonville dropped his genial self in the office recently, and paid us a visit. Always welcome, Ed.

Wonder if Charlie Winslow's lady friend has started for Oklahoma yet?

That isn't John McNeff's shadow. It's our portly driver's new "police dog."

Slim Jim Brown is back in the harness as Atlanta agent again. Glad to see you, old timer.

Eddie Lobber, new track driver, at Cissma Park, passed cigars by way of celebrating the arrival of a 7½ pound boy. Attaboy, Eddie.

George Zeter takes the reins—or the wheel, speaking correctly—as agent at Lincoln. Good luck, and lots of it.

Suggestion is made that a hog oiling post be erected to take up the wear and tear at the corner of Springfield warehouse that Rags Hanson and Charlie Nave like so well.

Jack Constant blew a tire near Springfield the other day. Ralph Coleman was sent to the rescue. Jack told the rest like this: "He no sooner got there, by gosh, than boom goes Coleman."

John Sherwin demonstrated the automatic barrel filler to some salesmen the other day. Evidently, he intended to show off Cleaners' Naphtha as well, because all he did was plaster one chap's pants with heavy Polarine.

J. H. McNeill, C. F. Bockwitz and F. M. Evans have joined the S. S. force at Peoria. Herbert Smith transfers from Toulon to Peoria as a stake truck driver; E. M. Newcomb transfers from S. S. No. 1 to Sales department and clean-up squad, likewise J. H. Douglas from S. S. No. 10. Welcome, boys, and good luck.

H O. Willhardt of S. S. No. 15, Peoria, resigned June 10 on account of ill health. Here's best wishes for recovery.

This speaks for itself: "Thanks to the bunch for their interest shown on my behalf Wednesday night, June 18.—D. F. Chittenden."

Simms loves blackberry pie. (By the way, what kind of pie doesn't that bird love?) The waitress at the "Greasy Spoon" took pity on him and served him a half instead of the ordinary cut and then "Big Hearted Joe" yelled when the "bad news" came, afterward.

Judging from Station Examiner Pyle's car, the boys with the California top roadsters should carry can openers as part of their equipment.

Mechanic Houston is going to take the Summer furs off his upper lip if it gets much warmer.

Agent Busboom of Gifford, who was recently married, has our congratulations. Now, watch the full line go!

On June 12 we enjoyed a visit from Mr. Heinan, chief clerk at Joliet.

Our "old" young friend, Christine Vehyl, now of Grand Rapids office, was a guest at the Social Club dance, June 27, and was kept busy renewing acquaintances.

Bill Herbon tells this one: Auto parked by competitive S. S. near a Peoria hotel. Chap comes out of hotel, examines motor, walks across street to Standard Oil Station, and buys a gallon of Polarine. Comes back, pours it into motor, climbs in and drives across to Standard Station to fill up on Red Crown. Drives back and parks again. Friend in front of hotel, having watched performance, remarks: "Why don't you go in here?" indicating competitive station. Car owner: "H—l! I know where to get my gas and oil."

Our ball tossers have shaken their jinx. After a bad start the boys pulled themselves together, and with "Pete" Eberle and Harry Rose back in the line-up, started a winning streak that has extended for four Saturdays, and has carried them within one game of the top in the Commercial League race. Eberle's pitching has been the main factor in the reversal of form. "Rosie's" usual sterling field work has helped mightily, although Harry has not yet begun to crash the apple in his familiar style. Draper, a newcomer in the outer garden, looked like a brilliant prospect in his sole appearance to date. The team is hitting well, and fielding much better. In this department the youthful "Red" Bouten at short field is the idol of the rooters, his sensational grabs featuring every contest. Nothing unusual for the kid sorreltop, however, as he is known for his work all over the state. League fans are beginning to pick the Red Crowns as sure flag winners. Here's hopin', boys.

Strange tales are told of Assistant Manager Maulsby's death-defying feats in that Washburn restaurant.

Don't understand what induced Art Pyles to come to Standard Oil as he had a fine job up in Iowa at a big salary. (Well let Art explain the details and the amount).

"Chet" Young, our efficient and hardworking sign painter, is a bitter foe of the weather man. "Chet" has been doing a lot of outside work lately, and seems as though the wet weather follows his trail. Several nice Red Crown discs have required repainting after an inopportune downpour just as Young finished. The other morning in Bloomington he decided to beat the chap who turns the faucets, so got up and on the job at 4 a. m. He finished at 6 and sat down to breakfast before "moving on." And then—it began to rain. Oh, how the cuss words flew!

Elmer Jolly, assistant to Powers in the construction department, "departed" the single life on June 8, when Miss Lillian Schleicher became his life partner. Elmer and his bride took a Canadian trip on their honeymoon, and he sent Powers a wine list from a Toronto hotel that went all over the office and had Heser, McCready, Powell and a lot more of our bibulous fellow workers licking their chops and looking wistful.

The Social Club cast off its inertia on June 27 to stage a dance and card party at the Glen Oak Park Pavilion that was a huge success. Seventy-five couples crowded the floor to the really melodious strains of Mehlenbeck's Arcadians, while the card tables in the annex offered entertainment for a merry throng who could not or did not dance. Late was the hour when all departed, so late, in fact, that some of our lads and lassies narrowly escaped being blown away in the tornado which nearly wrecked our fair city in the wee sma' hours of that same night. All in all, the affair was a triumph for the committee, and should pave the way for various similar occasions during the summer months.

We knew Assistant Chief Clerk "Pete" Bornholdt was of a loving disposition, but we didn't know it extended to bulldogs.

T. W. Driver Ralph Coleman of Springfield recently took unto himself a wife. Our correspondent shamelessly neglected to furnish the bride's name, but, anyhow, Ralph, here's long life and happiness to the both of you.

Springfield nearly lost "Rags" Hanson the other day due to the fact that his father left him asleep in the house with the gas stove partly turned on, but not lit. When Rags got the drift, he made for the door, and the fresh air put him down for the count.

Oscar Lemon, S. S. No. 26, Springfield, demonstrates the superlative in service. A lady drove into the station and could not hit the drive. Oscar called on her that afternoon and offered his services as an instructor. He was accepted and so far has given three lessons.

Nels Reistad, attendant at S. S. No. 26, Springfield, feels so close to nature since he was transferred there from the office that he is taking up aesthetic dancing, and flits around like a butterfly in attending to the wants of his customers. (All very nice and pretty, young fellow, but don't you go trying to run that station in only a yard of chiffon.)

Guy Rees, the "runt" of the checking department, told his fellow workers that his lady friend announced her arrival in Peoria recently. Great stuff, Guy.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

The "Big Four" campaign among the service stations is ended. The winners are: Polarine Oils, S. S. No. 3, Hannibal, Mo.; Polarine Greases, S. S. No. 31, Moberly, Mo.; Semdac, S. S. No. 8, Macomb, Ill., and Finol, S. S. No. 8, Macomb, Ill. These three winners are to be commended not only for leading the field in this campaign but also because they did not specialize wholly on these products. They made a fine showing on the full line.

D. V. Wayland, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 8, winner of the Semdac and Finol sections of the campaign, has been transferred to the Sales force. This will give him a better opportunity to demonstrate his ability with a sample case. Success be yours, D. V.

We take it all back. In last month's STANOLIND RECORD we stated that H. W. Jones of Farmington, Ia., had been appointed agent-instructor. Instead, he was placed on the regular sales force. Beg pardon, Casey.

Salesman E. E. Dodson has the lead in the Bovinol campaign. Elmer is getting to be some fly-chaser. Sales Manager King adds that it's a good thing the stuff isn't used on chickens.

June 11 marked an epoch in the life of Elmer Hand. "Bloomfield" became a man that day. No more of this teeter-totter stuff for him. Just now he is recuperating from a dose of ivy-poisoning. When he returns to his post of duty he'll do some explaining as to where he met this ivy.

The girls of this office gave a theater party June 24 at the new Washington Square for Mrs. Rees, who is leaving us for the Golden West. Eats were scheduled as part of the program, but as the party left the show and wandered into the foyer, great was their dismay to see the rain pouring down in torrents. Girls were huddled together like chickens, waiting and longing for some good Lochinvar to call them. Imagine their delight in finding Charlie Heitz in the lobby, who with one little runabout offered his services and the little old Ford looked like a Packard. Don't know what time the last girl was delivered home (ask Janie) but nevertheless the party was thoroughly enjoyed and everyone reported for duty the next morning at 7 a. m.

Rhynsburger: "Who is our agent at Maywood?" Bell: "We have Nunn."

Our newest S. S. No. 312, La Belle, Mo., will soon be ready to help boost the full line.

Salesman J. F. Ireland has been transferred to the position of city salesman in Keokuk. Now the dam city ought to show as big a gain in specialties as it has been showing in Red Crown due to our live agent there.

Recent visitors to this office include: Loren Minton, of New Canton, Ira Schnur of Griggsville, Riley Culpen of La Belle and J. L. Hofmeister of Lewistown. Wonder who Ira's friend is here?

'Twould be a dire calamity for Harry Brunat should the corn crop ever fail.

Somewhere in Quincy there's a person with a taste for beautiful nighties. Janie Donald and Mrs. Rees are minus their prettiest since some bold burglar made a raid on their homes.

And still the family grows. Young ladies have arrived at the homes of Agents Fred Schmuck

and W. P. Stevenson of Warsaw, Ind., and Kahoka, Mo., respectively, while George Davis, son of Carroll of the check department, is the latest embryo salesman. Congratulations, folks.

June vacations were enjoyed by the following: Florence Hughes, Esther Taylor, Ethel Doerr, Margaret Ernst, Lee Bell, Carl Bexten, Bill Bradley and Richard Cody. The last named youthful prodigy accompanied Lee Bell to his home at New Salem, Ill., but he only stuck it out two days. Evidently the sheik is an asphalt arab, the sand hurts his eyes. Margaret Ernst motored to Kansas City and paid a call on Mrs. F. B. Conrath while there. Bexten motored to the Windy City, supposedly to investigate the merits of the American Legion, which organization he desires to join. (?)

Hurrah! The Indian Mounds Municipal Pool is doing business. We've learned that the only reason more of the girls don't make use of it is because they fear it will get their names, and perhaps their pix in the STANOLIND RECORD. Oh, what a modest and retiring lot of girls! (Oh, gosh! Can't you do something, Henry?—Ed.)

J. H. McGartland, efficient Quincy mechanic, has been transferred to the construction department, succeeding S. R. Rodgers, who has wandered to other fields.

Harry H. Palmer has signed up as our agent at Elsberry, Mo., and is hereby notified of the good wishes extended him by the entire field. Let us hear from you, Harry.

Virginia Kohl didn't enjoy the June electrical storms one bit! The way the light above her sputtered and buzzed was enough to frighten the most brave hearted young lady.

John O'Donnell spent a day in Keokuk in the interest of the asphalt department recently. By the way, John is getting to be quite a golf fiend. The worst draw-back about his game is that he has to rush home early so Mrs. John won't know he borrowed her clubs. Or am I mistaken?

On June 25, E. F. Engles of the equipment department paid his farewell visit to this field, bringing with him his successor, Mr. Heintz. We certainly hate to lose our fine friend and wish him the best of success. Hope you'll like us, Mr. Heintz.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. George W. Scott and son in the loss of husband and father. Mr. Scott was one of Quincy's veteran drivers and his sudden death came as a severe shock to every one of us.

Several very interesting and instructive meetings of the Petroleum Educational Club have been held since the last issue. High lights among the talks were those given by Messrs. Tandy, H. W. Jones, Carlson and Jolidon. At the last meeting a paper on the "Origin of Petroleum and the Oil Fields of the World" was read by Emmett Thompson. The Club is beginning to whet its appetitite for a feed now.

Keokuk, Iowa

Bill Meyers, attendant at S. S. No. 26, knows more about changing money now than he did. Well, anybody can have an education if he pays for it, eh, Bill? We sure would miss Bill if he stayed away from his old station.

Oscar VandenBoom is spending his vacation in the country, painting pumps. Those we have seen look like the rest of his "up to standard" work.

When it comes to running up a commission check, leave it to our drivers. They seem to have realized their opportunity in the selling of case goods, etc., and their commission check shows they are making an effort. Whenever you see Siney and Elmer with their heads together they are figuring out who led in commissions for the day, while Ernie keeps track of his on his cuff, and Bill puts it down at home. As Abe Martin says: "Nobody can keep your commission down except the fellow walking around under your own hat."

We received a copy of the "Safety First Certificates" and are putting in our order now for fourteen diplomas at the end of 1924.

Along with the other things Van can do is swat the ball. He went out with the bunch one evening and demonstrated to their complete satisfaction.

We asked Mr. Boughner the other day what was the difference between whiskers and hair. He replied that the only difference is in the location; that later in life the hair moves from the head and settles on the chin.

It's surprising what just a little work will do. For instance, pipe the plant yards. All of those old barrels, as well as those unsightly back-number barrel racks, have been taken away and Yard Foreman Hanlin has the place as spick and span as a lawn on the avenue.

Another thing we are proud of is the condition our trucks are in. A good bath each evening and a weekly inspection, along with the application of plenty of oil and grease, has made a world of difference in appearance to say nothing of having them always ready to go and deliver the goods. VandenBoom and the boys are surely doing their best on our trucks.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

Hey, Girls! We have something new in hair cuts to offer. Rube Kern is our living model. After having your hair bobbed and the back portion shingled, why not a head shave?

Mr. Keating was recently endeavoring to beat the coroner to the curb when a prominent business man halted him and fastened to his manly bosom a beautiful red rose. He was afraid to look for fear it was a lily.

We announce the birth of a baby girl on June 27 to Mr. and Mrs. Kolb. We all congratulate them on their good fortune.

S. S. No. 36 was opened June 21 at Corunna, Mich. J. W. Street is the new attendant. Look out for your laurels you Polarine salesmen.

J. S. Albertson, former smokestack salesman at Flint, has been appointed agent at that point.

The board of health had posted smallpox signs showing how awful one looks when he is all broke out. Two minutes later, James W. Phillion, wife and three babies were sitting in the city hall with their arms all bare just praying that Dr. DeKline would hurry up and fill them with vaccine. The correspondent can vouch for this as he was the next after Jim and family.

John Leahy, steel barrel clerk, is struggling along on one pencil since his force went on her vacation. He reports that Jack the Peeper has been peeping in his bedroom window lately and he is worried that someone is trying to discover his secret.

Glen Niendorf's horse filled a vacancy on one of the carnival merry-go-rounds which proved highly remunerative to Glen but the 'orse is still so giddy that he has to be wheeled to his meals on a stove truck.

The "Harem" is now 100 per cent bobbed hair and we defy anyone to produce a like number of individuals who look any better or worse than they. Our office contains the most complete assortment of modes we ever expect to see. If any other division thinks they have anything on us, produce the argument.

Harold Plowe, our cartage clerk, is built so close to the chandeliers he is obliged to wear balloon rim glasses with far sighted lenses to see if his shoes need shining.

Fred Stolz is pretty solid with the stenographic department. How that child must suffer from palpitation!

Edw. Barrenscheer, assistant cashier, wants to know how to get the green stain off his pie snatchers. Search us, Edward, we never handled enough greenbacks to know the color comes off.

Harold Lester, stationery clerk, accompanied the Elks drill team to Boston in June. He says it was one of life's greatest disappointments. He didn't see anyone baking beans, there were no tea leaves on the shore and some fisherman tried to get a net over his head.

Frederick Merle Carle, credit manager, discontinued the use of tobacco with the astonishing result that he is getting on the market for a new dress suit, and he has to lather up another chin every morn. Wonder what it would do for Dudley Jones?

Clembert Kolb, Lochinvar of the velocipede, is getting to be some brown bottle washer.

M. C. Theobald is planning on a campaign to induce Lew Berry to sell more Semdac in his territory. Lew says he'll have to get some other argument as the usual domestic equipment in his territory consists of a spring cot, heating stove and a trunk.

O. E. Smith is our new salesman from Sebewaing.

We regret to announce that the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Curtis, our Millington representatives, passed away on June 4. We extend to the sorrow-stricken parents our kindest condolence.

A. B. Winters, our Henderson agent, has been confined to hospital care. We trust that he will soon be around again.

Claude Avery, salesman, has been under hospital care at Ann Arbor. We understand that he is responding to the good care he is receiving.

Oh, yes, Clayton Lehr has been experiencing a little physical discomfort. Ask him for the particulars.

Bob Allardice, our radio enthusiast, got the first ether wave that ever made a canvas of his ten cent store outfit and that as during an electrical storm when enough lightning came in over his variocoupler to loosen the crowns of an Arkansas mule.

S. S. No. 55, Chesaning, was opened for the public on May 31. F. F. Cornair will give the motorist the delightful sensation of Standard Oil Service.

On June 6, S. S. Nos. 61, 64 and 65, at Flint, were opened to the public.

As a chauffeur "Too Lieu" Berry, our scribe who portrays the doings of the Arctic Zone, would make a good store dummy. Recently he attempted to show Joe Follette, Onaway agent, how to get his truck in the garage without opening the doors with disastrous consequences. Joe says he hit all the stationary objects in the fourth precinct and the only gears he didn't strip was his head gear.

Miss Ruth Blondheim, one of the charter members of this office, severed her relations with this Company on June 14. We understand she will favor Detroit with her presence. Well that's Detroit's good luck, not ours; let them do the bragging.

Miss Irma Kawfield will add class to Dudley Jones' department.

Albert Lindberg says the canary business is on the increase. He says they multiply faster than a comptometer and all he has to do is count up his profits at fifteen dollars per bird. His only worry is bird seed.

The office girls gave Miss Blondheim a farewell party at Frankenmuth June 10. They indulged in a chicken dinner which can only be duplicated in Bridgeport (ask Mr. Mildenberg). They brought Clarence enough drumsticks to play the chicken reel until his arches break. Clarence bought himself a new drum outfit and he has more equipment than a nursery.

Miss Mary Ryder is enjoying the delightful sensation of riding in her brand new Ford coupe.

W. J. Hasse, who claims to be more sincere than George Washington, sought to prove it by chopping down a cherry tree and since there was no tree around for the demonstration he attacked an orange box with a broad axe. In his effort to avoid chopping off one of his good feet he stood at attention on a tenpenny nail that cost him four dollars for medical attention and his chance of getting inside the pearly gates.

A few days ago we looked down on the street and saw a man standing in the middle of the pavement directing frenzied gesticulations at two gallon bottles containing a transparent fluid and concluded it must be Rudolph Nebb converting some prospects on the merits of his magic water "Noxage" but as he became more enthusiastic with each fleeting moment he introduced a few of those minstrel steps which betrayed the identity of our own salesman Sam H. D. Snyder, the lubricating engineer. If he had chosen the profession of faking, that boy could be a millionaire.

S. S. No. 63, Flushing, was opened to the public on June 16. Philip S. Bruner will be the man in charge of Standard Oil good things.

We were very sorry to learn of the recent death of Ovid Agent F. R. Comstock's grandmother, who succumbed to an attack of black smallpox.

Saginaw Warehouse

Jay McQuiston, driver of the furnace oil truck, is back on the job after a brief illness in company with the mumps.

Herman McGivern, night watchman, was confined to his home for a few days.

A customer came in, sniffed the air and asked if we were putting a tar roof on the warehouse. The joke was on him as it was only the fumes of Glovers Mange Cure radiating off Stewie Reid's deserted scalp.

Several new faces have made their appearance in the Service Station department. They are D.

L. Smith, S. S. No. 301, and H. V. MacDonald, S. S. No.. 2 Welcome, boys, we hope you all make a hit.

W. M. Sodeman, formerly of S. S. No. 301, was transferred to the stock department a short time ago. We miss "Bill" from the S. S. department, but he is one of the chief checkers out our way on inventory day.

Fred Bittner, T. W. driver, became the proud father of a baby boy on May 22. His name is Clayton Lysle. Fred says this makes two boys for his table. Congratulations, we say.

James Willum Fillion, cashier, traded off his portable liability for a Chevrolet that had been making eyes at him. It appears that Jim used his wits and wished it off on Leo Rosback, the parcel post man. He doesn't have to do so much hand shaking with this one.

F. M. Brieske, formerly at S. S. No. 301, has been transferred to the S. S. department. Frank will visit many stations now and inspire them with a consuming desire to sell 5 gallon cans of Polarine and Semdac. We understand he's putting it across.

Admiring friends of Chester Howell, Ashley and C. B. Lehr, Alma agents, are wondering what happened to them after a recent salesmen's meeting. They claimed they were going to the circus but turned up missing at the ticket box.

Bay City

A very interesting S. S. meeting was held in the warehouse on June 26 with F. D. Church in charge. Charles Lauer treated those present to a very instructive speech on service. Mr. Church followed with his third talk on service which was considered to be good (it being understood that there are two kinds of good). Mr. Wagner's absence was caused by his being out with the rural men collecting S&NC's.

George Colby, former stake truck driver, has assumed the role of T. W. driver. Good work, George. We know you will show us how to get the gallons.

Elmer Large, the saxophone virtuoso and attendant of S. S. No. 50, has been confined to his home a few days with throat trouble. He is around again and the neighbors are again listening to his evening rehearsals.

Have you seen Earl Wagner's hat? If you haven't you don't know anything about masculine vanity. It is an elaboration on a lady's Easter bonnet and a Polish church.

Phil Jonroe of the office has moved again. This time it is a little farther away from the office so he will be able to take more time for his beans.

Clarence Snogren is a quiet little fellow and never divulges his secrets but from the frequence with which he commutes to and from Saginaw we believe we have guessed his secret. Strange to say these pilgrimages date from the Saginaw party. The correspondent would like to know who she is.

F. D. Church, Safety First Miller and Hank Bosley were talking in our office recently when Frank noticed the red button for the first quarter and wanted to know what it was for. Evidently our Polarine salesman doesn't know there is a campaign on this year.

Dad Reip, warehouse, takes his good wife out to pay a friendly call and when he gets ready to go home he is unable to recognize his own hat. It has been suggested that he change the brand or move out of that district as he is showing bad effects of indulgence.

"Ted" Cummings came into the office in a new gray suit that will undoubtedly make some wren leave home. He is anticipating a trip to the Saginaw office where he will get a few admiring smiles from the flappers.

Pa. Lauer was in town, June 26, and spent considerable time trying to find out how the Bay City Boys keep their service stations looking so nice. He told us on the Q T that Saginaw is not in it with us when it comes to exceptional trimness.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Wetters, June 19, at the Mercy Hospital, a daughter, Mildred Sybil. Congratulations, John. He is one of our genial T. W. men and we are not surprised at the things he has been doing of late, that is, wearing two neckties at once and a different hat every week day. By the time he rears a family as large as that of SPJ's he will need all these extras.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Moeller, a son on June 15 at the Mercy Hospital. The little fellow's name is Harper Paul. We congratulate them. Walter is attendant at S. S. No. 10.

Field

Walker and Slim of S. S. No. 16 say Adrian is a poor town to get wet in, either way.

George Betteworth of S. S. No. 37 says a hundred dollars doesn't mean much to a banker. How about it, George?

If Bill Gardner of S. S. No. 22 goes to Canada, will there be another married man working for the SOCO? Who can tell?

S. S. No. 62 is losing Mr. Short. This is not a case of the SOCO getting the long end of the deal.

Our S. S. superintendent, J. W. Morse, planned to buy a five gallon can of Polarine, but Harry Parker of S. S. No. 36 couldn't wait so he sold one to Jim's wife.

Glenn Seder of S. S. No. 13 says that number may be unlucky but take a look at the sales record. Perhaps it isn't all luck. Maxwell is also an unbeliever for on that date the stork left a bouncing baby girl at his home.

With Eymer, the Rhymer

For fear I might drop dead some day, with many things unsaid, I'd like to here enumerate some things my agents did. Bert Sanderson, when snow was deep and oil was needed bad, delivered some to village stores in buckets, all by hand. John Bowen ran his Reo truck on hilly roads in flood. One bridge was out. John jumped the gap and took the whole darn load.

Another one did things up fast. New job and truck right after, and this boy's brand new wifie's name is Mrs. Floyd Slater.

Now Johnnie Frank's at Point Lookout with bathing beauties all. Finds time to sell most everything, and Eureka Harness Oil.

At Curtisville, on Glendon Bill, a farmer played some tricks, but soon he learned that Red Crown gas and water never mix.

La Vack, no more plays at baseball because of broken legged pains, but he can sure deliver goods to Uncle Sammie's planes.

Earl McEhleron, with Tawasville is always very busy, but he's not married, so Tawas girls are naturally quite dizzy.

Gus Tennis broke the Sabbath day with varnish paint and brushes, and now it's with a "Brand New" truck, he to the country rushes.

Lew Berry's "B" Liners

Well, another month has rolled around and all we have to show for it is a few more empty cans in the back yard. It's a funny thing, we no sooner get the ashes hauled out, than we start to replace them with tin cans. It's a cinch we can't all be rich and I am more than pleased to know that I was endowed with more than my share of manly beauty.

Onaway is still on the map. The steering wheels are not moving as fast as usual, but that's to be expected. Smiling Joe, our agent, has had a few set backs which tends to make him dig in all the harder. His daughter, Nancy Rose, is getting to be a big girl and Joe complains that she stays out too late in the evening. He can't see what the younger generation is coming to. Mr. and Mrs. Joe and the daughter hauled into Cheboygan a week ago Sunday, drove to ye scribe's house and asked to heat the water for the baby's bottle. Now, I ask you, can you beat that? Taking advantage of a baby and putting water in her milk!—Attendant Bert Clute has had quite some spell of sickness in the family. First friend wife was taken sick and then little daughter June contracted some of the ailments of childhood. Bert remarks that between selling or rather trying to sell "Semdac" and taking care of his family he is some busy boy. Clare Pollard of the same port spends his idle moments trying to make the "Durant Special" do a hundred and four miles per hour. He complains that they build too many turns in the roads for a person to tell just what this year's model lawn mower will do.

Millersburg.—Forgot to mention that E. R. Soop was in this vicinity during the past week and that it was, as it happened, a very good thing that he came at this particular time, as he was obliged to give our friend, Ben Hill, a reading lesson. The lesson was given just after Ben finished changing a tire and it dwelt upon the merit of reading a letter in its entirety before attempting to answer. For further details we refer you to Mr. Hill whose address is general delivery, Millersburg.

Rogers City.—Bill Gross complains that someone in the Saginaw office has forgotten that he is still with the Company, as he has not received his copy of the STANOLIND RECORD for the past two months. Now it looks to me as though someone was in for the sweetest "bawling out" of their young life, in event that Bill is forgotten again. A little more "pep" in the mailing room, says Bill, or someone's name will be "Dennis." Should anyone make the claim that they have an agent who knows how to work, or should anyone be about to make that claim, we ask that they go slow as we will tell the "cross-eyed" world that this here Bill Gross we just mentioned has the world beat when it comes to working. Bill has never figured why the sun goes down. When it does, he says that he always has a lot more work to do and that just when he begins to feel that it might be well to take a little rest the darn sun has decided to get up and he is all out of luck. Bill claims that it will bring anyone bad luck if that person sleeps after or during the time that the sun is up. The only reason Bill has beds in his house is so the rest of the family can get some sleep, but for Bill a bed is just something to put his clean shirt on. The S. S. at this point has received a fresh coat of paint. It looms up like a Polish wedding at this writing and we are taking steps to keep it in that condition. Chester Clark, attendant, has taken to golf. He remarks that it is just as well to know how to play that game as he expects any time to be called to New York and he might wish to play a round with "John D." Chester shakes a nasty stick and if he could always hit the ball he would be a wonder. Ed Bruder, attendant, was once upon a time a blacksmith, but you wouldn't think so to look at him. He looks more like a bank clerk or a preacher. Ed is the fellow who measures the Polarine tank when he goes off duty to be sure that he didn't short change his partner. He found it a pint short the other day and he is still loooking for it.

Posen.—We hesitate to relate that Agent Phil Lewandowski and family had tough luck not so very long ago. Mrs. Phil had finished the family washing somewhat late in the afternoon and, according to the usual practice, she hung the garments out upon the line to dry and that evening the family retired as usual, but they left the washing on the line. Now comes the mystery—the washing was on the line when they retired. but it wasn't on the line when they arose. Phil remarks that they left two clothespins and the line and that is the part Phil can't figure out. Why should they leave the line? Whoever it was that pulled this job never heard our slogan, "Do the things of today exceptionally well" or they would have taken the line.

Hillman.—Agent Arthur Sabouine reports that Mr. Timmons of the Saginaw office spent a week with him during the month. He also reports that Mr. Timmons, because of his great length, could not find a bed in Hillman to his liking and it was necessary for him to spend his evenings in Alpena. We visited the Hillman station a few days after Mr. Timmons' departure and were told that there was nothing for us to do. However, it was necessary that we assure the public in that locality that we were still upon the job and it was agreed between us, the mayor, and the Chamber of Commerce, that in no case were we to cease favoring the community with our winning ways, but that we should make it a point to call as often as our heavy duties would permit.

Atlanta Agent Claude Sherwood reports that business is going along in great style and he believes he will be able to pay the rent upon the family domicile. Upon our last visit to this station we were joined by Mr. Kressley of the Saginaw office. We called upon several tractor owners and Elmer told them all there is to know about such animals. One tractor owner in particular entertained us with an account of the world war from the Canadian officer's point of view. It was an entertaining discourse. Elmer remarked at the time that he was disappointed in the war because they refused to take him and make a general out of him. If any person in this division wishes to hear a solo what is a solo, we recommend that they get Elmer to sing "Dream Daddy" for them. That sure is a selection which Elmer can render, but to be honest he would make more of a success rendering lard. Mr. Kressley became quite peeved when we asked him if he was any relation to "Straphanger's" dog "Elmer."

Gaylord.—Agent Joe Hale wishes to announce

the arrival of a bouncing baby girl. This makes five arrivals to keep the home fires burning, and Joe is figuring just how much time each year he can spend with each one when the time arrives when he will no longer be able to carry buckets and sell "Polarine." Upon our last visit to this station we were advised by Joe that he belonged to the best baseball team in the city league and that they would play Thursday evening. We stayed to see the game, and if Joe belongs to the best team, the one they played must have been secured from Detroit. Don Bailey, S. S. attendant, has moved his family from the south side of the street to the north side of the same street and directly across from the old domicile. When asked why he made this change he replied that it was a better neighborhood and that the schools were better in that locality. You can see that Don is a progressive young man and if he ever decided that he would like it better in the "White House," that's where he would be. Ray Thum, attendant, is burdened with a 19 model Oldsmobile. When he isn't dispensing Red Crown he is giving the "wagon" first aid treatment. Ray likes to trade. If Ray only had one lamp and someone came along and offered to trade a new wick for the lamp, he would make the deal, provided he knew where he could sell the wick. The last big transaction Ray pulled off, he traded a revolver for a dog. Now he finds that dogs eat and he is looking around for a chance to trade the dog for a phonograph. Yes, sir, start this boy out with a plugged nickel in the morning and he will be back at night with something—an appetitie, if nothing else. H. A. Seeman called upon the "B" agents along the Detroit and Mackinac line a week ago for the purpose of lining the boys up in the stock purchasing plan. We understand that he made a 100 per cent trip out of it. The boys were well pleased with the plan and all were glad that the opportunity was given them. E. R. Soop took the Michigan Central line upon the same mission and it is needless to say that all signed up with pleasure. Harry Anker accompanied Mr. Soop and spent his time looking for signs. He reports that his eyesight must be failing or that the signs he has been so sure of shipping to the various stations are still hiding behind a barrel.

SIOUX CITY, IA.

J. M. James, Correspondent

What a wreck June made of our Sioux City Bachelors' Club! A few more such months and this office would be almost entirely lost to the free and easy life. It is apparent that even Jim Larmer is weakening.

The marriage of Miss Eva Bauriedel to John Norman Elkert took place June 25 at the First Presbyterian church, Sioux City, Ia. H. J. Bemis acted as best man for Mr. Elkert. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast at the Hotel Martin. Mr. and Mrs. Elkert left on a five-day honeymoon, after which they will occupy their new home at 2717 Douglas street.

On June 11, L. P. Zenner, one of our city salesmen, took the flier in matrimony, slipping away to Northfield, Minn., where he was married to Miss Helen Spies of Wentworth, S. Dak. Miss Spies is the eldest daughter of J. M. Spies, one of our old time station men at Wentworth. After spending a few days in the Twin Cities, Mr. and Mrs. Zenner motored to Wentworth, where they spent several days visiting parents and friends, returning to Sioux City on June 19.

Married on June 7 at the home of the bride's parents, were Miss Emily Hathaway and our "Hi" Smith. The honeymoon trip was postponed until "Hi" got his vacation. Zurcher says that "Hi" seems to be much more settled and quiet now.

Married on June 7 at 6 a. m., were Miss Edna Margaret Morrison and William Flicek at the Immaculate Conception church, Sioux City, Ia. The honeymoon was spent in Minnesota, visiting Mr. Flicek's parents.

'Tis rumored that "Jeems" Larmer evacuated Glasgow on Tag Day, and he brought his kilts with him, but refuses to wear them. Scotland's loss is our gain.

John Sayers of the specialty department was in the Sioux City office on June 17 and charged the various city salesmen with exact duties on our candle line.

The annual advertising squad work in this field has started with a bang. The squad is composed of Salesmen Farrell, Carson, Gibson and Hunting. Mr. Elkert is in full command of the expedition and sales took a jump wherever the squad laid its course.

N. H. Reed paid this office an unexpected and much enjoyed visit on June 20. The writer recognized Mr. Reed in a Sioux Falls hotel, due to the picture of Mr. Reed on the front cover of the May STANOLIND RECORD.

Our refined oil and gas correspondent, Henry Miller, is moving to Sioux City from Cherokee. We welcome the Millers as permanent guests in Sioux City.

Myron Thorson, John Wedgwood, Cloyd Clark and William Thomas are new attendants in Sioux City; also Stewart Morrow has been transferred from Missouri Valley to Sioux City S. S. work.

What would "Maggie" say if she had seen that handprint on "Jiggs" Reuchling's coat the other day? Circumstantial evidence has convicted many a man, so you had better watch out, "Jiggs"!

What does Esther Lindgren find that is so enticing about Omaha—is it the climate?

We welcome Miss Hill, a new addition to the stenographic department and hope that she will like us.

Naomi Swanson has a secret——she refuses to tell where she spent her vacation. What a chance for real gossip!

Salesman Riggs is doing good work painting some of the pumps in his territory, and is doing effective work in the erection of enamel road signs in the Madison Field. The advertising truck will put on the finishing touches and that field will be well "Red Crowned" and "Polarined" for a few months, at least.

Gibson, Carson and Iverson are also fiends on enamel signs and their fields are looking better.

Who gets the hat? Salesman Riggs is giving a *new* Stetson hat to the agent or truck driver selling the most pounds of Mica this month. This promises to be interesting.

Fred Barnes died at St. Cloud, Minn., May 9, 1924. Mr. Barnes was an uncle of W. J. Zimmerman, our equipment superintendent.

Swede Stratton, our Smithland agent, is back on the job after a prolonged illness—and in spite of his recent handicap went over the top on Perfection for the month.

Meigs also claims distinction for the Hinton agent, Bill Jahn, as a bucket swinger, but he also states that Bill is very short winded in a baseball game.

Weidenfeller, our Merrill agent, is too big to play any baseball due to the small size of most baseball diamonds.

Jim Baker, the Hornick agent, is building a new home, and is envied by many friends, who are wishing that they, too, might have a T. W. station.

The stork stopped at Jefferson the other day and now "Happy" has another little girl to be proud of, although he says that it's all a mistake since he asked for a boy.

C. S. Winslow, the Ida Grove agent, reports an enjoyable time working for the SOCO. He also reports much good is being done by the use of Bovinol.

E. G. Gagnon, our Colome, S. Dak., agent, has been elected to the position of justice of the peace at that point.

George Grim, our Rock Rapids agent, is the proud daddy of an 8½ pound boy. George promises the support of one more loyal booster for the SOCO.

Jack Carter is on an extended leave of absence because of ill health.

E. R. Blair is the new file clerk, replacing Miss Olden.

Miss Alice Kendall has left the service to accept an enticing offer in greener fields. In other words she is going to be married. We have been unable to get the details of the wedding. May you enjoy forever your new place, Alice!

E. H. Johnson is a new addition to the bookkeeping department.

E. R. Sailor has replaced Jack Carter.

Geo. V. Kieffer, Jr., is our new shipping clerk.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

Why does Leo Wothke always visit the beauty parlor before a dance? Oh, you permanent wave?

The office extends sympathy to Marie Rogers, whose father died the last of April.

Charlie Maggert is supporting a new two lung peddle pusher, otherwise known as a bicycle.

Gena Murphy says Fred Irvin's address is 217 Tongue-Tye avenue. How about it, Fred?

At last Bill Perrin changed that blue display handkerchief he carried so long to one of a milder hue.

George Guymer of the Evansville division paid South Bend division a visit, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Irvine. Fred says that old South Bend division must be pretty good when the other divisions are using our territory for honeymooning.

Roy Aspy, agent at Geneva, was caught picking dandelions one Sunday afternoon! Naughty, naughty, Roy!

Ed. Carmichael, agent at Decatur, says "Nuff Hay Down."

Jim Draper, agent at Fairmount, recently met his competitor on the street and the following conversation ensued. (The competitor has been giving storage tanks to the rural trade):

Comp.; "Hello, Jim, how's business?"

Jim: "Fine, we're not giving away a d—— thing!"

Miss O'Neil is the new secretary to the manager. Welcome to our midst, Miss O'Neil.

A-hah! Now we know why you were so nervous as to drop first the dictaphone mouthpiece and then the phone, old boy! George Gale announced May 2 that he was papa to a new 9½ pound boy.

Harry Ackinson, truck driver at Hartford City, was off work for several days with the mumps. 'Nother one of those guys with the swelled head!

P. Smith, S. S. salesman at Hartford City, has adopted a stray mouse hound. Sic 'em, Jerry!

Herman Shank, Roanoke agent, recently collected a past due trust ticket. How? Confiscated a load of corn, hauled it to the elevator and sold it!

Bill McClellan, Lowell agent, is sure steppin' high these days! Reason? A new baby boy born the last of April. Bill is one of our oldest "B" station agents. Seth David is the little gentleman's name.

Jasper Nicholson, S. S. salesman at No. 50, Huntington, recently was made agent at Arcola. "Jap" says watch me go now!

Wm. L. Folk succeeded Mr. Nicholson at S. S. No. 50. Glad to meet you, William

We are wondering why Ben Keller, S. S. No. 61, Decatur, is buying so much silverware. Tell us her name, Ben.

Frank Moore, S. S. No. 61, Decatur, recently purchased a new "bug," and more recently turned over in it to see how she'd act under difficulties. Better get a governor on it, Frank!

V. Circle, agent at Monroe, is about to put into effect a new chassis for his truck, with pneumatic tires. Salesman Kuhnle says he can go along with him without the usual push, then.

No wonder Harry Schmalzried, agent at Berne, is gaining weight. Swiss cheese, says Harry!

Arline Reed has gone and done it. What? Took a man, we thought it wouldn't be long, because that Ford Coupe wasn't coming around by the office for sightseeing every noon.

It took a long time, but they all come to it. Ellen Forslund had her hair bobbed.

A "steak roast" was given by the Stanoco Club Wednesday evening, June 25, at Potawatomi Park, for members and their families. We left the office right after work and went directly to the park where the chefs went to "chefing" the eats. We noticed that John Marcus has a passionate devotion for Eskimo Pies. When asked what he suggested as the next party John promptly answers "More Eskimo Pies." Be yourself, John!

Fred Webb didn't let the fact that he was a recent discovery of "Chickenpox" keep him from getting his "steak." The last count we had Fred had eighteen to his credit and still going strong.

When admitting that the trimmings from the steaks were good dog meat, Ray Cohn was shocked to hear Luella Richards invite him to help himself.

We couldn't get Fred Steack close to the fire, he said his name might prove his downfall!

As an auctioneer Geo. Gale is the dog's "bow-wow." Had to be did, though. George guessed too many buns!

Walter Loshbaugh was the chief "cut-up" of the evening, murdering a hundred pounds of steak.

Russell Gillis missed the trimmin's for his steak by arriving on the scene of the eats late.

C. R. Burnham, salesman, sure likes to "dope" ivy poisoning. Eh, C. R.?

Oh, Gee! Oh, Gosh! Oh, Golly! You sure should have seen "Spot" Smith trip down the hall one day during June. Reason? New grandson, 8 pounds, 13 ounces.

Under "Remarks" on "Deliveries Made Today" card from Leesburg, Agent, L. J. Osborn, 5/24/24, wrote, "Also a Nine Pound Baby Boy." Name, please?

After spending June 16 at home, W. G. Baer was so full of strawberries and ice cream that a doctor was almost necessary.

Charles Burns was in the hospital during June. We miss you, Charlie. Here's hoping a speedy recovery.

The entire office extends their sympathy to "Doc" Dodge, whose father died the last of June.

Miss Louise DeGroote has resigned to take up home duties and Miss Carrie Livingston was appointed secretary for the Stanoco Club. We hated to lose Louise, but Carrie, we are sure, will be a good secretary.

The Poneto agent's wife says German police dogs are a pastime for F. E. Humphrey.

We wonder what kind of trucking business Pat O'Reilly has entered into?

A road contractor came into Salesman D. E. Witmer's territory a few weeks ago and when he arrived there were six competitive companies to greet him, but bcause he was wide-awake D. E. came home with the bacon! How? Well, Mr. Witmer made it a point to see the contractor the day before.

Mr. Acy was with the boys at S. S. No. 52 this week and gave them a workout and some good instructions.

Mr. Mason is with us at Shipshewana, he is just the same old boy. All are glad to see him.

Sam Tehman, Cromwell agent, is going strong in the sales of Polarine for his territory. He has gone over his quota for the third month.

Wabash, Ind.

Earl Whitehill, clerk, who recently underwent an operation, is back on the job again.

Don Weitzel, city T. W. salesman, says if he must race his competitors he wants the governors removed from his truck.

Well, the old gang went fishing again, but this time there was no store handy to buy salmon—so they ate pork. Oscar Ludders says, "As fisherman, you sure are good sleepers."

We are trying to find where Charles Maddox, agent, got that straw hat, but Charles is mum.

Tyler Martin, T. W. salesman, has went and bought one of those flivvers. Going to take us fishing, T. S.?

Jack Ridgeway, S. S. salesman, was pleasantly surprised by the bunch the other evening. Reason—a birthday. Jack had not had his daily bath when the gang arrived, so accordingly, well, you know.

The "Howling Four," that quartet that you have heard so much about, has been casting about for a tenor singer since Oscar Ludders returned to Logansport. If you know of any one that is good enough to sing with this outfit, kindly send him around. No amateur need apply.

H. A. McAfee, agent at LaFontaine, who was fortunate enough to contract the mumps, is back on the job again. Mack says he will never get the swell head again.

William Schlundt, "B" Station agent, Union Mills, went fishing last Sunday and he tells the story that he caught an eight pounder. Bill says he ate the fish, but swears he don't know what kind it was. While we have always held Bill above suspicion—this fish story gets us.

Michigan City, Ind.

"Smiling Dave" Leffer, clerk at Michigan City, has left the service of the company for more training along the lines of accounting. Luck to you, Dave.

Chuck Eldridge, M. T. W. driver, sports a Ford Coupe. Says he uses Red Crown and Polarine, too.

We welcome to our organization the following new men: Steve Kreshock, driver, M. S. D.; Earl Butt, attendant at S. S. No. 302, and Dale Hurshman, warehouseman.

Joe Pawelski is back at his old stand at S. S. No. 302 and will greet many of his Chicago friends there.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

We understand "Tony" Leffers, night watchman, intends to sell a barrel of Semdac in the county; we knew "Tony" was spending some time in the country, but we imagined it was for another reason. How about it, Tony?

We understand there was a scout in Fort Wayne looking for material for the New York Giants, but after seeing Messrs. Minniear and Carr do a head-on collision, he decided not to sign them up this year, but wait for further seasoning.

Charles Wenrick, T. W. driver, is building an airplane in a basement. What we are all wondering is how he will get it out after it is completed.

H. Smuts, S. S. attendant at No. 83, who brought the bacon back to Fort Wayne by winning the Gold Star for selling Polarine lithographs, also brought the bacon into the City Court when he was charged with speeding. Hansel replied, "Good morning, Judge; guilty."

R. W. Carrington, agent, says he would like to choke the man who wrote that song, "It ain't going to rain no more."

Lyman Rarick, S. S. attendant at No. 31, says he is going to hang up a diploma in his station very soon describing his activities as a schoolmaster. All right, Lyman, when you get through with them they know their stuff, anyway.

Roy Beaman, S. S. attendant at No. 1, says if the river rises any more he wants a raft built for the station. We will send you a life preserver, Roy.

K. E. Lakey, S. S. attendant at No. 30, appears one week with a moustache and the next week minus one. We now understand pressure from the home circle causes this situation to exist. Never mind, Keith, we are married, too.

Lafayette, Ind.

E. A. Schnaible is the proud father of a baby girl, born June 16. She weighs 8 pounds, and her name is Alice Catherine.

W. R. Miller is a new T. W. salesman at Lafayette, and H. R. Peter is a new S. S. salesman.

I. Hall has been doing some great painting on the S. S. truck. Watch out, Kokomo.

C. D. Heide and Miss Sarah Reddish of Lafayette were married on June 18 at 2 P. M. Carl is salesman at S. S. No. 312. All the Lafayette boys wish you a happy and successful married life.

Marion, Ind.

A dinner and party was given in honor of George Abbot, who retired from the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) on May 31, at his home. Mr. Abbot was presented with a beautiful clock by the employees of the Marion Station. Those present at the party were: Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Kinneman, Mr. and Mrs. Murray and son, Robert; Mr. and Mrs. Teegarden and children; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thorne and daughter, Louise; Mr. and Mrs. Ross Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Messersmith and Mr. and Mrs. George Abbot.

Portland, Ind.

R. C. Walburn has learned to his sorrow that you cannot drive a car at fifty miles an hour with one hand on the steering wheel and the other one—well, be looking around.

Jesse Stookey seems to be a different man at present. On inquiry he says, "It is due to the fact that I am going to church by sitting on the front porch."

They say "Competition is the spice of business." It surely is, for you ought to see S. S. Attendants Franklin and McKinley hustle since the opening of new S. S. across the street.

R. C. Walburn is staying up quite late of evenings now. He says, "It is on account of my asthma"—his goat of many colors.

Chet Ulrey recently went frog hunting. He caught a few, began to croak and then was reminded to "keep cool" with them.

O. Ray Brakes is some fisherman and bait getter. He sits on the lawn, whistles a weird tune, such as was used by the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," the night-crawlers come out, prick up their ears and listen, and at the continuance of the tune, give one leap into the bait can.

No wonder Wabash, Ind., had to have a brake band factory located there. The hills make a lot of business. Agent Maddox can verify.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

T. R. Ridge, Correspondent

Goodland, Kans.

Sherman Peters, our Kanorado, Kans., agent, reports a good business.

Ted O'Dell is helping his dad deliver Red Crown and Polarine at Goodland.

Harley Hogeboon, Goodland S. S., has enough flowers planted to make his station a show place this year.

Territory Bill proved to Gus Anderson, driver at Colby, that he can shoot and hit a hat with his eyes closed.

Mrs. Ray Livingston, wife of our Rexford agent, has completely recovered.

Jack Johnson, agent at Seldon, is learning his line well.

We are out of practice. Will "Crackolew" O'Neil come out and tune us up a bit?

R. D. White and W. H. Arensberg never ate like they did at the close of school at Menlo, Kans. Ask R. D. He also had his picture taken.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

S. S. Supervisor Tenge has just taken a post graduate course in the art of soda dispensing, and absentmindedly wore his uniform to the office one morning.

C. B. Hoeller was in town last week and had his head X-rayed. Nothing was found.

Hermann Rummellhoff was lucky to win the game he pitched against the salesmen a few Sundays ago. George Goode is the one who should get credit for winning the game for the office as it was his base running in the ninth inning that broke the tie and gave them the game, 4 to 3. Bob May was the outstanding star of both teams, getting a triple, two doubles and a walk out of four trips to the plate, and made a spectacular catch coming in from center to make a shoe string grab of a pop fly in back of second that Bill Lally, who was playing second couldn't back up to fast enough.

Edward Barnidge was in a terrible predicament the other night. Had a date with his best girl, who lives in Overland, Mo., to take her to a dance at the Normandy Golf Club, and his brother had to pick this time to tour to Chicago and leave Barny without a car. He managed in some way to get the girl to the dance and home, but a storm came up in the meantime and the next day Barnidge was very much all in.

After a three year search for Iron Barrel 431992 by various salesmen, Salesman Hunze reports as follows: "Gave him a little hootch and swatted him on the bean, got iron barrels Nos. 411787 and 431992. Will be shipped from Potosi in the course of a few days. Yours respectfully, Sherlock Holmes."

Sympathy of the organization is extended to Bob Scott, agent at Cuba, Mo., who recently lost his baby girl.

The picnic of the Ace of Clubs on June 26 was hugely enjoyed by all who attended. The management helped by closing a little earlier, and even the rain stopped in time to allow full enjoyment of the evening. About seventy of the employees were there and those who didn't come have been sorry ever since. Arch Cameron is sure now that the green-eyed monster is stalking around the office. He was given three married couples to drive out to the picnic, when what he expected was at least one nice young lady to sit on the front seat with him. The girls don't think the committee are very far seeing either; that's no way to treat the most eligible bachelor in our midst. Notice Sheik Bruce in his new closed car at the picnic? Bruce says it keeps the rain out anyway and gets there, so what more can one ask for even in this advanced age of motoring? Says he is sorry that it wasn't more heavily laden on the home stretch as it runs even better then, and he feels sure he could have beaten Bob May. B. F. Holt of the checking department almost had to come home in a barrel. In a game of baseball he tore his trousers, but someone came to the rescue and sewed them for him. The supper hour was one of hilarity at the picnic, everyone did full justice to the meal and no second call was needed.

Poetry

Listen, my friends, and you will hear how people gathered from far and near to see Perry Beals fight a snake. I'm telling you this, and it sure is straight. Beals got in his car, turned on the gas, stepped on the starter to get away fast, put his hand on the snake, draped 'round the wheel; jumped fully three feet and let out a squeal. He lit out of the car, grabbed a big rock, and it sure was a question, just who he would sock—the snake, or the crown, all doubled with mirth at the funniest sight ever seen on this earth. The crowd scattered fast 'til no one was

seen except Beals and the rock and his Ford machine. Some kind soul took the snake, threw it over the side, before Perry would get in his Ford and ride. He climbed in his car, his heart heavy as lead; it made him so sick, he went home to bed. We all looked around, he was gone in a minute, and doesn't know yet, the fellow who did it.

The Standard Oil Family is still growing, baby girls coming to the homes of H. K. Muzzy, Fulton, Mo., and Guy Reno, Columbia, Mo.

WICHITA, KAN.

J. A. White, Correspondent

Agent J. P. Ravenkamp of Montezuma reports the crops are fine in his locality and that threshing will commence immediately. He says that seventeen new combines and eleven new tractors have been sold out of Montezuma to the farmers. He is sure it will help out his sales and make 1924 a bumper year from the standpoint of Standard Oil products as well as wheat.

Lewis Mossman is our new agent at Caldwell; proud papa of three; hits around .400, and is making the competition step lively early and late.

Joe Sneeringer of Conway Springs "B" station is staring matrimony in the face, according to Salesman Elliott. Better take a bachelor's advice and watch your step, Joe.

O. M. McProud, agent at South Haven, says you have to be a detective to get by in Oklahoma.

Carl Brown at Bluff City hitched up his belt a couple of notches. Guess the family needs new shoes or something.

Agent Moots of Benton is buying a new Ford truck with a Wharford gear. He says he is going over on his quota now. Well, they do say that what you can't do in a Ford is impossible.

Politician or statesman? He doesn't say which, but according to Salesman M. W. Hall, Agent Jim Sandifer of the Eldorado crew is running for county commissioner and has the odds in his favor. If Jim is as good a Commissioner as an agent he will be re-elected as often as he cares to run.

Truck Driver Cecil Clarke of Winfield informed Charles Meade, our equipment field man, to order a baby Lincoln truck sent to Winfield at once as Cecil has a new arrival at his home. He has named him William LeRoy and his weight is a hefty eight pounds.

The Minneapolis, Kans., "Issue," has the following to say about one of our stations at Minneapolis:

"A Fine Spirit. Corner Will Be One of City's Beauty Spots.

"Les Gooch, manager of the Standard Oil Filling Station, and his wife are to be complimented on the fine way in which they keep improving the corner. Grass, flowers and shrubbery combine to make this a real beauty spot."

E. M. Masters has resigned as our agent at Marquette. He has been succeeded by Wesley Dewhirst, who says he is going to sell Polarine to every farmer in his field.

P. C. Lindquist, agent at Brookville, says he knows just what an International truck will do when he hits a soft spot at the side of the road. No more soft spots for Phil. (Ed. note: And hence another Safety First fan is acquired.)

Harvest is at hand, the busiest season of the year, so J. A. Schuneman, the agent at St. John, writes us that he has purchased a new Ford truck with a Wharford gear to go with his International and supply SOCO products to the entire territory.

J. W. Clency, agent at Elkhart, has had to add one more truck driver to his force. That Panhandle certainly is a big place.

Salesman G. R. Brown had to make a trip to Dodge City to have J. G. Reighley, road mechanic, work his Polarine jitney over. The jitney is convalescing and will soon be rattling down the road to recovery.

Hutchinson, Kans., "A", Station

F. W. Bull, Reporter

W. H. Smith, agent at S. S. No. 3, has been transferred to a country T. W. driver. We all wish you success, Bill.

George Wallace reports that his wife is much improved, which we are very glad to hear.

Andy Magyar has some garden. He says the only trouble is that he can't keep ahead of the weeds. That's easy, Andy. Get up an hour earlier and work until it gets dark.

C. B. Rodarmel reports his family doing nicely after having a lengthy session with the measles preceded by just as lengthly one with the mumps.

F. H. Erwin, agent at Plains, Kans., was called to Clovis, N. M., June 9, by the sickness of his mother, Mrs. W. C. Erwin, who died before his arrival. The Wichita column joins the rest of the field in extending their heartfelt sympathies to Mr. Erwin in his bereavement.

Wichita

About thirty-five employees' families of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Dodge City recently enjoyed a dandy picnic. Salesman Dayhoff promised us to send the details, but didn't.

Summer must be here. Tom Taylor, the genial "limejuicer," who heads equipment, has discarded his winter suit in favor of a dazzling Palm Beach creation.

In a recent ball game, the Office Centipede Killers failed by a 13 to 5 score to kill the Credit Department Centipedes. The "Killers" erred repeatedly, while their opponents swatted the ball with considerable zest. Magee and Branaman performed for the winners while "Stub" Williams and Henrie were the battery for the "also-rans."

An outdoor dancing party was held on June 19, 1924, at the office, the dancers fox trotting on the concrete under the warehouse canopy. "Al" Hendrick's Hotel Broadview Roof Garden band furnished the syncopation. The prize waltz was won by Miss Ogle and Mr. Hoit, who received as a prize a free airplane ride, the following Sunday. The evening was delightful for dancing, being neither too hot or too "bug-y," and everyone had a fine time. (And no pictures! Oh, Wichita!—Ed.)

Sherwood Smith resigned recently. He leaves shortly for an overland trip to the Coast. Goodbye, "J. Levi." We'll miss you.

Among those who recently attended the Shrine affair at Kansas City, Mo., were Salesman "Bob" Morris, George Gray of stationary; J. C. Smith, who honeymooned there, and Mrs. Wells, our "hello" operator.

Florence Smith has fallen heir to Edna Tearney's position as P. J. Q.'s stenographer.

Hughey, Kuhn and Wheeler are vacationing at present. We sure envy these birds who are able to talk "the carpet" out of Summer vacations. How do they get that way?

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

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AMOS BALL, Central Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

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C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

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C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*

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R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

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G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

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W. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
A. E. RALSTON, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

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P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

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H. E. HANSON, *Assistant Manager*

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IVAN PRATHER, *Ass't Manager* (Operation)
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

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W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

THRIFTY

For years I've been cautious and thrifty, I salted the dimes as they came, and now that I'm two score and fifty, you see me ahead of the game. I toiled with conspicuous ardor, and went to the bank with the tin, and now I have pies in my larder, and bacon and spuds in the bin.

And fellows who blew in their earnings, who squandered desirable dough, are busted and sick with their yearnings for comforts they never shall know. All day through the streets they are drilling, and seeking, from dawn until dark, some job that will bring them a shilling, some graft that will yield them a mark.

I see them, the weary old walkers, I see them and pity them all; for they should be perched in their rockers, each one in his opulent hall. In beds that are silken and classy they all should be able to snore; they all should be chipper and sassy, with never a wolf at the door.

If people would save in life's summer, life's winter would find them serene, with bundles of coin that a plumber might view and with envy turn green. Alas, it is idle, this preaching, my sermons have always been spurned; the people are seeking and reaching for new ways to blow what they've earned.—Walt Mason.

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

WE HOPE THEY'RE HOLEPROOF
at Sugar Creek Refinery Picnic

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Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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FIVE DEATH BENEFITS PAID TO BEREAVED FAMILIES

First Payment Approved Under Death Benefits Plan Is for the Maximum of $2,000 and Goes to the Widow of Annuitant—Total of $7,900 Paid by Company During First Thirty Days of the Plan

DEPENDENTS of five deceased employees, including the widow of one annuitant, have been paid death benefits totaling $7,900 by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) since the Employees' Death Benefits Plan became effective July 1, according to a statement on August 7 by E. G. Seubert, treasurer of the company.

Three of the payments were for the maximum amount of $2,000, which the plan provides shall be paid to dependents of deceased employees who have been employed by the company for ten or more years. Two of the payments were for smaller amounts, based upon the length of employment of the deceased.

Recipients of the benefits were widely scattered geographically, the four payments to dependents of employees active at the time of their death going one each to Duluth, Minn.; Casper, Wyo.; Sugar Creek, Mo., and Grand Rapids, Mich.

While the plan was announced in June, it did not become effective until July 1. The first death to sadden the Stanolind Family after that date was that of John Sahaida, of the Duluth division, sales department. His death occurred July 5, and on July 28 a death benefit payment of $2,000 to his widow, Mrs. Margaret Sahaida, was approved by the Board of Directors in accord with provisions of the plan.

While the death of Mr. Sahaida was the first to occur among Stanolind employees after inauguration of the plan, the payment to Mrs. Sahaida was not the first to be approved by the Board of Directors. The death of Henry Lockwood, an annuitant, occurred July 9, but for reasons of administration it was possible for the Board to pass on this benefit at an earlier date, so that on July 21 a death benefit payment of $2,000 to Mrs. Ella Lockwood, widow of the deceased, was approved.

In all, four death benefit payments were approved by the Board of Directors at its Monday, July 28, meeting. One of these was to Mrs. Sahaida. Another death benefit payment of $2,000 to Miss Bessie Winslow, daughter of G. H. Winslow, of the Grand Rapids division, sales department, was also approved. Mr. Winslow's death occurred July 11. The two other payments were for smaller amounts, in accordance with that provision of the plan which provides a schedule of payments based upon length of service by the deceased, with a payment of $500 for one year's service ascending to a payment of $2,000 for ten or more years of service. On this basis a payment of $650 to Mrs. Ollie McPherson, widow of S. E. McPherson, of the Casper refinery, was authorized, as was one of $1,250 to Mrs. Mirtie Smith, widow of George W. Smith, of the Sugar Creek refinery. The death of Mr. McPherson occurred July 8, and that of Mr. Smith, July 14.

To the bereaved families of these employees, the STANOLIND RECORD extends its sincere sympathy; and to the Board of Directors the STANOLIND RECORD believes

TROUT FISHING IS GOOD IN CASPER

Casper Refinery—Some of the speckled beauties hooked by a Casper plant party are shown in the hands of the lucky Mr. and Mrs. Izaak Waltons. In this picture are (left to right) Pete Peterson, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Jack Richards and Mr. Richards with a day's catch.

that it expresses the feeling of the entire Stanolind Family when it says that this article is written with a feeling of deep appreciation of the humanitarian motives which inspired the chief executives of our company to give to its employees the Death Benefits Plan, which insures grieved families against financial want, though it can not assuage their sorrow.

GREYBULL R. B. A.

Greybull Refinery — A balance of $1,292.76 in all funds of the Greybull Refineries Benefit Association was on hand July 1, 1924, according to the report of Charles T. Warne, secretary-treasurer. A summary of the report follows:

The balance of June 1, 1924, amounted to $1,287.26 to which was added $5.50. From that total was deducted $110.50.

The above funds were invested as follows:

Savings account	$1,034.84
Checking account	147.42

The above report has been accepted by the outgoing board of directors and the books of the association turned over to the new secretary-treasurer, L. M. Smith.

WE DON'T BELIEVE THIS

Milwaukee Division — Salesmen have been carefully instructed to meet any argument and answer any question. This fact was demonstrated the other day when one of our salesmen, Mr. Wondrow, was asked how quick Bovinol would kill a fly. Mr. Wondrow took out a sample of Bovinol and placed it on a desk. No sooner had he done so than the cork flew out of the bottle, hit the wall, and killed a fly. The salesman then said in case quicker results were wanted he would suggest an application of Bovinol.

FORT WAYNE'S SERVICE STATIONS IN PARADE DRESS

South Bend Division—Attendants R. Simonis and G. Tilden know what makes a service station beautiful. They proved their knowledge when they went out and won a better yards contest, in which fourteen Standard Oil stations in Fort Wayne took part. The winners and their station, No. 21, Fort Wayne, are shown above.

OIL STATIONS ENTER BETTER YARDS RACE

Reprinted from Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette

IN a private better yards contest in which fourteen Standard Oil Company filling stations competed, a committee headed by Don E. White and appointed by the better yards committee, gave high score and first place to the station at Calhoun and DeWald Streets July 2.

Rivalry between the men in charge of the stations has been in progress for some time in the work of beautifying the small strips of lawn under their care. The better yards committee also aided the station tenders in locating and planting a large number of iris roots of the variety called "attraction." This is a light blue iris which blooms the latter part of May and early in June. The station contest was ordered by R. W. Carrington, local manager.

The contest will be carried on until the fall flower festival. The stations will be scored in the better yard contest which ends at the time of the festival.

In explanation of the general methods used in scoring yards, Mr. White says 40 points are given to appearance and 60 to variety, care and detail. The elements entering into general appearance are a foreground of lawn, well cared for and trimmed but not cut up with spots of flowers and shrubs here and there in the center of the lawn. The foreground of the lawn should be well-backed up with flower beds and these with a healthy background of green shrubs and trees.

The elements of variety, care and detail are, minimum of weeks, lawn trimmed at edges, different kinds of shrubs, both flowering and foliage trees, perennial and annual plants and flowers all well pruned and trimmed.

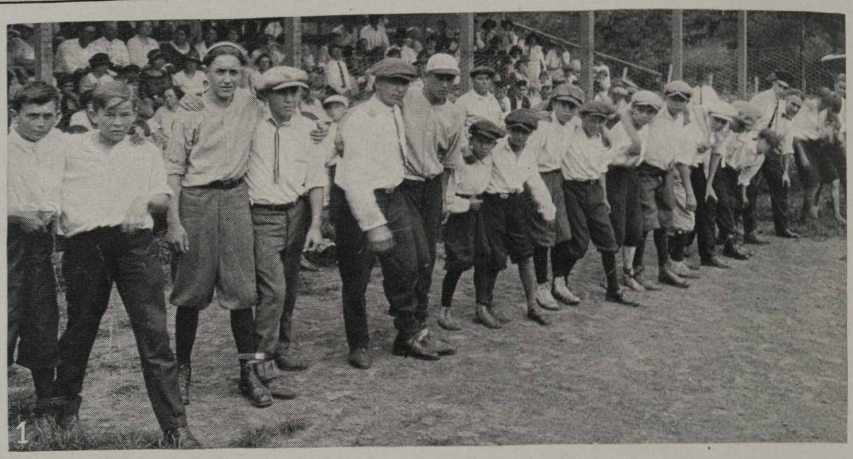
In addition to the city-wide contest a special contest will be held to select the most beautiful yard in the sub-divisions.

The Standard Oil station which won the high score of 1,000 points is in charge of G. Tilden and R. Simonis.

* * *

Service—Anywhere, Anytime.

OH-H! SKINNAY 'N' MAGGIE! HURREE! PICNIC!



Sugar Creek Refinery—No. 1—Sugar Creek dads lost a lot of cast in this three-legged race in which the old boys and young boys participated. Of course, the old boys didn't have a chance. Virgil Lynch and James Bateman hot-footed across the line first. No. 2—'N' was Maggie there? Was she! Oh, boy! Maybe you think a girl can't run as fast as a boy? You know she can? Then you musta saw this race! It was a humdinger! Marie Wilson hopped across the line first with Anna Beal just behind. Speed? You tell 'em!

SUGAR CREEK REFINERY HOLDS 2ND ANNUAL PICNIC

SUGAR CREEK REFINERY — Doing things as only the "Show Me" state can, Sugar Creek refinery employees, friends and families gathered at Fairmount Park, Sunday, July 27, and had the time of their lives at the second annual picnic under the auspices of the Standard Oil Athletic Association.

Three thousand tickets were given out and the happy crowd made merry from 10 a. m. until dark. Several acute cases of indigestion resulted from over exertion by persons who tried to consume the entire supply of free ice cream and lemonade.

The day began early for the committee who were out at 7:30 a. m., putting up signs, driving horseshoe pegs, building refreshment stands, stirring up barrels of lemonade, staking out race courses, hauling the supplies to the grounds, etc. By 10 a. m., the crowd had begun to gather and the fun began—the horseshoe tournament, the band concert at the shell and the pick-up ball game at the athletic field. Then the big feeds, yaller-legged chicken, salads, ice cream, cake, pie, lemonade and whatnot. After the picnic dinner all that were able to rise betook themselves to the athletic field where the races and contests were run off amid much cheering and hat waving.

Immediately following was the feature of the day, a baseball game between the Refinery Department, under the leadership of Joe Bostian, and the Mechanical Department, under the leadership of Roy Moore, enlivened by concerts by "Our Band" between innings. The refinery boys got to Moore, the mechanical department pitching ace, and won easily 11 to 2. Then back to the park where "Our Band" gave a concert in the band shell which drew hundreds of listeners outside of the picnic crowd. By this time night was falling and the crowd began drifting home, tired but happy, only a few remaining to take in the concessions and dance.

Prize winners of the athletic games and races follow:

Horse Shoes—First Prize, Frank Chandler, Joe Morgan. Second Prize, Max Duckworth, C. C. Koehler.

Boys' race, 50 yds., under 10 years—First Prize, Bruce Lewis. Second Prize, Andy Vajda.

Boys' race, 50 yds., 10 to 15 Years—First Prize, John Beal. Second Prize, Clyde Woolridge.

Boys and Men's race, 75 yds., 15 years and over—First Prize, Clarence Hale. Second Prize, Earl J. Cox.

Sack Race—25 yds. Open to all—First Prize, Virgil Lynch. Second Prize, Andy Beal.

Shoe Race—50 yards. Open to All—First Prize—Anna Beal. Second Prize, Walter Field.

Standing Broad Jump—Open to All—First Prize V. R. Lassiter. Second Prize, Clarence Hale.

Girls' Race—30 yds. Under 10 years—First Prize, Margaret Beal. Second Prize, Josephine Dumsky.

Girls' Race—50 yds. 10 to 15 years—First Prize, Cecilia Beal. Second Prize, Lina Wilson.

Girls' and Ladies' Race—50 yds. 15 years and over—First Prize, Marie Wilson. Second Prize, Anna Beal.

3 Legged Race—50 yds. Open to All—First Prize, Virgil Lynch, James Bateman. Second Prize, Earl J. Cox, Tom Vining.

Fat Man's Race—50 yds. 200 lbs.—First Prize, D. A. Scott. Second Prize, Pete McKenzie.

Obstacle Race—First prize, Mrs. Helen Hedges. Second Prize, Mrs. Jester Paschal.

* * *

On the front cover of this issue is a picture of the contestants in the woman's foot race, which was won by Marie Wilson. Anna Beal was second.

DONALD GILL RISKS LIFE IN RESCUE OF TWO

Des Moines Division—Heroism of a high order was shown by Donald Gill, Riverton, Iowa, when he went down into a storage tank to rescue two fellow workers who had been overcome by fumes while cleaning the tank. Mr. Gill also was overcome by the fumes and it was only by the work of some local men to whom he had called before entering the tank that all were rescued.

B. T. Brown and "Red" Gardner, construction department, were at Riverton to clean out the tank. Owing to faulty operation of the air pumps, used in connection with the gas masks they were wearing, the two were overcome. It was then that Mr. Gill saw the danger and proved his unfailing loyalty by going down into the tank to their rescue.

The three men felt "shaky" for a few days after the experience, but are now back on the job.

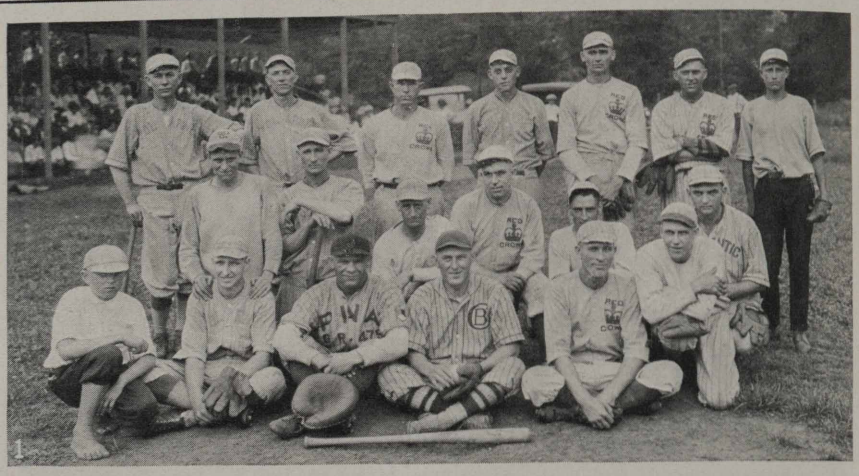
WHEE--E--EE! SUGAR CREEK KNOWS *how!*

Sugar Creek Refinery—When it comes to having fun 'n' picnics, Sugar Creek Refinery employees take a back seat to no one! No, sir! No. 1—Here's the start of the boys' sack race. Virgil Lynch pulled a new one on the boys by running in the sack, not jumping. He won. No. 2—'N' what would be a picnic without some advocates of the grand old game? Here's an exciting moment—four horse's dogs on one peg. Chandler wanted to win and every time his opponent threw two ringers, he matched him. When his opponent slipped, Chandler still went strong. Atta boy!

TOOTIN' SUGAR CREEK'S HORN *at the* PICNIC

Sugar Creek Refinery—No. 1—Music! Was there music at the picnic? Are you askin' that? Proof—Sugar Creek Refinery Band! 'At band is the kind that makes people just listen 'n' not give a durn whether school keeps or not. But, seriously, the bandsmen did fine work at the picnic and had much to do with making it the overwhelming success it was. No. 2—A dirty trick we calls it. Y'see, when the contestants were blindfolded and in place for the start, someone removed the bottles and the contestants didn't know it. Well, they stepped high 'n' easy 'til the finale when they felt kinda cheap 'at they had taken so much trouble to avoid them durn bottles.

THE ONE CALM MOMENT OF A HECTIC DAY!



Sugar Creek Refinery—No. 1—An advocate of peace would like this picture. It shows the Refinery and Mechanical baseball teams posed together like the proverbial Lion and Lamb lying down together. We think the lion, after the picture was painted, ate the lamb. Anyway, the Refinery boys gobbled up the Mechanical team, 11 to 2. No. 2—Sugar Creek always has been proud of its children—it has a right to be, everyone admits—for there have been dozens of baby contest prize winners. We don't want you to think that these—the winners of the athletic events—are all children, but we'll say that the children looked a lot better winning than the old 'uns.

TORNADO LEAVES DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN WAKE

BY J. A. WHITE
Stanolind Record Correspondent

WICHITA DIVISION—An example of one of Kansas's famous tornadoes struck Augusta on July 13. The storm violated all traffic laws and stampeded through the heart of the business district. The result was that a great part of Augusta was a mass of twisted debris. Some of their finest buildings were razed. The loss of life was small but very few who went through the cyclone emerged unscathed. The loss is estimated around two million dollars.

Eyewitnesses to the twister say it suddenly appeared from the southwest. It veered suddenly and descended into the heart of the business district. The main street of the bustling little oil metropolis looked like it had been bombarded with Big Berthas. The Catholic church was wrecked. Several other churches were damaged. The new Augusta High School was damaged to the extent of $50,000. Oil fields surrounding Augusta were stripped of their derricks and rigs. Several burning oil tanks cast a lurid glow over stricken Augusta.

The Standard Oil "B" Station was outside the path of the twister and escaped with the loss of a few shingles. Our Augusta agent visited the Wichita headquarters the following morning and got several cases of electric light candles. A carload of bread was rushed over by a Wichita baking concern and the Coleman Lamp Company lighted the main street with the Quicklite Camp Lamps. The town is under martial law and the Kansas National Guard will protect the stock of the merchants until their buildings have been restored. Not a single instance of pilfering has been reported. Wichita is playing the Good Samaritan in assisting her sister city in regaining her feet.

The Red Crown price sign in front of our service station was transplanted into the exact center of the street where it served as a traffic regulator. For several hours after the storm one of the first things that greeted rescue workers was Red Crown Gasoline.

A house completely flattened. On a table near the spot where the house once stood were five cards, three queens and a pair of fours.

Pa and Ma send Joe and Mildred to the basement. Ma follows. Pa pooh-poohs the hurry and calmly lights his pipe. As he steps onto the basement stairs the house coyly flits off the foundation. He falls down the basement stairs—on to the lawn! Result—one broken foot.

House descends around family like a deck of cards. . . . Frances, 8, breaks several slats. . . . Herbert, 12, is kayoed by flying brick. . . . Flora, 3, cut by passing bread knife. . . . little Edward, age 6 months, taken for a brief ride in his crip through the sky, descending in a tree—sound asleep. Cyclones seem to agree with little Eddie.

Wichita got the tail end of the storm a little before it hit Augusta and is minus quite a few trees and small outbuildings.

Wheat and corn were totally ruined in the path of the twister. The latter was flattened to the ground while the former, shocked ready for threshing, was scattered about to the whim of the wind.

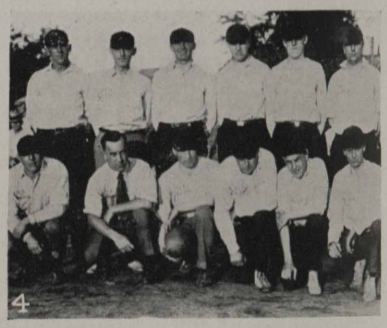
Augusta is not the only town in the Wichita field that suffered from the tornado. McPherson and Inman both were hit hard and many houses were unroofed and trees blown down at both places. Torrents of rain fell generally over the field and in many instances what the wind failed to complete destruction of, the water very obligingly proceeded to finish.

Pictures of tornado in three divisions are on center pages.

TIP FOR AD MEN

La Crosse Division—Advertising Manager Herrewig is working on a new publicity idea. A few weeks ago he witnessed a trained flea act at the circus and being impressed with its unusualness, set about adapting the idea to Red Crown advertising. He is collecting fire-flies and when he has about a thousand or more will train them. The idea is to arrange them so as to spell the words "Red Crown." At night he expects to assemble them upon a S. S. roof and at his command cause them to execute about face and flash "Red Crown." By repeating the process rapidly he expects to have an original flash sign.

MINNEAPOLIS DIVISION ---- 'NUF SED!



Minneapolis Division—This division is getting a name for itself in Service, Sales and Size. No. 1—Agent T. G. Desnoyers of Wyzata, Minn., exemplifies what we mean. His customers take care of his Sales. His own ability takes care of his Service. His family is Rooseveltian in its Size. Here is the family, left to right, Agent Desnoyers, Adele, Edna, Maurice, Celia, Lucile, Louis, Arnie, Mrs. Desnoyers and Henry. Congratulations T. G. No. 2—Minneapolis' Red Crown twins, Burrell, 6, and Wayne, 9. They are children of Salesman Heine Luedtke. Heine has Sauk Center as his headquarters. No. 3—Don't need to say anything about these Standard Oilers. But we'll give their names (top row, left to right), Misses Harmson, Unmack, Boyum and Risty; (lower row, left to right), Misses Tuffly, Sylte and Madsen. Y'welkum. No. 4—Here are Minnie's champ Red Crown team. Top row, left to right, Eddie Anderson, Hank Steffes, Greb Martinick, Mike Anderson, Hank Keller and Eddie Flavin; (bottom row, left to right), Pewee Anderson, Hugh Moshier, Marty Flaherty, Bill Rogan, Vic Olson and Larry Fischer.

OPENING OUR BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST

Mankato Division—Despite the fact that W. P. Scherer, official scribe of Mankato, doubts if these mermaids went into the water at Loon Lake, the *Stanolind Record* takes pride in offering their pictures as "openers" for a Standard Oil Bathing Beauty Contest. Other fields, what have you to offer? All these are employed in the Mankato office. No. 1—Their names? Of course, left to right, Peggy Schaffenberg, Angy Hunt, Audrey Wood, Jessie Lynard, Mildred Sawyer, Mary Wackwitz, Katherine Emmerich and Minda Johnson. No. 2—Here are (left to right) Angy Hunt, Peggy Schaffenberg, Katy Emmerich, Minda Johnson, Jessie Lynard and Dolly Sawyer. (If no other fields respond to this challenge, Mankato may consider itself winner and that the other fields are "scared.")

DAY AND NIGHT AIR MAIL SERVICE DESCRIBED

(The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has for several months made use of the air mail service and has found the service economical, swift and satisfactory. Incidentally, the night flight of the planes from Chicago to Cheyenne is made exclusively with Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Aviation oils and Gasoline.—EDITOR.)

By COL. PAUL HENDERSON

IN BRIEF, here is the history of how the Post Office Department has endeavored to meet the constantly increasing demand for greater speed in the transportation of mail across the continent.

1850—Three days by rail; 21 days by stage coach.

1860—Two and one-half days by rail from New York to St. Joseph, Missouri, and 8 days by Pony Express.

1876—One hundred hours by special train.

1923—Ninety-six to 120 hours by ordinary mail train, depending upon connections.

1924—Air Mail, an average elapsed time of 33 hours from New York to San Francisco and vice versa.

Whatever your business activity may be, whether manufacturing, distributing, jobbing, mercantile, banking—the Air Mail can serve you in ways which must be at once apparent upon consideration of the following facts:

Mail planes are now operated upon exactly the same sound transportation principles as govern and are responsible for the unparalleled success of the American Railway system.

The planes operate upon schedule. While their great contribution is speed, this astonishing speed is not emphasized to the distortion of other essential elements.

Mail Planes are not simply rushed from Coast to Coast, undue haste being conducive to confusion; but they are started at certain hours, are required to report at Division points and depart from these points at certain hours.

While the service of which you have read so much in the daily press operates, as an air line, for the 2680 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, schedules are so co-ordinated with railway mail service that cities from 500 to 1000 miles north or south of the route of flight may avail themselves of the acceleration which these planes provide.

A word first as to what aviation is. What do you, as business men, know about flying? You know that an American was the first to invent and fly a practical airplane. You know that, during the World War, countless thousands of airplanes were produced by our own country to do their part in winning the war. But have you not, to some extent at least, conceived of aircraft as military weapons, indispensable as a means for national security, but pretty expensive at that? It is the proud record of the United States Post Office Department that it was not only the first Governmental agency anywhere in the world to put aircraft to economic use, but actually the first to prove to the world that the primary function of flying is to serve humanity—to make business more prosperous and life more pleasurable.

On May 15, 1918, when the whole world was thinking only of dropping bombs from airplanes, or shooting machine guns from them into the trenches, or spraying noxious gases from their tails upon non-combatants, the American Post Office Department established an experimental Air Mail Service between New York and Washington. Out of this experiment, grew, by degrees, the system of daylight flights between New York and Cleveland, Cleveland and Chicago, Chicago and Omaha, Omaha and Cheyenne, Cheyenne and Salt Lake City, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. We proved that we could fly regularly and with gradually decreasing expense. We found that mails and human life had far greater security in the air than any aviation branch had yet demonstrated, but still we were not satisfied, for what we were providing was a laboratory demonstration, for the benefit of the nation at large, yet not practicable, so far as everyday business was concerned.

What was wrong? You can answer this. Suppose our railways operated only by day? Suppose there were no sleeping cars or no through connections for long journeys?

SITTIN' PRETTY IN A PRETTY LITTLE CITY UP G. R. WAY

Grand Rapids Division—Spic and span are S. S. No. 44, Manistee, Mich., tank wagons and salesmen's flivvers. They keep 'em that way all year 'round. In the picture, and responsible for the fine appearance of the equipment, are (left to right), M. M. Brown, clerk; Roy Johnston, agent; A. F. Steffens and M. Grieshammer, T. W. drivers; W. Malernowski, stake truck driver; S. Purchis, mechanic; J. Mullett, painter; S. Zielinski, T. W. driver, and S. Thorsen, F. Nelson, E. Knudstrup and E. Warnes, S. S. attendants. The dog is Agent Johnston's setter, who can't say "No" to a ride on a tank wagon.

Well, we proposed, in the Post Office Department, to ascertain whether it was possible for aircraft to fly by night. Hitherto it had only been done by military fliers, under pressure of war, and when we announced our plans some of our best friends cautioned us against it as being impracticable.

You may remember, in August, 1923, we flew experimentally for four days and nights from Coast to Coast, over a lighted airway extending almost a thousand miles from Chicago to Cheyenne. The interest which this aroused among business men, and the impression which it made, as a national inspiration, among members of Congress, resulted in our being authorized and provided with sufficient funds to operate the air line from Coast to Coast, day and night, winter and summer, rain or shine, upon a seven-day-a-week basis. This is what we are now doing.

In other words, to quote from a speech which the Postmaster General recently made, we are "Putting Aircraft to Work."

Briefly, what we offer you is this:

We will carry mail for you from New York to San Francisco in 34 hours and 45 min., elapsed time. We will carry it eastward between oceans in 32 hours and 5 min., the difference being accounted for by favorable winds.

We will accept mail from any part of the United States to any part of the United States if, in its journey, it can be accelerated by moving by 300 miles or more by air.

We will accept mail of any character and any size or weight that comes within the parcel post regulations.

We will charge you 8 cents an ounce or fraction thereof for each Air Mail zone or part of zone traversed. This charge also includes the ordinary postage for the transportation of your mail from or to points off of the line of flight. Our zones are three in number. They extend from New York to Chicago; Chicago to Cheyenne and from Cheyenne to San Francisco. All you have to do is to see that the proper amount of Air Mail Postage is affixed to your mail. Your postmaster will do the rest. He has pledged his co-operation to expedite your mail to the nearest connecting point (if you are off the air mail line) and the Railway Mail Service, with its characteristic initiative and devotion to duty will see that it gets every attention.

You don't need to buy the 8c, 16c or 24c postage stamps issued especially for the Air Mail. You can use ordinary postage to the required amount. Registered mail will be accepted. The fact that in the last

"LIVE WIRES," SAYS POP

Wichita Division—Agent Roy E. Peak of Hoisington, Kan., is proud to present his daughters. "They are a pair of live wires," he tells the world.

two years, 360,000 pounds of mail have been carried by air and only 120 pounds destroyed is proof of the comparatively high degree of safety.

The slogan of the Air Mail is Speed—speed not only in the air but in collections from the street box, sorting in the postoffice, motor transfer to the flying field, transfer to train or terminal postoffice and speed to the carrier. If you desire you may insure immediate delivery by affixing a special delivery stamp. If you live in any city along the line of flight, you have direct service. If you live in the great belt extending 500 to 1000 miles north or south of the line, see your postmaster. He knows what you can do to save time.

The service is yours to patronize. It is presented as a business proposition, though naturally it has an intense patriotic appeal. The fact that America sees aircraft as a means to a construction, instead of destructive end, is gratifying. But Air Mail, being put to work for you, can develop and expand only to the degree in which you visualize its remarkable contribution to business efficiency and patronize it accordingly.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The proverbial courtesy of the Standard Oil Company's filling station attendant was again demonstrated during our recent tour. For this reason we always kept our eyes peeled for the 'Red Crown' sign."—Editorial comment in *Worthington, Minn., Times.*

ADVERTISES BY SILENCE

Kansas City Division—George H. Gates of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in this division is a strategist of rare order. As editor of the Team and Motor Truck Owners of Greater Kansas City he keeps Standard Oil publicity out of the magazine but lets the members of the organization know "What's what in oils." Recently, Mr. Gates was one of the hosts to look after Aleppo Temple of Boston during the Shrine convention at Kansas City.

DECATUR PICNICKERS WATCH BIRDIE IN CAMERA

Decatur Division—SOCO employees flocked to Nelson Park for one of those old-fashioned picnics that warm the cockles of a fellow's heart and makes him go back to work with a feelin' that this ain't such a bad old world after all. Here are the picknickers getting their picture took.

DADDY GOT WET

Sugar Creek, Mo.—Albert Junior Akers has just run his daddy, our lightning mechanic of the tin shop, to cover with a sweeping broadside, and seems to be greatly pleased with himself.

SAVES CAR FROM FIRE

Huron Division—Bob Gillis, truck driver, Main Station, extinguished a fire that had started in the automobile of L. C. Dines. The damage was small. Some more Standard Oil Service.

A FISH STORY

Quincy Division—Jim Hanlin of Keokuk, Iowa, force went fishing and got one so long its tail was still in the river when he got home. But that's just like Jim; he always does things the other fellow can't. He's still feeling good about a joke he pulled on W. J. Bryan some years ago. William Jennings asked him what he would be if he wansn't an employee of the SOCO. Jim answered that if he wasn't an employee of the SOCO he'd be ashamed of himself.

ONE FOR THE BOOK

Indianapolis Division.—Kenneth Likens of Anderson is in very bad with one very observing woman who classes Kenneth as a very careless driver. She called up the station office and said Kenneth had been dragging a chain back of his truck and he must be deaf not to hear it and blind not to see it.

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

Above, you will see the first section of the Indianapolis Standard Oil service station's men's picnic. Below, the second section. On the next page will be seen prolongations of the pictures on this page. The picnic was divided into two parts—the first July 16 and the second July 23. The attendance was limited to pump spinners and their families with the exception of Mr. W. W. Harshman, STANOLIND RECORD correspondent, who acted in the capacity of umpire for the ball games. (Providing his bravery is unquestioned.) Mr. Harshman, through real ability and a talent for diplomacy, made the first ball game end at 6 to 6. His tricks, learned by the second section through intercourse with the first, were unavailing in the second game and the East Side mopped up the West Side, 6 to 2. A funny crack of the game came when H. O. Elliott got cracked on the left arm by a pitched ball. George Dietz, chief rooter of his, exclaimed: "'At's all right, you still have your right left for the pumphandle tomorrow."

THE INDIANAPOLIS S. S. PICNIC

The picnic was held under the auspices of the Stanolind Mutual Benefit Association and, according to S. S. Superintendent John R. McCallian, "will be made an annual affair if the men so desire." From reports coming in to him, the men and their families do want it. Some of the high lights of the affair, written by Harsh, follow: M. F. Wiese and his best girl were there—yes, they held hands during the filming of the group picture. Harvey Huntsinger blew up the balloons, his excuse for falling down in the tug-of-war. Supervisors Charley High and Lyman Davis wandered into the city to get their grins in the picture. In the women's race, Mrs. Powell threw both heels not only off but off and beyond. 'Spect the hit of the whole works was the free-gratis-for-nothing (apologies to Salesman John Stoner) arrangements that covered the refreshments and prizes. J. F. Oakley and his spot that made the expression, "Going, Going, Gone," famous graced the group picture.

SPRINGFIELD STANDARD OILERS HOLD "BEST" PICNIC

More than 300 Attend SOCO Picnic at Capitol City July 20

Peoria Division—The third annual picnic of Springfield, Ill., Standard Oilers was declared by the more than 300 oilers and their families and friends to be the finest ever held in that city. No. 1—Here is the gang, posing just a moment to have the picture took for the STANOLIND RECORD. A happy looking bunch. No. 2—Chow! Good eats and drinks, strictly dry, were there in abundance. A fish fry was a feature.

WHAT IS MONEY?

Can you imagine yourself tomorrow coming into possession of a thousand dozen fresh eggs?

What would you do with them?

It is possible that in the course of your life you will eat a thousand dozen eggs, but certainly you would not want them to be the same eggs which according to our supposition you are going to get all at once tomorrow.

But fortunately you don't have to eat or store away the eggs. You can sell them to some one who will pay for them in money, and this money you can put in the bank or exchange for something which you can use. You get the value of your eggs and you get it in the form of something for which you can purchase the things you want. That is precisely what the economists mean when they define money as "a measure of value and a medium of exchange."

When we think about money we observe that it is not all alike. Some is in the form of gold or silver coins and some is made of paper. The metal in a twenty-dollar gold piece is worth twice as much as that in a ten-dollar coin, but the paper in a one-hundred-dollar bill is worth no more than that in a one-dollar bill.

What makes the difference?

To answer that question fully it would be necessary to discuss the history and theories of money, and that would require a book instead of a few brief paragraphs. We may state a part of the case simply, however, by saying that the value of paper money (when it has any) is due not to the value of the material of which it is made but to the value of the security behind it, or to the degree of certainty that it will be exchangeable for gold coin or for other things of worth.

I have in my hand a one-dollar bill. There are several kinds of one-dollar bills, but this particular one has printed on its face: "This certifies that there has been deposited in the treasury of the United States of America one silver dollar payable to the bearer on demand." That means that you can take a one-dollar bill of this kind to the United States Treasury and get a silver dollar. But you don't need to do this.

As long as you and everybody else knows that the silver dollar is there waiting for you, your one dollar bill is just as valuable as the coin would be and more convenient to handle. But suppose you and the grocer and the banker were not quite sure that the silver dollar was still in the treasury; you suspected that the government had spent it and that there was no longer any security behind your dollar bill. Then the only thing for you to do would be to take or send the bill to the treasury just as fast as

FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN SIGNS

Fargo Division—Although this is not a SOCO paint shop, the Cook Sign Company seems to have been given over to Standard Oil when the order for service station boards hit their shops. Each of the "circles" is ten feet "square."

you could and find out whether or not the dollar was still there. If it happened to be gone your bill would be worthless.

I have another one-dollar bill which bears this inscription: "The United States will pay to bearer one dollar." This bill is called a United States note. It is worth as much as a silver dollar simply because everybody believes that the United States government is able and willing to redeem the note in coin if anyone presents it. What would happen if the public would begin to doubt the ability of the government to pay gold or silver coin in exchange for its notes? We do not need to speculate on this question, because exactly that thing has happened in the past.

The United States notes now in circulation are successors of the "greenbacks" issued during the Civil War when the government was hard put to it for funds and thought it had to issue notes without definite security behind them. The credit of the government was never very doubtful even during the Civil War, but even so the value of the greenbacks went down to something like forty cents on the dollar. What happens when paper money is issued by a government which has little credit or none at all is illustrated by the fall in value of the German mark since the close of the World War.

Much of our paper money at present is in the form of Federal Reserve notes which are issued by the Federal Reserve Banks and guaranteed both by the banks and by

the United States government. Thus they are doubly secure.

But it is not always lack of credit and the fear that it will never be redeemed which causes money to depreciate in value. Today our gold coin will buy perhaps 30 per cent less than it would in 1913. There are several reasons for this and none of them have any connection with the credit of the government or the genuineness of the gold in the coin. One of the most important of these reasons is the fact that gold is much more plentiful in the United States than it was ten years ago.

This illustrates another interesting fact about money. Its value fluctuates according to the law of supply and demand just as does the value of wheat or potatoes. If my supply of money should be doubled I might have reason to think myself twice as well off as I was before, but if the money of everyone else in the United States had doubled at the same time none of us would be greatly benefited—except those of us who were in debt and who could pay our obligations in money that was worth only about half what it had been before.

This law of supply and demand as it applies to money works just as surely and sometimes even more noticeably when we consider paper money instead of coin. A government with absolutely sound credit may depreciate the value of its currency simply by issuing more of it than is needed to take care of the requirements of trade.

EVE 8142 PLEASE ADAM, SAYS WHY-NOTTER

Minot Division—The following was received from R. L. Kuhnhenn, warehouse clerk:

"In trying to satisfy the curiosity of Ed Groves of the La Crosse Division, traffic department, the June issue of the STANOLIND RECORD sets forth several guesses as to the number of apples eaten by Adam and Eve. They're all too conservative. I suspect that the eating contest was the outcome of a "dare" and therefore Eve 8142 please Adam and Adam 81242 please Eve and consequently they consumed a total of 89384 apples."

N. B.—The expression "for to please" is perfectly permissible as at the time of this contest, grammar was not the finished product it is today.

THE PIPE LINE

EXTRA! UX-TREE! WUX-TREE-E!

Owing to a many times stated request that the Stanolind Record start a contributors' column on the order of the Line-o-Type of the Chicago Tribune where-in verse, humor and human interest items will be published, the editors are throwing open this page for such contributions. Send your wise cracking "funny" directly to the Stanolind Record—you do not need to sign your name, initials or nom de plume may be used. The well known Pied Piper will be conductor.

HOW TO SELL MORE GAS

Wichita Division.—Truck Driver Wells, who drives for Agent Van Antwerp at Great Bend, has introduced a highly effective selling line. It is as follows:

Having driven several miles off his route to supply a customer with Red Crown, Mr. Wells, knowing the delivery to be only 25 gallons, began thinking quite deeply as to the prospects of enlarging this bill, as the customer's tank held fifty gallons and was empty.

When the last bucket making twenty-five gallons had been poured into the barrel the lady of the house came out to pay the bill. Wells noticed the faucet leaked and offered her a new brass faucet for $1.00—the cheapest he had. This seemed to the lady rather high so our hero became desperate and the following conversation ensued:

Mr. Wells—"Now the price of Red Crown delivered is 2c below what you are accustomed to pay for it in town."

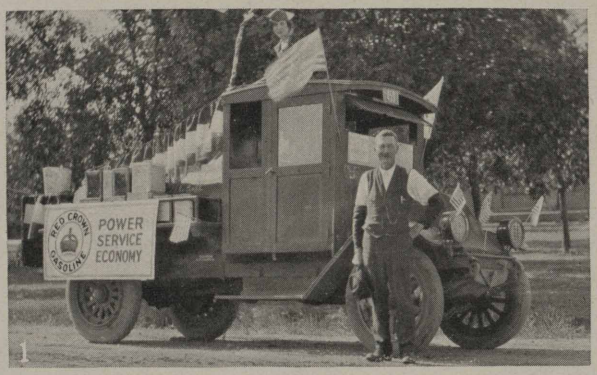
Mrs. X—"Yes, I know, by getting the 25 gallons I save 50c, but that's only half of what the faucet costs."

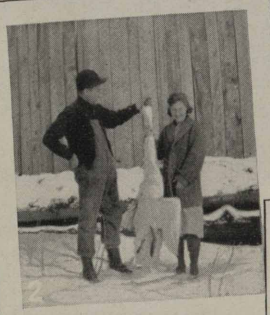
Mr. W.—"That's right. But by taking 50 gallons now you will save $1.00 where you will only save fifty cents by just taking 25."

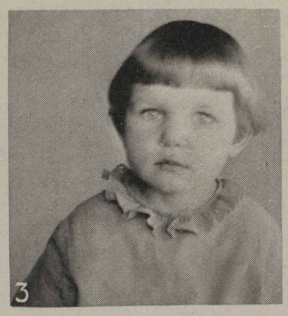
Mrs. X—"I'll declare! That's so. Put in fifty gallons, and the new faucet and make out a check for the amount. I'll sign it."

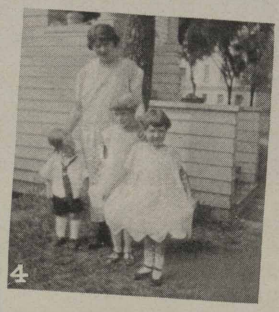
Mr. Wells, having only fifty gallons of Red Crown in his tank, emptied and rolled merrily homeward.

SOME PICTURES OF INTEREST FROM FARGO FIELD









Fargo Division—No. 1—Agent William Hartman of Lamoure, N. D., dressed up his truck for a parade in which he advertised company products. Bill is a go-getter. We don't know who is on top of the truck. No. 2—Agent and Mrs. Herb McArthur of Ogema, Minn., are going to make duck soup of this goose. It is said to be one of the largest ever shot there. No. 3—Daddy's an amateur fotog, but he has a wonderful subject to work with. This is Majorie Jane Thomas, 4-year-old daughter of our genial tax, legal and accident clerk. No. 4—A reporter was once told "if a dog bites a man, that's not news; but if a man bites a dog, that's news." So, we say, if H. E. Sanstead didn't work his head off for these, that would be news. Anyway, Mrs. Sanstead, her son and daughter, Harding Everett and June, and their cousin, Eilene Engh, are in the picture. Isn't that incentive enough for any man?

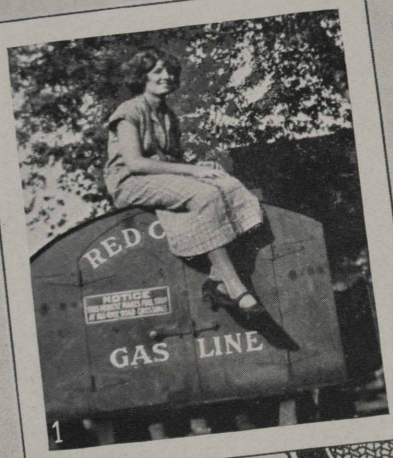
MILWAUKEE S. S. MEN HOLD PICNIC

Above, you will see the first section of the Milwaukee Standard Oil service station men grouped together for the one calm moment of a hectic day. Below, you will see the second section of the picnic held the day after. By dividing the service station crew, service—the kind the Milwaukee men are famous for—was not interrupted.

FUN? BOY, YOU TELL THE WORLD!

Now, on this page you see the prolongation of the pictures of the preceding page. The double picnic was held on July 14 and 15 at Juneau Park. The North Siders' ball team beat the South Siders' nine on both days. A chicken dinner must be mentioned 'n' the dancing. The service station men and families are going to repeat the aff air next Summer.

BEAUTY, BRAINS AND SERVICE *at* QUINCY



Quincy Division—No. 1—Here's beauty. Her address is Vandalia, Mo. Her name is Alto May Bland. Her dad is agent. Y'welkum. No. 2—Here's brains. He's W. S. Hibbard, M. T. driver at Quincy. Mr. Hibbard tied for first place in an essay contest given by the Dayton Steel Wheel Company, Dayton, O. The contest was open to all motor truck drivers. No. 3—Here's service. The place is S. S. No. 3, Hannibal, Mo., Red Crown and Polarine champions of this division last year. The men are Attendants W. H. Lewis and Bryan Hayden (right). To be champions, you have to give service. This pair knows that.

WHITING DIRTY FACES

Whiting Refinery.—A balance of $23,577.45 in all funds of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association was on hand July 1, 1924, according to the report of W. C. Walker, secretary. A summary of the statement follows:

The balance on June 1 amounted to $23,154.98 to which was added receipts of $1,213.14 and from which total was deducted $751.23, leaving $23,616.87. To this sum was also added $39.42, Hammond City bond interest.

The above funds are invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	17,453.26
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	682.83
Checking Account	1,441 36

There are 1,368 members in good standing.

ANNUITANTS

Two more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity roll of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), according to the report of E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer of the company. One annuitant has died. The new annuitants follow:

Ralph Q. Wert, Cairo, Ill.; formerly night watchman at Cairo; with company 17 years and 6 months.

John Nagy, 413 Steiber street, Whiting; formerly laborer in salvage yard, Whiting; with company 31 years and 2 months.

The sympathy of the entire company is extended to the family of F. W. Tyson, who died July 17.

SERVICE FOR COUNCIL

La Crosse Division.—At a recent council meeting in Wisconsin Rapids, the electricity failed shortly after the opening of the meeting. Bill Rickman was "right there" and extended to the council the courtesies of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in the form of a half dozen large candles. They continued with the meeting by candle light. Bill's slogan is "Service—Anywhere, Anytime."

* * *

The Boy—"I have never seen such dreamy eyes as yours."

The Girl—"Perhaps you've never stayed so late before."—*Exchange.*

CASPER S. B. A.

Casper Refinery.—A balance of $10,898.74 in all funds of the Shiftmen's Benefit Association was on hand July 12, 1924, according to the report of J. E. Frisby, secretary-treasurer. A summary of the report follows:

The balance of June 12 amounted to $10,590.52 to which was added $1,369.51 in dues, fines, entrance fees and accumulated interest. From this total was deducted $1,061.29.

Proof of balance:

Savings Account	$3,603.91
Savings Account	4,898.37
Savings Account	1,500.00
Balance in Bank	1,022.96
Cash on hand and no fund checks	11.50
Less uncancelled checks	138.00

There are 736 members on the books.

NO WONDER DETROIT LEADS

Detroit Division—We have found out how the machine gun section of the Southwest territory has put over some of their barrages in the recent five-gallon can contest. Officer Blonzy Bodge, No. 1520, of the Detroit Police Traffic Department, had an occasion to reprimand a hasty driver the other morning and during his conversation, in which he explained some of the traffic regulations, he noticed the condition of the driver's car. Officer Blonzy is a strong friend of Ed Willets, and also of the Standard Oil family, and when he recommended Semdac as a good polish for an automobile, the driver very obligingly purchased. Other attendants please note.

WINDOW DRESSER PRAISED

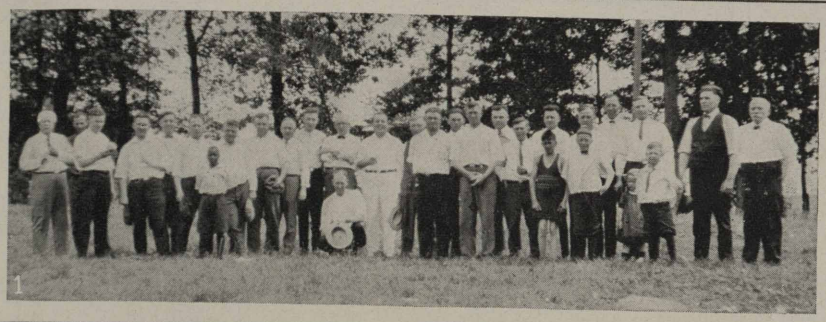
Duluth Division—Salesman R. G. Carlson, Cooper County, won the warm praise of the Pearce Hardware and Furniture Company, Lake Linden, Mich., for his efforts in window dressing. Mr. R. Pearce, manager, wrote the following letter:

"We wish to acknowledge the assistance of your Mr. Carlson of Hancock branch in arranging a large window display of Standard Oil products. Mr. Carlson has been doing this for us for several years and we appreciate it fully as we find it very effective in the promotion of selling Standard Oil products."

FUN A-PLENTY IN LA CROSSE DIVISION

La Crosse Divison—No. 1—Eats! The picture was snapped at the SOCO picnic. Everyone had a good time and eats were good and plentiful. Ask the girls in this pix. They are (left to right) Leona Johanson, Helen Fergerson, Mabel Baker, Myrtle Robinson, Hazel Holvick, Ida Holvick, Alice Artevein, Frances Beranek and Hazel Jiekbusch. No. 2—Tip: Fishing is good near Rochester, Minn. Bruce Brummer and Jens Jenson, truck salesmen at Rochester, say so. And they show proof. No. 3—A fish story: F. L. Kuhns, salesman at Rochester, says this one was the smallest fish (21 pounds, 10 ounces) caught on a trip recently.

FISHING MUST BE GOOD AT LAKE JAMES



South Bend Division—No. 1—About sixty Standard Oilers were invited to J. M. Fisher's cottage at Lake James for a fish dinner, one Sunday recently. Here is the line up. What a lot of sardines it would take to fill this mob! No. 2—Cake! Oh, boy! We have it on excellent authority that this genuine Standard Oil cake tasted as well as it looked. Mrs. Smith and daughters, shown here, were responsible for the tid-bit. No. 3—J. J. Marcus and Fred Irvine in action. Remarkable? Yeh-h! Y'see the pix was taken after dinner.

WHY MASON CITY'S SALES KEEP GROWING

Mason City Division: No. 1—This young man, folks, is Warren Charles Nelson, nineteen months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Don Nelson of Fort Dodge. In addition to being 100 per cent perfect and winning the grand sweepstakes prize, he won the prize for having the bluest eyes at a recent baby contest in Fort Dodge. Ninety-one babies were entered. His dad is a Standard Oil Company (Indiana) truck driver. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Don. No. 3—Here are two or more reasons why Mason City's sales keep growing. Agent Merle Butler of Radcliffe, Iowa, can't hesitate a moment—and doesn't want to. We don't know the names of his girl and boy or we'd tell you. No. 2—Agent John Clark of Grundy Center is just plain lucky. This is his daughter, Laomi, the only woman T. W. driver in M. C. field. 'Tis said she can deliver as much Red Crown and Polarine as her dad and make twice as big collections.

PICTURES OF INTEREST FROM HURON

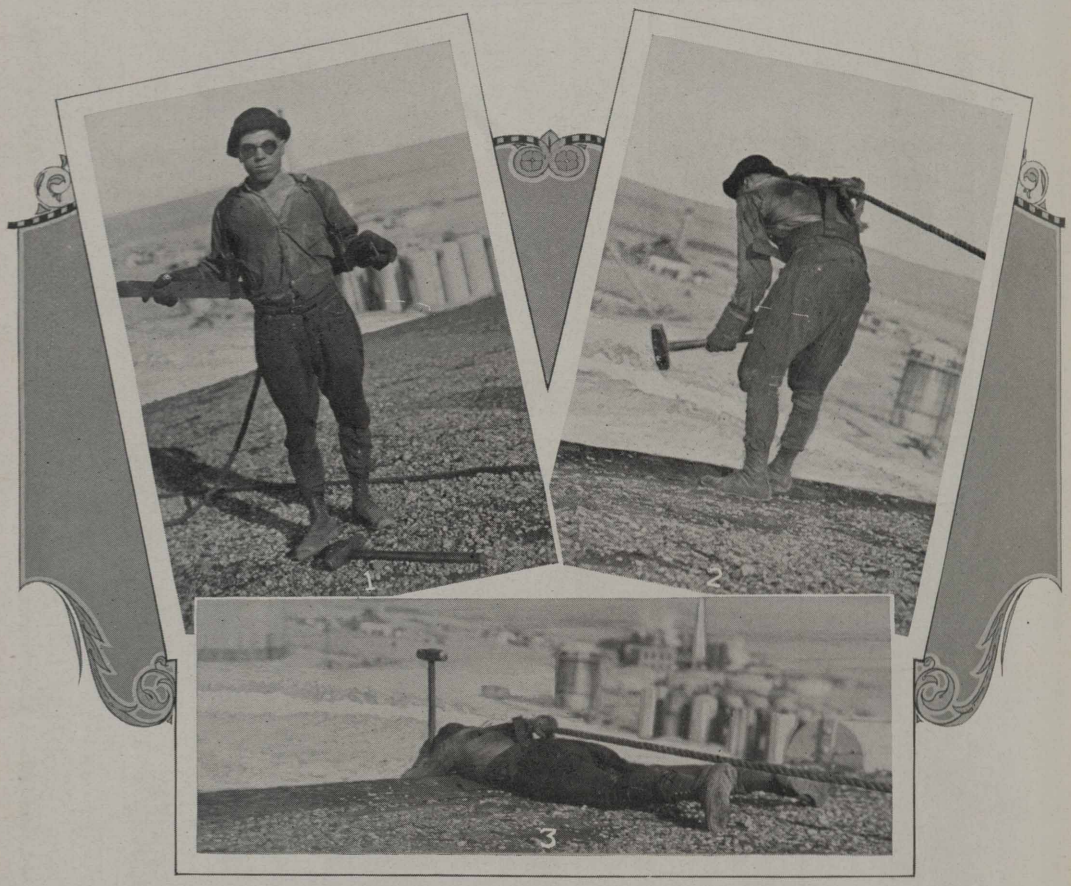
1

2

3

Huron Division—Mrs. G. H. Ryan, wife of Salesman Ryan of Aberdeen, S. D., Semdac-ed the flivver in a way that ought to have been worth dozens of orders for G. H. Maybe, it was. Anyway the photo shows the three reasons why Mr. Ryan is out early and late hustling for SOCO business. With Mrs. Ryan are Katheryn and Anna. No. 2—Salesman G. H. Ryan is treating "Great Wonder," Grand North Dakota Champion for 1922 to 1923, to a Mica rub. No. 3—Sixty-five pounds of wedding cake! George McDeid, agent at Oneida, S. D., got it. If George eats it himself, we'll give facts concerning the obsequies next month.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT—SAFETY FIRST

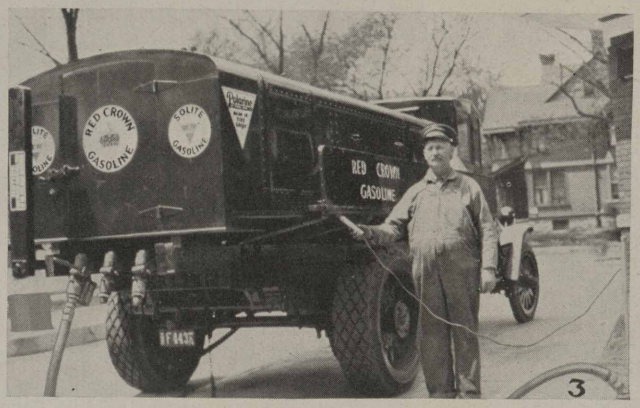


Safety belts should always be used when men are doing work on top of tanks and roofs of buildings when repairing or painting the same. No. 1—Note how easily safety belt is put on and taken off. No. 2—Rope is fastened to the center of the belt at the back so that if the one who is using the belt should fall, the strain is evenly distributed over the body. The other end of the rope is tied to the middle of the tank. No. 3—Dangerous work providing this man was not securely fastened, but the work is easily accomplished with little or no danger when safety belt is used.

Pictures taken at Greybull, Wyoming.

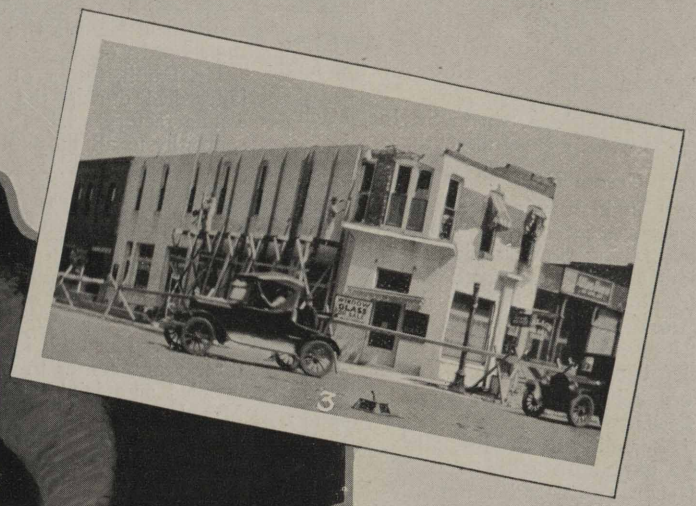
C. W. SMITH,
Director, Safety Division, Industrial Relations Department

SAFETY FIRST—*Right Way & Wrong Way*



No. 1—Inflating customers' tires is a part of our Uniform service but there is a Right and Wrong way to every thing, and this attendant, William Siegert is illustrating what we consider the right way. Note his position, behind the fender. No. 2—Illustrates the wrong way. Never place yourself in his position no matter how busy you are. Should the tire "blow" your face or eyes would suffer. No. 3—Every driver and attendant should know by this time that the tank truck must be "grounded" before inserting hose in fill pipe. This driver, Louis Hoest, says he knows from experience that it pays to play safe and that no one will ever say he failed to properly ground his truck at either service station or main plants. The foregoing data was furnished by C. H. Austin, tax, legal and accident clerk of the Milwaukee field, F. C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Division.

IN THE WAKE OF A MIDDLE WESTERN TORNADO



No. 1—Here is how the home of Agent Holmes of Augusta, Wichita division, appeared after the tornado had swept through his city. Agent Holmes was not injured and is now making good the Standard Oil slogan—Service, Anywhere, Anytime. No. 2—This is all that was left of Agent Holmes' barn where he kept his truck. No. 3—How to make a three-story building into a two-story structure was demonstrated by the tornado. The top story was cleanly taken off by the wind. Nos. 4 and 5—"Well, it left the pump standing, anyway," was the comment of Leo Williams of Riverton, Kan., of Kansas City division, after the storm had razed his garage. However, Leo wasn't going to let a windstorm interfere with his sales, so shortly after, "Service, Anywhere, Anytime" was again made good. The photos show Mr. Williams' garage. Nos. 6 and 7—After the tornado had swept through Tracy, Minn., of the Mankato division, the entire Tracy force of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) turned out to the relief of the distressed working from early to late. More than one hundred farm homes were demolished like the two shown here. Agent Foster, Salesman C. H. Sorteberg and Attendant C. G. Rettmer won the thanks of many for their tireless work. (Photos Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were taken by Correspondent J. A. White of Wichita division who made a special trip to Augusta to secure them for the *Stanolind Record.*)

WHITING, IND.

Boiler Shop

Emil Hildebrand, while on his vacation, motored to Iowa in his Oakland.

Sheik Jurasko now wears a smile and keeps singing "Back Home Again in Indiana." Cheer up, Sheik, maybe she will come back.

Harry Newbert has purchased a new Oldsmobile Sedan.

Wilbur Gough spent his vacation on the lakes of Wisconsin and Michigan. Now for the fish stories, boys.

Edgar Aronson made a trip to St. Joe, Mich., with a young lady. Be careful, youth.

Grease Department

Miss Joan Coughlan, who was stenographer at the grease department for the two weeks Mrs. Creswell was taking her vacation, is filling another temporary position at the filter plant.

Mrs. Mary Golden, nee Ryan, resigned her position last week.

T. J. O'Hara and John Chiluski are enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

Mary Macnak has left to be married.

Miss Helen Demkovich is on a week's vacation. which she is spending at St. Joe, Mich., with her parents, who have a farm there.

Miss Eleanor Grausgruber recently had her hair bobbed, which is very becoming to her.

Red McGroarty is the proud owner of a new watch. "Red" says he paid 30 cents for it.

The grease department baseball team is thinking of getting a game with the White Sox, as they have lost four games and won one.

William Gaeth is still a faithful follower of the White Sox. Why not stick to a good team, Bill?

Machine Shop

John Plau left for Cleveland last week to attend the funeral of his mother. The machine shop extends a heartfelt sympathy to you and your family, John.

George Weber is expected back to work this week after touring the West for a month.

Joseph Sceerey and family and Don Daegling are enjoying a two weeks' vacation at Lake Wood Pines Resort, Minocuqua, Wis.

Bernard Klemm, after being ill for several weeks, is back to work.

Billy Kinanne returned to work after spending his vacation at Evansville, Ind.

Baldi Ashford, otherwise known as the soap salesman, spent two weeks in Pennsylvania visiting his folks.

We would like to know why Joe Jones spends his week-ends at the Dells. Let us in on the secret, Joe.

Joe Schaeffer after having two months of married life is holding his own and has not changed a bit.

Mr. Minsberg has returned to work as good natured as ever from his vacation which he spent in Robertsdale, Ind. (U. S. A.?)

Candle Factory

During the first week of Miss Lillian Porter's vacation she will become Mrs. Ed. Christiansen. The two will then spend the remaining few days and week on their honeymoon. Good luck, folks.

Mr. Brinker seems to have been catching lots of fish while on his vacation at a lake in Wisconsin. He had to send back to Whiting for more worms.

Rose Bakus surprised the candle factory force one morning by walking out with a sparkler, binding her engagement to Joe Duffalo. Moral: This is leap year, girls. Hop to it!

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stratton will spend their vacation in Kansas City where they will drive in their Ford Coupe.

Mr. Fauth, father of Elizabeth, our head forelady, died during the first part of July. The candle factory wishes to extend its most sincere sympathy to all those stricken by this grief.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

The Public Health and Welfare Board, organized recently in Sugar Creek, has employed Mrs. Mildred Ireland Lackey of Camp De Luxe as its health nurse. Mrs. Lackey, who has been employed by the government at the United States Veterans' Hospital in Kansas City more than three years, comes to Sugar Creek highly recommended, an official of the Sugar Creek board says. Mrs. Lackey's work will be confined to the city of Sugar Creek, Sugar Creek school and school district. She succeeds Mrs. Grace Key Mullen, former Red Cross nurse.—Independence Examiner.

In the Independence Sunday School Baseball League the S. O. A. A. team turned back the league leaders with their heavy bats and pitching by Stafford. On July 12, Jester Paschal, our heavy hitting third sacker, collected two triples, one double and one single in four trips to the plate.

A. S. Hurt has a new system for killing off the cockroaches that infest the plant. He feeds them a special fattening powder he has so that they reach a size larger than an ordinary grandpa cockroach long before they mature; then all you have to do is catch them while they are fat and lazy and sprinkle a little kerosene on them. Douglas Bailey uses carbon tetrachloride.

Main Office, Storehouses, Filling Racks

Among the vacationers we have: C. H. Freeman, who spent one week resting at his home in Fairland Heights; A. E. Hauptley intended to make a trip but got lost in the grass in the front yard and stayed home to make hay. F. J. Bergin took his family to Estes Park along with J. W. Kelly and family and suffered for two days with the cold and then came home and spent the rest of his time on the front porch; J. A. Hininger drove through to Colorado; Matt Butler spent two weeks at home cleaning up his Nash Four; C. C. Koehler painted his house, cutting down the overhead expense besides accumulating about three-fourths of an inch coating of sunburn; A. E. Hicks and family journeyed down to Columbus, Kans., to visit the old folks, and Curtis Wright started a trip in his Overland 90, but after spending one week in it and only getting halfway to the front walk, he took a train for Minnesota. All are back none the worse for the wear and tear.

Clifford Howard bought a Ford coupe, "best little car in the world."

Mr. Holzbauer, master mechanic, is the father of a fine eight-pound girl, born July 30.

Eddie Henderson has been put in charge of the insurance at the plant under the employees' death benefit plan.

For information of the flappers and confectioners, Dudley McBride has moved back to Independence in the 800 block on North Main street.

Looks like A. O. Hodges would have gotten all the rattlings he needed for life from his old Chevrolet, but nevertheless he has invested in a new Chevrolet touring.

Clifford Howard has traded his Ford coupe in on a Chevrolet roadster, "best little car in the world."

Mae Weatherford, Santa Fe depot, and seven other girl friends spent ten days at Rockaway Beach, Lake Taneycoma.

Day by day in every way the inspection department is getting better and better. Following closely in the footsteps of Bert Landfried, Floyd Lindsay came down to work July 22 passing out the cigars and announcing he had gotten married, July 21. Joe Morgan's cigar didn't make him sick, which is considered a good omen.

Wilford Bressie has been transferred from head office boy to clerk at the machine shop to fill the vacancy created by Armstrong, who left the employment of the company, August 1, to become a druggist. John Brizendine takes Wilford's place in the stationery room.

Earl J. Cox has quit paying for things. Fred Miller raffled off his watch and Earl, whose watch was in the repair shop, won it. July 30, Earl's wife won the Ford touring car which was given away at Fairmount Park. Now will Earl keep old "Methusaler" or will he keep the new flivver? It has always been his boast that "Methusaler" would outrun any flivver in the county, and now it has come to a showdown and we will know who is boss at his house if he sells "Methusaler."

Clifford Howard has sold his Chevrolet roadster and bought an Oldsmobile roadster, "best little car in the world."

Harold Echternacht has undertaken to become an undertaker.

R. C. Wetmore's purchase at the close of life for his Oldsmobile was a Buick Six.

Mechanical Department

Among the vacationers in the mechanical department: G. V. Hackett and Bill Beatty spent a week fishing down at Eldorado Springs and vicinity with Denny Chester; O. C. Hite spent a week at Joplin with his mother, who is ill; Charlie Street drove through to Colorado; Bill Totty planned a trip to the mountains, and Harvey Coleman spent two weeks back in the old home town, Paducah, Ky.

George Hackett will not give any reasons, but we have our suspicions why he had his mustache cut off.

Orin Meyer's bus came so near running into a team and wagon one morning coming down to work with Will Berry on the front fender that "Baldy's" hair raised his hat three inches above his head.

Joe Starko has a wheat field somewhere in the plant as yet undiscovered, from which he packs home his dinner pail full of grain each afternoon.

Alex Napuda lost his little brown jug just before the Fourth and all evidence surely points to John Olinsky Jr., who lost two weeks from the "flu" just after the Fourth. Anybody ought to know better than to drink that stuff Alex does.

John Burns, pipefitter, became the proud father of a son, July 5.

Van Deusen of Frank Hook's gang has purchased a 1924½ Ford touring.

John T. Lee, pipe helper, has sold his home.

George Detel is boasting of the birth of a fine baby girl, July 2.

John Toth has the sympathy of all the employees in the recent illness and death of his son.

Ed Greer, recently married, has recided renting doesn't pay, so is building him a home in Fairmount, Mo.

Refinery Department

Among the vacationers in the refinery department we have: H. O. Eyssell spent one week at his home in Fairland Heights; J. W. Kelly took his family to Estes Park, Colo, but got frozen out and came home; Lou Perrigo drove to Chicago testing out his Chevrolet; Buck Lowe will spend two weeks in September in Kansas; Matt Mansfield spent two weeks near St. Louis fishing; Harry Boulware and family spent a month in Oklahoma visiting his wife's folks; Charlie Fraher went to the Minnesota lakes trout fishing—no luck; Buck Weaver spent five days in the Ozarks fishing, but gave up in disgust; Frank Brown bought a Ford roadster and drove through to his old home town in Ohio; Doyle Davidson put in some time fishing at Warsaw, Mo.; Harrison took a 24-day trip to Yellowstone National Park in his coaster wagon; Gib Alexander is planning a trip to California, and A. B. Jones went down to the dear old Southland, Memphis, Tenn.

Wayne Williams has moved from North Spring street to North Main street in Independence.

On July 10 Fancher Farmer hit the longest home run ever made on the S. O. A. A. athletic field. The ball sailed over the right-center field fence and buried itself in the north side of the dam of Fairmount lake.

Smith Fisher will probably vote the Farm-Labor ticket this year after his speculation in the blackberry business. Smith paid $15 for a blackberry patch and after working three weeks harvesting the crop he came out $8 in the hole besides contracting the hay fever.

Slaughter Chandler took in (took in is right) the big Shrine picnic at Swope Park in Kansas City when he won the fat man's race on a foul, claiming to have broken both legs and bruised his lungs when he fell down in the middle of the field after the second minute of the fifty-yard dash had expired.

Fancher Farmer, fireman at the pressure stills, had the misfortune to break his shoulder in a ball game, July 13. However, he caught the fly.

Mrs. George W. Smith and family have the sympathy of all the employees in the resent illness and death of George W. Smith, pressure still helper.

H. N. Beatty, main pump house helper, recently announced that he had sold his home in Independence and that he intends to buy a farm.

Andy Povala, tool dresser for the still cleaners, received his citizenship papers, July 7.

Elry W. Cox, helper at the new boiler house, was married July 5 to Beulah M. Atkinson, daughter of Henry Atkinson, pipe helper.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Crude Stills

Mike Skundric now has a hive of bees and is running opposition to George Buck. He also has several more Airedale pups for sale. Prospective buyers are referred to C. E. Custer.

Henry Monken is overhauling his Ford preparatory to taking a trip to Atlanta, Ga., during his vacation.

Gus Moline is building a mansion in Picker Park. It will have cabinets, ice boxes and stills all built in.

Uncle Tim VanCamp is making ready for a trip to West Virginia to enjoy the scenes of his boyhood days.

Ed Lasbury led the big parade of Shriners in East St. Louis last week.

Roy Thompson is still trying to beat the grocer with a fish hook. We understand that his grocer is smiling.

Herman Faulkenhain is eyeing the new cars and hints now and then that he has walked long enough.

Bob Roach of East Alton is loaded down with ideas of farming. Anyone desiring agricultural information, see Bob.

George Nelson says he was a farmer the first 20 years of his life. But don't ask him what kind of work he did the first year.

Louis Mansholt won the blue ribbon in the prize dancing at Bethalto this Summer.

Emery Hunt is going to invite the Joint General Committee to spend the week-end at his farm on the Grafton road.

Charlie Frey went to St. Louis to pose for an advertisement of Mail Pouch tobacco.

George Meyers has been keeping up with William Hoffman but we hear he is about winded and will drop out of the race.

Willie Meechan says his boy has enlisted in the Marine Corps and will soon leave on a trip around the world.

James Crawford will spend his vacation in the Ozarks. Jim says there are fish and everything good to eat down there.

William Stormer has just returned from a visit with his folks in West Alton. Bill stocked up with potatoes, bacon, ham and eggs while there.

George Thompson helped Bill Obermiller shock the Milton Heights wheat crop.

Harry Gifford spent a day in Alton and says the place hasn't changed in fourteen years.

Jess Card is busy figuring out something more spectacular than flying around the world.

James Green discharged Ben Dorsey from the River Club. Dorsey's conduct on several occasions was cited as reasons for his dismissal.

Amiel Brummer has been troubled with a boil that interfered with the comfort of sitting down. His wife served his dinner on the mantelpiece so that Amiel wouldn't have to bother about sitting down. But he has fully recovered and is now trying to locate some ten-pound leghorn chickens.

Judge Parker toured Kentucky in a Ford during his vacation. As soon as the Judge returned, August Wuestenfeld left on his vacation. It would be difficult to get along with both gone at the same time.

Ty Cobb has an automobile, a Hupmobile Sedan, which gives him much trouble. Sometimes the engine dies; again the carburetor floods; sometimes the machine acts like a bucking broncho. Shorty Meechan and William Butler accompanied Ty on one of his trips. They stopped at The Farm to get some gasoline. Meechan says that after they hit a rough railroad crossing, which shook the car up, it ran much better.

Just to outdo Parker's trip to Kentucky, John Baker will make a trip to Pike's Peak in his Ford.

Joe Everson rejoices that he changed work from the glass house to the oil industry. Joe says now that the country is dry, the bottle industry will collapse.

Bert McDaniels enjoyed a trip to Niagara Falls.

Henry Ronnenberg and George Meyers have walked far astray. Being prominent members of one of Wood River's foremost churches, their escapade is looked upon as typical scandal. It all started over a suggestion to visit the "farm." Both deny making the suggestion. You may think you know what the "farm" is, but you don't. No one really knows much about it. But Henry and George went there and had several cans of beer. They sang and danced and made "Belgium's Capital" seem tame with all their "sound of revelry by night." On the way home they stopped at a farmer's corn patch and filled their Ford full of roasting ears. They arrived at George's home about 2 A. M. They built a fire in the stove and had a banquet on roasting ears. The next day George's wife came home and found Henry and George lying on the floor asleep. Corn cobs and corn shucks littered the house. A general house cleaning ensued. Bill Hoffman is interceding with the families and the ministers.

Judge Parker and family made a drive to the southern part of Kentucky recently to visit old friends. The judge speaks mostly about the hills and tobacco. They seem to have the finest tobacco and the largest hills as a matter of distinction.

Carpenter Department

Mark Allen went to St. Louis, July 27, and came to work Monday morning carrying his lunch in a little 2x4 suitcase. Probably St. Louisans carry their lunch in suitcases and Mark is showing the boys here how to be an "Up-to-the-Minute Man."

H. Maxeiner is back to work again. Henry was operated on in St. Joseph's Hospital at Alton and had a very hard time of it and we are surely glad to see him at work again.

W. Mathie still parks his car on North State street, Alton. Wes is a bachelor now but just keep parking that car there and all of us will be smoking cigars.

Sox Parker, catcher for the Standard baseball team, had the misfortune to stop one of E. Hill's curves while playing in the Alton Muny League. The ball hit Sox on the ribs and cracked one of 'em. Sox suffered severely for awhile and was on the hospital list, but he is about ready to get in the harness again. One thing they teach in baseball, Sox, is to use your head. You didn't do that. If that ball would have hit you in the head, you would not have lost a day's work.

Walter Hutchinson says he can remember the time when "Slick" Parker used to jump over the fence instead of going through the gate—at any hour of the night.

J. Pivoda is now working with "Daddy" Burris.

John Bustine says that is one less to worry about —Johnnie used to work for Bustine.

E. Scharth is a confirmed old bachelor, but he likes to attend band concerts in Riverview Park in Alton with a very nice looking lady friend. Be careful, Eddie. Remember "Cleo."

C. Fields says he stays at home nights now. We all do since we're married.

Pipe Department

Tom Kinsella, the candy kid, tube cleaning department, stole away to St. Louis and was quietly married to a charming young lady from the Mound City. Her name was Miss Anna Shaner, a former resident of Alton. They have gone to housekeeping in a nice cottage which Tom had all furnished and ready. Pete Corrigan was best man. Tom was held up for a while on account of his age. They thought he was too young and Pete had to go down and swear, that is not to use bad language, but to swear that Tom was old enough to get married. Everything turned out O. K. and they returned to Wood River in Pete's bus. All the boys wish them the best of luck.

Lost—A grinding stone around No. 4 Pressure House. Finder please notify E. Lasbury.

Willie Woods, it is said, has traded his Ford in for a baby buggy. We just can't understand it.

Charley Beasley spent the 4th of July in West Alton.

Riley Hefner, Ike Crofton, Ben Weinrich and L. Pennifold spent July 12 at fishing. They returned with three fish, one turtle and an empty wine bottle.

Doc Henick is composing a song entitled, "Take Me Back, Dearie, Your Own Sweet Boy." Ike Crofton will put the music to it.

Main Pump House, Electricians, Steam Stills and Refinery Agitators

The American Legion picnic, July the Fourth, was a wow. A wow with hairy pants, spurs and leather boots, not to mention the many booths where Dame Fortune could be extensively courted or the dance pavilion where stiff joints could be limbered up. And in the evening, a concert by the Gasoline Band, in other words, the Red Crown Band, kept the crowds milling and jostling while keeping time to the music. Adequate police protection was afforded the public for protection against pickpockets and others of that ilk. In short, Wood River should be very proud of an organization which gave them such amusement.

W. D. Soliday, stillman on the steam stills, has become the owner of a Willys-Knight Sedan, finally succeeding in trading a 1902 model B. U. M. Overland, which was worn out in 1902½. Forgetting the Overland, the Willys is a "right smart looking car." The radio will now be sadly neglected until Winter comes.

W. C. Heidemann, pumper at the main pump house, took a vacation recently, touring the northern part of the state. Included in the tour were such metropolises as Witt, Fillmore, Irving and Chapman. Heide reports a wonderful time.

You've heard the saying "things are going from bad to worse." Here's an example. Amiel Brummer traded a Buick car for a Chevrolet.

Fred Parker returned from a vacation in Kentucky. The trip embraced several states, both West and South. Now, boys, get your "believing" ears on.

Seems like everybody goes on a vacation, except 99½ per cent of us.

Laboratory

Mr. Kelly and Mr. Marsh of the Chemical Laboratory left us July 1. We sure will miss their good-natured smile and pleasant "Good morning," but wish them all the success in their new undertaking.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Buck and the laboratory force were delightfully entertained by Miss Wilkining at the Standard Oil Cottage, July 3. We had lots of music and singing, but best of all that good old home-made ice cream and cake that Laura knows how to make. Seemed like a real family reunion. Everybody had a very nice time.

We thought Bobbie Lane had enough mention last month, but no sir, he has the finest and biggest new baby boy at his home, and we want you all to know about it. Congratulations, Bobbie, only five more, and Standard Oil will have a team that will beat them all, and it won't be with forfeit games either.

We now have with us Miss Betty Parks. We regret to say that her stay will only be temporary. In September she will return to Monticello Seminary, but while she is here the glad hand is given from all.

Mrs. Gertrude Cromwell is leaving the laboratory. She is going to her home town, Lancing, Tenn., where she is taking a position as teacher. She departed singing, "That Old Gang of Mine," and amid our tears and good-byes we wished her luck and success for the Winter and her return next Spring.

Miss Theresa Brown is enjoying her vacation. She believes in recreation for her vacation, so she chose Piasa Chautauqua as her place of rest.

Tinners, Painters and Pipe Covers Department

Pearl Baker took a sudden notion to chute the chutes recently. The slide and high dive took place on the blacksmith shop. Baker certainly had a rough landing and we were very glad he was not badly injured.

Gus Frederickson with W. Witthofft made a trip North for the vacation lands around South Chicago, Thornton and points north. Charles Zweig returned from a trip to these places and states it is the last stop on the way to the promised land.

Welding Department

Phil Kaeser is at Jefferson Barracks for treatment at the time this is written. Phil expects to be back with us soon according to the latest reports.

Boiler Department

A swarm of bees took up quarters in a post east of the boiler shop recently. Jack Hamilton and Louis Rebenack got a sack and ladder and went to capture the swarm but they could not get the bees out. The air hose was tried and after three days, the bees were driven out and they proved to be the variety called muddaubers. Louis says he has been told a bee can pull four times its weight and he is convinced now that a bee can push much harder than that.

Main Office

Fred Owen and Bill Witthofft Jr. have our sincerest sympathy, the former in the loss of his mother and the latter in the death of his grandfather.

Jim Delaney used to pack up and go to Carlinville every Saturday evening, but his school teacher is at St. Louis for the Summer, so he now goes the other way.

Charlie Allen seems to think that Chevrolets were made to run. He has averaged about forty miles a day all Summer.

Masons Department

Ed Tretter has a nine-pound boy who arrived July 13. Cigars were passed and enjoyed. Best wishes Ed, and may the lad grow in the steps of his dad.

Someone saw John Kovach pass the cigars. Boys, do you know when or what may happen?

Jessie ("Slim") Fields spent a few days recently back at the old home town Camfield, Ill.

P. Boindalino has a fine baby boy who arrived July 14. Cigars were passed to celebrate the arrival, and were much enjoyed. Best wishes to the Dad and may the lad grow up to be as good as his father.

Pressure Stills

Harvey Pickles was the guest of honor in company with William Groves and Starr Oulsen at the Nutwood Resort recently. Harvey states that the mud was too deep to get there in a car, and the last four miles were done on foot. It is reported from other sources that all these boys got bites (mosquito bites).

George Neiderkorn is writing a new song. The title can be secured from Joe Richardson. Joe will also sing the first verse for you.

Carl Juhlin and John Gerdes of No. 6 pressure house have been away for several weeks on account of illness. We wish this jolly pair a speedy recovery and hope to see them back soon.

William Groves took a few days off to visit the Camp at Nutwood after the water in that vicinity had subsided.

Gus Wuestenfeld Sr. spent some profitable time on the river during his vacation. He was observed returning home with a large catch of fish which were gifts from the owners of the good ship Polarine.

E. Perrin and wife made a trip to Covington, Okla., recently, to attend the funeral of Mr. Perrin's father. Our sympathy is extended to Ed and his family in their loss.

Paraffine Works

Andy Matko is back, strong and well, after having several serious operations.

Zweig, Dooling and Bauer, the crew of the S. S. Polarine have typical fisherman luck. They fish for red herring and get inner tubes, fish for channel cat and get dog fish.

Sam Hubbard and J. Wisely reported for sick duty recently. The illness is not reported as being serious.

Labor Department

Harold Powell left recently for an extended visit to New York with his family, making the trip in a reconstructed Ford. Harold plans to take advantage of the tourist camps while en route.

Jules Kocher spent most of his vacation at the corner of Whitelaw and the Edwardsville road. The bowling alley will be shined up for the next season.

A. E. Peters and family report a fine visit to the home folks at West York, Ill.

Lubricating Works

A certain person from the paraffine works made a trip to Whiting after the return of Don Naef. Don's friends there asked about the time he arrived on Wood River on his return from Whiting, and from the calculations given, Don made the trip in about twenty hours which does not correspond with his report of making the trip in nine hours.

Doc Payne spent his vacation learning to drive the new Ford.

Tom Stahovack spent his vacation mostly on Ferguson avenue.

Athletics

Pitcher Federle made his first appearance with the plant team in a game with the Commonwealth Steel team, July 5. Federle's return to the team is mighty welcome.

Aude Methvin had the misfortune of having his new Dodge badly damaged in a collision a few days ago.

Al Musser finally completed his basement and has gone into the business of raising cats.

Leslie Bilyeu, stillman helper, is taking a tour through the Yellowstone Park. He wants to see the animals.

Nothing slow about Freddie Brown, he goes 150 miles for them. You know.

Messrs. Blair and Moudy of Plant No. 2 made a good catch of trout on the Platte River. Fishing is fine this year.

Phelix Ward and also Roy Stewart are making an unusual amount of trips to Denver this Summer. Wonder where the attraction lies.

CASPER, WYO.

Plant No. 1

Rudy Detwyler explains the bumps and bruises on his face by saying that he did an "Annette Kellerman" in the swimming pool. But the general suspicion is that somebody did him a "Jack Dempsey" in the pool hall.

Jack Steele and G. F. Cross spent their two weeks gorging themselves with scenery. Yellowstone and Glacier Parks make a big dose to take all at once.

Johnny Lytle suggests that Glen will probably have a good time while his wife is away, if girls remember him.

Jack Angehrn finds it hard to get through the hot weather without his regular bottle of aspirin, but was recently persuaded to give it up after a heart to heart talk with one of the officials of the Company.

Crone says he will spend his vacation in Casper this year, because when he gets away he hates so bad to come back.

Plant No. 3

After seeing all the wonders of Yellowstone Park, Ray Conkling decided he would have to end up his vacation in Denver in order to realize he is back on earth.

Fred Souczek, still foreman, is back on the job after a vacation of two weeks.

Walter Compton, pumper at No. 3 transfer, is making his domicile in a brand new house at Mountain View Addition. Walter claims that the change in residence is very beneficial to little Miss Compton.

Paul Braden, helper at No. 3 transfer pumphouse, is back on the job after a ten days mo-

toring trip through the Yellowstone Park. Paul is past, present and future for Red Crown, and loaded an extra supply for the trip. Mr. Braden has traveled extensively, served with the army in France—but for real honest-to-goodness beauty, he takes off his hat to our Yellowstone Park.

C. E. Chambers, helper at the asphalt stills, claims that the high pressure pump used on the dehydrator actually breathes when it is working right. Bert Parody claims that Chambers tried to fill a lubricator without shutting off the steam to see whether it breathed or not. How about it, C. E.?

During one of our recent hard rains, J. H. Berry, helper on crude stills, had the misfortune to get his car stuck in a mudhole while on his way out to the ranch. Berry left the car and walked the rest of the way home. He woke up his dog "Sooner", and took him back to the car to do guard duty. The "Pooch" was on duty for two days until the road had dried sufficiently for the car to be removed.

W. C. "Dusty" Rhodes' squat hound has a litter of pups, so send in your reservations for first class porch dogs.

C. F. "Trapshooter" Howell has quit patronizing the lady barbers and doesn't go down on the Sandbar to buy his chewing tobacco—wonder why?

Can anyone imagine Henry Eberstein and Judge Murray trying to get through a door at the same time? One of them might turn sidewise but we don't believe that would do much good either.

J. V. Thomas is still taking "solo" lessons.

Lyle Turner and Chick Casteel are still wearing hats to hide their nakedness.

"Slim" Bowman, while out fishing in Deer Creek, ran one trout down and captured him.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Plant No. 1

O. J. Bentley spent the Fourth in Cody attending the celebration.

Everybody get ready for some good fish stories, Homer Williams is away on a two weeks' vacation.

Bartie Bentley is back on the job after a vacation spent in Yellowstone Park. He ran into a snow storm on his way back.

George Patterson seems to like the Basin road pretty well when out for a drive in the Nash Sport.

G. L. Shepardson and Grover Martin spent their thirty-two hours off fishing in Ten Sleep Canyon.

Plant No. 2

Dr. S. H. Diggs of Casper, in charge of the research department, and H. B. Carpenter of Denver, sales manager of the asphalt department, were visitors at Greybull Works, July 24.

Leo McDonald, boiler shop foreman and fisherman par excellence, reports having spent a very delightful vacation on Paint Rock Creek. He says he won't be able to look a trout in the face again—until next Saturday night.

Al FitzGerald, Harry Ruble and Steve Krajicek motored over Black Mountain last Sunday in quest of new haunts for mountain trout. Al's Hupp never faltered on this hazardous trip in spite of the heavy rainfall on the mountain. They all report having caught the limit and enjoyed a very nice trip.

Billie Hovis has promised us a picture for the *Stanolind Record* of Billie Jr. all done up in his fighting togs. He's not large enough to go bear hunting with his fists, yet there's lots of cubs about here as well as in Chicago.

Our own Andy Hurst is back bright and cheerful. Andy has taken on a genuine Wyoming tan and is in the pink of condition.

Oscar Heywood is trying to initiate a new style pants into the pipe gang. They are not a long trouser or are they particularly short, they come just above the shoe top—Oscar says he dropped them, which accounts for the legs being broken off.

"Bunny" Say presented the number which won for him a new Ford Touring car. The car was given away by some of the local merchants and while our Bunny is very happy and wants to play—a great throng were disappointed at their failure in luck, and scattered dead tickets in wild profusion about the streets. Guess little Bunny lives right.

Floyd Nicholson, yielding always to the lure of the romantic spirit of the Golden West, planned to slip away July 26 in quest of "Dead Indian Hill"—it's somewhere out there toward the Rockies. Floyd says, "Nigh this knob are some huge trout whose palates are itching for the 'artificial fooler.' "

Sam Doctor, who has beaten Bluejacket's time with Earnest Rice, will occupy the Harley Davidson side car bound for those Paint Rock Lakes, placid and serene in their beauty in spite of their 10,000-foot elevation. "High altitude is Sam's meat."

Bluejacket having survived a few home games of baseball has a prospect of being invited to Denver as a member of the Casper Club, who will compete in the Denver Post Tournament, an annual event generously patronized by ball teams of the Rocky Mountain region. Jim's motto: "Pitch and duck."

LARAMIE, WYO.

T. C. Kellogg and family have returned from their vacation in Marion, Ohio, and report having had a very nice time, in spite of the fact that he was traveling in a Ford. Mr. Kellogg says he is glad to get back where he can get a breath of cool air.

W. Irving, inside helper, has been off the job for several days on account of severe illness of his wife. We hope for speedy recovery.

L. P. Farrar has been promoted to gang pusher in Mr. Cooke's place, who is now firing stills.

J. L. Robay spent several days on a ranch near Rock River and says he had a fine time. (That's all he told us.)

B. Ferris and D. Hunton went on some mysterious trip to Bear Lake. ('Nuf said.)

Bob Elliff and friends motored to Steam Boat Springs and over the Fall River Road, which no doubt makes a fine trip.

R. Brown, top helper on Plant No. 1, recently took a trip to the Yellowstone Park in his "Baby" Overland. We had no idea that he would get there, but he is back and full of stories; says he made 2,150 miles without a puncture. (Had a flat tire when he was telling the story.)

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Miss E. M. Harkins and T. W. Starbuck, Correspondents

Don March, the efficient car repair man, has been transferred to the blacksmith shop. He will be missed by the bottom crew, especially at dinner time.

There is a new pit committeeman. Henry Steckstor has succeeded Henry Picton.

Mrs. John Dunn and daughters have returned from a visit in Chicago with Mr. and Mrs. John Karr.

The latest record at Mine No. 2 is 4,030 tons hoisted in eight hours.

Thomas W. Paul, superintendent, recently motored to Marion, Ill., for a visit with relatives. Mrs. Paul, who had been making an extended visit there, returned home with him.

Sylvan Strum has exchanged his Scatterbolt Six for an "Olds" Sedan.

Forest Nifong, surveyor at Berry, has been added to the efficient engineering department, thus greatly increasing its efficiency. Mr. Nifong was in the engineering department at Wood River for several months prior to coming to Mine No. 2.

Martin Peters has a new Hudson speedster, in which we have been hoping he would take us for a ride, but he has been too busy with the fair sex probably.

The following have moved from Carlinville to their summer villas at Schoper Lake: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reineke, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gempp, Charles VanMeter and family and George Loehnberg and family.

Harold Hall, he of the "Halle Done It" fame, and of the engineering department, has gone to Champaign where he will take a summer course in football coaching. Harold will coach the Blackburn College football team this fall.

Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield has returned from a several days' visit in Chicago with relatives.

At a recent meeting of the Hillside Country Club, C. W. Clark, assistant general manager of the coal mining department, was elected president. Mr. Clark has been a member of the Greens Committee since the organization of the Country Club at Carlinville.

John Owens has purchased a new Gray touring car. He has already mastered the art of driving same.

Marie Fisher, the other half of the fair and charming girls employed with our office force, is engineering a nice little black Ford Coupe. To engineer is a small matter with Marie, she comes by such gift honestly.

Before going to press we are informed that Bob Cheatham and Miss Leta Casey were recently married. After spending their honeymoon in the Yellowstone National Park they returned to Greybull where they will make their home. The happy young couple are very well known and their friends all wish them much happiness.

GENERAL OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Office

Allow us to introduce to you at this time the following who are new additions to our Technical Department: From the Lubrication School, Whiting, we have Ed Bohen, W. W. Albright and Russell Nadherny; Dr. Kinney ("bown" in Hawaii), who has just returned from Boston, but formerly was head of Lubrication School in Whiting; O. G. Miller, regimental representative, formerly assistant to Dr. Kinney at Whiting; H. J. Engbrecht, our radio lecturer and automotive expert, and last but not least, there is H. M. Keating, who was formerly with Joliet division as lubricating salesman.

Most of our girls have been on their vacation and now back on the job. Miss Burton spent two weeks down in Oklahoma with her people. She reports as having lots of fun, but says the weather in Oklahoma was plenty warm.

Miss Tillisch spent her vacation in Cleveland. She says Chicago may have the bright lights—but Cleveland is not so slow as you might imagine. Come on, Min, tell us more about the bright lights in Cleveland.

We take this opportunity to express our sincere sympathy to Miss Helen Alcock in the loss of her mother, July 29.

Judging from the pictures Miss George brought back with her after spending her vacation at Twin Lakes, she must have had a wonderful time. Yes, Mary, we agree with you—there is always safety in numbers.

J. E. Sayers, our specialty candle man, held a meeting in his office, having a representative from each field present, giving them talks on the sale of candles, etc.

After spending two weeks' vacation in New York City, Miss Wilkey reports having seen many good shows, including "It's Cheaper to Be Married," but she is still shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Cooperage Department

The cooperage department is sure keeping Cupid busy, taking three of our master key clerks in less than a year, Miss McCollum being the latest to enter into bonds of matrimony. Here's wishing her good luck and a long life of happiness.

J. E. Bell has just returned from his vacation. Such tales he tells of fish they caught would make Izaak Walton turn green with envy.

Clara Swenson came down in a new green hat the other day. It sure looks stunning.

Miss Collott's new pink linen dress sure is the bee's knees.

Fifth Floor

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Miss Jessie Laing, her mother having passed away after a long siege of sickness.

We wish to announce that the distribution department will soon have a jazz orchestra of their own, as we now have with us Floyd Barber, formerly leader of a jazz band at Sioux City. Mr. Barber plays the clarinet, Russell Easton is a wizard on the saxophone, Charlie Little can tickle the ivory keys to perfection, J. Walker Jordan plays any tune on the mouth organ, and we also have with us the wonderful violinist, R. M. Sabin. Mr. Campbell is going to buy a banjo and take lessons so that he also can join this wonder crew. John O'Keefe is also taking victrola lessons so he will soon be with this bunch of wonder gang. All we need now is a flute player, cornet and xylophone players and a drummer. Anyone wishing to join, see Floyd Barber for particulars.

Miss Julia Smigay, now known as Mrs. Dunham, is spending her honeymoon motoring through the East and by the many postal cards received by her friends she is having a wonderful time. Good luck to you, Julia.

Miss Estella Coulton is back at her desk again after spending a very pleasant vacation with her parents in Seattle, Wash., and informs us she had the honor of riding on the same train and coach with the University of Washington 'varsity crew en route to the coast, which made the trip short but sweet.

Adolph Bardenheier sure loves the lady auto drivers. Half a dozen of them have hit him since he got his new car and the worst part of it is none of them would settle with him. They all switched him onto their husbands for settlement. Not as easy to get damages from a man as it is from a woman, eh, Adolph?

"Herb" Modert, our little fellow, has a new pair of glasses and Harold Foote, our big brute, will have to quit picking on him.

Clarence Lieber tells us he lost eleven pounds. Tell it to Sweeney, Clary. You're wasting away, all right. Falling away to a ton.

Well, one more of our old gang has left us. Carl Kollman has been promoted to the general books department. Good luck to you, Carl, and we know you'll be just as well liked up there as you were on the fifth floor.

Hansen's department is started on the semi-annual grind now and it looks as though all records will be broken as far as the balances are concerned.

Manufacturing Department

Honorable Hermes neglected to make his annual trip on the S. S. Alabama, but somewhere he contrived to dig up one of those famous Alabama haircuts; reminds one of the ancient stepping stones on the Nile.

Frank Knight, our new addition to the bookkeeping ranks, swings a wicked comeback; his wife had just left on a vacation and, one of the boys noticing the faraway look in his eyes, seeking to console him in his misery, said, "Must be hard to have your wife away, eh, Frank?" "Hard?" replied Frank, "Why, it's almost impossible."

Anne Mechterscheimer sure is grouchy if "papa" slips a cog and neglects to call her up around 3 P. M.

Recently we referred to Mr. Pittinger as "the conservative member from back o' the yards," but, after hearing and seeing that pink shirt the other days we admit of gross negligence in choice of adjectives.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente, Correspondent; Harry Blix, W. S. Walker, and Art Emrath, Associate Correspondents

A. E. Arnhorst is back on the job again after being home for several weeks recuperating from an operation. If you could have seen the way the nurses treated Albert you would wonder why he ever left the hospital.

We understand that Salesman Below returned from his honeymoon somewhat banged up. Was it wifey's rolling pin, or that beautiful clock that struck him?

We regret that we cannot give a favorable report on Leon McGrath at this time, but so far as we have been able to learn, Leon is not married.

After being laid up for several weeks, Max Rossl is again selling the full line to the trade in Gary, and Max is sure making up for lost time.

H. K. Apel has gone into the show business. He had charge of our candle exhibit at the Hotel Sherman in connection with the Exposition given by the Gift, Artwares and Novelties Association. Treat the ladies pretty, Harold.

Fred Fisher who was recently transferred from Rogers Park Station to Elmhurst as agent has purchased a home in Elmhurst within a short distance of the plant. Fred must intend to stick around awhile at least.

Have you visited our Cortland street station recently to see how pace maker is growing? Regardless of the fact that a number of fellows have failed to contribute to the Swear Box when caught in the act, Heb Scott manages to keep Pace Maker pretty well fed. Note: For the benefit of those that may not know—Pace Maker is the Chicago Division mascot. The money for feeding Pace Maker is secured through a swear box kept by Miss Wills. Don't fail to contribute when in the office.

George Armstrong, driver de Luxe at Glencoe, must have serious intentions as it is reported his lady friend is wearing a diamond ring on that finger. When does it come off George?

Harley Perrott, La Grange agent, had to make a trip to Iowa in order to secure his state bonus. He made the trip by auto and almost lost all he received when he had an accident on his return trip.

Extra! At the last agents' meeting Bill Tiede had his own cigarettes.

It was with regret that we heard that Mike Crnkovich of Wheaton station had to leave for Denver, Colo., where his wife was very ill.

Ed Kennedy, driver at Libertyville, has been appointed agent upon the resignation of Lyle Lemker. Here's wishing Ed every success possible.

Fred Apple and John Nicholas have just returned from a tour of the East on which they covered ten states and the District of Columbia. Fred reports the president was not in when he called.

Fred Warren formerly clerk at Rogers Park has been promoted to cashier.

Joe Drinan, who needs no introduction, has taken over the duties of tank rental expert, formerly fulfilled by Geo. Schrader. Having just recently married the "Best Little Girl in the World", these new duties should keep Joe stepping.

Ed Rumann, who formerly drove the D. B. O. truck at Rogers Park, was complaining to Warnberg, warehouseman, about the barrels he is now handling on the stake truck being too heavy. Warnberg brightly replied that there were no hose dumps on the stake trucks.

We missed J. P. Martin of Jefferson Park station at the drivers' meeting July 30, and upon investigation found he had a real excuse—he reports a 9½ pound baby girl born that night.

Wal. Spensley of Rogers Park is also a proud father of a baby girl.

Chris Hoff of Englewood took some of the boys home from the recent drivers' meeting and

wondered why he had to go out Ogden avenue when everybody lived South. We understand he found out before he got home.

Mr. LeForgee held a short meeting for his Service Station Managers on July 26. Among those present were Gordon, No. 97, Blandford, No. 60, Murphy, No. 513, Coleman, No. 42, McRae, No. 26, Morris, No. 518, and M. R. Mellott, No. 502. The meeting developed into a real treat for all the boys. C. F. Hatmaker gave a short talk, and then introduced all of them to J. W. Wilson, Amos Ball and Allan Jackson.

Kozel and McCabe, S. S. No. 93, deserves a great deal of credit for their showing of last month. That's the old fight—keep it up, boys.

Packer of S. S. No. 115 has quit selling Polarine in five gallon quantities, and has taken barrels for his specialty. One consolation—a barrel will make up for quite a few five gallon sales.

"Jack" Morris, formerly of S. S. No. 60, was given recognition by being placed in charge of S. S. No. 518. Jack believes in advertising. If you don't believe it, look at the lawn at S. S. No. 518. More power to you, Morris.

R. D. Johnson, S. S. No. 27, has crashed through with the statement that he is going to win the Polarine Contest for July. Well—let's see you go, Johnson.

Coleman Sanford, a Polarine prize-winner of last year, is up and at 'em. Watch the dark hoss in the Polarine race.

Attendant Murphy of S. S. No. 97 fame has transferred his activities to S. S. No. 513—and certainly is hitting the ball at 100 per cent.

McRae of S. S. No. 26 is out for blood in the Polarine Race, and is going to knock 'em dead. Mac has certainly produced and judging from past performances, someone will have to step high, wide and mighty to beat him.

Joe Papa and his gang of "artists" certainly have done themselves credit—if you don't know why—just pass No. 60 and see how "Joseph" dolled it up. Great work, Joe!

Our old friend "Pete" Stapp, formerly at S. S. No. 42, is now located at No. 121, so watch out for "Pete", because he has our soft spoken friend Mr. Childress with him. Watch them go!

K. M. Grubb, S. S. No. 11, is crashing through in great style. He is the champion eater of No. 11, being a consistent winner in the potato salad and strawberry ice cream events. Ken says he can sell more Polarine when he eats regularly.

Kedzie Ave. Station

It is reported that E. G. Bertram landed some fine fish at Fox Lake, but we are not advised as to the kind caught. He was using sturgeon for bait.

Our chief clerk, Mr. Eickenberg, spent a day at fishing and beach surveying, and returned with a nice coat of sunburn, well done. Local pharmacists worked overtime supplying the demand for Unguentine and pain relief. Better luck next time, Bill.

Agent Mattison's Invincible baseball nine has cleaned up quite a number of victories at selling Polarine. The boys sell Polarine and have convinced that there is no other oil that will soothe the cross motor as Polarine will. It is rumored that some of the boys are already fasting for the great feed that will be given them in recognition of their superiority in selling the most Polarine in the Chicago division.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. M. A. Clark, Correspondent

The Davenport Oil Cans rattled down to Credit Island for an afternoon and evening of merry-making on July 19. Everybody says it was the best picnic we've had this year. Spike Kroy was grand high potentate and Pete and Alice and Lil did the work, so they claim. It was really a very gala affair. The gang at one table hurled hotdogs at the other, who, in return for the kindness, bombarded with bananas, pears, etc. The sporting events of the day were a golf tournament, a tennis match, baseball game, swimming and diving. Not only did they give prizes for the low scores but it seems that the fellows all got a golf ball apiece for playing eighteen holes in less time than it took the girls to play nine. Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst won about seventy-five per cent of the prizes. A blind bogie was arranged by Walter Nieman, and very successfully too, inasmuch as he came out winner in the event. Although he didn't win anything but praise, Herbie Fennell sure knocked 'em all for a row of sunbeams with his knicker suit. Bob Kibler and Florence challenged Alice and Al Viemeyer at tennis, and it's hard to believe that either Wills or Lenglen ever played a more dashing game. It was a love game and Bob and Florence came out ahead. In the baseball game Mr. and Mrs. Art Koch carried off the honors. Whether the honors were worked out in a material way or not, we don't know. While they did have an awfully good time in the water, the bathing beauties are now feeling kinda down hearted cause none of the pictures turned out to be any good. (Durn!—Ed.) The evening was kinda cool but the music was hot stuff. A temporary comptometer operator copped off Pat O'Connell—four dances straight. The office girls can't quite get over it. Mr. Bragg didn't seem to have as much pep as usual and only danced two dances. Johnnie Jost and the young lady who was with him were awarded the prize for the cleverest execution of a waltz. Oh, thrills! Mr. Clark claims he danced off four pounds. 'Sa good idea. Hugh Janney and Vivian Dodds were at the picnic, too.

Mr. Buhman, assistant equipment clerk, has a new son, and he says the kid is some boy, had his first lesson in promenading the other night. Dorothy Swan held a long conference with Mr. Clark the other day. You don't suppose it had anything to do with the diamond she's sporting?

Miss Mildred Radcliffe, she of the Jack and Wally episode, is back with us again and she has finally come to the conclusion that she likes Jack the best.

Gladys Nelson and Billy Haywood don't seem to think the day is complete without a trip to the Natatorium.

Tom Rogerson, Fred Nelson and Mr. Zaph are also regular customers at the Nat, but we don't believe their object is to lose weight, though Mr. Zaph does while away a lot of time walking around the edge of the pool.

Art Meyers, the former sheik of the second floor, has up and left us. He's going to be married and then either go to California or take over a dairy farm in Minnesota.

Flora Lawrence doesn't think getting up in the morning at six bells to curl shorn locks is all

it's cracked up to be, so now she has adopted the straight shingle.

Miss Wheeler has her hair cut now, too, and she certainly has no need to regret it. Come on, Cordelia, you're next.

Marie Grady's friend from way out somewhere in Nebraska is coming to see her in a couple of weeks, and yet she has a farther than ever away look in her eyes. Gee, it must be great to be in love.

Don't you think Mr. Bragg's new glasses are becoming?

Bob Sayer has traded his coupe for a touring car. Yeh, the same kind, in fact the only kind.

L. E. Wright, former city salesman in Rock Island, is now our candle salesman. He can recite poetry to fit any candle.

Helen Rathman is taking a course in correspondence. Mr. Burmeister is the instructor, and he sure knows his stuff.

La Verne, the star office boy, took advantage of the excursion rates and made a trip up to Chicago a couple of Sundays ago. He says it (the aforementioned town) ain't nothing to rave about.

Cedar Rapids.—On the evening of July 10 the Stanolind Nite Lites and their families enjoyed a basket picnic at Ellis Park. After the empty dishes had been stored away they boarded the electric barge "Iowa" for a moonlight trip up the river. Those who could sing tried their voices on the SOCO anthem, those who could not danced to music by a radio orchestra which was concealed on board. The boat returned to the landing at 12:15 G. M. and everyone voiced the opinion that the entertainment committee had done a good job. No fatalities were reported except that Tom Hodges missed the boat.

Salesman H. W. Stanley and wife motored to the Iowa Great Lakes over a recent week-end. They report a fine trip with good roads all the way.

Mike Quinlan, our popular plant custodian, is back on the job after a two months' sojourn at Mercy Hospital as the results of a serious operation. Mike seems to be as good as ever only his appetite has not resumed its normal stride.

J. C. Houle, C. F. Boone, P. R. Wetherbee, D. E. Bleakley, K. B. Cesar and H. C. McDonald are recent additions to our forces of S. S. salesman.

Central City.—C. L. Patton of Viola, Iowa, has taken L. C. Moore's place at Central City as agent. Mr. Patton has traded his bed for a lantern and says, "I will make my 30 per cent on Polarine."

Fairfield.—Salesman Carr paid us a visit last week. He was sure "up in the air, and don't mention this to anyone, but he's some High Flier." The new Service Station under construction is getting along nicely.

Marengo.—The Marengo territory is going to show a good gain in Polarine, due to the hard work of its agent salesman and S. S. men. During the Marengo flood, business was carried on by motor boats which accounted for the gain in Red Crown. The water was from 32 to 40 inches deep over the entire town. (Pix?—Ed.)

Ottumwa.—C. O. Dooley, S. S. Attendant at No. 3, was married recently. We wish Mr. Dooley much luck.

An S. S. meeting was held at the plant office on July 2, with Mr. Strieter discussing Polarine and specialty products.

We miss Johnny Hiller, who was transferred to Burlington a short time ago.

Iowa City.—The other day we saw little Fat Carter have Jerry Preston cornered, and we think it must have been about getting his new truck fixed so he could get in behind the steering wheel. We think Jerry recommended a diet. The new city truck we got last week is somewhat like its companion, Bob Campbell, so we had to raise the pump house in order to accommodate both of them.

The report from the front is that our tank wagon salesman, G. A. Graham, is about to change his boarding place. Her name is still Miss Weise.

Vinton.—M. R. Heath, agent at Vinton, sure oughta make his quotas this month. His wife and baby helped him sell 145 gallons of Red Crown, twenty gallons of Perfection and a half barrel of Polarine after supper on July 21.

Davenport S. S.'s

Glen Houston, salesman at S. S. No. 19, took a trip down to Iowa City on July 12 and came home with a wife. Congratulations!

A customer drove into S. S. No. 19 the other day and asked Attendant Veech for some Red Crown, and told him to "put in a shot of Ethyl." The young lady in the car thereupon turned around to Mr. Veech and said, "Well, I'll take ginger ale in mine, please."

Won't someone please ask Bill Scharnberg what he thinks about Milwaukee? Wet, did you say?

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Agent and Mrs. H. S. Allender, Vail, Ia., are the proud parents of a baby boy, born June 18, 1924. Another Standard Oil booster.

S. S. No. 137, Denison, Ia., located on Lincoln Highway, started serving the public, July 3. A. P. Frahm, attendant, advised that "Service and Courtesy" are the motto at his station. That's the spirit, Mr. Frahm!

C. R. Henderson, attendant at S. S. No. 75, Grand Junction, Ia., is the happy father of a new baby girl, Gladis LaVetta Henderson, born on June 25. Mother and daughter are doing fine. Congratulations!

M. T. Salesman E. M. Wiles, Red Oak, is sporting a new Ford touring car. He insists that his stock pays dividends.

Salesman H. C. Brown turned out the other day all "prettied" up and driving a new Ford tudor. How come, Mr Brown?

Lars Pederson, salesman in Knoxville field, has been tasting the joys (?) of married life. Pete says both of his children have had the whooping cough and that he hasn't slept for so long that if he went to sleep the quiet would wake him up.

Mr. and Mrs. Will C. Bell, 1518 Thirteenth street, announce the marriage of their neice, Leone B. Munn, to B. D. Angstrom, which took place July 12 at the Cottage Grove Avenue Presbyterian church. The Rev. James Thompson Mordy officiated. The couple will reside in Des Moines. Mr. Angstrom is associated with the Standard Oil Company. Mrs. Angstrom was formerly a stenographer in the Des Moines office. Congratulations to you both!

Church and Sunday school aren't the only thing that happened in Des Moines July 27, and for proof we want to state that Mr. Fletcher of the billing department was technically "knocked cuckoo" by the presentation of a brand new set of twin girls, namely Bonnie Lea, 5¼ pounds, and Betty Jean, 5¾ pounds. Everyone connected with the incident is doing fine. The cigars went fine, Harrison.

Council Bluffs

We enjoyed having Mr. Greendahl, Des Moines office, with us a few days last month while he took stock.

A. B. Milne and A. B. Rogers are new S. S. attendants. We welcome them to our Standard Oil family.

Salesman Burres' daughter recently underwent an operation at the Jennie Edmundson Hospital. We wish her a speedy recovery.

E. Wright and E. Campbell, Des Moines office, visited our station for a day. Come again.

F. H. Raynor and Bert Johnson are telling fish stories. It seems strange how the largest ones always get away, doesn't it? However, the fish stories are big enough to make us all hold our breath—almost.

A new Standard Oil booster has arrived at the home of Lyle Hunt, truck driver at Council Bluffs. Lyle is very proud of his new son, and the cigars were fine.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

During June, a Coupon Book sales campaign was conducted by the office force, the agreement being that the losing side was to provide "eats" for the winners. One team was captained by Ken Gardner and the other by Art Faster. The total number of books sold was 219, Ken Gardner's team being the winner with a total of 122 books sold, Faster's team selling 97.

It was decided to give a picnic, which was held July 27 at Nelson Park, on Lake Decatur. The time was spent in baseball, golf, bathing and boating.

Ralph Culk, Frank Clark, Roy Pensinger, Harry Caliph, Vic Bissey and Johnnie Kerr played golf. Vic Bissey claims the lowest score—89. (That's for one hole.)

Miss Goldie Mitchell of the East St. Louis Office was invited to attend the picnic, but due to illness of her mother she was unable to attend.

The baseball game developed a lot of action (indoor). Chief Clerk Honomichl was the "hard boiled" umpire. The team captained by Assistant Manager Phillips might have won the game if the other team hadn't made so many runs.

"Bill" Launtz finally taught Florence to "Float." At least she says she has mastered the art. That word "finally" naturally raises the question "How long has he been teaching her?"

Fat Taylor is sure all right when it comes to diving, only he does make a big hole in the water when he strikes it.

M. T. Driver H. A. Vonnehmen, Alton, is reported convalescent after being ill some time with pneumonia. Our best wishes are for his speedy recovery.

T. B. Harvey, T. W. salesman at Mattoon, is the proud father of an 8-pound baby girl. Congratulations, Harvey, and we hope you will recover all right.

Harrold Cornwell, salesman at S. S. No. 50, and Harold Reeds, salesman at S. S. No. 14, Mattoon, each have a new Ford coupe. Yes, girls, they are both single and good looking.

Salesman W. W. Dawson has just completed and moved into his new Dutch Colonial home. While we have not seen it yet we are advised by others that it is some home and one he can well be proud of. No doubt Mrs. Dawson is glad of the move as they have been "camping out" in their garage.

C. O. ("Pop") Spangler of Danville, one of our hustling salesmen, decided to prove the merits of Bovinol on his own cow and the results were marvelous. What's the joke, C. O.?

Robert Hiler, agent at Witt, Ill., is the proud father of a 10-pound baby girl. That almost calls for cigars, Hiler.

T. W. Salesman Delaney at Pana, Ill., Station, who broke all records selling Mica Axle Grease, has taken a fancy to selling Bovinol this year along with Mica. We all think from the way he has been selling it that he is going to challenge the Decatur field. Last spring Mr. Delaney won a new $5.00 hat offered by Agent Osborn and Salesman Bowman to the driver who sold the most Polarine in sixty days, and as the time of year has come, we think he is getting ready to do some future business as we saw him getting a new 030 the other day. Go to it, Delaney, we are all with you.

From the talk we hear, Walter Metzger, S. S. attendant at No. 15, Pana, is going to buy the cigars soon. We also note that he has taken quite an interest in landscape gardening at the service station, as the lawn there is one of the most beautiful places in Pana. Perhaps he is going to do some of his own before long.

Agent Jim Osborn, who was recently transferred to Pana, has traded his Chevrolet off for some unknown cause and is now driving a Hudson speedster, but it is rumored that he is in the market for a Ford. How about it, Jim?

D. R. Alberson is a new employee at S. S. No. 15, Pana.

Harry Waddington is making good as a T. W. salesman at Pana. He was employed in April.

W. C. Smith, formerly attendant at Pana S. S., has been transferred to agent at Owaneco and shortly after his transfer he was married to Miss Cora Warren.

Mr. Morris and family of Rockford, Ill., passed through Georgetown on their way to Olney to spend their vacation. Mr. Morris says he has been selling Red Crown and Polarine for twenty-three years. He had a five-gallon can on his frettin' Lizzie at the time.

We understand that Glen Cutsinger, agent at Newman, is sporting a new Ford touring car. As Glen is still single, we wonder why a touring car, unless he believes in preparedness.

Orlin York, agent at Ridge Farm, entertained relatives from Indiana on July 27.

Raymond Gaines, agent at Sidell, has purchased a new Ford truck with Ruxel axle, gear shift and all the trimmings. Now watch him go.

Hurrah for Salesmen Able and Jarrett! They sold a record amount of Polarine in six hours.

T. J. Lehne. S. S. attendant at Venice, Ill., also sold a record number of cans of Polarine in three hours. He went some, too!

Louis Eckhart, S. S. attendant at No. 22,

Granite City, has taken unto himself a wife. Congratulations, Mr. Eckhart.

Speaking of educational clubs that have been breaking out in print lately, we wish to state that as far back as January 20, 1924, Salesmen Jarrett, Gorla and Able, all of East St. Louis, organized an Educational Club. The number has now grown to ten members. The club meets every Tuesday at 7 p. m. New members are always welcome.

Extra! There was some ball game in East St. Louis on July 27 at Jones Park when the newly formed East St. Louis team played the Granite City team. The score was 10 to 9 in favor of East St. Louis. However the East St. Louis men are all limping around and need snake oil—so it must have been a pretty lively game. Our T. W. salesman, A. P. Vogt, was the star of the day; that is, he made the prettiest home run.

Agent Kachelhoffer, East St. Louis, is in the market for a barrel and we could not interest him in a galvanized one. He wants it for another purpose but did not state just for what purpose. However, his hands are all stained up with blackberry juice.

Agent Sharpe, the hustling little fellow at Warrensburg, is sporting a new truck. It's a Ford but it gets him there and gets him back.

Munson Bros., who have the agency at the Illiopolis station, have recently painted both their trucks. We wonder when those fellows sleep. They did the work themselves besides keeping all their customers, including ten threshing rigs, supplied with S. O. Co. products.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ernst at Belleville, Ill., are the proud parents of a son, born a few days ago. Mr. Ernst is S. S. Salesman at No. 6.

M. T. Driver Frank Kirkpatrick visited his mother in Grafton, July 27. Mr. Kirkpatrick is at the Alton plant.

Robert Lee, M. T. driver at Alton, has a new Overland sedan, which he is enjoying very much these warm summer evenings.

Sounds like some good hunting this fall. O. J. Elmendorf, M. T. driver at Alton, has a new coon dog.

T. W. Salesman H. M. Gannaway at Mattoon says he can't see why the S. O. R. X. doesn't furnish their bookkeeper with a high stool instead of that chair.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Sales department employees have been joined by their fellow workers in the greatest sales campaign ever put on in these parts. The battle was staged in August and the battlefield comprises our entire territory. As these items go to press, each department is claiming to be the winner, but until the night of August 31, little hope can be given any department. Ray Hill of the specialty department is fighting with his back to the wall to stave off the assaults of Vint Green and his S. S. men, Roaring McGauley and his garage warriors and the general salesmen.

Harry Dera, S. S. attendant, has proven to be the champion fisherman of his department to date. His supervisor helped to consume the evidence which consisted of a two and one-half pound pike. It is rumored that the other supervisors are now posting their men to present evidence at once of greater skill along this line.

L. H. Baronko, L. P. Waugh and H. M. Maiser of the specialty department attended a recent excursion, given by the Retail Hardwaremen's Association of Detroit at Bob-10. They were given this privilege by proving their ability as salesmen by showing the largest increase in gallonage for the week previous to the excursion.

Dick Jones of the garage department swears that he will never provide another watermelon feast for the Clay avenue bunch, especially when Bill Gatlin is around. It seems that Bill has quite a liking for melons, and after he carved his share, little was left for the rest of the gang and none for Dick.

Customers of S. S. No. 79 noticed a considerable change in Arnold Cook, attendant, during the past few weeks. Inquiry discloses the fact that a new baby boy arrived in the Cook family, June 25.

We understand that Supervisor Gilman of the S. S. department has christened his flivver Opportunity, because it is always knocking. Frank forgets the fact, however, that opportunity only knocks once, instead of always.

Don Anderson, specialty salesman, who has been ill for some little time, dropped in the Detroit main office a few days ago to pay the fellows a visit. Don is looking fine and reports that he is getting along in mighty good shape.

Kenneth Heipbrondt, attendant at S. S. No. 59, is still a believer in preparedness. Kenneth recently left for a schooling at the Great Lakes Navy Yards in the Aviation Section. He expects to return a commissioned officer in the navy and make a few of his former fellow workers do the salute once again.

Some of our specialty salesmen have recently employed their artistic ability in putting in window displays. A little prize was arranged for the best window, and we are advised that Charlie Shearer won hands down. We believe, however, that the prize should have been given to his wife.

Zack Mason, attendant at S. S. No. 96, took a recent trip to the South and returned with a bride. He is now entertaining all friends at his new residence in Brightmore. We all extend our congratulations.

The recent sales contest, held in the specialty sales department between the East and West sides of the city, resulted in a win for the East side bunch, with McKain, our Hamtramck hustler, copping first prize. Jerry Newton now feels that his East side gang cannot be licked and promises a merry race during our August campaign.

We are pleased to make honorable mention in this column for the fine sales work turned in by E. T. Willetts and William C. Stanley, attendants at S. S. No. 3, for July. Their quota sheet indicates that they were consistent winners on every item for sale, beating their quota and establishing a new record for the other fellows to shoot at. In addition they stepped out and won the five-gallon Lithograph Can sales for the month and are ready to take on any newcomers at any time.

Recent newcomers in our specialty department are J. M. Arthur and R. T. Klipple, formerly of the S. S. Department, L. Y. Gilbert and Curtis Kidd. They have promised to make things merry

for the veterans in the department. We welcome them as new members of our sales organization.

Announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Dorothy Glendon and Ernest Dayhuff, attendant at S. S. No. 158, Jackson, was made at a charming party given at the home of Mrs. Howard Clark. Miss Catherine Kelly and Mrs. Clark acted as hostesses. Games and music furnished pleasant diversions for the evening while a mock wedding was also enjoyed. Miss Louise Mytjef was the bride, Helen Robinson the bridegroom and Catherine Kelly the minister.

Dame Rumor is no respector of persons and this time reports that Nick Higgins of the specialty sales department is about to embark on the sea of matrimony. This rumor has thrown the Standard Oil Bachelors' Club into consternation, as Nick was a charter member.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

The DULSOCO Club of Duluth and Superior held a semi-weekly noon luncheon at the Greysolon Dining Rooms at the Glass Block, July 26. A varied program was given. Delicious eatables were served.

Mr. Ellison, chief clerk, took an extensive business trip throughout the Duluth field during the week of July 21.

We sincerely regret to report the death of John Sahaida, employee at our Marinette, Wis., station. Mr. Sahaida's death was due to acute appendicitis and death was totally unexpected. Mrs. Margaret Sahaida survives and we all join in in extending Mrs. Sahaida our most sincere sympathies in her bereavement. Through the death Mrs. Sahaida was a beneficiary in the recently inacted employees' death benefits plan. Twenty days after reports had been filed Mrs. Sahaida was presented with a check on this new insurance plan. Mr. Sahaida had eleven continuous and exclusive years of service with our company.

The girls in the dictaphone room were entertaining at a picnic given by Miss Edna Nelson, a former SOCO girl, on July 31. It was a wonderful evening and Billings Park is a regular picnic grounds, so there was nothing wanting for an enjoyable time.

We now have with us Alec McRae, who recently joined the credit department force. Welcome to our gang, Alec.

Mrs. Charles Foster, formerly Miss Leah Fontaine of this office, called on us the other day. Housekeeping is much better than checking, isn't it, Leah?

Rhinelander

We all extend our sincere sympathies to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher in the death of their child on July 27, 1924.

Lee Turcott, attendant at S. S. No. 325, is a regular Billy Sunday to the ladies. He is always singing that favorite, "Brighten the corner right where you are," and then adds "with Semdac."

Hibbing

Jimmy, our diminutive warehouseman, is still smoking cigars on Barney Vann's five dollars' worth of miscalculation as to the ability of Tommy Gibbons as a pug. We really do hope that Barney shows up at our station again before the next fight, as our cigar supply should be replenished.

Superior

Since sending in the last Stanolind Record news item, the SOCO family at Superior has increased one more. Maurice Mabbott is the proud father of a chubby baby boy. It was born on the Fourth of July, so Maurice will celebrate a double holiday on that date from now on.

Tom O'Brien, warehouseman, recently back from the sanitarium, has suffered a relapse. We hope that your recovery this time will be both speedy and permanent, Tom.

We have two new faces at the warehouse, namely, Edward Iwasko and Daniel Sewald. Welcome to the tribe, boys.

Henry Nueman and Crede Rule are bachelors for the present, both of their wives having sojourned to Henry's farm for a month's vacation. So far there has been no ill effects noticeable.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian (Field) and Irene Deig (Office), Correspondents

A number of our girls enjoyed a dip in the pool at Pleasure Park several Fridays ago. We didn't know it, but Anne Leahy and Frances Childress are expert swimmers and "supers" when it comes to diving. In the party were Helen Walker, Nettie Klein, Iva Rice, Thelma Jones, Frances Childress, Ella Frey, Anna Leahy and Irene Deig. (Where are the pictures?—Corr.)

Curiosity almost did the trick with Ed Walker. Some notes are awfully confidential, Eddie, and this one surely was, eh, Thelma?

Harry Schriver has consented to chaperone any party we girls might want to "show." We remember you and the Mrs. from last year, Harry.

Working overtime has its disadvantages, according to William McBrian, general clerk, who had to put in quite a few extra hours just at the time when his wife was entertaining a good-looking visitor.

John Kohl has it on all the fellows when it comes to the number of telephone calls from the ladies. It takes a brave man to take on such a mean aggregation, John.

Lula Roberts, formerly assistant cashier and now with the Ford Motor Company, Detroit, was a visitor in town a short time ago. (Yes! She was in town the night before Gil Heldt reached the office so late.)

Mackey's Ferry seems to be the mecca of quite a few Standard Oilers for week-end parties. If Charles Taylor had thought to use his sales talk on the merits of Polarine, probably Mr. Fish would have given him an audience. Anyway, a day on the Wabash is worth all the pain of sunburn and the torture of indigestion—???

Some mean person gave this to the correspondent: "We would like to know why it is that Helen Zachman's pencils always last until the warehouseman comes upstairs each morning, and then they seem to break."

Someone wants to know where Ed Walker spent two hours on the night of July 12.

"Slew" is still trying to find out who took Thelma Jones to the last Olympic Club dance, which is a good example of why some young men acquire gray hair before they are 38.

The first floor is glad that the short lunch-hour day did not materialize as this still gives our newly-married friend, H. E. Alexander, time to "hobnob" with his wife.

Harold Reid, agent at Sparta, Ill., has a new

Nash truck. Careful, Reid, don't have her on Broadway when Chief "Frenchy" Allen is on that beat.

Our Olney, Ill., S. S. will soon have a real booster in the person of little Miss Lois June Gardner, who put in her appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Gardner, June 14.

What was described as a "big picnic at beautiful Riverside Park," was given July 4th by approximately 125 S. O. Co. people in southern Illinois, with Percy Wightman, salesman in that territory, in charge. Two features of the day were chicken, hampers of it, and a ball game between the Standard Oil team of Murphysboro and that of Williamson county.

Within a few years we will probably put on a S. S. attendant who is already familiar with the merits of S. O. products, Hubert Charles Murray, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Murray. Mr. Murray is now attendant at S. S. No. 29, Lawrenceville.

Linton

C. W. Allen, Reporter

We had our first Summer picnic and outing, July 20, and it was a real "Whiz Bang" from start to finish. Most of the Oilers arrived at the specified River Beach near Bloomfield in due time except Specialty Salesman Adam Miller, who had charge of the ice cream. Ad kept us waiting; late, as usual.

Stake Truck Joe is very fond of showing the fair bathing beauties some of his fancy dives. The result is that Mrs. Lucas is going to buy a bathing suit so she can watch him herself next time. Watch your step, Joe.

Agent Corbin relieved "Fatty" Carlton, S. S. attendant, so the latter could attend our picnic. This being Fat's first attendance, he was called upon for a speech. He was placed on an ice cream packer where he made a silent speech for almost twenty minutes, to the tune of the committee.

It was Sunday in a dull town with nothing to do; H. O. Wolfe exploited his poetic talent and sent us the result. While we don't wish any more dull Sundays on you, Mr. Wolfe, we certainly would enjoy an occasional contribution from you.

Vincennes

Harry M. V. Shackelford, Reporter

"The adherence of the cosmopolitan proletariat," says Charley Caster, our stake truck driver, "to the prime requisite of a smooth running automotive engine, tends to elevate Red Crown to the most widely-used gasoline on the market." Charley was just trying to say that Red Crown is "there."

George Bennett reports that an accident was narrowly averted at his corner, when a car nearly ran into another corner. This is what he overheard: "Why don't you watch out where you are going? Didn't you hear me blow my horn?" "Oh, was that you blowing that horn? I didn't think they put horns on anything but automobiles."

We are glad to say that M. D. Gjerde, from the plant at Whiting, is taking Mr. Strange's place as salesman at Vincennes. A personal encounter such as the reporter experienced has the tendency to make one spell salesman with a capital "S."

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we are able at this time to report the very material improvement in the condition of Mrs. Packard. Mrs. Packard has been through a very strenuous siege of illness and was subjected to a very serious operation. This operation was successful and we are able to report that she is well on the way to complete recovery.

Ambrose Schmid, agent at Tolna, N. D., has purchased a new Ford truck. The wonderful crop prospects around Tolna and Mr. Schmid's sales ability indicate that this truck is going to be very heavily used from now on.

R. H. Dodd, assistant manager, paid us a visit a few days ago.

Grand Forks

Dewey Cady, Reporter

R. V. Murray is back at S. S. No. 13. Ralph spends his winter "leisure" attending the University of North Dakota.

S. S. No. 8 is blossoming out with a new 10x10 Red Crown sign, also a concrete drain pit. Mr. Bates, construction man, put in the pit with all the latest improvements.

Jim Farrel has been given the local service stations their yearly painting. Jim was called to Fargo by the death of his mother. We extend our sincere sympathies.

Wimer, Becker, Dahlberg and Cady have entered the car owner class. Each owner claims some special distinction for his own mount.

F. O. Gibbs, traffic clerk, has the following suggestion to offer to those who are caught at the office during a rainstorm without umbrellas: "Just take an Ediphone cover, slip it over your head, and you have a first-class raincoat."

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

Things were happening at home while Alex Murison, our engineer, was rushing the job of a new service station at Petoskey—the baby sprouted the first tooth.

Jessie Lee, Ediphone operator, is back with us again, having recovered from her recent illness. Glad to have you back, Jess.

Elsie Carr, sister of Peggy Carr, ediphone operator, passed away on July 5, after a lingering illness. We extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Harold Warner, bookkeeper, is now walking in the usual manner—minus crutch or cane—having fully recovered from the effects of a broken leg.

Ila Hyde, comptometer operator, reports having had a lovely time in Cleveland on her vacation. The sad part of it was, that her sweetie spent the following week in that city.

Howard Dykema is now head of the checking department, while A. J. Stratton is back to his "old love," the construction desk.

Reports are that Jane Janereth never felt more happy and "free" than she did at Meyers Lake, near Rockford, where she spent a week of her vacation. Water was fine, 'n' everything.

Howard Free, checking department, says fishing was wonderful at Meyers Lake, but we never did get a report of how many fish he caught.

John Mieras, our assistant chief clerk, received a gash in the head recently, due to an accident. The doctor said it would cost $10 to sew it up. "Johnny" rather startled: "My Gosh, Doc! I

only want plain sewing, I don't want it hemstitched or embroidered."

The Misses Theresa Amborski and Ann Irrgang of the record department report having had a wonderful time in Rome City. Regular hours, in at 10 o'clock, etc., was the cause of all the ambition on their return. Ann came back with a wonderful coat of sunburn—the skin you just can't touch.

Roma West, payroll clerk, and Elsa Frey were down to the sandy shores of Lake Michigan at High Park, Grand Haven, Mich., one evening recently. Says Elsa: "Look, here's a New Jersey car, way up here." Roma: "Oh, where do you see a new Jersey cow."

Ernest Gibbs, mail clerk, is spending his vacation at Meyers Lake, nothing to do, but swim, fish, eat and sleep. Solid comfort, that's the life, Ern.

"Change the name and not the letter, change for worse and not for better," is the old saying. Esther Davis, ediphone operator, says she doesn't believe a word of it and isn't the least bit superstitutious. She proves her assertion by wearing a wonderful sparkler on her fourth finger of the left hand, designating her intentions of some day becoming Mrs. Carl De Vries, wife of our genial order clerk. Congratulations! We haven't been notified as to when the second ring is to be slipped on her fourth finger.

Ace Hanna, now of Joliet, spent a few hours with us on a recent visit, and we are always glad to see him.

We enjoy the presence of Lawrence Hanna, who is here, giving us a practical definition of the word "efficiency"—not as defined by Webster.

We heard that Hugo Pierson spent two days at the Bertsch Market (dealers in all kinds of fish), posing for pictures with large fish. We are awaiting his return from his vacation and expect to hear of the wonderful catches he made.

Ralph Lilly, our genial chief clerk, can be seen "listening to hear himself talk" most any time now. Ediphones are great inventions.

Joe Hessman of the bookkeeping department came down to work one morning with an immaculate white shirt—played ball at noon—hurried home and changed his shirt and back to work again. Those who don't know—ask Joe why.

Louis Tomczak, stock clerk, says his favorite song is "I Can See the Yes, Yes, by Your No No-se." That isn't all, he says in going through Lake Odessa, you can see the lake from the train. Oh, Louis!

Mr. McDonald, credit man: "Give me 20 cents worth of potatoes." Harold Hartman, garage: "Can we only have one hunk of butter?"

Everett Smits of the stock department has discarded his coupe and is now driving a new Tudor.

Mrs. Florence Afman (nee Baker), formerly bill clerk, has left to take up her residence in Denver.

Ted Olsee is still debating as to what big league he is going to join.

Warehouse

L. Mills and Ralph Hall motored to Highland Park, Grand Haven, July 27, and claim they caught 160 lake perch. No pictures were taken.

Glenn Detweiler left the employ of the SOCO to take up new duties with the Oakland Garage. Good luck to you, Glenn.

John Johnson has been transferred to rural T. W. driver. John says he feels at home now.

Walter Greb is now order clerk in the warehouse office.

Our receiving clerk and famous baseball pitcher, John Dobbs, left August 4 for Chicago to try out with the White Sox. Good luck, Johnny.

The "squatters" at the warehouse are still there. The four kittens have grown considerably and Blanche Warren of the ediphone room is going to take one home.

Paul Smits, Polarine man, thinks whooping cough is the most malignant disease children can have. It's especially exasperating when it invades the family just at vacation time, and is the cause of Daddy having to stay home.

Cadillac

Roy Fonger, our hustling agent, received notice of a price change and was so zealous in notifying everyone concerned that it cost him in the neighborhood of $8—a contribution to the police fund. Slow and steady wins the race, Roy—sometimes.

Kalamazoo

Harvey Butler has joined the SOCO family as a S. S. attendant at No. 40. Glad to have you with us, "Harv."

Please do not ask "Midge" Cross how many bass he got on June 16, because in so doing you might cause "Midge" to handle the truth carelessly.

Another SOCO man has come to the conclusion that Kalamazoo is the only city on the map to live in. Welcome to our city, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tullis. Mr. Tullis is salesman. (Don't forget, Kalamazoo, that our slogan is "Grand Rapids is a good place to live."—Correspondent.)

The boys at the Kalamazoo plant are wondering why Frank Neale, rural T. W. driver, has suddenly become so interested in real estate and is continually asking questions pertaining to same. Are you expecting to go into the business, Frank?

The SOCO family wish to extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Clark Ames in their recent bereavement, the loss of their four months' old daughter. Mr. Ames is warehouseman at the Kalamazoo station.

Manistee

E. A. Bensen, attendant at S. S. No. 78, has acquired a dozen new girls—well, he has purchased a new form "Tudor." When off duty he can be found at one of the accessories stores, that is, while they are open; after that, most anywhere. We understand E. A. is some "tutor."

Roy Johnston, agent, has been going around all week with a hungry look on his face. The news that Mrs. Johnston is out of town visiting her mother for a week accounts for it.

A. F. Steffens, T. W. driver, says there is many a slip between the crank and a hip.

The boys are thinking seriously of having a benefit party for M. M. Brown, our clerk, the receipts to go as first payment on a new car to replace his 1914 Overland.

The well known advertisement, "You furnish the girl, we furnish the home," is fine, but we believe that William Malernoski, S. S. attendant, needs to be furnished with a little nerve.

Muskegon

June 27 marks the date of the arrival of C. Murphy Jr. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Murphy for an extended stay. Mr. Murphy Sr. is T. W. driver. Congratulations, Pat.

News report: "Bill Winters, clerk, spent a couple of weeks at Wolf Lake." Is that all he spent?

"Walt" Westenfelder, attendant at S. S. No. 48, passed out the cigars on July 8. Another boy, hereafter to be known as Clarence Westenfelder. Congratulations.

Lovie Green, professional ball player and stake truck driver, pitched for the Masons a couple of weeks ago at Twin Lake. The Masons won, 8 to 4. Good work, Lovie.

E. Moore of the Muskegon Heights S. S. had the pleasure of a trip to Grand Rapids, the result of hard work and good sales in June.

Robert Green, S. T. driver, had the double misfortune of losing both father and a brother this month. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Covenant Reform Church was the scene of a pretty wedding on July 5, when John Yock, attendant at S. S. No. 47, took unto himself one Margaret Spoelman. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Yock, and may the coming years be happy ones.

Petoskey

There has been a very noticeable cloud of gloom hanging over S. S. No. 53 the past three months, and the mail has brought an average of three letters a day, all of them addressed to John Wooden, but she is coming home in July and we have a sneaking idea—well, see the next issue of the Record.

Our new S. S. No. 118 is now open and is doing a flourishing business. Attendants Wooden and Ernst are in charge and are working like beavers to make this corner one of the beauty spots of Petoskey. Incidentally, there has developed a lively competition between these two hustlers and Messrs. Reed and Rotter of S. S. No. 53 as to the sales of our well known products. Go to it, boys.

Three Rivers

Harold Marton, attendant at S. S. No. 57, is the proud father of a son, born July 19, namely Leroy Ernest. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Marton.

We were under the impression that things were always "gay" in Three Rivers, but the above is all the news William Gay, agent, had to report.—Correspondent.

HURON, S. D.

H. F. Lutgen, Correspondent

N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, accompanied A. H. Dodsley on a trip to the Black Hills during the first week in July.

Mrs. Anna S. Peterson, Main Station office, has left for Annapolis for an extended visit with her son, James, who is attending the naval academy. We all miss her very much, as during the six years that she was employed in the Huron office, she made many friends who wish her the best success in her new home.

Mr. Packard of the legal department, Chicago, was a visitor in the Huron field recently.

H. A. Welter is new agent at the Watertown "A" station and his territory is now being taken care of by G. H. Ryan.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Ryan on July 18. Pat reports everybody doing fine.

M. S. Van Dyke is back with us again in the office after an absence of about six months. We are all glad to see you back with us again, Milo.

W. M. Barnett, Main Station office, has been transferred to the Huron warehouse as agent, succeeding E. H. Schaefer, whose position is now that of specialty salesman covering the Huron division.

We all wish to extend our most heartfelt sympathy to L. C. Patterson of the cashier's department in the death of his father on June 9.

K. J. Sloan has just now joined the sales force and is now taking care of the territory formerly covered by Frank Dwyer.

Ed Cully, former T. W. driver at Aberdeen, is now covering the field formerly taken care of by G. H. Ryan.

Gladys Mapes, bill clerk, and F. J. Singpiel, stock department, Main Station office, were quietly married at DeSmet on June 22. They left immediately on a two weeks' wedding trip to points in Nebraska. They didn't tell us a thing about it until they got back. Gladys left us on August 1 for her more important duties.

Ulysses Raye is a new member of our credit department, taking the place of M. F. DeVinney, who has gone into the wholesale grocery business.

Roy Sedeistrom, Main Station garage, has been transferred to the Minot division as equipment superintendent. Mr. Cooper is filling the vacancy caused by Mr. Sedeistrom leaving.

A. J. Sneidiger, Main Station shops, made the shops 100 per cent married in July.

Mr. Saunders is the newest member of our office force, working in the auditing department.

Milo Thielen is our new construction clerk, filling the vacancy caused by the transfer of Mr. Barnett as agent at our Main Station warehouse.

Les Sparks is back with us again in the stock department after an absence of over two years which he spent attending school in New Jersey. From all reports the last two years haven't changed Les a bit.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

About the biggest event ever pulled around the Indianapolis division was the picnic of S. S. men and their families, attendance being confined to local pump-handle spinners, and held under the auspices of the Stanolind Mutual Benefit Association. To make the affair regular in every way, the afternoons of July 16 and 23 were used, making it a two-section affair, and not breaking in on the work schedule of anyone.

First Section

V. K. Harvey had been chosen as umpire of the ball game but lost his nerve at the eleventh hour and a more hard-boiled indicator juggler was substituted. Some claim it takes real umpiring to make a game come out a 6-6 tie among all the home runs, wild pitches, stolen bases, and the many wild scrambles to avoid triple "outs" on infield flies. Batteries were: East Side, Strickler-Hann; West Side, Denwood-Short. Hits and errors not recorded—no adding machine on the grounds.

Second Section

Promptly at 2 p. m. the same umpire of the previous week (who was none other than the unworthy) called the team captains to a conference at the plate 'mid the groans and hoots of the spectators, who evidently had been informed

that his honor the umps was "mucha the punkerino" and a justified target for pop bottles. East Side mopped up their opponents 6 to 2, as could be expected with the "Walter Johnson of local lots", Schreckengost, doing the hurling. The game took on a professional air with Ben Miner togged up in a regular uniform and decorated to a fairyouwell with reminiscences of "how he played on this same old ball diamond—just forty years ago". Mrs. C. E. Taylor doubled-crossed the women's race by using preparedness—a pair of knickers.

Mr. Marshal is offering a Gold Star button to the salesman bringing in the largest number of orders and items. D. A. Russom was the "favorite son" for May and R. A. Bruce, the June winner.

Adam Fisher, warehouseman, staged a miniature September Morn act with many variations when he was quite thoroughly ethylized by the breaking of a container, recently.

Not to be too harsh, we desire to put B. A. Sunderland, our leading piscatorial scientist and artist, down as a fish liar without reservations, since listening to his claims of landing ten bass from McCoy's Lake.

Wedding Bells rang for Paul Roberts, equipment clerk, and Geneva Poggemeyer, July 12, at the South Side Christian Church. The Roberts honeymooned in Chicago for five days, would have stayed longer, but they gave it up after four mornings in attempting to cross Michigan avenue to the Art Museum. They are at home now, 4407 Winthrop avenue, Indianapolis.

Talk about figuring close, up bobs Johnny D. Goldsmith, city salesman. He calls the order department and this is the classic literature he hands down to posterity: "Take this number, I am at a pay station so if we get 'cut out' you can call me and save me another nickel". And maybe that ain't "one for the book."

The following changes and new faces can be listed since last reports in this column: P. S. Craig, special salesman, replaces R. A. Miller, transfered to St. Louis, A. C. Mathias taking Mr. Craig's place as sales promoter; Fred Hamilton, lub correspondent, sails under the title of lub engineer, sidekicking with L. Van Liew; G. W. Ashman leaves the chief clerk's desk to be office manager and Fred L. Piene becomes chief clerk, J. H. Scully taking on assistant chief clerk duties; Melvin Edwards is the latest addition to the office boys; Dorothy Taylor adds one more to the ediphone annex; L. A. Jones, L. H. Foley, G. J. Headlee and Roland Plummer are new M. T. drivers at the Twenty-ninth street station; Charles E. French becomes general clerk in place of J. H. Scully; William Daugherty, B. G. Keene, W. A. Powell, H. E. Brewer, W. H. Krumrine, E. L. Zimmerman, W. T. Moore, Harry Faulk, Ralph Riebelking, J. A. Fulwider, W. C. Merrick, J. A. Black, D. F. Newby, L. F. Phipps, E. E. Chambers, E. M. Rowe, Indianapolis; C. M. Reed, Anderson; E. Rullman, Aurora; Glenn Day, Bloomington; B. W. Wright, Columbus; Earl Rust, Muncie; Graham Lohrig and J. E. Neal, Madison; L. E. Rinker and H. H. Hatfield, Richmond; L. M. Reed and N. C. Devening, Shelbyville; and Frank Owens, Terre Haute, are new S. S. attendants; Berman Warner and K. L. Jones, Anderson; Arthur Voit and B. L. Clark, Aurora; Kenneth Moore, Brazil; Virgil Richardson, Bloomington; A. D. Remley, Leo Steels and Harold Henderson, Crawfordsville; A. H. Fidler and Russell Norris, Frankfort; J. R. Greene, Madison; M. W. Needler and G. H. Briggs, Muncie; R. A. Taylor, Richmond; Raymond Howe, Shelbyville, and A. T. Spencer, Terre Haute, are new drivers; A. D. Landis and S. A. Oren, Muncie, are new garage helpers; David Humphreys, Dillsboro, formerly driver, Aurora; Chester Strawn, Kirklin; J. G. Pike, Laurel; R. C. Murray, Mooresville; R. D. Haase, Rockville, and C. C. Graves, Smithville, are new "B" station agents.

Shorty Kean and Flake Baity were noticed the other morning about sunup, on one of the public golf courses, using a piece of paper for the hole and a fair-away for a green and putting to beat the band. Explanation being so dufferish they didn't have nerve to work out on the regular green. (This item turned in by a *regular* golfer. The name? Peterson.)

Oh, you don't have to go to Casper or Montana to get in the rough. E. M. Rowe caught a 'possum the other night at the S. S., Hawthorne Lane and Washington street. If this marsupial mammal gets canary we will have Rowe's side-kick, B. L. Strickler, give it a good bawling out.

OH! OH! DETROIT

Helen Cates paid us a visit in July and left a string of broken hearts in her wake. Helen looks so much better than when she left us that the girls want to be transferred up to the City of Straits. Any room for a bunch of lively, fair to middlin' good looking ones?

Picnics being all the rage, the little "bug" stung the "goils" of the office and they picked on the evening of July 29th, for their capers, another word for what they claim was a complete success. There was too much food, so a 50-yard dash was in order before the dessert could be consumed. The matron at Riverside Park, where the picinc was staged, is a nervous wreck now—caused by chasing Irene Newitt and Elizabeth Amos off of the kiddies' slide. The famous Irene nut cake was on display, likewise several samples of culinary art by Myrtle Clark. Say, and Clee gave Libby Lee Diehm a quarter for spending money and she could hardly eat from planning how she would spend this huge amount of money and still bring home some change to Clee. Helen Schell, Ediphone forelady, insisted on maintaining her dignity by refusing to go on the Thriller. Elsie Fisher shocked the crowd by trying to order beer. The manager of one of the attractions sent Hattie Goldberger a bill for damages done in her third attempt to climb the stairs. The party was not without its "sage", so Nelle, by that name, now advises all girls never to wear a dress that will spot, shrink or fade. Like the story book "a good time was had by all" in fact Eva O'Donnell wants to have a similar picnic every week.

Anderson

A. C. Retz, *Stanolind Record* space filler, kicks in with an account of much activity upon the part of Anderson Soilers on July 20.

"Our bunch and other nearby stations turned out in numbers, everybody that amounts to anything was there but I will only give you the names of those on the hungry list: Agent and Mrs. C. B. Murphy of Frankton; Agent and

Mrs. Leo Ralya of Lapel; Agent and Mrs. Charles Roberts of Pendleton; Agent and Mrs. Harry Shuman of Middletown; Messrs and Mesdames K. F. Cassiday, Pearl Jarrett, Earl Emmons of Alexandria; Agent and Mrs. Joe Miller of Kinghtstown; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller of Frankfort, and all of us Anderson-ites. Charley Roberts won the prize at the gentle art of pitching horse shoes. Chit Murphy likewise annexed a box of cigarettes and got dizzy trying to smoke the first one. The veteran Sam Long ate too much ice cream and had to leave early, he said, "Pigs will be pigs, so I guess I will go". The table was eighty feet long and stacked almost that high. We sure are going to have another feed in just 365 days. Harry Shuman wishes it understood that he was not trying to establish a record as a marathon eater but that was the first fried chicken he had tasted since the picnic last year.

Bloomington

The Red Crown Specials met in regular session, I. C. Hillerman presiding. After discussing the sale of R. C. and Polarine, the evening was spent in trying to decide on a suitable punishment for Agent Voss Cox, who forgot the night of the meeting and thought Wednesday was Tuesday. Later it was learned that his wife put him to work chopping wood for breakfast next morning. Something else, for the "lost and found" column: Two S. S. attendants on the night of the July meeting. They answer to the names of Roy Humphrey and Earl Fyffe. A generous reward will be given for their return, alive, before the date of August meeting of the Club.

Muncie

Hobart Lacy, M. T. W. driver, was recently attacked by a flapper asking him to subscribe for a magazine and vote for her in order that she might win a scholarship to college. Results: Short one dollar failed to get the magazine. Don't fall so hard the next time, Hobart.

"Shorty" Ralph Masten road mechanic dislikes coming to Muncie as "Grandpa" Billy Lewis, M. S. T. driver, is always complaining that his "Darn" horn will not blow.

An eight and one-half pound boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Lacy. Hobart is one of our city M. T. W. drivers. They have christened the boy, John D.

J. J. McGriff, circuit M. T. W. driver is now "Bovinol King" as he has sold so many cases. Johnny says it is the work of the Bovinol and not salesmanship.

E. C. Mull, attended at S. S. No. 61, sent in an OIO to Indianapolis for a three-inch monkey wrench. Mull we really thought that you were an attendant instead of a clock repairman.

Ray Murphy, specialty salesman, went to Shelbyville one evening, to see his mother, he said, but we think that it was because he was homesick to see his wife, as she had been gone at least three days.

Richmond

It happened just as predicted several months ago. Guy Northern, warehouseman, has quit eating in restaurants and taken unto himself a wife. We wish to congratulate both and hope their future will be filled with bliss.

Lossie Rinker, new man at S. S. No. 314, is hereby extended a glad hand by us all, particularly so if he will send in some news items to the Richmond column. Don't be bashful because you are new, Lossie, make 'em read it right out of the book.

C. B. Evans, formerly known as Cotton Top, is after J. J. McGriff's title as a Bovinol king. What do you say to that, Muncie?

Now that the sun is shining on both sides of the old rail fence, Ray Markley, M. T. driver has dolled up in a pair of No. 11 high-toed shoes. Must be figuring on some heavy sales.

We have added to our sales force, J. H. Dennison, formerly known as "Jock". It is rumored Denny has fallen heir to the Cincinnati Zoo. Tell us all about it, J. H.

Norman Weatherly, M. T. driver, is quite a raiser of watermelons. This "fruit" seems to grow for him corded two and three high. Last year Norman pulled down a ribbon at the Wayne County fair on his crop.

Perry Moore, S. S. No. 12 has taken up landscape painting. His first lesson was accomplished on his Ford by painting in sections.

We regret to announce that Johnnie Galvin, our clerk, will have to undergo another operation at Mayo brothers, Rochester, Minn. Good luck, Jack.

Messrs Scott and Englebert, S. S. No. 32, say, "Look up to us". Sales of five gallons litho tins the reason for this crust.

Terre Haute

Louis Houchin who should have conducted himself with the greatest dignity fell down hard and it took a lot of persuasion for Mrs. Houchin to agree to allow Louie to finish out the day with the crowd.

Norman Orloff could not get away from confusing the ball game with "Rounders". He kept calling the innings, "sessions". Not far wrong at that, for when the drivers came to the bat they hung in there long enough to call it a "season."

Mrs. Ike Lane seemed to be the only one who foresaw the possibility of a fish bone parking in somebody's throat. The corn bread came in handy in several bad cases of "choke."

After Clifton and Cox had worn themselves out beating every team of horse shoe pitchers, along comes Liffick and Butler, rank dubs and noses the artists out by one point due to their weakened condition.

Mrs. "Duke" Meredith was voted first prize for the best cake, while her husband was voted the first prize for the poorest card player.

Hut Society

That squib Aurora had in the last Record calls for some noise from T. H. You tell Aurora for us that the only two things that happen down there daily is sunrise and sunset. The only speed we ever saw down there was the current of the Ohio River (not 1-2-3 with the Wabash) and the B. & O. "dinky" to Lawrenceburg Junction on the way out to the outer world.

Omar Lungsford is vacationing on a farm somewhere in Ohio. No, not working as a farm hand, Omar is a good clerk.

Red Watson motored to Chicago over the 4th. Michigan avenue traffic and the size of the lake had him real nervous.

JOLIET, ILL.

Miss Agnes Paton (Office) and C. H. Kneip (Field), Correspondents

Office

Here is a good one on "Chick" Hauck. When "Chick" got his insurance policy, he was told that the payments were $45.00 a year, this to be deducted from his earnings. "Chick" hustles up to Mr. Heinan and cancels his policy. "Chick" says his motto from now on is "Don't believe everything you hear."

Hazel Gumalius has a new protection against the neck getting sun-burned. Just hang an arm around it. It's a sure preventive.

Al Hartung is back at work again after spending two weeks in the hospital. Al underwent an operation, but certainly looks fine now.

We are wondering lately why Roy ("Rastus") Olson comes over to the record department every A. M. Be careful of this little Sheik, Edna; we hear he is a glutton for apple cider.

Field

R. C. Walzer, attendant at S. S. No. 25, is sporting a new Dodge Coupe. Some class.

L. B Schneider, stake truck driver, is some fisherman. Schneider promised to bring the office force a mess of fish, but to date has been unable to catch any.

R. W. Crawford says he likes his job all right, but he doesn't like to sit around all day doing nothing.

L. W. Cameron, Mr. Motherwell and Mr. Stratton recently made Sterling a visit.

A new addition to the Rockford S. O. force: Mr. and Mrs. Dave Hutchins are the parents of a baby boy. Dave says if he keeps on growing the way he started, he is the next world's heavyweight champ.

D. C. Farrow's "sheik" days are over. He is now a happy married man. Congratulations are in order.

The next time Connie Berglund goes out riding, he is going to stop and pick a few roses. How about it, Connie?

The only time Fred Haight wishes he were the president is at the first of the month so he could veto the bills.

George Johnson of Joliet was a Rockford visitor. He bought about twelve quarts of city water for his radiator and wanted to put it on an 090 ticket.

Jess Hogan claims that being snowed under with work doesn't keep a man cool.

William Starnes, attendant at S. S. No. 41, Oregon, is the proud daddy of a baby daughter, born on Decoration Day.

O. E. Vietmeier, agent at Forreston, is taking over the Elmer Vietmeier Garage at Forreston in partnership with his brother Fred. He claims he is going to run a 100 per cent S. O. Co. Garage. Go to it, Oscar, we wish you well, but hate to lose you.

We are grieved to learn of the death of Salesman M. E. Potter's father.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

J. J. Wilhelm, Correspondent

During the Shrine Convention which was held in K. C. during June, the following were visitors: J. Ashmann, chief clerk of the Indianapolis office; James Connell, agent salesman of Aurora, Ill., and Chester King, formerly of the stock supply department of the K. C. office.

Compton D. Yankee of the purchasing department has been away from the office for several days on account of illness. He is now back again feeling better.

E. C. McFarland, salesman, was in the office the other day all full of pep and vigor. Several of the boys are wondering what has happened to Mac. Looks very much as if he is going to make the fatal leap, getting in line with the other boys, who have taken that step.

The entire force wishes to extend to Bert Pierce, attendant at S. S. No. 7, in Manhattan, our heartfelt sympathy on the loss of his two-year-old grandson, who was fatally burned at his home in Herrington, July 7.

Hoo-ray: Bill Nordberg, I. B. department, and his brother, Harry, are now both driving Dodge cars. They are planning to trade them for a Cadillac. Harry was formerly of the file department and now is a musician at a hotel here. Oh, Boy! Won't music and a Cadillac cut a big figure?

Earl Boughman is now back again after having been on the sick list for several days.

Ray Horstman, check desk, is limping around the office on account of a broken bone in his foot. Too much baseball, Ray, be careful after this.

We have always had a hunch that Miss Taylor of the billing department likes some one in the file room. No wonder Carl Miller and she have been chummy here lately.

Denny Hopkins and Dad Nichols, garage, are having their troubles of late, especially when it rains. You should see them working to get the water out of the yard.

The sympathy of the entire office is extended to Mrs. Belinda Bishop, check department, and family on account of the death of her mother.

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to Frank D. Russell, T. W. driver of Pittsburg, Kan., on account of the loss of his wife.

R. E. Lee Cockerill, T. W. superintendent, is sure buzzing around the office here lately, especially around the traffic department. The new cry of his, Oh, Ethyl! Oh, Ethyl! Where is ETHYL?

In a short time the office is going to have a real orchestra as the boys are practicing every chance they get. The personnel has not been announced as yet but so far we know it comprises the following musicians, Bert Hudnut, Bill Spiker, Shiek Butts, Elmer Olson.

We don't hear much about Mike Flannigan and Pierce Cordon of Harrison street, but we hope to in a short while. At present they are too busy keeping the tanks full of Red Crown.

Phil Hutchings has returned from his trip to the western coast where he sojourned on his vacation. He reports having a fine time, but folks he did not go to Hollywood. How come, Phil, we thought that's why you made the trip.

Charles Daniels, credit department, has finally given up the life of single blessedness, having taken unto himself a wife.

J. H. Kosmoski, credit manager, has returned from a trip up north, where he was taking treatments for his throat. He returned feeling better.

Miss Myrtle Summers has moved into Mr.

Lewer's office. What's the matter, Myrtle? Well, Bill Austin and Harold Hoeltzel are awful.

Mr. Graham of the Chicago office was here auditing the K. C. station books.

There seems to be a considerable rivalry among the tennis sharks in the office, Helen Rachford, Sally Berry, Eula Taylor, Alma Smith, Al Hughes, Paul Whitney, Rolly Plympton and several others, but no one tells us the results.

J. B. Moore, our hustling agent of Independence, Mo., is a frequent visitor in the office to let us know that he is still putting out S. O. products fast and furiously. That's the old pep, J. B.

T. T. Tennant had a little hard luck a little while back while visiting a few friends. When he was ready to start home he found out that he was short a new tire and rim.

Charles Lewers, sales manager, is now comfortably settled in his new home, and reports that he is just beginning to live.

J. R. Cook, lubricating engineer, has a new assistant, his name is Mathias. Welcome to the ranks. No, girls, he is married.

ATTENTION, QUINCY!

K. C. folks are wondering why they don't hear anything about their old friends, J. H. Ross and Paul Fraser. You know, Quincy, they still belong to us down here! Spy on them every once in a while and give us the low down. Thank you.

Tom Higgins is still burning up Red Crown, and wearing out tires going to and from Independence, Mo.

Burt Hudnut is playing the piano at a dance several nights a week and also manages to dance with the fair damsels. Be careful, Burt—you know.

Lawrence Williams is rather quiet these days; we wonder why. Cheer up, old boy, September will soon be here.

Ole Olsen, tank car department, is a little disappointed here of late on account of so much rain. His corn is not growing fast enough to suit him. He tells us it only amounts to about four gallons, so far.

Charles Stillson, Bill Saeger's assistant, will have to stop hanging around the telephone office at 8:00 p. m. Say, Charlie, since when did they call that Quindaro.

Charles Reid, bookkeeping department, traded his flivver roadster for a flivver coupe. He says Winter is coming.

Another office romance soon will blossom out, it is reported, between Miss Dorothy James, file department, and Harold Schmitt, bookkeeper.

The new agents who have joined the S. O. family include R. R. Carnahan at Columbus, F. T. Foster at Humboldt, T. W. Polkinghorn at Ottawa, J. J. Simpson at Yates Center. Welcome, gentlemen, to the fold.

Miss Pearl Carstensen, billing department, has returned from a two week's vacation and reports a very good time.

We are very glad to report that Mrs. Fred Moresby, wife of our former bookkeeper, who is now of the coupon department, is rapidly recovering after an operation.

T. J. Goodwin, agent at Baxter Springs, is the proud father of a new baby boy. Mother and baby are getting along fine. Now, Mr. Goodwin, lets make him another Standard Oiler.

Salesman M. M. Paul of Burlington, Kans., is now a benedict, having taken unto himself a wife.

Tom Slingsby, agent at Clay Center, has started to build a new bungalow.

Miss Lucile B. Bulson, head of the dictaphone department and Missouri state delegate of the Business and Professional Women's Club, has left for their National Convention to be held at West Baden, Ind. She will be Missouri state hostess and chairman of an emblem breakfast. Some of the systems that she has practised in state work will be adopted nationally at this convention.

The following salesmen were in the office recently: K. C. Harris, H. H. Young, V. N. Dyer, A. H. Ogan, I. L. Dayhoff, E. S. Jones, John Bryant, M. M. Paul, H. L. Asher A. L. Russell, H. F. Fikes and J. A. Gillett. Come back again, gentlemen, so we can get better acquainted.

Joe Fortner, salesman, otherwise known by the office force as Mayor Fortner of Butler, Mo., is a Butler booster through and through.

Chas. Hinson, formerly of the T. W. department, is now a salesman. Come on, Charlie, we are pulling for you strong.

C. E. Cressler, agent instructor, is now acting agent at Edna, A. Thomas having resigned to enter other business.

F. F. Blanc is now the new agent at Alma, Kans. Welcome to the family.

We are very glad to announce the following promotions in the office and hope they like their new work: Miss Marguerite Beverforden takes the place of Miss Marion Carpenter in the manager's office, and Miss Wilma Gorman is now of the construction department.

S. P. Halford, our bulk station agent at Clinton, Mo., paid the office a visit recently. Come back again, Mr. Halford, we are glad to see you.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Kenneth Stewart has taken over the territory formerly covered by E. W. Lundquist. We wish you lots of luck, Kenneth.

Lala Zimmer is back after several weeks' leave of absence. We are glad to have you with us again, Lala.

H. B. Brandt, agent at Pittsville, Wis., recently displayed his ability as a "fire-fighter" when one of the hotels in that city was completely destroyed by fire. Herman says its easier to sell Red Crown and Polarine than to fight a fire.

Clyde Herrick, agent at Nekoosa, Wis., is afraid if too much Bovinol is sold this year there won't be any flies next year. Never mind, Clyde, there's be flies for a good many years, so go ahead and make your quota.

Orval Brodt, agent at Bagley, Wis., has a new assistant in the form of a husky youngster who arrived at the Brodt home in June.

W. O. Dixon visited the La Crosse office last week.

W. A. Anderson, T. W. driver at Westby, Wis., has been transferred to agent. M. A. Moen is the new T W. driver.

Clarence Serfling, salesman, is some sheik. He and his "Joliet" carried off the dancing honors at the 4th of July celebration at Harmony, Minn.

Owing to the sudden death of his father,

Raymond Gilchrist has resigned his position as T. W. salesman at Rochester, Minn., and will work his father's farm. We are sorry to lose you, Ray, and wish you success on the farm.

C. R. Hatfield, S. S. attendant at Red Wing, Minn., was a business caller at the La Crosse office this week.

The following have been installed as S. S. attendants: Thomas McGough, Frank Heebink and Leo Clancy at Eau Claire, Wis., and Dudley Covell at Lake City, Minn.

Clyde Morrison has been transferred from T. W. salesman to S. S. attendant at Winona, Minn.

Our new agent at Altura, Minn., is Roy J. Hoffman. We are expecting a big increase in sales.

Milo Whipple has been installed as agent at Eleva, Wis. We are looking for a big increase in sales.

J. Weiss is in charge of S. S. No. 301 at Marshfield, Wis., as J. H. Sudmeir has been granted a leave of absence.

Cut prices don't bother H. W. Harrigan, T. T. salesman at Red Wing, Minn.

Harold Pardis and his pet bulldog are leaving to spend the week-end in Minneapolis. Just why are you taking your dog, Harold? Is it a case of "Love me, love my dog?"

Mr. Klick, truck inspector, while at Wisconsin Rapids approached a stranger and said, "I am a Standard Oil man, where can I find a good place to eat?" Stranger, "Huh, you are the first real Standard Oil man who ever takes time to eat."

Between the installation of some sixty or more Mica posts, the spraying of some dozens of cows with Bovinol and selling the full line, Mr. Bailey, salesman, has at last found a home at Prairie du Chein, and has his family, consisting of Mrs. Bailey and daughter, Jeanne, with him. We'll say you are a busy man, J. M.

F. P. Schroeder, head check clerk at La Crosse, and his family spent a week at the twin cities. Fred said the most interesting place was the Standard Oil office in Minneapolis where he visited with a real bunch of fellows. (How about the girls, Fred?) Mr. Schroeder is still grieving over the fact that he couldn't attend the picnic, July 17.

Eau Claire, Wis.

Anyone desiring a 21-jewel ball time special watch call Messrs. Truax and Clancy, S. S. attendants at Eau Claire. They assure immediate delivery and the price is just a matter of arbitration.

T. R. McGough and K. Allimang are new additions to the Standard Oil Family at Eau Claire.

Elmer Johnson, T. W. salesman at Eau Claire, has taken over the new station at Elk Mound. It is understood he is casting about for a clerk. Rumors to the effect that he has found one is without foundation.

Rochester, Minn.

Harry Bennett, clerk, has been transferred to city truck salesman. Mr. Bennett formerly held this position and had quite a record which he is out now to beat. C. W. Serfling succeeds Mr. Bennett as clerk at Rochester.

Bruce Bremner is now in charge of S. S. No. 6 and J. O'Connell is now in charge of S. S. No. 26.

Carl Williams has started his climb as S. S. attendant, Rochester, Minn. We expect Mr. Williams will not only continue the high plane of service set at this station but will better the sales. We're with you, C. W.

Ambrose Kelly is the new T. T. salesman at Rochester.

Donald Clement, S. S. attendant at Rochester, has been transferred to specialty salesman, covering the entire La Crosse division.

Wisconsin Rapids

Arthur Hankey, city driver, expressed his wish for a car. Since then he has been dodging salesmen from every known agency. You get lots of rides, don't you, Art?

Harold Bell is the new attendant at S. S. No. 8, assisting F. G. Schriner. Harold says he is going to ring the "Bell" for the SOCO from now on.

E. H. Waldo is the new driver at the Pittsville station, assisting our Agent H. B. Brandt.

Roy Von Gorder, T. W. salesman, recently drove into a farmer's yard. Mr. Farmer, "Roy, have you my bill with you?" Roy, "No, I came to collect it."

Orren Benson, S. S. attendant, is very much interested in keeping a certain Ford Coupe well polished with Semdac. How about it, Orren?

Elmer Hjerstedt, T. W. salesman, says that you can sell Bovinol any place, any time and to anybody. Yes, and you can even drink it.

F. G. Schriner, S. S. attendant, wishes to challenge any S. S. attendant in the La Crosse division on selling Polarine in one-fifth gallon cans for a 30-day period. Come on, you fellows, let's hear from you.

"Now keep an eye on my sales and watch me go over the top. Quotas mean nothing now since I purchased my new truck," says R. W. Zank, agent at Fairchild, Wis.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

George Kelly gave the office force a neat thrill when he budded forth in a terrific blue shirt. That kind of a shirt might get by in the field without comment but the office should be given advance notice.

Pat Keenan, who has been agent at Cleveland, moved his effects to Montgomery on July 15 and took over the agency there. We predict big success for Pat in his new field because he is a man who has developed the use of his truck sideracks. Pat knows what the sideracks are for and he keeps them loaded on every trip.

Leland Thompson, machine shop foreman, submitted to an operation for the removal of his tonsils on July 21, and has made a splendid recovery.

On a recent fair Sunday in July ye scribe spent a pleasant afternoon visiting with H. W. Roessler on the shores of Lake Francis. Henry is a hustler of great proportions who is making two blades of grass grow where none grew before.

Since Adolph Mathews' station at Blue Earth was reconstructed and put in beautiful condition, Adolph is getting chesty. He is hurling defiance at Nordahl Nelson, who operates the other Blue Earth station, and says that he's going to trim him badly in all directions.

An important cog in the social wheel of Ruthton is the Ruthton String Orchestra which furnishes musical entertainment for all social occasions in that neighborhood. Louis Johnson, our

agent at Ruthton, is in no small measure responsible for the success of the orchestra and 'tis said that he draws a mean bow.

For real S. O. service, Walter Gleason, Currie agent, takes his hat off to no employe of the company. Walter runs an A-1 S. S. besides his other work and he's making Currie famous to tourists as a place of rest and refreshment for tired motorists.

A most fitting opening of the summer season was the big Red Crown Club party held at Stony Point, Loon Lake, June 30. More than 100 people of the Red Crown family gathered at the point at 7 p. m. to do justice to one of those justly famous chicken dinners. The hall was handsomely decorated with Red Crown colors while balloons of every hue clung to the ceiling. Krause's Syncopaters jazzed their way through the dining hour and later supplied enticement for many willing pairs of feet. The hit of the evening came when President F. C. Brown introduced Ray Bartlett, attendant at our Lake Crystal S. S., and his mandolin quartet. This jolly bunch of entertainers livened up the crowd with melody after melody of clever tunes. This clever quartet will be in demand at future Red Crown functions. W. O. Dixon, wife and daughter, were guests of the Club. The Dixons are true members of the Red Crown family and we hope that they will be able to attend many of our Mankato functions.

Anghild Nordgren executed a noble slide for second base during a game of drop-the-handkerchief. Bobby Chesbrough wore a sour look until after dinner. An investigation disclosed that a senatorial lobby had secured the passage of a bill authorizing the purchase of a pair of nice leather puttees but that the purchase was strenuously vetoed by the house. Organize a farmer-labor party, Bob!

When L. C. Hedberg, Mankato salesman, conceived the idea of organizing a kittenball team to challenge the winning Red Crowns, he invited disaster. The game was played on Lewis field, July 7, with disastrous results to the Polarines which was the name chosen for his team by the Swede captain who covered first base in miserable style. All records of the score were lost when the Red Crowns pounded the mush ball to all corners of the lot and cinched the game in the first inning. J. W. Schmidt, painter, playing right shortstop for the Polarines got his ears full of dirt and clover when he dove for a grounder which wasn't there. Syd Fields, on the receiving end of the Polarines battery, accepted all of Lenertz' slants in nice shape. The fact is that there wasn't much catching to do because the Crowns didn't let many balls go past their bats. As a third baseman, G. A. White, sales manager, is a stellar performer. Besides making several neat putouts for the Polarines, he knocked out a lusty three-bagger which brought in some of his team's lonesome scores.

MASON CITY, IOWA

Frank H. Woten, Correspondent

Saturday night was the time and Clear Lake was the place of a very enjoyable event. Standard Oil employees from Minneapolis, Mankato, Des Moines and Mason City gathered for a dance. After the dance we provided our own entertainment at one of the local cafes. All present stated that they were coming again but maybe some of the people who like to sleep in Clear Lake had rather they wouldn't.

Leo Ford, construction superintendent, went to Eldora to start a new S. S. When he came back he was wearing a big bruise on his nose. Something sure had a powerful kick.

At last the truth is out! We have not seen Wesley Barry on the screen for some time. It develops that he is now a S. O. employee, taking care of our advertising and has changed his name to "M. F. Miller." Any skeptical persons may verify this by writing for his picture.

We sure have some strong salesmen! H. F. Nelson, our Pocahontas salesman, does not attempt to line his car up when parking. He simply drives his car up near to where he wants to be, then gets out and lifts the rear end into place. That is sometimes the quickest way, at that.

We are glad to welcome Miss Burke, who has been transferred from Ft. Dodge "A" Station to the Mason City office.

It is understood by close associates of Merle Cantwell that he is schooling himself for the position of buyer and accountant for one of the leading hat shops of the city.

A few days ago one of those khaki-covered gentlemen that guard the peace around here came into the office and "C. L." and George Nelson were noted way down in the corner of the stationery room. We do not know what was on their minds but this time it was a case of mistaken identity. Mc, our genial agent, was able to prove his innocence.

Form 044, July 5, 1924, was received from our Parkersburg Agent with the following notation: "No sales. Pumping off a tank car and taking care of a brand new baby girl." Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Kladivo.

"Tar" Terhufen eats about anything. The last thing he ate was a pin. Must be a goat or something.

The whole organization regretted very much to see R. H. Clow, our Ft. Dodge salesman, leave. He is now credit manager with the Home Furniture Co. Harry says the credit rating of all S. O. employees is good at his store. Mr. Clow was with us for three years and his hard work was responsible for lots of good business secured by the S. O. Co.

We understand that a certain party is coming to Mason City before long, ostensibly to pay a visit to Lyman Peterson, our general supply clerk. It may readily be seen just what condition our general supply account will be in for a few days.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

C. Henry Austin, Correspondent

An election of officers for the third quarter was held at the regular meeting of the Safety Court on July 8. W. R. Winters Jr. was elected chairman, to replace C. Henry Austin; M. F. Worley was elected vice-chairman to replace W. J. Duncan. At this meeting George Kraus, agent at West Allis, was elected to membership on the Safety Court.

"Doc" Reiss of the stock department recently made a trip north to pick a few bushels of blueberries. "Doc" advises he had quite a job picking the berries from the trees. As evidence he

brought samples to the office and upon investigation they proved to be choke-cherries—better hire an Indian guide on the next trip, "Doc."

Herbert Scwanka was seen looking over the Wisconsin theater while on his vacation. Herb says he would have bought the place but thought the stranger who owned it wanted a little too much money.

Earl Collins recently made a trip to Waupaca to open S. S. No. 132. While there he became so interested in the fair sex that he lost the combination to the safe and it was necessary to call upon Mr. Pickard, the T. N. T. expect, to open it.

Ed. Christenson of the sales writers department claims to have caught a thirty-one pound sturgeon while on his vacation. It seems only fair to say, in case the game warden reads this, that the sturgeon attacked Ed and he had to kill the sturgeon in self-defense.

S. S. Attendant E. J. Kaufman has recently been transferred from Clintonville to duty at Antigo.

Louis Joost says that he has found the most generous man in the world. He states that W. J. Brown, superintendent of construction, qualified very recently with an empty glass and thirty-five cents. Of course, buttermilk is higher in some other places.

Fried chicken, roller coasters, ferris-wheels, ice cream, and watermelon in great quantities made the Standard Oil picnic, held at Waukesha Beach on Sunday, July 13, a decided success. Ashippun station was represented by R. Bernhagen, wife and five children, and his driver, Charles Beckman, wife and three children. Oconomowoc was represented by Agent M. J. Tobin, wife and five children, friend, Miss Mable Higgins, and driver, Ward Shaw, wife and child. R. M. Overbaugh and wife and two children, accompanied by their friend, William Weets of Detroit, Minn., and Agent A. E. Hanson, and wife, represented the Hartland territory. Salesman E. Shellestad and S. S. Attendant Frank Bennett were present to represent Pewaukee. Manager P. A. Raupagh and wife and family were also present at the picnic. In talking about the picnic E. Shellestad said that Dick Bernhagen, agent at Ashippun, might sell more Bovinol than Agent M. J. Tobin at Oconomowoc, but that M. J. Tobin could certainly eat more ice cream than Bernhagen.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Chester J. Webb, Correspondent

Ervin A. Bolt is our new agent at Raymond. Ervin is well known around Raymond and we welcome him to the S. O. family.

Peter Johnson, our New London agent, is an expert swimmer and recently gave an exhibition in fast swimming at Green Lake by catching a fish.

Charles Geist, agent at Clara City, was determined to attend the recent agents' meeting in Willmar. Charlie said his Ford got stuck in the mud twice. What's a little mud to Charlie?

Lance Seasted, our new agent at Kerkhoven, had to batch it the first month, as he was unable to rent a house. Now, he has his family with him and a comfortable house, so everybody's happy.

Ole Heen, our agent at Maynard, is the boy that can tell the farmers how to use refined paraffine wax on their silos. He waxes enthusiastic whenever there's a new prospect.

Marshall DeCamp, S. S. attendant at Willmar, says when it comes to draining and refilling crank cases that is where he shines. That's what makes the Polarine quota, Marshall!

Charles Mecklenberg wants to know when and how he will find time to leave his duties at Baldwin and go fishing for something else but orders.

Our new agent, Al Sweeney, at Spring Valley, is driving a new Studebaker Six. Why such a big car, Al?

The new agent at Glenwood City, Wis., is Oscar Peterson. He says "Go Get 'Em" is his slogan. Let 'er buck, Oscar.

Clarence Krammas, agent at Elmwood, Wis., anticipates such a large increase in his sales this year that he has already purchased a lot and will soon erect a house. Hope we have to build a bigger station, too, Clarence, for the business.

Some people advocate dieting to reduce, but Victor Christensen, Roberts, Wis., says demonstrating Bovinol with a miniature spray will work the same result and he doesn't need a reducing belt.

We think that "Wagon Landing" may in one sense of the word be a hitching post, as Harry Bean ties his Ford there frequently.

Why don't you eat your meals at home, Frank Knight, and get fat? We know your wife can cook.—Ray Geist speaking.

Mr. Thompson of S. S. No. 33 is the original early bird. He is always opened up and racing to go by quarter to seven.

Mr. Nolan of S. S. No. 85 likes to sell Semdac. The big drive is over but he keeps right on demonstrating.

Jack Petter of S. S. No. 89 left for Herman, Minn., in his famous 1912 chariot. The consensus of opinion is that he will never make it.

If you want a real treat go to S. S. No. 2 and see the display that Messrs. Dalve and Lindberg have on their lawn. No wonder they copped the last Polarine drive prize.

Alvey Mannie says he likes his new station but he can't help but get a little home sick for S. S. No. 1 when he sees Tugalow Taylor drive by.

Roy Harwood was late last week because, he says, it's awfully tough to ride a bicycle through traffic.

George Davidson was seen driving down Lyndale avenue with his hat off. (Omit, as writer is not sure as to his sense of humor and is not fond of these five-day layoffs.—W. O. P.)

Larry Fischer says Clarence Barnes sure lives up to his name as he has so many "stalls"—but failed to mention if they were for horses or alibis.

Guy Wilson received a call from a young lady at the Curtis Hotel the other day. After looking through ten pages of Thompson's in the telephone book and paying 45 cents on our new telephones to call the office, he finally decided *it* was his aunt.

Will you kindly inquire through the Stanolind Record how Father Hodgson, the heavyweight T. W. driver out of the N. E. Station, received the title of "Big Ben." Some say he composed a song about a cat but we can't figure how that has anything to do with an alarm clock.

Oscar Lind has been transferred to Minneapolis, so St. Paul is losing a good auditor.

MINOT, N. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

The maddest agent of the Minot Division is Ed Will of Stanley, N. D., on account of his old "Hens" not winning all the blue ribbons at the Mountrail County Fair recently held at Stanley, but this didn't keep him from painting up his trucks which now have an attractive appearance.

Mrs. Henry Tiber of Anamoose, N. D., spent the week-end visiting with Marie. We now know where Marie gets her good looks.

H. H. Kincaid has been promoted from the equipment department to general clerk.

No wonder Hank Grim is grouchy. His wife is away visiting her parents in Montana. Hank is batching.

Roy A. Cedarstrom from the Huron division has been placed in charge of the equipment department here. Girls, he is single and lookin'.

Agent Adolph Rognlie of Minnewaukan is much improved following treatments at Devils Lake.

Agent Ole Bakken of Heimdal spent two Sundays at Jamestown. We want to know why.

Agent John Dulmage of Leeds, N. D., is the proud owner of a new truck and says no four-wheel brake demonstrations will be shown.

Frank Grimsgard of the accounting department has been appointed specialty candle salesman. He just returned from an educational trip to our Refineries at Whiting.

We are pleased to see Mrs. Fred Gingrey up and around, fully recovered from her recent sickness.

S. R. Miles is another one of our good boys who has been promoted. Sam stepped from the check department into the order department.

Now they call him "Judge" Barnby.

Agent Arnold Olson of Fortuna requests this office to instruct Salesman Pierson and Station Examiner Twight not to call so early in the morning.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Asch, agent at Underwood, N. D., a baby girl, July 7, who has been christened Beverly Arlene. Congratulations from the Standard Oil family!

Fred Fauth agent at Tuttle, N. D., and family have returned from a trip to South Dakota where they were called on account of the illness of Mr. Fauth's sister.

Harry Freeman, agent at Woodworth, N. D., and Agent Knowles of Wing, N. D., and their families spent the Fourth at Arena Grove, Arena, N. D. No, folks, this isn't the kind of an arena you think it is.

O. W. Roberts, salesman, and J. J. Lief, agent at Wilton, N. D., spent the Fourth at "Painted Woods." Jack tried to make all the home runs in the ball game and Bob tried to ride every horse in the rodeo.

After spending the past seven months in Minot, Fred Tucker was unable to stay on the high grades near Detroit, Minn. Luckily no one was hurt.

Mrs. Ernie Percey underwent an operation at the St. Joseph's Hospital. We are glad to report that she is rapidly recovering and will soon be amongst us.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ckola announce the arrival of a baby daughter on July 15. Congratulations to this young married couple from the bunch.

A. R. Schooler, attendant at S. S. No. 301, has developed a sudden liking for white collars. Who is the fair one, Art?

Agent C. P. Reed of Sentinel Butte got so interested in his work that he didn't know he was working on the Sabbath.

Agent Eddie Laing of Wildrose, S. K. Severtson of Zahl and "Shady" Moore of Powers Lake and their families visited the Divide County Fair at Crosby, N. D. All report that Crosby put on an excellent fair and had an excellent time.

Paul Paulson, our able agent at Carpio, paid this office a visit recently, stating that when a fellow works hard delivering Standard Oil products a little thing like a bank robbery won't awaken him.

Mrs. Robert Palda, who has been our file girl for the past seven months, retires now to the duties of making her hubby, "Bobby," comfy.

John O. Locke returned from his vacation with a Minneapolis girl as his bride. While John was floating in the air with happy thoughts he was suddenly shocked. A policeman touched him on the arm and says, "Boy, come with me." Well, John believes it took hard work on the part of his friends to keep him from spending the night in jail. No, folks, John is all right. We had to use these tactics to get ahold of him for that evening to present to him and Mrs. Locke a token of our friendship.

Mel Rufer claims that they are kidding when they say that all a farmer has to do to get credit is to pull up a handful of grain and bring into the office.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Lost: In vicinity of Chicago, one heart; only one he had. Notify Oscar Lemon, S. S. No. 36, Springfield.

Brother Brown of Rantoul fame, as a good reporter, advises us that the stork visited the home of Agent Delbert Robertson, Paxton, July 20, and left a prospective agent, Delbert Junior, 10 pounds lusty and healthy. Congrats, Robertson, old top!

Barker Juhl, attendant, S. S. No. 42, Springfield, is a royal host. Took a party over to Decatur, ordered up numerous dollars' worth of eats, and—had to call on Reistad of S. S. No. 26 for financial rescue. Reistad became the hero.

Pipefitter C. V. Hunt of Springfield surely enjoyed himself at the picnic. He wrote us a note about it.

Price of Astoria reports an interesting meeting held at his station recently by Assistant Manager Maulsby and Mr. Flanagan for the benefit of agents and drivers. With Flanagan present, we'll bet it was interesting.

Bet Salesman Miller nearly popped the buttons off his vest when he wrote us about the arrival of Richard Neale Miller, June 24, the latest addition to the Miller fireside. Fine, papa!

Agent Coy of Virginia is athletically inclined. Submits a newspaper clipping of his activities as center fielder and pitcher of the "Leans" in the annual battle with the "Fats."

"Red" Bockwitz, S. S. No. 1, Peoria, pulled this one during the recent hot spell: "Gee! I wish the sun would go down so I could sit under the awning in the shade."

"Swede" Johnson, Clinton truck driver, says he refuses all drinks passed out by customers. Beasley says he can tell one that big himself.

Yet John moans that "Chuck" insisted on placing Zill's name on the list. John, why didn't you "Say It With Flowers"?

Salesman Hinds and wife were recently entertained at the home of Agent Benson, Beardstown. Fried chicken and a boat show. Hinds says the chicken was great.

Driver E. P. Elliott, Hoopeston, has been transferred to work, succeeding Phil Scott. Joe Heaton takes Elliott's place. Welcome, boys.

Jim Flanigon of the advertising department is showing a surprising knack in the window displays he is putting in around town. Didn't know you had such an artistic sense, Jimmy. Incidentally, the young man is showing some of our salesmen how to sell goods. He heads the office honor roll by a comfortable margin.

John Sherwin, en route to the ball game, July 26, had the misfortune to be hit by an auto as he alighted from the street car. Luckily the blow was a glancing one, but John is toting a badly cut head and hand, with a most fearsome set of bruises, in consequence.

Agent Tom Sweeney of Gilman modestly announces the arrival of a ten-pound son on July 19. That date happens to be ye scribe's birthday, Tom, so our congratulations are doubly sincere.

Attendant Voyles, Clinton S. S., suffered a shock to his pride the other day. Stood on the drive "island," pump hose in hand, all ready to serve a car driving up. Small boy in car spied his money changer, and yells, "Hey, Mister, where did you get all those whistles?" And the car full of young ladies on the next drive gave Voyles the laugh.

Shelby Small of Lacon moves to Lincoln as agent. Driver Stickel at Lacon succeeds Small. Good luck to you, boys.

W. E. Lynn, veteran of the Jacksonville station, recently drove to Springfield after furnace oil. Got lost starting home and gave an urchin a quarter to tell him the way out of Springfield. Started on. Lost again. Spent another quarter. Same result. Out of quarters, so bethought himself of a dead dog he had seen on the way in. Hunted for the canine, found it, and drove home.

Newcomers in the ranks are: S. S. attendants, B. M. Griffin, C. A. Gosslin, R. M. Allard, J. A. Bolen, C. E. Race, E. C. Bennett, L. C. Cox, Peoria; J. L. Brinkley, Bloomington; M. Griffin, Clinton, and W. G. Dille, Pekin; warehouseman, E. W. Callahan, Peoria; drivers, A. Nystrom, Peoria, and F. H. Hunson, Heyworth.

Miss Mary Rahilly has joined the dictaphone operators.

Christine Vehyl, our former fellow-worker, now of Grand Rapids office, called at the office recently. Smiling "Chris" was a glowing example of that wonderful Michigan climate.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

In July a warm battle was waged between the north and south divisions of Quincy field. The northerners were under the leadership of Manager A. L. Martin and W. J. King, while the southern half of the field rallied around the standard carried by Assistant Manager T. P. Jones and W. C. McAdams. At the time of going to press the winner had not been decided.

Bill Lusby, attendant at S. S. No. 28, Fayette, Mo., is working up a fine trade and if some of the older attendants don't get busy Bill will be taking their laurels. Here's to you, Bill.

R. F. Larson, recently of Whiting, is taking care of our business in the north end of Quincy as well as the territory immediately beyond the Mississippi. May success be your buddy, R. F.

Agent Bill Martin of Shelbina is riding his old truck again, said truck having been recently overhauled. Bill avers that he prefers his old bus to any truck on the job, as he knows all "her" whims and fancies.

When it comes to playing barnyard golf we'll tip our Stetsons to Charles Miranda, agent at Birmingham, Ia. Charlie can throw two ringers out of every three shots. Pipe that, you Missouri horseshoe slingers!

Harry S. Hays, M. T. W. driver at Hannibal, Mo., certainly is sold on Bovinol. This is evidenced by the fact that during June Harry sold almost every farmer on his route.

Salesman R. L. Wilson sent this one in: Please have equipment department send me at once one twelve-foot log chain as Agent Squire Holman of Green City has lost his mind. All I can get him to say is: "It's a boy, and weighs 10½ pounds, and to think I only paid 30 cents for my pants and a dime for my hat." Congratulations, folks!

On a recent trip in from Douds ("Safety") Jolidon and Agent H. A. Brunat of Keokuk decided to stop for eats. Finding that all they could purchase at that time of night was canned goods, Jolly grabbed off a can of beans, and when Brunat got through laughing at him he (Brunat) ordered two cans. So the big laugh seems to be on Harry.

Virginia Kohl, chief clerk's stenographer, received a rousing welcome when she tripped into the office with her hair bobbed. As the "old reporter" would put it, our surprise was equalled only by our delight, Virginia. We just know that Clarence likes it too.

Cashier Metzger of the Decatur office dropped in and gave us the "once-over" the other day. Metz used to have the Gem City for his home.

John O'Donnell just returned from a trip to the General Office and the Whiting refinery and thinks he knows all about candles and most everything else. Has anyone seen John's Ford lately? Rumor has it that on his homeward drive he traded it to a farmer for a mule.

"Dern the luck!" says Art. In addition to his regular duties as equipment juggler, Art has been delegated to the task of visiting the sick. It seemed luck was with him for the first name to reach the sick list was that of our peppy "hello" girl, Dorothy Scott, but cruel fate—Mrs. Art decided to accompany him.

A. J. Frageman is the latest addition to our sales force. Just now Al is getting next to things in this office.

F. G. Morrison succeeds C. A. Nutt as attendant at S. S. No. 310, Dallas City, Ill. They tell us Frank is a live wire.

Anyone interested may ask Agent Boss Delaney of Paris, Mo., to show them his illustration of what he thought was going to happen to the northern half of the field in the Red Crown sales campaign.

Salesman H. H. McConnell has been seriously handicapped for the past week or so by a severe boil on a tender part of his anatomy. We extend our sincere sympathy, Mac.

Lots of folks will be interested to learn that Bill Morgan is now settled in Pasadena, Cal., and thinks he's in heaven.

Assistant General Manager H. A. Lewis spent several days with us recently and took a real interest in the sales war. Some of the "Southerners" think his judgment bad. We shall see.

According to available dope Janie Donald is leading not only the office but the entire field in the coupon book contest. Janie has seventy-eight books to her credit and the end is not yet. J. T. Shuck of the stationery room seems to be runner up, unless some dark horse out in the field comes out of hiding at the last minute. The sales force may well take off their hats to Janie.

Moberly, Mo.

We have had a number of visitors this month. Among them were Messrs. T. P. Jones, W. C. McAdams, B. T. Radke and M. E. Jolidon. Everybody is always welcome!

Assistant Manager Jones' south side gang had a secret parley at the Merchants Hotel. We haven't been able to get any information but we sure would hate to be on the north side. Better watch your step, boys, for when fellows like T. P. J., Mac, and old man Howell get together there's going to be something doing. 'Stoo bad, Esquimos!

O. G. Burton is the proud papa of a beautiful new daughter, Lora Josephine. Congratulations!

Agent-Salesman W. A. Howell doesn't think much of a certain brand of tires. After reading a letter written by him to the equipment department upon this subject we know that Joseph wore a patched coat, also that "Billy" is well read up on Biblical history.

Our inspired Moberly reporter, the Hon. J. G. Lannon, is the happiest man in the Standard Oil organization! Bobbie is the young fellow's name, but they call him *Semdac,* for he came to brighten their home. (How's that, C. V. J.? See N. H. Reed for adv. rates.) When George gets through walking the floor with him, Mrs. Lannon is going to make a president of him, not of the U. S. but of SOCO.

Keokuk, Iowa

This is the month we bid farewell to our friends Happy Miller and Bob Percell, both leaving to attend college. We will miss them both for they are a real team of hustlers, and next Spring we'll be awaiting their return. So long, boys, and good luck to you. Bob says 7 and 11 are his favorites—rise at seven and retire at eleven. Happy is already singing: "Backward, turn backward, Oh, Time in your flight, and make me a free man, just for one night." Yes, it's almost that bad. Almost? Entirely so.

F. M. Williamson, a used-to-be employee now retired, was seen in town this week. He brought his lawn-mower in to have the spark-plugs cleaned. That's what he told the Mrs. We think he came in to see the circus.

Bill Huston spent the Fourth with his Dad, and judging by his disposition he and the whole family must have had a fine time.

The coupon book contest is going strong, with plenty of hopes for Keokuk to come out on top in the end. Agent-Salesman Brunat has the front line for the town so far.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

On July 8, a Polarine sales promotion meeting or rather several meetings were held for the salesmen, S. S. attendants and T. W. drivers under the direction of Mr. Smith from the Chicago office. Talks were also given by Mr. Keating and Mr. Seaman. The boys now feel that they know what they are selling.

Miss Zada Dean has been stationed at the switchboard to replace Miss Kawfield. She gets almost as much work on the telephone as some of the other members.

Miss Delenna Perry is operating the position Miss Zwerk vacated when she took the marketing department job formerly occupied by Miss Helen McPeak, who has joined the Consumers Power Company.

Glen Niendorf is contemplating marriage and to show what a docile 25 per cent he is mapped out to be he came in one Friday morning with egg yolk all over one ear.

Miss Mildred Price, one of our head line stenographers, gave us all a shock when she announced her transfer to Grand Rapids, July 7. She has been with us on and off for nearly five years and more than one will miss her artful smile. She was presented with a beautiful water color picture entitled, "The Spring Song." We all wish her every good thing possible in her new position.

Miss Delphine Raquepas of Carrolton has assumed the duties hitherto performed by Mildred and already she has caused much stumbling of the masculine circulation system. We promised her a likeness of herself in this issue but it didn't turn out very good. However, it is just as well —we don't want her transferred.

Gerald Hoerner resigned his position at the check desk account of ill health. The work is being protected by Wilson Kern, formerly of the S. S. department.

We recently shared F. M. Carl's deep sorrow when his sister passed away after a brief illness.

W. B. Ross, civil engineer, has a mania for roller skating and relieves the tension at the Riverside Park Rink. Very recently he was giving vent to his favorite passion and was putting on an interpretation of "The Boomerang" when the patch region of his bloomers became fascinated with a protruding nail and loitered around long after W. B. R. was through with his act. He was obliged to spend the balance of the evening holding his panama over the exposed area.

On June 13, Joseph McGrath, general supply clerk, received a visit from Sir Stork who left in his care a baby sister for "Sparky." Joe registered unusual optimism when he fed the gum chewers a five-pound box of chocolates and the "Gimme's" a Havana. We all congratulate Mr. and Mrs. McGrath on their good fortune and wish the little one a long and prosperous life.

L. E. Younkman dispatched himself to Bad Axe in a Ford roadster that is equipped with balloon tires without the sensation; elliptical springs that were stiffer than Washington's Monument. Pneumatic cushions as light as the bride's first pancakes and fenders that wave bye-bye to all four corners of the globe. When he returned he was muscled up like a boiler of clams.

M. E. Hunt, our agent instructor, was made the proud father of a baby boy or on about July 15. We don't know the number of this one but we know positively that he is a good American.

Clay Nienstedt is a small fry when it comes to developing any extra muscles on his sub-conscious mind. Recently he became an involuntary subscriber to the *Dearborn Independent* when Mr. "Dell" McMann, a good SOCO customer of Harbor Beach, hooked him on a "Heads I win, tails you lose" proposition. Well, anyhow it's a good paper, Clay.

Martin Voltz and Clarence Young had a mighty fine time on their vacation. They were up in the D. and M. territory indulging in everything that was damp. The S. S. attendants along the line thought they were some curiosity.

Manager H. H. Keating recently made a business trip among the stations located in the jack pines and came back much fatigued. He strained his eyesight looking for signs of humanity on some of the trails. He was of much assistance to a farmer whom he found down in a deep ditch along one of the highways and we'll bet that fellow never burns any Red Crown substitutes henceforth.

Now since we have seen Charlie Leach, Columbiaville-Otter Lake agent, we understand why they gave him two stations. He is big enough to take on another.

On July 4 the good citizens of Comins, Mich., held a celebration that was a credit to any community. Several of the business men entered floats in the parade that was headed by a snappy brass band and, of course, our agent, W. A. Sanderson, dressed his truck up in gala attire in competition with the others. With full line advertising pieces set off by Old Glory and several yards of bunting it can not be denied that his float added much to the attractiveness of the spectacle.

Miss Marcella Thompson of the stenographic department recently underwent an operation for the removal of her appendix. At this writing she is ordering extra side dishes and we have every reason to believe that she will be among those present in a few more days.

George Monaghan of Alpena is well pleased with the way the Red Crown sales are increasing and while he is enjoying a well earned vacation, thanks to the annuity plan, nevertheless he is keenly interested in the welfare of the Alpena station which is at present in charge of his son, Eugene. Standard Oil and Monaghan are synonymous to Alpena folk.

O. E. Smith is assuming the duties of general salesman in the territory formerly covered by Claud Avery, who is off duty account of illness.

Effective July 11, T. P. Russell assumed the duties of general salesman at Flint.

On July 1, S. S. No. 58, Harbor Beach, was opened for business with C. J. Blashill the attendant in charge.

When the Steamers Cowan and Renown made their last July trip to Bay City, Dudley Jones, Frank Church and yours ever were the impromptu guests of Commodore Atkins and his company including Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison, Mr. and Mrs. Parks and the Hon. A. C. MacKinnon. The Commodore has a gasoline launch that is as trim as a canary and with the wheel under his guiding hand and Red Crown Gasoline making the motor demonstrate perpetual motion we had a most delightful trip six miles out in the bay where the Standard Oil prides were tied together. Captain Lang gave us a rousing succession of joyful toots on the whistle that made the goose pimples stand out on our back and it will take a lot of hard luck to make us forget the hospitality of Commodore Atkins and the delights of the trip.

Bay City

On August 6, Laurence Neering, our genial attendant at S. S. 7, will take into his confidence a bride who at present is enjoying her maiden name of Miss Josephine Johnson, who is very prominent in the social circles of Essexville. They will spend two weeks on their honeymoon during which they will make a lake trip to Duluth, Minn., returning via the Canadian border with stop-offs at various places of interest.

July 4, Bernie Hoerauf and Edwin Barrenscheer, the cage men of the Saginaw office, brought their wives over to Kilarney Beach for a day of joy. Instead of taking advantage of the lockers Bernie exercised his chief characteristic and advised the party to make the quick change in the auto and save the change for their old age. This sharp reduction in expenses filled them with an unnatural frivolousness that caused them to stay in all afternoon. In due time, however, they were satisfied and came back to the chariot for their transformations and found to their astonishment that some kleptomaniac had cleaned them out and they had to borrow money on their bridgework to take care of their immediate financial obligations.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

J. M. James, Correspondent

Agent Kriens of Hartford has been looking through the furniture catalogs; it seems that DeWald will soon have all married men in his territory.

Agent Odell, Montrose has the habit of drinking Bovinol.

J. R. Bogue, our new agent at Pierson, advises that it is useless to try to reach him during church hours on Sunday; he also says that single blessedness is all right, but that he gets mighty lonesome in a small town on Sunday. Evidently, Bogue has not survived that springtime affection so peculiar to single male beings.

Phil Cato, our hustling Onawa agent, decorated a float for a Fourth of July parade and grabbed off a $25.00 prize for the float exhibiting the best advertised products, namely, Red Crown and Polarine.

Agent C. L. Stratton, our Smithland representative, delivered a record amount of Polarine, Red Crown and Perfection on July 26.

"Kit" Carson is feeling a bit proud these days, he's a granddad now and admits that he is far ahead of the other boys.

LeRoy Anderson, our agent at Alcester, put up five Mica Posts during July; LeRoy insists that "No Post—No Sale" is true.

S. S. Attendant Cox, Logan, is proud of his station and does his best to keep it shining. Carson says that Cox shows more attention to the ladies though—but that's just because he's single *yet*.

This one from Shultz,—"Salesman M. L. Wirsing of Sioux Falls is negotiating for a new Haynes Bus Line between the two Siouxs. The

busses will operate daily and will be of the latest type Haynes "6" Brougham, balloon equipped. Lou says that he will use Red Crown and Polarine exclusively, and is about ready to sign a one-barrel contract for his first Polarine delivery.

Salesman Riggs recently hooked an eleven pound pickerel at Lake Herman—so he says.

Agent La Cour at Sibley has augmented his big International truck with a one-ton Ford, and now he wants a larger Red Crown quota for next month—don't worry La Cour, you'll get it.

A. W. Richter is our new agent at Rock Valley.

John Kiers, our Hull agent, is planning another trip to Michigan; we hope that this time he will lose his title as the "bachelor agent."

L. P. Zenner has been transferred from the sales force to the record department.

Somebody told Henry Miller that East Fourth street was smooth traveling if you know how to pick the smooth spots, but Henry vows that if it is smooth anywhere, it's on the bottom side of the brick.

And while we are on the circus subject we might mention that Mr. Elkert had the extreme misfortune of being out of town on circus day.

We miss Jack Carter at the dictaphone.

Recently, E. L. Tropp, one of our mechanics, was "trying out" the collector's car after an overhauling job and was chased into the company garage by a prohibition agent who searched the car for booze, found out that he was all wrong, apologized, and "beat it" in a hurry.

We are glad to welcome J. W. Peterson to our sales force. Mr. Peterson recently completed a course of study at the Whiting Refinery, and is a valuable addition to the sales organization.

Jim Larmer has been chased out of his favorite corner because of the rearrangement of the office and Mildred Page has usurped his place with her switchboard—Jim doesn't mind it so much though, when he sees who has his old home.

George Kieffer, shipping clerk, is doing part time on the Advertising Truck with our able sign painter, J. B. "Lord" Allingham.

"Stork" Wilson makes a real S. S. attendant, especially when there are any kids around the station.

TENSHUN, K. C.

The Sioux City correspondent saw George Kull's picture among the attendants at K. C. in their picture in the July Record—hello George, and tell Pillow the same for me. We like Kansas City but it is better living in Sioux City; besides, we are going to beat you in Polarine Sales in 1924!

Driver Dan McArthur at Sheldon has been promoted to warehouseman; Dan has been a faithful driver for several years past and earned his promotion.

J. Tieszen, our Marian agent, ran an advertised Ford Truck in a Fourth of July parade at Marian, and we are told that he made Red Crown and Polarine a talked-of subject.

Jake Kniper, driver at Sheldon, has a bet on on his sales of Bovinol, and from last reports he was a sure winner; that will cost the agent, but he will win it back on Red Crown.

Our Mondamin agent, A. J. Geith, is telling whale stories since a recent fishing trip; while on the trip, he and his wife were beset by a lively swarm of bees and they can well say, "not so good."

The Sioux City Office reports the following promotions:

Victor Edlund, from sales writer to stock clerk; Harry Wilson, from iron barrel clerk to sales writer; Edward Blair, from file clerk to iron barrel clerk; "Ole" Olson, from mail clerk to file clerk; "Andy" Goldsberg, from office boy to mail clerk, and Raymond Donnelly, from stock department, to ledgerman.

The Sioux City division has added the following new employes: Equipment department, Don H. Darling; stenographer, Jane Campbell; agent, A. W. Richter, Rock Valley, Ia.; S. S. attendants, H. N. Henrickson, Frank Young, Conrad A. Westerberg, M. Thorson, W. J. Thomas, Lloyd Hall and J. L. Wedgwood, Sioux City; W. R. Anderson, Alta, Ia.; E. E. Igelsrud, Canton, S. D.; C. C. Russell, Ida Grove, Ia.; L. Trowbridge, Primghar, Ia.; E. Underhill, Sanborn, Ia.; R. E. Maxson, Vermillion, S. D., and J. L. Geisler, Yankton, S. D.

The division congratulates those who have earned promotions and welcome the newcomers.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

W. J. Kuhnle again answered to "Papa." Bill has a new baby boy at his house, born July 13.

Jim Watson, the busy agent at Dunkirk, has purchased the home where he resides and judging from the proximity to the plant he intends to see that no one takes a storage tank or two some night. How about that "bookkeeper," Jim?

"Chub" Lee and his dad have set their brother, "Cricket," up in the harness business at Van Buren and can now find a ready market for Eureka Harness Oil.

Carl Smith and Russell Carmichael of Hartford City haven't as yet caught all the fish in the Missisinewa.

E. R. Brooks has succeeded George Conn as agent at Pine Village. Glad to meetcha, E. R.

Ray Schall, agent of Hamilton, has been pretty busy, between caring for his customers and getting the cherries off his trees. When it comes to selling the full line, Roy has a shade on most agents.

Kay Smith, working with Agent Pyrl Duncan, is some ball player but doesn't let play interfere with business.

Merl Lauer, agent at Angola, and his co-worker, Jack Williams, are setting a pace at Angola. In fact (so the item reads), Angola and surrounding fields are the best in South Bend division. (How do you get thataway?—Corr.)

Carl Smith, agent, and co-worker, H. Devitt, of Butler are to be commended for the way they have handled their station with conditions that exist to the east of them. Atta boys!

Ted Marbaugh, new salesman, left his Ford Sedan out in front of his aunt's house one night and in the morning found a nice new sticker on it. When they found out he was from Monterey, the police apologized.

Doc Dodge gets the sheet metal bathrobe! Doc says he caught a fish in seventy-five feet of water and after he got its head out of the water its tail got stuck in the weeds.

Frank Blake and Bob Harris want to know

just who Mr. Steack, payroll clerk, was with the other Sunday at Lake Wawasee!

Carl Ruple, former employee, has succeeded R. A. Leider as agent of Nappanee. Howdy, Carl, glad to have you back.

Dewey Logan is the Goshen "Bovinol King"—no flies on Dewey. And, say girls, Dewey is single *yet*.

Homer Klopfenstein of Churubusco has matured into a real fisherman.

Ralph DePew, S. S. attendant at Garrett, is the father of an eight-pound girl.

It has been reported that Jap Nicholson, our fair agent at Arcola, has taken up dancing as a means of reducing.

If you want to start something, just ask "Spot" Smith for a chew.

Say, Elliott Beech, how does corn cure work on "cold-sores?"

Wayne Baer says it's no laughing matter when the odds are all against you.

Ray Cohn instructed J. Ed Griffith not to disappoint him in his confidence.

Did you know, folks, that Joe Hocka signed a Polarine contract after we bought that 107 pounds of steak for the steak roast? How's that for combining business and pleasure?

C. J. Burns has returned to his desk after a month's illness. Glad to see you, Charley.

Talk about misers! Did you ever see one carry off more money to the bank than our own C. D. Snell?

Charley Maggert is sporting a new Essex Coach. Keep your eyes open, Charley.

Pyrl Duncan, our agent at Fremont, was all smiles. His wife presented him with a ten-pound bouncing boy. William Beigh, agent at Ashley-Hudson, went to Long Lake Sunday morning and caught twenty-five large blue gill.

Robert Gammon is the new agent at Middlebury. Welcome "B."

A. R. Marshall says Ligonier was quite honored during July.

There is now a Mrs. Melvin Abbott of Craigville, Ind. Howdy, folks; we wish you lots of happiness.

Bun Keller, S. S. No. 61, Decatur, wonders how one can get refined paraffine wax in sacks without it running out?

Fred Moore, S. S. No. 61, also says his Dodge won't turn over quite as easy as the old Henry.

Elkhart, Ind.

D. A. Crabill, recently arrived from California, is now among us guiding the big Packard around the S. S. circuit.

R. L. Williams has accepted a position as S. S. salesman, succeeding M. L. Schooley as No. 55.

Every man at Elkhart enjoyed the Red and Blue Banquet held at the Osborne Hotel Thursday, July 17. Cream chicken on biscuit was the leader on the menu with pie a la mode for dessert. Harry Taylor said that the chicken certainly was not scared when it crossed his plate as it didn't lose any meat. After the eats the party repaired to the men's room at the station where short talks were made by J. M. Hatch, E. H. Beech, M. R. DeVoe and Fred Webb.

Ted Menges, T. W. salesman, says that he wouldn't give Fred Webb a drink if he met him in the desert eating salted peanuts. He says Fred knows why, too.

Logansport, Ind.

A recent contest between S. S. salesmen, at the outcome of which the winners were to be entertained by the losers, resulted in a very good time for the salesmen and their families at a picnic, July 3. A. J. Koch, Orville Flory, R. J. ("Bob") Discher and L. E. Smith were the honored ones, of which fact they were mighty proud and we can see no reason why they shouldn't as they had to do some record-breaking selling for the pleasure.

LaFayette, Ind.

Roy Wien, rural T. W. driver, has been limping around for some time. Having heard that a new stairway is being put in at the double-deck, we begin to see light.

William Dearing, gauger, promises screens for the office not later than New Year's day. Some speed, Bill.

Art Scarlett, city T. W. driver, is sporting a new Essex Sedan—almost.

Ed Roberts, agent at Buck Creek, had a birthday this month. Wonder why he drank so much water the next day.

LaPorte, Ind.

SOCO employees and their wives were invited over to E. D. Johnson's home to help him celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary with the company, July 15. Bunco was played at which Charlie Krueger won the consolation prize, a lemon. A delicious luncheon was served by Mrs. Johnson after which dancing was enjoyed. Mr. Johnson, the liveliest lad on the floor, was presented a gold emblem ring and a box of smokes. P. S. Bug Hess didn't sleep much after the party as he drank nine cups of coffee.

Michigan City, Ind.

Michigan City recently became the proud possessors of a five-ton Packard. Steve Kushock, warehouseman, looked her all over and remarked, "Gee, it's going to be some job to go around that baby with that Allmighty Gun (Alemite Gun)."

George P. Dittmer has been transferred from Westville as "B" station agent to Michigan City as drayman.

Dale Hinchman has been transferred from warehouseman to S. S. No. 302.

We wonder why Jim Fraser, agent of Logansport, Ind., don't tell us more about sales on Polarine, Polarine Greases, Mica and Semdac. How come, Jim?

Oscar G. Luddon has been transferred from clerk at Wabash to clerk at Michigan City. Agent R. L. Jenkins says, "At last, Amen—a clerk!"

Earl Butt, S. S. No. 92, took unto himself a wife on June 12. The bunch wishes him happiness and enjoyed his cigars.

We welcome into the organization Charles R. Ward, S. S. No. 302, and Elson W. Rough, S. S. No. 92.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

We want the world to know about our big party on July 2. Reason? We had a contest and during the said contest we sold more Polarine Oil than had ever been sold in Fort Wayne before. Some party, too! Nine acts of vaudeville all from Fort Wayne—The Golden Throat Tenor Bill Condon, assisted by Mr. Hatch, who brought the house down again and again.

Everybody had all they wanted and more. We were glad to see the South Bend officials here and believe they had a good enough time to come again. The spirit shown by the boys in getting up this show was fine and they are to be congratulated on the whole performance.

The sympathy of the entire organization is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunsche upon the death of their baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fortier announce the arrival of a baby girl seven pounds and 11 ounces. Note: Mr. Bannister responded nobly in presenting Mr. Fortier with the promised silver spoon, and we expect there will be more Mr. Bannister later on.

C. E. Hattendorf, S. S. truck driver, plunged into the matrimonial sea and brought home a charming wife. Good luck, C. E. The cigars were good.

Tuesday evening, July 29, the Stanoco Club held a pot-luck supper and a "Hop" at Gleaners Hall, a few miles south of South Bend. A large crowd was present. Eats were plentiful, even though J. J. Marcus, Ed Troeger and George Gale was there. We'd sure like to see an eating contest of the above three! Before the eats the boys played ball and pitched horseshoes. After the eats everyone enjoyed the dance.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

T. R. Ridge, Correspondent

Bill Arensberg says Stewart Chaffin came out to visit him in his Lincoln pup, No. 15500. Same old car, new body, more speed.

Seeley Brown, credit man, found a picture of R. D. White in Western Kansas. We never knew before that White plays an accordian.

Lieut. Isaiah Bowen and Capt. Charles Culver spent their vacations in army training camps. 'Tenshun!

Charles Culver looks superstitious since finding three dead cats in his automobile.

From a Chicago girl comes the information that Reichard and Kenny of St. Joseph office play on the same baseball nine. Fred pitches them and Heinie catches them.

P. H. D. Sawyers and Ted Ridge recently imported a fox terrier apiece from Beloit, Kans.

Helen Bunkowski of St. Joseph office is sojourning for a time in California. Mack Sennett, please note!

Lou Honeyman, agent of Seneca, Kans., is better known as "the sheik of Turkey Creek." Lou your tracks were seen in the mud.

"Doc" White was seen "burying the axe" in a tree in Eastern Central Kansas.

George Brunner, who is building a S. S. at Seneca, Kans., has copyrighted Bert Williams' song. "Kindly spare that tree."

Earl Miller, agent at Sabetha, Kans., was asked by a Ford dealer mechanic and bookkeeper whether or not he had made the call to Pace's Pond. Earl, you tell 'em.

Ray Stine, who is assisting the agent of Seneca, Kans., is an unexcelled Semdac car polisher for the shopping ladies. Nevertheless, "Tic", this will get you a vote in the primary.

Willard Neff, agent of Bern, Kans., has recently received another Willard in the family. He says he is going to sell more specialties to provide for the extra pair of shoes.

WICHITA, KAN.

J. A. White, Correspondent

Nelson Neville, popular employee of the record department, took unto himself a bride on July 5 after threatening to take the fatal step for some time. The fortunate young lady was Miss Letha Moddrell of Stafford, Kan.

The young son of Arthur Liljestrand, head of the traffic department, met a tragic death by drowning on July 15, 1924. The youngster went swimming with friends in the Little Arkansas River and drowned. The Wichita office deeply sympathizes with Mr. Liljestrand in this crushing sorrow.

J. A. Smith of the check department was the only member of our personnel to go through the Augusta storm. He escaped with minor cuts and bruises.

"Bill" Kiekle, former employee, was a recent visitor.

Salesman Ben Buck suggests that we invite our northern friends down here for a roasting-ear feed and incidentally take them over the trail of the largest corn and wheat crop in years.

Abe Gates, agent at Belpre, has increased the board of directors at that point to three, as a new chairman, Elizabeth, arrived July 8. Mother and daughter are lovely. Abe says this completes the number of "Gates" in his yard.

ATTENTION, JOLIET

Bill Battin returns your greetings of the June issue and wishes you all Merry Christmas.

The wife of Agent Allensworth of Scott City has been ill but is improving at present.

Agent Scott at Utica has purchased a new truck tank, Salesman Starkey reports. Thanks, Torning!

We installed a T. R. A. with Dickhut Auto Company of Scott City, after dark. Ask Ed Bennett if we lost any business.

Yes, Salina has a speed limit. Ben Buck and C. L. Faris will vouch for this.

Lewis Mossman, agent at Caldwell, has lost a lot of sleep during the harvest. He says his young son now calls him "that man that eats lunch here." Never mind, Lewis, there's a great day coming.

George Kubich, S. S. No. 37, Caldwell, says the only reason he stays open so late is to make the competition earn his money.

Field Notes

Salesman Elliott sent in two different bunches of notes inside of a week. He claims that medals are due and we are inclined to agree with him.

On May 27, Mrs. Clayton took our able helper, Emmett O'Neal, of Wellington "B" Station, in charge and now he is one of those model husbands who gets in early 'n everything. Here's luck to the pair.

L. O. Burcough has passed the agent exams and has set out to make competition warm for someone in Wellington. Hit 'em up, Levan.

John Long, truck driver at Wellington, had an order and his competitor filled the barrel without the purchaser's permission. Now John has to go to church for a year (?).

C. Owens, S. S. No. 40, Wellington, says all's well.

Ira Sherman, S. S. No. 8, Wellington, has one of the best flower gardens in town. Where is the picture, Ira?

Salesman W. M. Woods has been ill for some time at his home in Lyons, Kan., with the mumps. When the disease first began he paid no attention to it, having had the mumps when a child, but an aggravated condition set in because of the neglect and he became seriously ill. We understand he is recovering nicely.

During the early part of May the two daughters of our agent at Durham, R. L. Knybel, had the measles and were very sick girls. No sooner had they recovered than Mrs. Knybel was taken ill and was removed to the Axtell Hospital at Newton for an operation. She came home about June 10, and is recovering nicely.

Edwin M. Johnson is our new agent at Herington. Charles M. Lough, former agent, will work for the company in another capacity.

W. H. Hazell, former agent at Penalosa, has had a bad case of mumps and recently was able to be about for the first time.

Salesman Holmes has been in Plainville for a day or two and his Ford looks as if it had been out where the famous Kansas grasshoppers could devour with a relish his curtains and top.

Agent Felts, Plainville "B" Station, thinks his two-months-old son will soon be a great help to him in the way of advertising Red Crown as he imagines he has red hair. But Mrs. Felts has her own opinion.

P. P. Dillon replaced Kimp Moore as agent at Morland on July 11.

Salesman Harold Fansler sends in the following clipping from the Syracuse (Kansas) Journal: 'Joe Ellis, service station agent for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), takes a great deal of pride in keeping things clean about the station. A great many tourists stop overnight in the camp yards here and Joe takes special pains in making their stay pleasant. They always have a clean yard, plenty of good cool water to drink, and a comfy little rest room for women and children. Such conveniences are always appreciated by travelers and they do not forget to mention it to others on the road."

Southwest Kansas

Salesman D. R. Dayhoff, Reporter

On June 8, the Standard Oil employees of the Dodge City territory planned a big picnic but threatening weather prevented the attendance of many agents who would have had to travel quite a distance. Those that did attend, however, made up a good crowd. The picnic was held five miles northeast of Dodge City on the P. E. Dotson farm. Those present included: Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Dotson, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Brown and children, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Elser and children, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bishop, Mrs. Ollie Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Kuby and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Reighley and children, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Dayhoff and children, Mrs. Raines and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Thompson.

Our sincere sympathy is extended Mrs. Clarence Bishop, wife of our Dodge City T. W. salesman, in the recent passing of her father at Pueblo, Colo.

Mrs. Fred Mowry, wife of our Ford, Kan., agent, is on the convalescent list recovering from a major operation.

A party of thirteen, including SOCO employees of Dodge City, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Thompson of Ensign and Harry Cramer of the Wichita office, camped July 5, on the banks of Buckner Creek, twenty miles north of Dodge City. Lots of eats and fun. We didn't have a camera big enough to take a picture of the fish but Cramer was there and you can ask him. Mr. and Mrs. Holderman, Mrs. Lile of Kinsley and Mr. Cramer of Wichita were the guests.

We don't hear much from Elmer Brown, new agent at Sublette, Kan., but the sales sheet shows that his silence is golden. Knock 'em dead, Elmer, we're for you.

J. W. ("Joe") Ellis, agent at Bucklin, is rounding out his eighteenth year of service under the SOCO banner and hitting the ball stronger this year than ever. Mr. Ellis is the type of agent who makes a salesman wonder what his duties are.

Fred Elser, T. W. salesman of Dodge City, reports that his father is very low. We hope for his early recovery.

Manager P. J. Quinlan has paid two visits to Dodge City in the last month but this being only a flag station he didn't tarry long either time. Must be some attraction farther west, say we.

John P. Ravenkamp, agent at Montezuma, is trying to figure out how to sell Perfection oil to a harvester-thresher. Outside of that he is perfectly normal and as happy as ever.

S. S. No. 20, Dodge City, with its flower beds and well kept lawn is one of the beauty spots of the town. With "Skinney" Cook and Paul Kirby at the helm putting out that quick snappy service it will soon be the busiest place in Dodge City. (Corr's. Note: A fine bunch of notes, Dayhoff. You are the kind of a reporter that (quoting yourself) "makes we wonder what my duties are.")

Hutchinson "A" Station

F. W. Bull, Reporter

We just received the announcement of the marriage of Clement Simmons. We didn't think you would do it, Clem. Here's luck to you.

We knew Charlie Meade was a mechanic but when it comes to painting trucks he is an artist.

H. S. Taylor has been telling some fish stories. How do you get that way, Taylor?

Ralph Teaters is a new addition to our S. S. force. He is going strong.

Fred Richardson, agent at Arlington, has been hauling so much "B" Station stock that we know he is going to make the quota look sick.

Fred Sutton has been accepted to be checked in as our Beeler agent.

Salesman Hall has temporarily replaced Harold Imel as agent at Rose Hill.

On June 30, W. D. Archer replaced H. A. Dorkson as agent at Ingalls, Kan.

The office and warehouse forces of the Wichita office are sorrowing with H. E. Perry, painter, over the passing of his mother, who died July 14, after nineteen years of helplessness from rheumatism. She leaves a husband and two sons, all of Wichita.

A seven and one-half pound son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Tim Fortner, June 28. They have named him Melvin Arthur Fortner.

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H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

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CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

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He Who Serves

He has not served who gathers gold,
Nor has he served whose life is told
In selfish battles he has won
Or deeds of skill he has done,
But he has served who now and then
Has helped along his fellow men.

The world needs many men today;
Red-blooded men along life's way,
With cheerful smiles and helping hands
And with the faith that understands
The beauty of the simple deed,
Which serves another's hour of need.

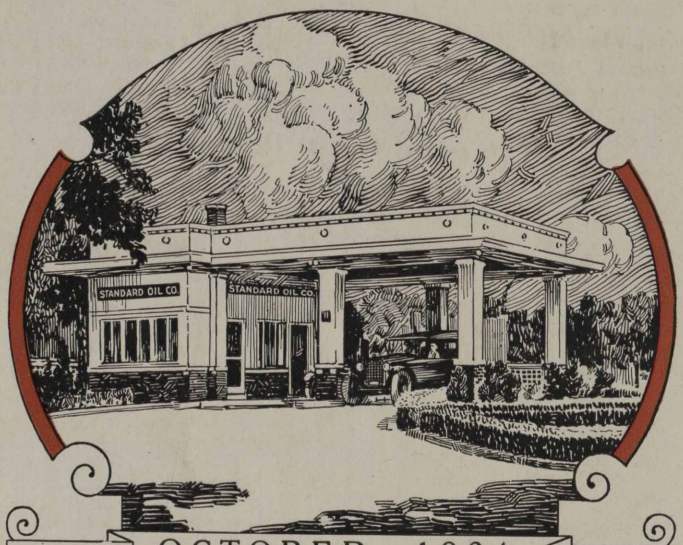
Strong men to stand beside the weak,
Kind men to hear what others speak,
True men to keep our country's laws
And guard its honors and its cause;
Men who will bravely play lifes' game
Nor ask rewards of gold or fame.

Teach me to do the best I can
To help and cheer my fellow man:
Teach me to lose my selfish need
And glory in the larger deed
Which smooths the road and lights the day
For all who chance to come my way.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD



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E CO., CHICAGO

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Vol. 5 OCTOBER No. 12

EMPTY 4,056 POP BOTTLES AT WOOD RIVER PICNIC

WOOD RIVER REFINERY.—The Annual Wood River Refinery Picnic was held at Rock Spring Park in Alton, August 23. Free busses were provided from Wood River to Alton. At 9 A. M. one bus was scheduled for children only, but two were needed, and these were jammed to ends, sides, tops and bottoms. Chief Haller and Herman Schueler, in charge of the Boy Scout police, had charge of keeping the peace at the picnic and everything was as orderly as fun-loving crowds care to have it.

Early in the day a run was started on the cold drink stands, for the day was hot, and great quantities of "pop" were consumed, 4,056 bottles being emptied. These did not include those that were sold by one of the park stands. This is an indication of the weather, just a modest indication. Hot! It was awful. The fans on the benches at the ball game were treated to about the same temperature introduced to a barbecued ham.

About 400 persons went over to see the baseball game and saw the Standard Oilers take a game from the Roberts Coke and Chemical Company, leaders of the Industrial League. The score was 9 to 6, the Standard boys getting twelve hits to the visitors' six. Federle pitched the first four innings for the Standard and Bennett finished the last five. Sox Parker caught the game, Fortschneider played first, Buck Parker second, Ken Volz third and Shorty Henry on short. H. Ash guarded the left garden, Maxwell the center and Blakely the right. We should not fail to mention Joe Lamm, who looked them over from behind the catcher, but that had nothing to do with winning the game.

The annual champion horse shoe pitching contest furnished considerable excitement and was a feature of the day. This contest was between W. I. Jolley and C. E. Wilson for the best two out of three fifty-point games. Jolley won the first two games and was awarded the championship cup given by the Athletic Association. The contest was close. There was excitement sufficient all the way along. Gold and silver shoes were used in the contest but unlike the old political contest where gold and silver featured in the talk, the silver won, Jolley throwing the silver shoes and Wilson tossing the gold shoes.

In the boxing contests, Jack Hanson of the Standard and Kid Barnes of Flora, Ill., put on a high class four round show and a good four round bout was put on by Rich Roberts and V. Pileod, both of Alton.

The children's contests were supervised by W. Stoneham and the following are the events and winners:

50-yard dash for girls, won by Wilma Camp.

Shoe race for girls, won by Elizabeth Henryhon.

50-yard dash for small girls, won by Katie Pavich.

50-yard dash for boys, won by Blaz Pavich.

One-legged race for boys, won by Lynn Baughman.

Three-legged race for boys, won by Lynn Baughman and Edgar Hannold.

A new method of getting funds for the Athletic Association, which had charge of the picnic, consisted in the old fashioned cane rack conducted by Veteran Styles.

HOT DAWGS, POPCORN, PEANUTS, CRACKERJACK!

Wood River Refinery—What'll you have? Yeh, speak up. This crew is here to serve you. The gang was in charge of the stands at Wood River Refinery's annual picnic, held at Alton, August 23. Left to right, the men are (standing) L. Tuley, R. Durham, McDow, Wightman, Ferguson, Hunt and McGuiggan; (seated) Stillwell, Jenkins and McManus, (front) Wolf.

Cries of "The one you ring is the one you get" came from the direction of this stand and although several hundred canes were on hand at the start, none was there when evening came.

With evening came the dance and a merry crowd of dancers who enjoyed themselves, though many found the weather too hot for comfort.

Credit where credit is due. Affairs of this kind always require work and much enthusiasm and this particular kind is certainly an accomplishment. The following men were appointed by the Athletic Association to have charge of the picnic:

R. Durham, F. Graham, F. Forter, E. Scott, J. Kocher, C. Burris, M. Hartwig, E. Endicott, C. Fox, J. Haderline, J. Hanson, I. Stocker, J. Dooley, J. Lamm, F. Fortschneider, W. Stoneham, W. McDonald, E. Stillwell, G. Burch, McGuiggan, G. Haller, E. Hannold, Stiles and McDow.

It is only fair to say that many others were given an opportunity to work and many others, not mentioned above, did considerable work to make this picnic most enjoyable.

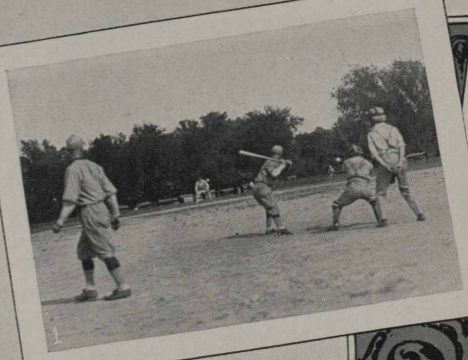
S. O. S.

Duluth Division — Salesman Angus McMillan of Ashland saw a little girl crying by a roadside while he was returning to his home from a country call. Stopping his car, he learned the girl's entire family had been taken ill by eating poisoned mushrooms. By quick work, Mac called doctors from Ashland and they arrived just in time, 'tis said.

WOOD RIVER KIDS HAVE GREAT TIME

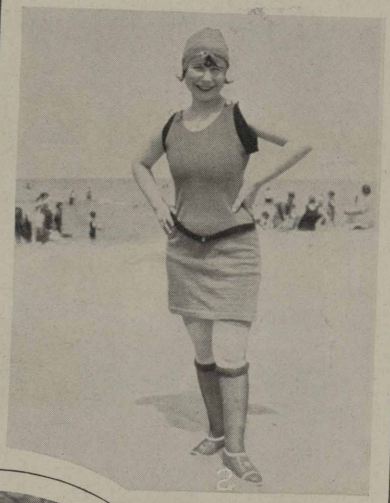
Wood River Refinery—No. 1—Take an assortment of children, all sizes, and place them next to a dozen swings. Let nature take its course. Result, a fine time. That is what these kids are having at Wood River Refinery's big picnic, held at Rock Spring Park, Alton, August 23. No. 2—If these children would dress as fast as they put on the shoes in the shoe race, their mothers wouldn't have to worry about their getting to school on time. Wilma Camp won. No. 3—Traffic cops. That's the role that these Wood River Boy Scouts played at the picnic. They kept traffic moving swiftly and smoothly.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY AT WOOD RIVER PICNIC



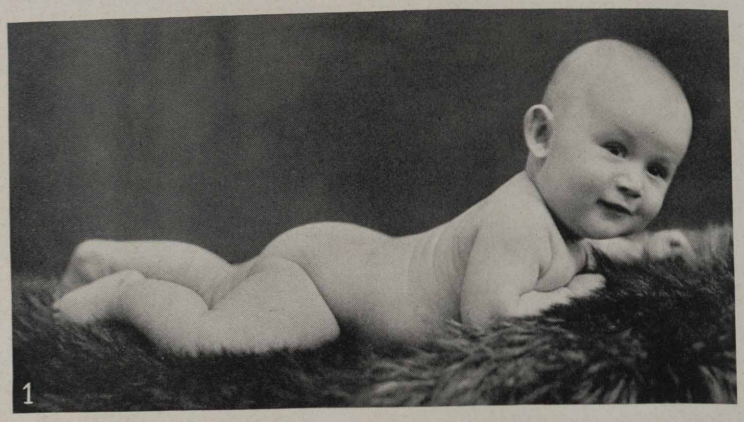
Wood River Refinery—No. 1—This batter looks as though he is going to swat at the pill for a Babe Ruth. If he does, it's going to be "Stri-ike Wan-n" because that ball is nearly in the catcher's hands. See it? No. 2—Some of the rooters. About 400 fans saw the Standard Oilers take a fast game from the Roberts Coke and Chemical team, leaders of the Industrial League, 9 to 6. A great day. A great game. No. 3—Come on, Le's ride! Here are the first of the free busses that made regular trips to the picnic. Everything that could be done was done to make the picnic a greater success than ever before. And it was.

G.O. ENTERS BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST



General Office, Chicago—With three entries for this month, the General Office is out to put the rest of the divisions and the refineries who want a fight out of business as concerns our bathing beauty contest. No. 1—Here's Evelyn Swenson, fifth floor's pride. No. 2—Here's Evelyn Weiss, fourth floor's joy. No. 3—Here's Ethel M. Allen, sixth floor's pride and joy.

WHITING'S 98% PERFECT BABY



Whiting Refinery—Here are two pictures of Robert Bernard Golding, adopted child of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Golding. The baby was 4 weeks old when adopted from Mercy Hospital, Gary. At seven months of age, he won a trophy, given by St. Stanislaus Church, East Chicago. There were 138 babies entered and Robert won with a 98 score. He feeds on motherly love, barley water, milk, soup and bacon. No. 1—Here Robert is "as is." No. 2—With the cup he won. Bob's pa is an employee of the acid works.

PICNIC PICTURES FROM ST. LOUIS

St. Louis Division—One of the best get-togethers ever staged by employees of this division was the picnic of the Southwest Missouri Standard Oilers and their families. No. 1—Here are the women and girls posed for the STANOLIND RECORD. No. 2—The men and boys. No. 3—One of the features of the picnic was the "eats," which the women prepared. Everybody did full justice to the excellent fare.

GRIM REMINDERS AT GLENROCK OF HAZARDS OF OREGON TRAIL

PHANTOM wagon trains, creaking along as straining oxen bathed in briny sweat lean wearily against their yokes, stir up the dust of the old Oregon Trail. In the valley of the North Platte River the line turns slowly into a circle. The dusk settles. There is rustling about as women and men and the children whisper between themselves while preparations are being made for the evening meal, of the impending death of one of their party.

These pioneers of three-quarters of a century ago, traveling with the slowness of an eternity in a small, huddling band, breathing anxiously, daily given intent scrutiny to that always distant, secretive horizon to the west, speak fearfully of losing one of their number.

In the night—a vast black night sprinkled with stars—the guards ride slowly back and forth, peering keenly, listening anxiously so that none of the enemy may steal upon their clustered wagons to attack their friends and kinfolk. But one whom they cannot detect—however sharp their watching and listening—creeps stealthily through the cordon and snatches that life which has been despaired of.

In the early dawn, before the great red sun edges up into the sky from the east, the pilgrims with silent tears break the virgin sod and with tender hands give the last earthly and earthy cover to the departed one of their group. Sadly the little families make ready to resume their journey to the land of promise, and while they do two men earnestly carve in crude fashion on a sandstone marker the name and the date of death of the person who has left them.

Is this the story of A. H. Unthank who died July 2, 1850, and was buried five miles east of Glenrock near where the Yellowstone Highway at present has its route?

Was he—that pioneer of 74 years ago—a man or a mere lad? How did he come to his death? With whom was he traveling when the end of life overtook him? To what place of peace and plenty in the glorious new country west, was he bound?

These and other questions are now the concern of Charles B. Stafford, who but recently has made a "re-discovery" of the old grave.

A son of Mr. Sprague, of the construction firm of Sprague & Nisely, which has for years been prominent in pioneer enterprises in this state, once told Sam Conwell that in 1886 when the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad was extending its line from Douglas to Casper, he found the grave. Later he took Mr. Conwell, who is himself a Wyoming pioneer and prominent here and throughout the state, to the place of the burial spot.

From Mr. Conwell Mr. Stafford obtained information which led him to the grave. It is now the purpose of the chamber of commerce secretary to search out the history of Unthank, of his coming to this state, of the events surrounding his trip and his death. At this time he is conducting his investigations by correspondence with people in Wayne County, Indiana, where Unthank originated, according to the headstone of his grave.

Not so long ago the Casper Lions Club took special action in regard to the Unthank grave, appointing a committee to advise means of preserving it. By report this committee recommended the placing of a replica headstone—one of marble instead of sandstone—bearing an inscription identical with the original.

Not only does the marker show the inscription seen in the above picture, but below the distinct writing are several words faintly scratched, as if with a nail or perhaps a later date than the placing of the stone. The words are "At Rest" and "Bud." Mr. Stafford is of the opinion that a relative, coming along sometime after the death of Unthank, had with a nail or other slight and unsuitable tool, inscribed the final touch by way of formal, yet personal recognition of a departed kinsman.

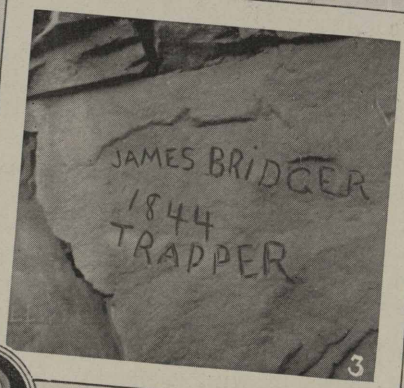
It is improbable that many Casper people have ever noticed the grave which stands

(Continued on page 10)

Did You See "THE COVERED WAGON"?--*Then Look*

1

2



3

Standard Oilers who have read Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon," or have seen it in the movies, as well as those who are familiar with Parkman's "The Oregon Trail," will note these pictures, supplied by the Casper Chamber of Commerce, with interest. No. 1—The Oregon Trail today, near Split Rock, Wyo., showing ruts cut in solid rock by thousands of covered wagons that passed that way in early days. No. 2—A grim reminder of the hazards of the trail, five miles from Glenrock refinery of Standard Oil Co. No. 3—Remember James Bridger, the terribly hard-boiled scout in "The Covered Wagon"? He was a real person and way back in 1844 he carved his name in solid rock near South Pass, Wyo. Mr. Lobdell, Industrial Relations director of our Casper works, defends Mr. Bridger as follows: "The story of James Bridger, as shown in 'The Covered Wagon,' maligned Bridger, as he was in no sense a drinking man, and many things attributed to him were without foundation. He was, to be sure, a squaw man, but not in the sense of having more than one wife." Aw, Don, spare us our illusions!

LOOK AT THEIR SATISFIED EXPRESSIONS!

Casper Refinery.—It took four hours to catch this "mess" of fish in the Middle Fork, Powder River, Big Horns, on August 10. What delayed them? Gee, you're kidding. The fishermen are (left to right): George Pattillo, in charge of filling station; Earl Carpenter, treater, and John Luxon, outside machinist fireman.

(Continued from page 8)

alone in the solitude of prairie grasses, tended only by an unceasing wind and ever-recurring snows in winter and bleaching suns in summer. Though less than 50 yards south of the fence along the Yellowstone Highway, it is just far enough from the road to be obscured in its surroundings with which it has been blended in color by the elements.

Almost exactly five miles east of Glenrock, as one travels on the Yellowstone Highway, the Unthank grave with its sandstone head and foot stones may be found.

Dating back to 1850 when the westward rush of immigrants on the nearby Oregon Trail was at its peak, the grave is among the oldest marked graves in Wyoming. To stand before it, is to step back in history and conjure up that mighty surge of early settlers to this new empire, to recall their hardships, to witness their struggles, to behold their hardy and intrepid advances against immense odds.—Reprinted from the Casper *Sunday Tribune.*

ADD SALES METHODS

Peoria Division — No wonder Red Crown sales keep growing. This is a story that is getting many a laugh from the Peoria office force:

One of our young ladies was out riding recently with the assistant manager for a competitive company. He started into one of his stations for gas. The young lady announced demurely that unless he drove to a Standard station she would get out. He bought Red Crown. Guess that's intensive selling!

NEW FLY SWAT RECORD

St. Louis, Mo.—In the recent fly-swatting campaign, W. N. Morris, St. Louis office, had a high run of seventy-seven flies on August 1, thereby besting the previous high record of seventy-three flies made by John Riordan.

* * *

Wet: "What's good for flue besides whisky?"
Wetter: "Who cares?"

DULUTH BEATS INDIANAPOLIS' PRIDE AND JOY

Duluth Division.—With a capacity of 2,500 gallons. Duluth's seven-ton Mack tank truck is believed to be the largest tanker in America. The tanker has a capacity of 100 gallons more than the "whale" of the Indianapolis division, shown in the August number of the STANOLIND RECORD. The truck took part in the Safety Parade held in Duluth.

GASOLINE PRICES

(From the Galesburg Republican-Register as reprinted in the Peoria Star.)

IN Berlin gasoline is $2 a gallon. In Galesburg it is 14 cents. That is quite a difference. In Berlin riding in an automobile must be quite a luxury. It is said that most of the automobiles are resting in the garages.

We can howl and curse the producers of gasoline in the United States to our heart's content, but there is probably no country in the world where a gallon of gasoline costs less than right here in good old America. Indications are that in other countries the price is much higher than in the United States.

One reason for this is that the productive processes are better organized than in any other country. Another is that the American producers have better and more efficient equipment and have reduced the whole business to a science.

Let no man be fooled. The oil industry is a science. Once petroleum was valued for the kerosene that could be got from it. Now that must be regarded as a secondary product. Oil has been found to contain scores of valuable products, and the science consists in getting all these out and giving them commercial value.

It is the comparative cheapness of oil and its varied products in this country that have put the nation far ahead in the automobile game. Let gasoline go to $2 a gallon in the United States and quickly the automobile factories and kindred industries would close their doors.

ACCOMMODATING

Indianapolis Division.—This laugh was started over at Terre Haute: One of Dutch Christy's country customers asked him what he had the chain dragging on the back of his truck for and Dutch told him, "So the kids could hang on with their sleds when snow was on the ground." Customer said, "Gee, the Standard is accommodating."

WELL, NOW! DECATUR, ARE YOU SATISFIED?

Peoria Division.—Some time ago the STANOLIND RECORD published a photograph of Decatur girls as a rebuke to Assistant Manager G. F. Phillips of that division for going to Peoria to see "some good looking girls." In spite of that, Mr. Phillips refused to be chastened and was instrumental in getting Peoria to send this picture of Peoria's prize Shebas. While taking off our hats to Mr. Phillips' courage, we withhold comment, though awaiting Decatur's answer with interest. In the pix are (left to right): Fern Pennintgon, Bertha Rimmey, Frances Kinstler, Olive Myers, Marguerite Hanson, Mary Rahilly and Zillah Prichard.

THE BEES' KNEES

La Crosse Division—F. L. Kuhns, salesman, has discovered a new use for Bovinol. While driving his Ford coupe with the wind shield wide open, he struck a branch of a tree which hung far over the road. Now this branch was covered with "bees". It didn't take long for the bees to crowd Mr. Kuhns out of the car. Frank thought of Bovinol, "If it's good for one kind of insects it's good for others" so he sprayed the car. In a few minutes the bees were harmless and Frank was able to go his merry way selling SO products. (Pat Kime, of St. Louis, please note.)

OILERS TAKE TO AIR

Quincy Division.—Quite a few of the office employees were up in the air during August. Alma Bradshaw, Ethel Doerr, Margaret Ernst, Virginia Kohl, Carl Bexten, Herbert Green, Elmer Hand, Eddie Herring, Fred Rhynsburger, Aldo Schwagmeyer and E. W. Thompson succumbed to a desire for an airplane ride and every single one was thrilled speechless and thought it the most fun ever.

* * *

Sambo: "Mandy, can I kiss you?"
Mandy: "Piggly Wiggly."
Sambo: "What you all mean?"
Mandy: "Help yo'self."—*Exchange.*

THE PIPE LINE

Ballad

And while I muse, adown the way
There trips a little maid
Whose form grows fairer every day,
Whose roses never fade.

A woman almost—scarce a child
In beauty's opening bloom;
A flower that is too sweet and wild
For mortal's common doom.

Blythest bird of all the woodland,
God, in mercy, thee enfold;
Shade thee from the heat in summer,
Shelter thee when winds are cold.

Crown thy wishes with fulfillment,
Every good to thee ensure;
Keep thee ever as thou now art,
Sweet and womanly and pure.

Robinson Crusoe.

NO, THE FRONT PAGE

Dearest Pied Piper.—If I send you a photo of cute little me in my Annette Kellermann, will I make the Line?—Lily White.

Love's Labor Lost

The office and warehouse folks at Saginaw who took a bath in anticipation of the physical examination they thought they would have to take to participate in the Death Benefits Plan are excelled only by a certain gentleman on the Eleventh Floor, General Office, who, after many years of happy bachelorhood, is on the verge of abandoning his freedom for the sole reason that he may acquire a dependent and thus become eligible to participation in said plan. Or is it a soul reason?—Zuema.

A LEAD PIPE, DEARIE

Sir:—I know it takes a pipe to make the line the pipe line but what I started out to inquire is "Is it a pipe to make the line?" Pipe up, Pied Piper, and satisfy my curiosity.

Cremona.

AND RIGHT ON THE BEAN

A pun is the lowest form of humor but for the same reason that the early bird catches the worm because no other birdies are then about, we let Cremona bust in this time. When we get established we propose to hang out a sign: "No Low Brows Admitted."—P. P.

YHUR ON!

I noticed in the August ishue of the Stanolin rekurd about those too hard burds from Minneapolis what have broke loose from prisun. They sure is hard luking and even I wud hesitate about copchuring them for that reword of 23 scents but raiz that reword to four-bits and I'll corral both of them and tie them in a seagoin Gilligan knot.

I used to unload Tank Cars for the Standard Oil Company at Huron but the Safety Kort had me canned coz sparks fly when I knash my teeth. I have the distinkshun of being the only guy what ever tweaked Dan McGrew's nose and lived.

If you wud concider raizing that reword to fifty cents, advies me.

Yours trully
MYSTIC PETE
(Deadwood Dicks Kid bruther)
Huron, South Dakota

His First Name Ought to be Ira

'Jevver hear Industrial Relations Director Hall of our plant when he was going good about Safety? He sure needs one.—Baron Munchausen.

What, You Here Again?

"What do you think of this Industrial Relations Stuff?"

"Aw, h——l! Relations don't have to be industrious."

—Cremona.

IN THE YEAR 1924, A. P.

Big Jim Bluejacket of Greybull went trout fishing and came back with a bat, said the August issue of the Stanolind Record, and the editor insinuated that it was a Nature Fake. Pooh, Pied Piper, that ain't nothin' at all—I've known men to go golfing and come home with a bat.—Cynical Sue, General Office.

Question of Conduct

Mr. H. B. Watkins, of the advertising department, and Mr. Elmor (oh, call him Jimmy) Fogelsonger, assistant editor of the STANOLIND RECORD, while suffering from a momentary mental aberration, became one day the twin papas of this line and entered into a solemn compact before the editor to be responsible for its upkeep, the editor disclaiming all responsibility for the vagaries of their child. To date neither has contributed anything to the child's maintenance. *Question*—Should the editor hang them or have them pronounced irresponsible and committed to the Accounting Division for life?—C. V. J.

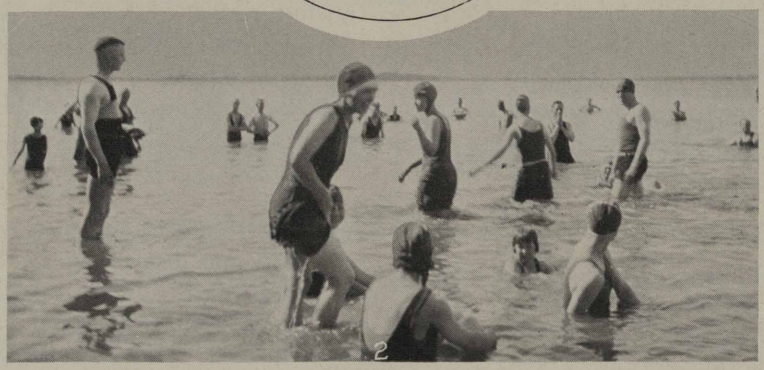
—And that's that.

PIED PIPER.

PEORIA PICNICKERS STRUT THEIR STUFF

Peoria Division—Peorians turned out in gala array on August 24 for their annual picnic. The weatherman was good to his chosen and everything went off without a hitch. No. 1—Manager and Mrs. J. R. Coleman started to get "frisky" and were immediately suppressed by these minions of the law, Dave Jones and Don Thompson, constabules. No. 2—The chow line. Eats? Boy, you tell 'em. No. 3—Bertha Pfeiffer is shown demonstrating the proper stance to be used in the perfect manipulation of the horse's dogs in the grand old game of barnyard golf.

"COUNT US IN CONTEST," SAYS HURON



Huron Division—No. 1—If we thought every Stanolind Record correspondent took over the "prerogatives" of office as seriously as does Heinie Lutgen, we'd charge for the privilege of acting as scribe. Here Heinie is with (left to right) Misses Marchand, winner of Huron's bathing beauty contest; Crewe, second choice; Patterson, Taylor, and Lutgen. No. 2—Just playing around. George Campbell, legal clerk, is the erect young man at the left. No. 3—Here's the line-up of the picnic, held at Lake Byron, Yeh! The girls are entries in the Stanolind Record's Bathing Beauty contest.

GOLLY, WHO'D A THOUGHT A PICNIC WOULD DO THIS?

Musel Shoals of Huron Division Writes Resume of Standard Oil Gathering—Unfortunately That Tough Individual Was Not Incapacitated

BY MUSEL SHOALS

HURON DIVISION.—Wuz you to the piknic? Me too. It sure wuz a dandy day, eh? Sky-blue sky and all. In fact, it wuz a "wow" (Bulvarian term for Humdinger) from start to finish with many outstanding feetchurs.

John Mahonie bein' 1 of them almost winnin' the ball game for the marryed men. The real reasun he didn't win wuz becuz the riter which is a single man played 2.

Sparks—a recrute frum the Muskito field of Jersey—maid a 1st class starter in the rases. Again the riter saved the day (for Bludgood) by not partissipating in none of them. In the obstucal rase Johnson was not quite bow-legged enuff and the gang all reached him at the same time, wich caused a grate deal of confuzion. Be 4 I 4 get I wish 2 mentchun about Mrs. Aremen—you shuld of scene her heave a base ball. Alwyn sez she practised all weak throwin' plates at him.

It wuz 2 bad the Olympic games couldn't of been postponed a cuple of weaks so we cude have cent sum of our athlets over. Mr. Bailey wud of one the fat man's race but he got a funny notchun that he was driving a areplane and tuk a nose dive. Experts on the field at the time see it wuz one of the best they ever saw, and we predick a grate futchur for him in that line. Mr. Miller one 1st plase in the relay rase by running in the rong directchun and wuz awarded a pair of aluminum ear muffs. The human fish (Morris Gilbert) won the swimmin' rase and was given a grate ovachun at the finish (but who wants to be a poor fish). Cy Tyral was luking for the Auction Bridge he sed he wanted to dive off of it.

Miss Wilkersun showed great form in the water and won the ladez rase. She had lots of compitichun tho because most of the girls showed good form. In the barol rase Miss Marchon was disquallified becuz she mistook Shorty Meyers for a barol and Mrs. Dines one it. (It mite be mentchuned that Mr. Dodsley had a frunt row seat during all this.)

After Mr. Barnet showed us how to paddal a conu upside down with his street close on sumbody hollered "Let's eat," thereby causin a riot.

When Heinny Lutgen wusn't eatein', he was fixin' tires or having his pitchur tuk with the gurls. Much credit must be gave to the folks furniching the luntch cuz it was complet frum A to Z (Ants to Zebrobellogerms—a cyentific name for jiggers).

Hawly Fosnogh entertained his frends with his famus disapering act; he of course tuk his girl with him to complete the act, emerging in time for the danse. While no uficiol prizes wuz gave at the danse, the newspaper disision was awarded to Shorty Meyers and a gurl from Camp Crook (unknown to the riter) for bein' the best waltzers. The strangle hold was barred so Nayes and his girl culd not compete. Won of the fellas complaned of losin his gurl at the danse (wich wuz the fault of the committy, as no ck. room was mantaned), but after 2 hrs surching she wuz located by "Hira" Hall.

Well after the danse when all the husbands went back to there own wifes and vice-versa, everybody went home (I guess)

There must be a epedemick of hives broke out in the offuce cuz everybody is scratching this weak (I mean scratching them selfs not the weak). All you burds what mised the picknic sure missed sumthing and I wuldn't be without my little jiggers for the wurld. I have mine all named; the 1 I named after Heinny gave me a awful lot of trubal til I pured Alcohol on him.

But after all is sed and did—are we going to have a picknic next year? YEA! BO!

SOME BEAUTIES OF HURON'S PICNIC

Huron Division—Huron's got the superiority complex. Everything that South Dakota division does it does with the speed and ability of real masters. So it was with the picnic which was held at Lake Byron —the employes set out to have a good time and a good time they had. No. 1—Now, they've got their eyes on our bathing beauty contest and they think that with their entries everything's over but the shouting. Here's Miss Lucille Tormey. What? Yeh! No. 2—We hope the wives of C. L. Bailey, assistant manager, and A. H. Dodsley, manager, don't see this pix. With them are Misses Lutgen and Marchand. No. 3—Here's the start of the girl's polo game. 'Stoo bad the fotog wasn't on the deep side of this pix.

S. O. A. A. HOST TO NORTHERN INDIANA TOURNEY

BY EUGENE P. BROWN,

Chemist and Strongest Booster of Tennis in Whiting Refinery

THE Fifth Annual Open Tournament of the Northern Indiana Tennis Association was played on the Whiting Municipal Courts, August 4 to 13, under the direction of the Standard Oil Athletic Association Tennis Club. The S. O. A. A. Tennis Club is a charter member of the Northern Indiana Tennis Association and has been active in the affairs of the latter since its organization in the spring of 1923.

This was Whiting's maiden effort in staging a large and important sport event of this character and everyone was desirous of seeing that the tournament was handled in the proper manner. The city of Whiting built four new stone dust courts and kept them in excellent playing condition during the tournament. Whiting Community Service opened its doors and privileges to the visiting players. The Whiting Tennis Club gave invaluable assistance. With such splendid cooperation at every hand, with the active interest and aid of Mr. Leo Lunn and Mr. W. S. Braudt of Chicago, and with an enthusiastic Tennis Club behind it the tournament was assured of the success which it achieved.

The Northern Indiana Championships heretofore have been held on the courts of the Gary Tennis Club. After spirited bidding between the Michigan City and the S. O. A. A. Tennis Clubs the latter was awarded the tournament. A number of beautiful trophies were in competition. The Schaaf Trophy in Men's Singles already bore the names of F. A. Olson, Gary; Arthur P. Hubbell, Chicago (twice), and George O'Connell, Chicago. The beautiful Fred J. Smith Trophy was placed in competition for the first time in the Women's Singles event. The S. O. A. A. Doubles Trophies were awarded in the Men's Doubles event. The S. O. A. A. also gave smaller cups to the runners-up in each event. An entry of forty-eight players in the Men's Singles, twenty-two teams in the Men's Doubles, and sixteen contestants in the Women's Singles brought together the cream of the players in this section of the country. After ten days of keen and spirited play, interrupted frequently by drenching rainstorms, George O'Connell, Chicago, won his second leg on the Schaaf Trophy; George O'Connell and A. R. Kaiser, Chicago, won the S. O. A. A. Doubles Cups; and Mrs. Helen Stewart, Chicago, took a first leg on the Fred J. Smith Trophy.

Oft I hear the scofflaw's laughter, where the lights are glowing red; but, alas, the morning after, when the garish hours are sped! Then his heart is wildly thumping, and his harried nerves are jumping, and we see him sadly pumping ice cold water on his head. Oft the scofflaws pass my cottage as the evening fades and dies, where I have by patient swattage killed about a million flies; and they say to me, "Old chappie, come with us and let's be happy; let us make the long night snappy, pouring down synthetic ryes." But I ply my jeweled swatter, and I mutter, "Not for me! I have drunk nine quarts of water and a pannikin of tea; all such beakers you are scorning, but I give you solemn warning that when comes the pallid morning you a ghastly weird will dree. Oh, the night is soft and mellow, and you are a joyous crew; but the morning taste is yellow, when it isn't green or blue; in the morning when you're waking, all your ragged nerves are quaking, wearily your heads are aching, till you think they'll split in two. Now your mirth will shake the rafter for two noisy hours or four; but alas, the morning after, it is waiting evermore; stay with me and drink a flagon from my cistern, get a jag on from the good old water wagon that is standing at the door."—*Walt Mason.*

* * *

The train had finally emerged from the blackness of a long tunnel. The conductor noticed a young couple both of whom were apparently quite flustered and the young woman was nervously rearranging her disheveled hair.

Thinking to put them at ease the conductor remarked pleasantly:

"Did you know that the tunnel we just came through cost $12,000,000?"

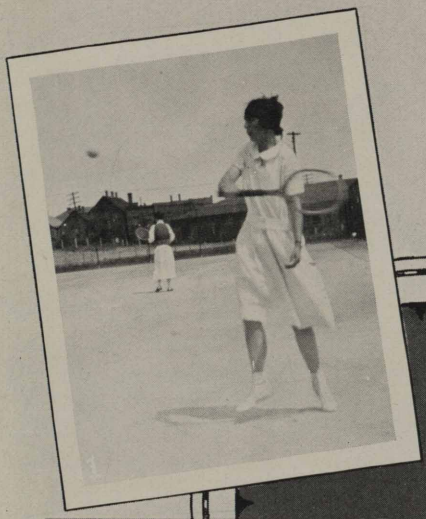
"Did it?" inquired the girl. Then she added after a pause, "Well, it was worth it."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Mistress: "Mandy, how do you manage to get your pies so neatly crimped?"

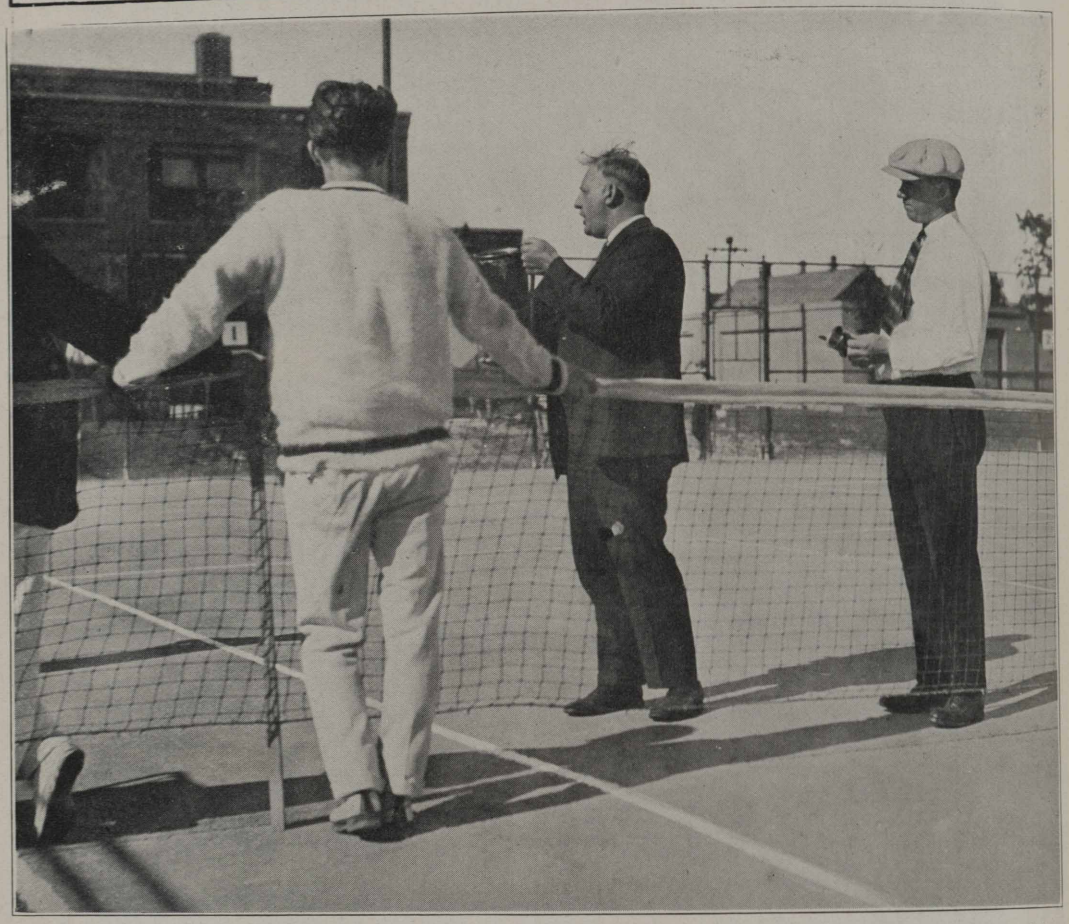
Mandy: "O, tha's easy, ma'am. Ah just uses my false teeth."—*Exchange.*

WOMEN STARS OF WHITING NET TOURNEY



Whiting Refinery—One of the most successful tennis tournaments of the Northern Indiana Tennis Association was held under the direction of the Standard Oil Athletic Association Tennis Club, August 4 to 13. No. 1—Mrs. Helen Stewart, Chicago, winner of the Women's Singles title, is shown at the beginning of a backhand drive. No. 2—Mrs. Lewis Bailey, Chicago, runner-up, is making a cannon-shot serve. No. 3—Miss Marie Qualey, Chicago, semi-finalist, who lost to Mrs. Stewart, is shown at the end of a perfect backhand. No. 4—Mrs. S. Figee, Gary, other semi-finalist, is shown serving.

HARRY GLAIR PRESENTS TENNIS TROPHY



Whiting Refinery—It is not on record that Harry sang for the tennis notables present at the Northern Indiana Tennis Association tournament, held under the direction of the S. O. A. A. Tennis Club, but it can easily be seen that Mr. Glair is making a stirring speech at the presentation of the Schaaf Trophy to George O'Connell.

PICTURES OF HOMES WANTED

Standard Oilers who own their homes will confer a big favor on the editor if they will send pictures of their homes. If anyone of their families are shown on the picture, please write name and relationship to the Oiler on the back of the print.

* * *

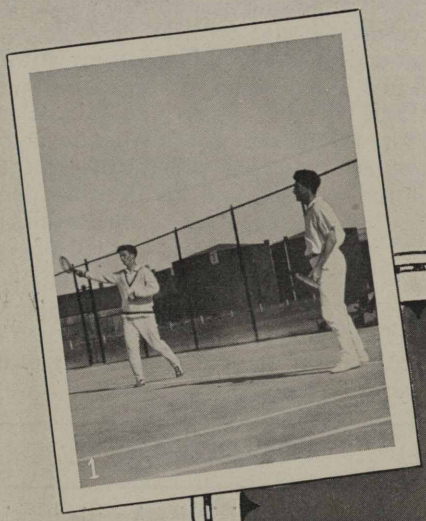
Judge: "Did you know that that street was a one-way traffic street?"

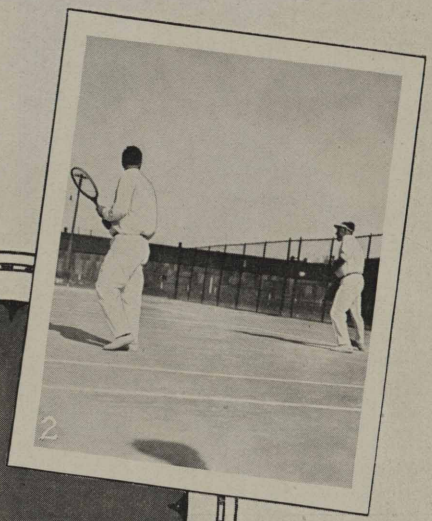
Negro: "Yasser, Judge, and I was just going one way."—*Exchange.*

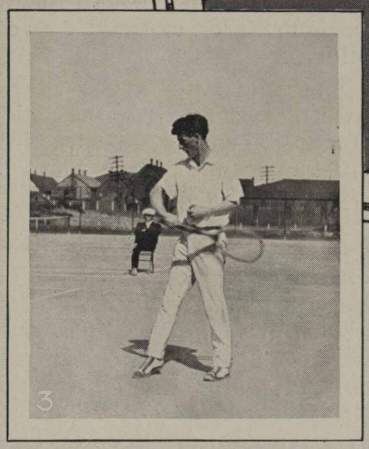
DIDN'T MAKE A CUSTOMER BUT GAVE S. O. S.

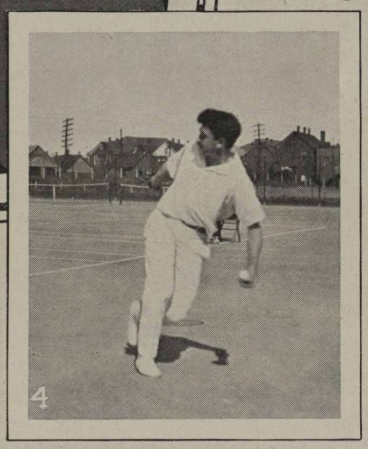
Wichita Division—Salesman Bob Morris almost made a customer when he stopped his car, drained some gas from his tank and put it in a stalled automobile for a stranded motorist. But he didn't make a customer, said S. M. being an executive of a rival oil company. But the S. M. admitted grudgingly, "I have heard a lot about S. O. S. (Standard Oil Service) but this is the first time I have ever run across any."

VICTORS IN MEN'S SINGLES AND DOUBLES









Whiting Refinery—Some of the "hottest" tennis ever exhibited in the Northern Indiana Tennis Association tourney was displayed at the Whiting meeting, which was held under the auspices of the S. O. A. A. Tennis Club. No. 1—George O'Connell, Chicago (left), and A. R. Kaiser, Chicago, are the winners of Men's Doubles. No. 2—J. P. Benson, Chicago, and William Kinsel, Chicago, were runners-up. No. 3—George O'Connell, Chicago, winner of Men's Singles, is about to take one on his backhand. No. 4—A. R. Kaiser, Chicago, runner-up, is shown killing one with his backhand.

YEH! RED CROWN!

Leslie Allen, driving a 300 inch Frontenac, won the fifty mile midwest dirt track auto racing championship at Robey Speedway, near Chicago, August 24. His time, 4:26, took more than two and a half minutes from the old record, held by Cliff Woodbury. Les used Red Crown gasoline, of course.

WHAT IS AN OIL EXPERT?

Minneapolis Division—C. H. Geist, agent at Clara City, writes to us about the experience he had with an expert oil man. Here goes the story:

"I have a fellow in my territory that is an expert on oil and says that he knows all about it, so one day I filled a sample bottle with cane syrup and put it in my sample case along with the rest of the bottles. One day I chanced to call on him and after chatting awhile I tried to sell him some Polarine. Well he said Polarine is good but there are better oils.

"I got out my sample case and set out the different bottles and the fellow began his testing, right away sure, meanwhile telling me his experience and that he knew good oil when he saw it, the third bottle he came to was the fixed one, he poured out a little in the palm of his hand and began rubbing it, tried it between his thumb and finger, then looking at me said: 'How much is this a gallon?' (About this time I could hardly keep from weeping.) I said, "It's quite high 89.9 per gallon.

"He said that was the best oil he had tested for a long time. Said he wanted ten gallons and asked if we would keep this in stock so he could get more when his supply ran out. I told him I thought we would, so I took his order for ten gallons and he signed up. Then my time came. I said to him now be sure that you do not use this on your auto or any kind of machinery. He said, 'What the Hell will I use it on?' I said, 'Pancakes.' Then I picked up the bottle and said I generally tested this stuff by the taste. I took a taste and handed him the bottle and he tasted it also, that's all, but the guy bought a half barrel of Medium Polarine from me, providing I would keep mum, which I will.

"Moral: It ought to be easy to sell Polarine if you can plaster a guy up with syrup."

KILL OR CURE

Saginaw Division—An illustration that accidents are caused by carelessness follows:

The attendants at S. S. No. 2 were given a concrete demonstration of what happens when any one practices smoking while a gasoline tank is being filled. Sunday afternoon, August 17, a customer struck a match on the rear fender while his car was being filled and when a current of gas-impregnated air passed over the flame there was a flash back to the tank which ignited and burned up some wearing apparel in addition to slight damage to the car before the fire was extinguished. It was very fortunate that no explosion occurred. The customer remarked, "I'm cured." He ought to be.

* * *

Johnnie: (at Poultry Show): "Let's stay until they take the animals out."

Mother: "They don't let them out, Johnnie."

Johnnie: "Yes, Mother, last night dad told Uncle Bill that they would wait after the show and pick up a couple of chickens."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Student: "See here, where are those oysters on the half-shell I ordered some time ago?"

Waiter: "Don't be impatient, young man. we're a trifle short of shells, but you're next, sir."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Now, my little man," said the barber to a youngster in the barber's chair, "how do you want your hair cut?"

"With a hole in the top, like dad's," was the reply."—*Exchange.*

PEORIA NINE DEFEATS JOLIET, 10 TO 7

PONTIAC, Ill.—Playing a fast game, Peoria division's baseball team defeated Joliet division's nine here August 3 and scored revenge for last year's defeat. The score was 10 to 7.

While the game was undeniably loose, compared with the sterling exhibition of a year ago at Spring Valley, all such little shortcomings were lost sight of in the walloping handed the gang from Northland. Oilers from near and far, all over the two divisions, packed Myers' Park with its spacious pavilions to make the humid air hideous with their alternating pandemoniums. Joliet produced the same long slim Hanson of the swift ball who had tied our lads in knots a year ago, but what this season's crew did to him was a shame.

The 1924 Peorians dote on speed, and they literally knocked Hanson's fast ones down his throat. On the other hand, Bernie Fuchs, back on the hill after a season's disability with a broken arm, hurled steadily throughout, and the second inning disadvantage due to faulty support was quickly blotted out as his buddies took picks on the Joliet twirler's offerings.

The enthusiasm manifested at the game, and the attendance of every Standardite who could possibly be there, bid fair to make these annual affrays permanent. Joliet is already preparing a hot reception for the Peorians in 1925.

Peoria Division. — Wanda Powers took her gang to the Joliet baseball game and with these six was able to root Peoria to a 10 to 7 victory.

POLITICAL

Sioux City Division—A. V. Weidel, the oldest man in point of service in this division, is the Democrat candidate for treasurer of Woodbury County at the general election. Here's good luck to him.

* * *

The other day, as a Simplex race-about went spinning through a Jersey town, noted for the severity of its speed limitations, two constables watched it disappear in a cloud of dust down the road. Said one to the other, "Did ye git her number, Si?" "No," replied the other, "she was too golderned fast fer me, but did ye notice the pert lookin' gal on the front seat?"—*Exchange.*

LESSONS IN HOW TO SELL PERFECTION—No. 1

Sioux City Division—Look out, you bunch down at "Hut", here's a hot one:

Driver Blanchard works six days a week and on the seventh pitches good baseball, gratis, for a farmer team in his territory and it isn't unusual to hear some farmer (a user of competitive goods) yell, "Strike him out, Blanchard, and you can deliver me fifty gallons of Perfection tomorrow". Then the old boy makes 'em whiff and he has to start his Monday deliveries by at least 5 a. m. to get through in time to take care of his Tuesday trade.

FROM 1899 to 1924 WITH SOCO

Detroit Division—No. 1—C. B. Fisk, driver at Jackson, has been a driver for SOCO for more than twenty years. This photo shows his equipment in 1899. The wagon holds 450 gallons. No. 2—This is Mr. Fisk's equipment today. The truck holds 1,219 gallons.

GIVING CHICAGO THE ONCE OVER

No. 1—Here are some of the girls of the sales division who, according to our scribe, "can't be beat." They are (sitting, left to right), Eleanor Alabeck, Lillian Russell, Helen McWilliams; (standing) Violet Riley (left) Helen Magee. No. 2—"'At's my sweetie 'n' me," said Helen Dallin, steno in payroll department, to our correspondent, "don't you think we look cute?" No. 3—This short half dozen office boys of the manufacturing department modestly call themselves the "Five Thunderbolts". When one of these boys stays away a day, he hurries down to 910 South Michigan early next morning to see whether the company still is doing business. Left to right, they are Jacques, Ward, Weir, Lutzman and Meyers.

NOTHING UNUSUAL, MR. BIGHAM, JUST S. O. S.

PEORIA Division—Mr. H. C. Bigham of Peoria found real Standard Oil Service throughout Wisconsin and kindly wrote to Manager J. R. Coleman about it. Mr. Bigham appeared surprised. He needn't have—for S. O. S. reigns supreme wherever scarlet pumps are coronated with Red Crowns. Mr. Bigham's letter follows:

"A few days ago I returned from a short trip up through Wisconsin. Of course, I had occasion, in several instances to stop and buy gasoline. Naturally would stop at the Standard Stations because I know what 'Red Crown' is. There is one thing that struck me very peculiarly—possibly because I am known in Peoria at the different Standard Stations, and was recognized as a stranger throughout Wisconsin—was the extreme courtesy and solicitous manner of the different men in charge of the service stations.

"Invariably, they would inquire where I was going, where I came from, and were anxious to fill my radiator with water, test my tires and frequently were of wonderful assistance in routing on account of the incessant rains which made the usual roads sometimes impassable or bridges out.

"While they were all extremely courteous, in one or two instances they were very much so. One man in Mendota, just north of the tracks, and those at Beaver Dam on the corner as you go out of the main trunk line going north. The young man I met there in the evening did not have the information he thought would be satisfactory and advised me to come back in the morning and talk with the man who would be in charge then. If I remember correctly, he made a special trip back in the morning when he was off duty and related my case in detail to the man in the morning to assist in determining a route that would be possible.

"I am not relating this service with any idea of criticizing your local service stations, because I do not believe they recognize me as a tourist here, but it is something that is worth looking into, if not already the vogue in Peoria. After I had this experience in one or two instances, I naturally looked for Standard Stations, and if there were none in view, asked where they were.

"The system certainly creates a wonderfully favorable impression and kind feelings."

Mr. Ball Writes to Mr. Cameron

The following letter was sent by Amos Ball, assistant general manager, Central Division, to L. W. Cameron, manager of Joliet field:

"Leslie Wise, an employee of the Chicago division, while driving through Davis Junction, Ill., at 3:00 A. M., August 29, with a member of his family, ran out of gasoline and after inquiring at several points as to where same could be secured, was referred to Agent Miller.

"Going to the home of Miller, Wise awoke him, Miller dressed, rode a half mile to the station, filled Wise's car and told him that he was always glad to accommodate people who were out of gasoline.

"Wise thought this was such a loyal and accommodating act he would like you to know the length to which Miller was willing to go in order to serve a prospective customer."

* * *

Sweet Young Thing: "Doctor, I think I ought to be vaccinated; but hate to think of the ugly scar showing. Where would you suggest as the best place in my case?"

Doctor: "With the present styles, you had better place the vaccine in a capsule and swallow it."—*Exchange.*

* * *

A man is something that can see a pretty ankle three blocks away while driving a motor car in a crowded city street, but will fail to notice, in the wide, open country-side the approach of a locomotive the size of a school-house and accompanied by a flock of forty-two box cars.—*American Auto Digest.*

* * *

A lady brought her little boy to school on opening day and said to the teacher:

"Little Bernie is so delicate. If he is bad—and sometimes he is—just whip the next boy to him; that will frighten him and make him behave."—*Central Line.*

WHITING OILERS LAUGH AT RAIN ON FIELD DAY

S. O. A. A. Collects $500 Rain Insurance; Main Office Baseball Team Defeats Paraffin Division Nine, 8 to 7, in 11 Innings; Races and Tennis Hold Interest of Many

By W. N. BERCAW

(Assistant Director of Industrial Relations)

WHITING REFINERY.—For the second time in five years rain played a rather destructive part in the Labor Day activities of the Whiting Works' Athletic Association. The first year it rained in the morning, and this year it came in the afternoon. It is fortunate that it doesn't come during the middle of the day, as it is more desirable to cut off an end than to be split in two. And then those far sighted committee men who bought rain insurance are to be complimented, as the $500 secured from this source certainly prevented sure financial disaster.

Shortly after daybreak concession men were on the job, and their impressive displays were completed by the time the crowds came for the baseball game.

The game was a "bang-up" affair between the two teams which finished first and second in the departmental league. The Main Office Division won from the Paraffine Division, in eleven innings. Cole was the winning pitcher, 8 to 7, over Dufollo of the losers.

The Standard Oil Concert band, Morgan L. Eastman, directing, came on the job at noon and played during the entire afternoon.

Track and field events were contested in an extremely interesting manner. For the first time at any field day, the promoters of the sports were successful in keeping the crowds off the field. This arrangement was surely appreciated by the spectators and contestants, as all could see and none interfered with the various events. Splendid assistance was given by community service men, Messrs. Schmoyer, Collins and Sharp, in conducting this part of the day's activities.

Results:

Running High Jump—First, M. Cole, 5 ft. 2 in. (new record); 2nd, George Brunner; 3rd, S. Herrich.

Potato Race—First, Joe Molnar; 2nd, Paul Wickhorst; 3rd, Orval Schlatter.

Egg-Race (Men)—First, John Novak; 2nd, Joe Tanner; 3rd, Joe Tisko.

Egg Race (Women)—First, Ella Harayda; 2nd, Josephine Shisslak; 3rd, Emma O'Donnell.

Shot Put—First, Ed. Pond, distance 40 ft. 6½ in. (new record); 2nd, J. Burke, distance, 38 ft. 10 in.; 3rd George Benson, distance, 37 ft. 3 in.

50-Yard Dash (Women)—First, Sophie Benko, time, 8 sec.; 2nd Ella Harayda; 3rd, Anna Barbe.

Blind Girls' Judgment—First, Emma O'Donnell; 2nd, Ella Harayda; 3rd, Helen Leonard.

Fungo Hitting—First, George Brunner, 353 ft. 8 in. (new record); 2nd, Paul Wickhorst, 350 ft.; 3rd, L. Swayze, 349 ft. 6 in.

100-Yard Dash (Men)—First, Joe Molnar, 11 2-5 sec.; 2nd, Herb. Brown; 3rd, M. Cole.

Balloon Race—First, Rose Bakus; 2nd, Emma O'Donnell; 3rd, Mary Sotak.

Ball-Throwing, Distance—First, Elizabeth Halgas, 166 ft. 3 in. (new record); 2nd, Helen Leonard, 146 ft. 1 in.; 3rd Thelma Hoeferlin, 73 ft. 3 in.

Ball-Throwing, Accuracy—First, Elizabeth Halgas 14 points; 2nd, Josephine Shisslak, 8 points; 3rd, Helen Spillar, 7 points.

Standing Broad Jump—First, M. Cole, 9 ft. 5 in.; 2nd, S. Anthony; 3rd, J. Burke.

Tug-o-War (Red Crowns)—Kortakrat, Banich, Smidley, Grieger, Flanagan, Sipus, Johnson, Pond, Buckvich, Zahara.

Horseshoes—First, Banks; 2nd, Radloff; 3rd, Bercaw.

Trapshooting—Class A: 1st, George Butcher, 46x50; 2nd, L. N. Dunning, 44x50; 3rd, A. D. Buchanan, 40x50. Class B: 1st, H W. Haman, 30x50; 2nd, Charles Carrette 29x50. Class C: 1st, Dr. B. B. Reeve, 35x50; 2nd, R. Schlechtig, 29x50.

Tennis Tourney Held

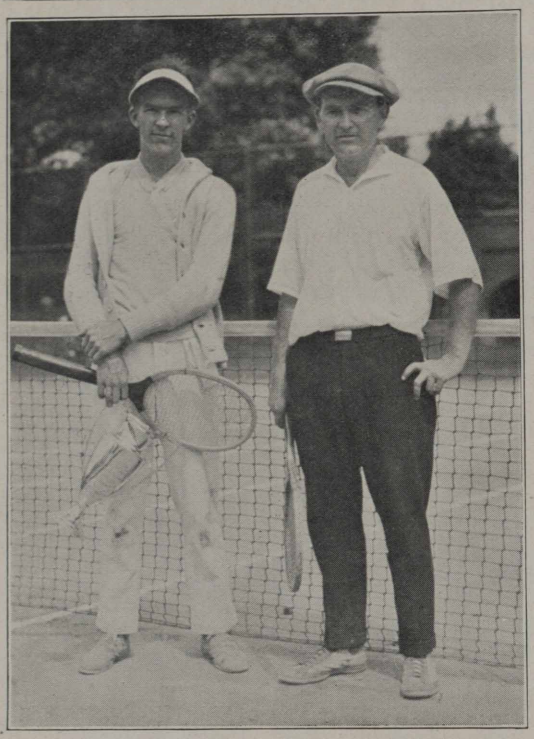
In point of number of participants and of general interest evidenced, the tennis section of the general Labor Day's celebration enjoyed its most successful program since its organization as part of the day's proceedings.

The Labor Day tournament conducted by the S. O. A. A. Tennis Club was made up of men's singles, men's doubles, women's singles, and mixed doubles. In all there were sixty contesting teams, and of the scheduled elimination matches, but two defaults were recorded, a very definite proof that the interest shown was deep-seated rather than superficial.

The finals matches, played on the Whit-

(Continued on next page)

S. O. A. A. NET KINGS



Whiting Refinery—Abbie Brown (left) was the singles' winner of the Whiting Refinery's Standard Oil Athletic Association Tennis Tournament Aronson was runner-up.

(Continued from page 29)

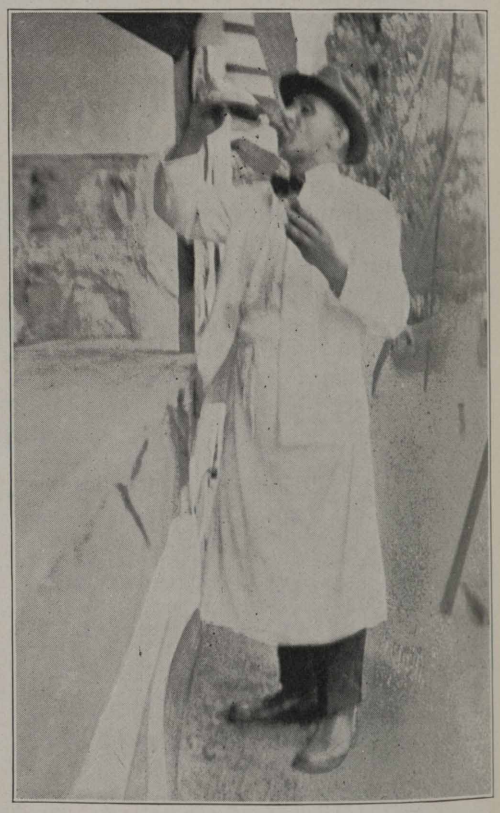
ing Park courts the morning and afternoon of Labor Day, were well worth watching, and judging from the large gallery present furnished a program of real enjoyment to the general public. The men's singles event was won by A. B. Brown of the Research Laboratory over Aronson of the Boiler Shop as runner-up. A. B. Brown and Bahlke of the Research Laboratory defeated Chenicek and McCampbell of the Laboratory and Acid Works, respectively, in the men's doubles finals.

The women's singles event fell to Mrs. Creswell of the Grease Works Office, who defeated Miss Hamlin, the runner-up from the Can House Office. The mixed doubles was accounted for by Mr. and Mrs. Creswell, representing the Grease Works, in defeating the runners-up, A. B. Brown and Miss Zika, a Laboratory-Main Office combination.

The boxing bouts were probably the most interesting of any that have been arranged for Labor Day programs. The contestants were evenly matched and the tendency to stall was entirely lacking. Rain prevented the staging of the last bout; but the quality of the preceding contests prevented it being missed.

The financial report for the day indicates a total loss of $84.52; the smallness of which, in view of the fact that rain broke up the proceedings of the day, is gratifying indeed. Seven hundred and thirty-four dollars and fifty cents was spent to put on the events of the day; the major portion of which was spent for prizes and boxing. Prizes cost approximately $300, and boxing $252.50. Four concessions and the dance made a net profit of $149.98. Five hundred dollars insurance money was obtained for $74.95; so that the total receipts amounted to $649.98. From a financial point of view as well as in other ways, the event may be considered a success, as it is always the hope of the association that it break even on this event.

THERE GO THE PROFITS

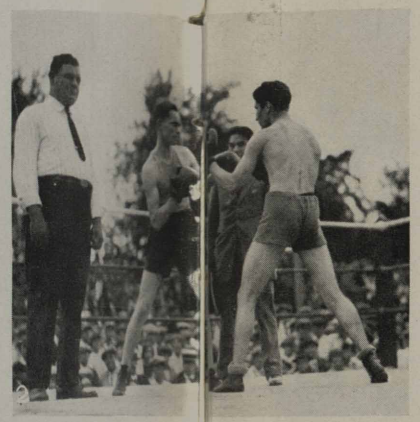


Whiting Refinery—Dave Dees, drink dispenser, drinks down. Dave doesn't dare deny.

WHITING LABOR DAY POTPOURRI

Whiting Refinery—No. 1—The start of the fifty yard dash for women. On your mark; Get set; GO! In the pix are (left to right) Anna Borbre, Thelma Hoeferlin and Sohpie Benko. No. 2—U-uff! A noble heave! Jim Burk is shown chucking the shot to nab a second place in the event. No. 3—Hit the dirt! Why don't 'at boy hit the dirt? Well, give him time, 'ats what he's doing now. The pix was snapped when Russell Butler failed to beat the ball to first on a hair-line decision. The umps is reported doing as well as could be expected. No. 4—Oh, Ho, Hum! Write your own capt. No, we don't know their names. Ho, Ho, Hum!

WHITING HITS STRIDE IN GREATEST LABOR DAY CELEBRATION

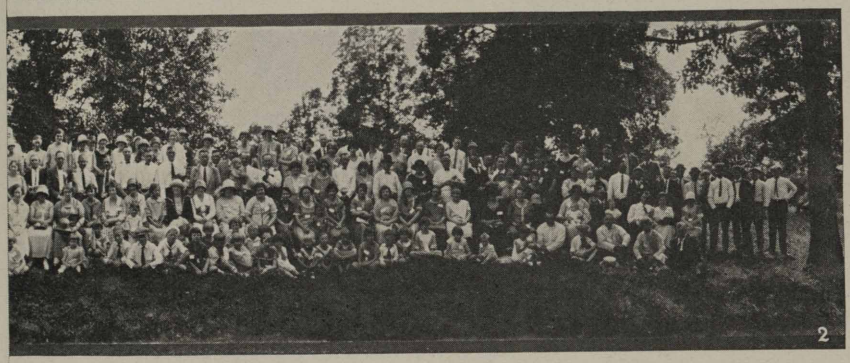


Whiting Refinery—Whiting employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) made Labor Day, 1924, a holiday to be remembered in the days when these are referred to as "Way Back When". In other words, Whiting's celebration was the kind that even convinces visitors from the Show-Me state. Yup, Whiting strutted its stuff on Labor Day! No. 1—Here's action for you! Golly, who'd think a bunch of men would fight so hard over a piece of rope? No. 2—Of course, you'll recognize Tony—Tony Caponi—with the grin. He refereed the bouts of the celebration in the style that ought to make Tex—Tex Rickard—of New York take notice. Yeh, the fighters are Harry Forbes (left) and Sammy Froger. No. 3—Blind Girl's Judgment! It's a game. Left to right are Sophie Benko, Rosie Bakus, Agnes Notonovich, Emma O'Donnell, Helen Spillar and Helen Leonard. No. 4—Some fair contestants in the games. Standing (left to right) are Frances Dudzik, Agnes Matonovich, Emma O'Donnell, Thelma Hoeferlin, Helen Spillar, Mary Sotak, Anna Borbre; (sitting) Josephine Shisslak, Rose Bakus, Helen Leonard, Sophie Benko and Ella Harajda. No. 5—Cold? Not a bit of it—not very, that is. But here are some swimmers who aren't getting wet. No. 6—Here's a corner of the dance floor where the Sheiks and Shebas tickled their itching toes. Horace Gladden is second from right. Next to him with the vivid dress is Vivian Henderson—daughter of a Standard Oiler and a movie queen of Hollywood, California.

MINNEAPOLIS AND PEORIA FIELDS

No. 1—One of the best get-together picnics the Red Crown Social Club of Minneapolis division ever sponsored was held at Spring Park. Despite the fact that the weather man cooled things off a bit and tried to throw a wet blanket over the affair, the picnic was a great success. One of the features was the baseball game between the Henpecks and the Loved-and-Lost brigade in which the former romped home an

HOLD BIG ANNUAL CELEBRATIONS



easy winner. No. 2—The biggest thing ever pulled off in the Peoria division was staged August 24, when the first annual picnic was held. Nearly 500 Standard Oilers, some from as far as 100 miles away, were at Lindenfelser Grove, East Chicago. A fish-fry, with Agent Dave Lemmel, Petersburg, presiding was a feature. Dancing, races, ball games, 'n'everything were a part of the program.

WHITING ENTERS BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST

Whiting Refinery.—Refusing to let the Sales Division claim the honors for the most beautiful bathing girl, Whiting offers this quartette of beauties that the refinery believes will put the S. D. permanently out of the running. The girls are of the candle shops. They are (left to right): Mary Janicina, Susan Bachi, Helen Spillar and Helen Leonard. Well, Sales Division, are you going to let Whiting get away with the prize?

OH! HUT, CLINT, AURORA! TUNE IN ON THIS

Saginaw Division—Ours is not a boastful nature and we have never been discovered to chronicle any event in which the gentle reader was obliged to put an elastic action on his imagination to fully comprehend the full significance of our plot. We deplore a condition that calls for loud speaking from the cupola, that reeks of braggadocio such as some of the tales that should have been censored from the Terre Haute, Clinton and Aurora news, but tolerated by an enduring disposition with which our good editor is overly endowed, and, since he publicly solicits an antidote, we mildly set forth the following incident that is just ordinary. George Hintz, after being transferred to the Saginaw division, was sent to Cheyboygan when Lew Barry was agent. To use George's own words—he says:

"So I consented to stay with Lew that night and slap me down for a nut sundae if he didn't come into my room one hour and twenty minutes after I had laid me down to sleep and says:

" 'Pardon me, George, but the wife is sore.'

" 'Why?' Says I.

" 'She can't set the table,' says he.

" 'How come?' says I.

" 'She wants the sheet for a table cloth; better get up or the kids will be late for school.' "

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

FLOAT WINS PRAISE

Saginaw Division—The following article recently appeared in the *Isabella County Republican,* a flourishing weekly edited by J. Albert Gibbs:

"One of the most attractive features of the Fourth of July parade and also one of the prize winners was the Standard Oil truck which was arranged by the company's local representative, William Kirconnell, (Shepherd, Mich., agent).

"In Mr. Kirconnell the Standard people have a real live wire to represent their business in this territory and he has done much to increase the volume of their trade since he took over the work."

FARGO BOOSTS CHICAGO

Fargo Division—Recently a man, name unknown, driving a Franklin car which bore an Alabama license, drove into our service station at Barnesville, Minn. He wished to send thanks to the Chicago salesman who had sold him so effectively on Red Crown in Chicago. He had used it on his entire trip and liked it so well that he decided to try our Polarine also. He drained his car at Minneapolis and filled with Polarine and found it equally as satisfactory as Red Crown. Another boost for the Power Twins and real salesmanship.

HUMAN BEINGS

Minneapolis Division—Alvin J. Wilson, of Park Falls, Wis., says: "I was touring through from Montana to Wisconsin, got as far as the other side of Big Lake, Minn., and broke my car so I could not run it. I had had so much trouble on the way that I could not afford to send to a garage to get pulled in, and I sat there for about two hours when your Standard Oil advertising car came along and pulled me in, which I was very thankful for, as I had found very few human beings on this trip."

* * *

Mother: "What do you mean by putting your thumb to your nose and wriggling your fingers at those little boys?"

Willie: "Don't you worry, ma—they know what I mean."—*Exchange.*

DETROIT PIN SEASON OPENS

Detroit Division—Another bowling league has been organized for this winter. Eight teams—Red Crown, Polarine, Perfection, Semdac, Mica, Stanolax, Parowax and Finol—are entered with a twenty-eight game night schedule, terminating April 10. Several money prizes have been offered and inasmuch as the bowling league was such a success during the year of 1923 and 1924, a most successful season is expected, due in part to the fact that most of the star bowlers will compete and, with three new plant teams, the old timers will meet with strong opposition.

FILMS VS. MICA

Decatur Division — W. A. Brown, correspondent for the STANOLIND RECORD here, reports that East St. Louis made its quota for Mica Axle Grease during the stay of "The Covered Wagon," the movie taken from Mr. Hough's book. We don't know, but there may be a connection.

WHITING, IND.

Switching Department

H. H. Huggins and family have our most heartfelt sympathy in the bereavement of Mrs. Huggins' father, who met with an accident while driving through Montana from Seattle, Wash., with his family. However, we are pleased to learn of the recovery of the mother and aunt, who were also very seriously injured.

Little Miss Lois Brown, daughter of C. H. Brown, yardmaster, who was suddenly taken ill while on their vacation in Danville, is recuperating at her home on 120th street.

H. E. Beaubien, H. H. Huggins and G. A. Peterson have returned from their vacations.

Miss Dorothy Vernon, daughter of Arthur Vernon, has returned from her two months vacation in the East.

Why is Clarence Kaiser so disappointed looking? Answer: On account of not winning the Buick at the Trianon, August 4.

Pipe Shop

We are in receipt of a message from South Haven, Mich., in regard to a certain gentleman who was vacationing there a short while ago. The message is relative to two saddle horses which were killed in a head-on collision in South Haven recently. The inquiring party wishes to get in touch with a person named Samuel Hefter, who was astride one of the horses at the time of the accident, and who they hold responsible for the above mentioned collision. Upon referring to the Employment Bureau records, we found that this party works in the Pipe Department as a pipe fitter. Mr. Hefter was imme-

diately interviewed, and he told the following story.

"While loping o'er the lee, on my fiery steed, enjoying all the wonders which Mother Nature gives us, I came upon an old blind stubborn dilapidated wreck of a quadruped which refused to turn either to the right or left. My steed being of the better breed of horses, would not turn aside for as common a horse as the other, and therefore caused a head-on collision, resulting in the death of both horses. I was thrown from my mount by the impact, injuring one of my legs slightly. I offered the owner of the horses $2.00 to cover their cost, but he refused. He said the horses were each worth at least $1.25. I thought it best to leave on the next train for Chicago, before the owner brought suit against me for the other 50 cents."

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Laboratory

Miss Kathleen Halloran entertained very pleasantly the laboratory girls last Thursday evening at her home. The party was given in honor of her sister, Miss Carmelita, who is spending her vacation with her family. Mrs. Maud Allen and she entertained very cleverly with vocal interpretation. Guests included Misses Theresa Brown, Laura Wilkening, Alma Schueler, Hilda Duerr, Betty Parks, Mrs. Clara Cunningham and little Joan Halloran.

Decided—Alma Schueler to be the speediest girl in the laboratory. Anyone wanting a fast ride call 78645-D. Alma can take you from Staunton to St. Louis in 30 minutes or less and not be arrested for violating any speed laws.

Frank Stamper, formerly of our laboratory, but now in charge of the inspection laboratory for the Lion Oil & Refining Co., Eldorado, Ark., paid us a pleasant visit on August 30.

Kieth Cox has been promoted to head chemist in the chemical laboratory. Success and good luck to him.

Lubricating Department

Mr. Hester of the clay filter plant landed in East Alton recently with a hip pocket filled with son-of-a-guns. For some cause, or no cause at all, these fire works got going and so did Mr. Hester until a lady with a bucket of water came to his relief.

E. Payne very proudly sported a Dawes pipe for a few days, just a few days and part of one evening, and while driving that evening, Elmer made a side-swipe at a bug on his nose and knocked the pipe where it has never been found.

Crude Stills

William Hoffman entertained his shift of men at his home in Maplewood. A delightful program was given. The two numbers by Bill himself were generally accorded the best. Bill sings a pleasing tenor and puts a world of expression into his voice. Charles Frey accompanied him on the piano. A splendid chicken dinner was served.

Fred Parker saw a large snake crossing the run down lines about 10:00 P. M. when going out to review gauges. It made a noise like a rattling of chains. Next morning Brummer checked up and found three pairs of chain tongs missing. The snake must have gotten them.

Ty Cobb has been off from work two days attending a rabbit show in St. Louis. One of the big rabbits stepped on his foot and mashed it.

Carpenter Department

E. Lutz, our illustrious foreman, sings nursery rhymes to us the live-long day. "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," is his favorite. Eddie probably has a very good reason for "oiling up his pipes" as the newly arrived youngster makes Eddie to a lot of things besides singing. Bill Burgan says he has listened so long he finally moved his office to the pattern storage building to avoid getting the singing habit himself.

Since Bill Atkins acquired a new Ford puddle jumper, it's a very hard proposition to find him at home.

J. Voss had the very sad misfortune of losing his brother, Theodore Voss, by death, recently. Theodore Voss was a resident of Alton, Ill., and was well liked and respected by all who knew him. We offer you, Jule, our heart-felt sympathy.

Bill Woods says that when he plays his bass horn with the Red Crown Band and they play too fast, he just simply skips a note now and then and keeps up with the rest.

Walter Hutchinson claims he started Norman Shelby, alias Kid McCoy, in the prize fighting game. "Hutch" also claims he didn't tell him to shoot up the town of Los Angeles.

We have with us again, Mike Rhyne, Kid Tupper, Bill Young, E. Dial, Steve Willis and Bill Hubbard. Jesse James would be a credit to this gang.

If Slim Fields wears his overalls any shorter, he'd better tie pink ribbon on 'em.

Wes Mathie was seen at the Brighton picnic with a very attractive brunette. E. Scharth wants to get up a "Hope Club" for Wes. You know—hope that he doesn't fall. But what's the use, sooner or later to every man.

Albert Haney was away recently on account of the death of his father.

Pipe Department

Bill Woods, Ike Crofton and others (who do not wish to be mentioned) started home recently in Woods' car. One of the parachute tires went flat, it was refilled but when it wouldn't hold air, it was decided something was wrong. A new inner tube was put in and it went flat. An investigation followed and a spark-plug was taken from the tire and later a tire tool was removed. Then the tire was fixed and held air "just gloriously."

Simon Halloran attended the big picnic at Brighton August 10. Simon sure can eat chicken. If you want proof, ask Otto Flack. He was there at the supper but a little late. While standing in line he had to wait for Simon to leave the table. But Otto says Simon sat there and ate for half an hour and then he was served with chicken again. This caused another hour's delay before Otto got the seat and Otto is wondering where in the deuce Simon put it all.

Troy Kessinger and Charley Beasley attended a swimming bee at Granite City. These boys are like two old ducks in the water.

F. Thompson, stillman at No. 1 pressure house, is carrying a big carbuncle on his forehead. The boys at the works say he got it rubbing his head against the telephone so much.

Tate Colbert was off for a few days, having his speed can repaired.

Bill Woods, the speed demon, wishes the state

would make the big black line on the State road plainer so he would only have to keep one eye on it. Bill says he can't see anything else for watching the line.

Carl Lenhardt is strong for colors. He bought a Gray and went to see the Browns play every time he had a day off.

Norve Haven is sporting a new Ford sedan around Alton. Norve is the Beau Brummel of Alton when it comes to the girls. Anv girl wishing a ride, see Norve.

Buck Blackburn visited in Dow August 17. Buck made it up and back with only seven punctures.

L. Noble says that he can repair anything. Say, Lawrence, try your hand on Bill Woods' flivver.

Ike Crofton is thinking of buying a car. Happy thoughts.

Jerry Kennedy won his chickens back again after suing a man for stealing them. The man is claimed to have stolen twenty-three of Jerry's chickens and they were laying every day. The man killed ten of them and Jerry got thirteen of them back. Now Jerry wants the ten chickens and thirty eggs back, because every chicken was laying. But, before the jury would allow that, they had Jerry kill one of the chickens to see if it had any eggs. They only found one egg, so the jury allowed Jerry for ten chickens and one egg.

The men around No. 6 pressure house were all excited the other night when they saw a new derby hat floating in the water at No. 101 condenser box. They retrieved the hat and were draining the box to see if a man had fallen in when a man came running up and asked if a new derby had floated that way. It seems that the wind had whirled George Buck's hat into the air and planted it in the box. After getting his hat back, Buck gave the man who found it a tomato.

Joe Schenk and Rex Craddock are thinking of buying a farm. They say that there is big money in a little farm nowadays.

The boys are glad to see Jack Hickey back with us again.

Herb Miller is back with us again after about two weeks' absence.

M. Dillon has purchased a new Ford car. Frank Walters is all smiles.

C. Brown is away from work for a few weeks on account of sickness.

L. Hamilton, tube cleaner, was absent for a couple of days, troubled with the "tube callous."

All the boys are glad to see Otto Tecklenberg back on the job again with his pleasant smile.

Walter Crocker was seen buying two razors. Wonder what he is going to do with them.

A. McGuiggan attended the picnic and had his kodak with him.

Ben Weinrich and Speedy Lovell attended the opening of Loewe's new theater in St. Louis.

Herb Fox and Otto Ratz are going into the lunch business. Their firm's name will read, "Fox and Ratz Lunch Room." John Wolf will be head waiter, with Doc Lyon as head cook.

Pressure Stills

William Groves has them paired up now. A boy and a girl. The boys give their best wishes to the mother, the baby girl and William.

Harvey Moore spent two weeks recently climbing the hills of Missouri. Hills being mostly located in corn fields.

Merle Christy, old-timer, has gone to Detroit and is studying motors. We are sorry to see him leave and certainly wish him a world of success.

Clarence Noe has been spending most of his time lately trying to learn how to run cars with gear shifts. Clarence is taking it slow and easy for the first thousand miles.

Walter Smith may think he has a safety car, but we would advise him not to depend on street cars getting out of the way. Street cars are poor dodgers and a Chevrolet or two means nothing to them.

John Vanburen celebrated the arrival of his first child recently, a fine baby girl, by passing the cigars, 200 of them. The boys all wish to extend their best wishes to John and his family.

Carl Juhlin has a new speed record. Made it with the skeleton. Left Wood River at 9:00 A. M., went to St. Louis, shopping one hour, lost radiator cap and was back home at 11:00 A. M.

Jess Dawson has secured all the rights in a new Overland touring car and most of the drivers have turned the road over to him. He has a large number of good advisers who expect to get things under control before Jessie does anything requiring the service of a coroner.

Joe Mareing has given his car one of these Mars painting jobs. The old paint is taken off and seven coats of paint applied followed by two coats of varnish with enough sand in the air to give the body a stucco effect. The job looks fine when observed from a great distance with a telescope.

A number of persons from this vicinity visited Forest Park recently. Kill Kaeser, Joe Richardson and Dave Moore were present. Joe wandered off, but was not missed, while the pleasure-seekers were watching the monkeys.

Crane and Locomotive Department

It is reported that William Witthofft rammed into two machines at the picnic and he only stopped twice.

In an accident, August 25, Dave Noonan, switchman, lost his life. Dave came to the refinery May 15, 1922, from the company's mines at Carlinville. He has lived in this part of the country most of his life and was very well known in Alton. The funeral was held at the Cathedral in Alton and the body laid to rest in the Greenwood cemetery, August 27. A large number of his friends from the refinery attending. Dave leaves a wife and child besides a mother and brothers to mourn his death. The sympathy of a host of friends in the refinery is extended to the family.

Main Office

Frank Graham says no matter what their age or color of eyes, the girls insist upon keeping him up most of the night. He refers specifically to blue-eyed Mary Ann Graham, new daughter. So we suppose both congratulations and consolations are in order. We've already smoked, thanks.

Some people say that a red-headed woman always chooses a meek man. If they're not meek, they soon get that way. Attention, Tommy Gorman.

At last we can give the absent-minded professor a name. When a fellow leaves a perfectly good Oldsmobile sitting at the office to accept a ride offered by another person and then has

to return, as Johnnie Halloran did, it would seem that the old prof. himself had come to life.

Machine Shop

Owing to the fact that D. Clarence Burroughs is going to run on a clean and square ticket, Abbie Meyers and others have decided they cannot manage his campaign.

Frank Hubbell has returned to work after being off for some time visiting his relatives, hunting and fishing. He has also rejoined the Red Crown band again as first cornetist.

Foreman Jake Tremmel successfully staged a buck and wing dance at a party the other night, receiving two encores. Those giving private entertainments will find Jake very good in his line.

Tony Erhardt is enjoying a week up on the Illinois River. We do not know how they are biting but know it is mighty fine weather to loaf up there under the shade trees.

Ed Kerwin is taking a rest during the hot weather months under the shade trees of Southern Illinois, declaring war on the Spring friers.

Doc Weindel and Press Atchinson made a trip up through the Illinois river bottoms hunting and fishing, and got stuck about a mile from their destination. Press said: "Doc, if you carry the fishing equipment and the game, I will carry the lard can full of the cold ones." Although very tired, Press made the mile and the trip was a success.

To keep peace in the family and make it a little easier on Schankie, the bouncer, Foreman Tremmel bought a new drill press for the machine shop. Joe said, "Now let me see one of you kids fight over a drill press again."

The neighbors around Tim Hawk's place were alarmed the other evening at Tim's cry from the bathroom, "I can't get out." They may have imagined things, but did not know just what was wrong. What really caused the cry was the fact the others who lived in the same house came home unexpectedly and Tim had to stay in or play "September Morn." John Davey, who lives next door, came to Hawk's assistance with a barrel.

We are advised that W. Miller is to take the wholesale management of the Frank Meyers Frozen Brew suckers, which are soon to be on the market.

Carol Bandy is so glad his chum, Claire Burroughs, is home to play with him for a while again, he made him a present of his girl.

Athletics

August 30 the baseball team won their sixth straight game in the Industrial League. The game was played with the Hoyt Metal Company of Granite City. This game puts them well up in the running.

The tennis courts have been cleaned off and are ready for use now. This is the best time of the year for the game and it is hoped that a large number get their rackets out for a little Fall exercise. It does not matter if you have never played. Several are starting the game and October playing will put you in good condition for the Winter sports.

W. I. Jolley is the horseshoe champion for the year. The finals at the picnic, between C. E. Wilson and W. I. Jolley, was the feature of the day.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Mechanical Department

Mike Erickson's grape vineyard on the Sugar Creek road has proven a great attraction for passersby. Mike laid out in the vineyard six nights with his sawed-off shotgun waiting for visitors, but they failed to show up for the entertainment until the seventh night and then Mike wasn't there.

Alex Napuda has decided to take another fling in the old country; he started back August 25.

We have all been thinking that Earl Kresge spent his money a little freely for cigars, but have just lately found out that the boys, especially Charlie Kruse, up at Grove's place, have been buying them for him at the close of pinochle games.

The skating rink up in Independence has proven a source of great enjoyment to the boys about the plant. Dashing J. Turner has been rolling off with most of the honors. Fred Main claims that Dudley McBride knocked a girl down one evening, but Dudley argues he did not on the grounds that he can't stand up himself.

A. A. Yates, formerly watchman at the casting yards, says he likes his new job at the main gate.

B. F. Lee is an amateur gardner on the side lines. Recently he was proudly displaying some yellow tomatoes weighing over two pounds.

Burney F. Gore, recently married, decided not to live in a rented house, so purchased a home at 2008 South Wayne avenue, Englewood. The natives down south have come to earth now and realize that they really do live on dirt roads. Burney kept the road so hot down there before he got married that they thought they were living on a hard-surface road.

Ed Fredenberg, crane operator, announced the marriage of his daughter, August 20. Congratulations!

Harry Knight says he will tell the world that his first twenty-year vacation was enjoyed by him, although the blues were losing.

Refinery Department

Frank Woodward, shift foreman, was married in Chicago September 1. Mr. Woodward is well known at both Whiting and Sugar Creek, and his many friends unite in wishing the happy couple joy.

J. F. Pippinger of Sugar Creek has the sympathy of all the employees in the recent illness and death of his wife, August 25.

The farm of C. O. Taylor has been furnishing some delicious sweet corn for the "beanery", so C. O. is seriously thinking of going into the business in an extensive way in order to fill future orders.

It is about time for Al. Shondell to announce another of his "chicken parties." Al has been quite meek lately for some cause. We hope the "Missus" isn't next.

Brother O'Hara is the best little entertainer with his after-dinner talks that the "diner" has had since Fred Miller's departure. We miss Fred, but time does fly with Jim broadcasting.

The boys miss the cheery greeting of Arch Hammontree and L. Pence at the main gate. Here is hoping for a return of more normal activities soon.

Frank Searcy is back helping in the main pump

house. How about that "no more shift work for mine," Frank?

Tommy Adlard's oldest boy suffered a broken hand when he got it caught in the spring of the bed while he and his brother were playing. It is healing nicely and no complications have set in.

Monroe Lee is helping "Germ" Means at the experimental house now four days in the week. Wonder what that elderberry gatherer and grape-fermenter will concoct?

Main Office

H. B. Sharp, chemist, goes to Lawrence every week-end to see the folks, when he told us his "folks" lived at Parsons.

Bert Landfried and Floyd Lindsay, newlyweds of the Lab., are showing great promise. Bert has bought a home on North Crysler street, Independence, and Floyd is remodeling his home on Farmer street.

Roy McMain reports a fine trip to El Paso, Texas, in his Buick "4".

E. J. Cox is getting better and better at horseshoes during the noon hour. It being an everyday occurrence for him to throw a half-dozen doubles during the fifteen minutes. G. V. Hackett is taking Emmett Lewis' place in the Big-4.

C. H. Freeman is driving a new second-hand Chevrolet.

Fred J. Bergin has been living in Mr. Woodward's residence but when Mr. Woodward announced he was to be married Mr. Bergin began to look for another abode. He is located in Fairmount.

L. C. Howard is to be seen practicing "Barnyard Golf" since the photographer showed him recently topping C. C. Koehler's double ringer.

E. E. Lewis, recently laid off, has purchased two trucks and will haul the Sugar Creek high school pupils to Northeast high school in Kansas City, Mo., this year.

Deland, head timekeeper, has grown some twelve-foot popcorn on his farm in Buchanan county. Some corn! C. D. Bickley claims he will have the prize squashes as well as plums. He got his squash seed from Frank Burkhart, who said in 1923 the one vine produced 33 squashes.

"On the Concrete." Rural deputies have announced their intention of capturing the "mystery car," which has been burning up the roads in Jackson county. We have the inside on this car. It is R. C. Wetmore's old battle-ax under the strong hand of A. S. Hurt, who also burnt the bearings out going down hill. No use to put her in high when she will make 40 miles in low.

CASPER, WYO.

Charles Stevens, welder at Plant No. 1, reports a real honeymoon trip through the Yellowstone Park, and is now living in Mountain View Addition. The boys all give Mr. and Mrs. Stevens their best wishes for health and happiness. We smoked those Chancellor cigars with good thoughts for the two of you.

Lynn Armstrong, Fireman P. S. Batt, No. 23, Plant No. 2, and family returned from a visit to their parents, who live in Blair, Neb.

We hear M. H. Scott has returned from Chicago—what did you see, Scotty? The fellows at Plant No. 1 knew there were tall buildings there. What else did you see? "Oh, that Lake Michigan water sure is fine for the natives, but a person misses the edge a touch of alkali gives."

Carl Lutz, fireman tube stills, battery 9, said he saw a large flock of wild ducks settle on the four-mile lake west of Casper August 24. A little early for ducks, but now is a good time to get some plans made for the coming season and know where we are going when the time comes.

Carl Lutz sold his home and is on his way to Farrbury, Neb. Carl is going to sell insurance for an old line company.

Shorty Thorpe has been up in "The Hills" planning or digging gold and the judge of the asbestos department has left for the same hills to bring back some of the yellow stuff. It's there, boys, because Shorty showed about $100 in samples.

We saw a large smile on the face of Harold Manbeck. Why the gladness, Harry? Oh, yes, we know, C. B. Manbeck, manager of the Wood River plant, is coming to Casper. Not only Harold and his family, but all the old-timers at the plant will be glad to see Harold's father, who was formerly manager here.

Ralph Steen, foreman of the asbestos department, gives great descriptions of the beautiful Big Horn mountains and the large time he and Mrs. Steen had on their vacation trip. He says there were more fish there than a man wanted.

We watched Albert Seanor of No. 5 continuous battery, Plant No. 1, strutting his stuff on the golf course the other day. We'll say Al is some artist with the club and can commend his technic.

Aubrey Roberts, stillman on swing crew, has qualified for the position of detective. Coming home rather late one evening he noticed a man dodging around in the shadow across from his house. He settled down in his car to watch and peacefully went to sleep! He was awakened at three in the morning and told it was time to go to bed.

B. G. Wyman, stillman, was painfully but not seriously burned by a quantity of hot oil striking him on the right side of the face.

Lyle Turner, Bert Parody and John Simmons were out hunting the first day of the sage chicken season and reported the limit shortly after sunrise.

W. C. ("Dusty") Rhodes, stillman, is having his old Dodge rejuvenated so that it will perform again. Dusty says the price they offered him on a trade for a new car was unreasonable, so no trade was made.

Bill Corsan, stillman, undertook to do a washing while the Mrs. was on a vacation. Bill put a white shirt and a red sweater in together and the result was more than he imagined, but Bill has a nice red shirt now.

Earl Capenter, treater, and family, with a party of friends, spent an enjoyable vacation in the Big Horn mountains. Earl reported all kinds of trout were caught but that the nights were quite cold up in the "hills."

W. L. Smith, stillman, is one of the new home builders in the Standard Addition. This addition bids fair to rival any of Casper's additions and is being built up very fast with attractive homes.

Mike Callan, pumper, staged a fishing party

Fourth of July that wound up a little different from the way Mike figured. Mike took his girl and her folks to Deer Creek Canyon to fish, but Mike didn't fish, he had other business to attend to. As to the details of how and why he returned the way he did with the party late in the afternoon, ask Mike.

Adding insult to injury: When F. N. Harris, helper, went home on his annual vacation a week before payday, the vacation being financed by "Hercules" Zuza during a two-handed session of ace-in-the-hole. Your turn next, Hercules.

W. F. ("Bill") Mahaffey is one of the real pioneers of this country, having trailed cattle to this state from the Texas Panhandle when Wyoming was first being settled and when Casper was merely a sagebrush flat.

J. V. Thomas, extra shiftman foreman, is back with us again. Jack was taken very sick and removed from the plant to his home and from there to the hospital. His illness while of short duration, was intensely painful. We are all glad to see you back with us again, Jack.

John ("Firpo") Heicester, still cleaner foreman, was the busiest human in Casper while the Snapp Brothers' carnival was holding forth. Attending every show each night at the Wrestling stadium, John has secured some expert knowledge of different wrestling holds. He also found time to attend the Hula Hula show which was an attraction traveling with the carnival.

Walter Compton, "Blondy" Zolnoski, "Peanuts" Braden and "Battling" Jim Nelson went out sage chicken hunting. After traveling over a considerable portion of Wyoming, quite a few chickens and rabbits were secured. Battling Nelson went to sleep after getting home and almost slept the clock around. Upon awakening he had to go to town to find out what day it was and whether he had lost shifts while asleep.

Lee Martin, helper, was married at the Methodist parsonage to Miss Zelma Merle Robison of Casper. Miss Helen Morris and Fred ("Kelly") Couch were the only attendants at the ceremony. Kelly has just purchased a Ford coupe and is probably getting ready to pop the question himself now that he saw how bravely Lee stood the ordeal. Every one extends his hearty good wishes to the newlyweds. Thanks for the cigars, Lee.

C. J. McKinney took a test vacation this week, spending the week-end in Lander. This was a sort of a tryout for the California trip he contemplates.

Hilas Richards of the combustion department is on his way home to Alabama to enter Alabama Polytechnic. Hi leaves a lot of friends who wish him luck and hope he comes back to the Standard some time.

Jim Lanouette is spending his vacation on the lawn and in making short trips to the surrounding beauty spots. Jack Angehrn and Johnnie Lytle are doing the work during Jim's absence.

Glen Howland suffered a severe dislocation of his vacation plans with his wife's departure for Wisconsin. However, with the arrival of his parents and a couple of invitations out for the dog, things look a little brighter.

E. H. Crown, the lad from the auditor's office, was quite a successful Esau, so far as sage chickens are concerned, but his methods are peculiar. "Red" says he never shoots until he sees the whites of their eyes.

Ray Turner got safely back from Illinois with his "Hoopie". When he left all the boys told him goodbye with tears in their eyes and his safe return was sort of an anticlimax, although in the nature of a triumph for Lizzie.

Okie Blanchard has departed for Wyoming University, where he anticipates another hard year keeping his classwork up to the point where it won't interfere with his athletic endeavors.

Speed Larson went down to Boulder to see whether anybody had discovered oil on the homestead. Speed didn't say yes nor no, but he's back on the job.

Brian Dougherty says the Silver Lake region in the Black Hill country compares favorably with the Rocky Mountain Park scenery and that the fishing and hunting are better. Of course, Doc caught all the fish the law allows.

F. B. Crone and Jack Angehrn put out a small fire in the railroad transfer office the other day, but got into considerable trouble because they didn't belong to the firemen's union. Better take out cards, boys.

Johnnie Lytle left September 1 for Glenrock, where he will take over the burden of clerical work incident to the new construction underway at that place. When Johnnie breaks loose with his .380 repeater, .45 automatic and newly-honed hunting knife the wild game would better apply to C. W. Smith or Roy Hartzell for advice.

GLENROCK, WYO.

Roy W. Lowrie, Correspondent

Guy ("Spark Plug") May after spending many hours of hard labor grooming a Dodge car was very much dismayed when he found out it refused to perculate.

A. B. Salmon is strutting high these days as he has a new Star Sedan.

Robert Young, our battling still cleaner would like to give away an Oldsmobile Coupe. Why? Red stole his sweetheart.

George ("Dinty") Moore has put in an application for a monthly salary. He would like very much to work a double shift.

Harry McQueery, our popular fireman, has at last become a victim of Cupids arrow. He has to be reminded of the fact that he must kiss his wife before going to work even though such notables as T. S. Cook, R. M. Andrus and A. E. Thompson are viewing the operation.

I. E. Chamberlain, Sr., has at last been bitten by the golf bug.

E. L. Decco, Esq., the village cut up, has grabbed an armful of the Mutual stenographer in order to balance the Dodge roadster.

Our plant is a scene of activity now, as a building program is under way. The plant is to be enlarged to the extent of seven stills. This will call for a larger force of men, in order to keep things going.

Scotty returned recently from a trip through the park.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Plant No. 1

B. I. Perkins is back on the job again after an operation at Casper.

W. I. Baker can smile now without showing his teeth.

H. M. Umphenour slipped on a rock while trying to land a big one, and knocked his knee cap out of place. He reports it getting along O. K.

John Casey, blacksmith at No. 1 Plant, cut a gash in his nose while working with an air hammer.

J. W. Stephens spent his vacation in Thermopolis taking the mineral baths. He says he's cleaner now than he ever was before.

Plant No. 2

A. C. Meloney and friend wife spent a very delightful vacation motoring through the Yellowstone National Park and vicinity.

E. H. ("Red") Crown, traveling auditor of the Chicago office, is paying us an official visit.

Captain Medlar, after spending a week in Shell Creek Basin and on Willow Creek, returned with a number of big fish stories to relate to his friends.

Big Jim Bluejacket recently signed articles with the Casper Ball Club to play in the Denver Post Tournament. We all wish Jim much success in this venture.

Claude H. Derby was listed among the absentees for the past two weeks. We understand Claude loaded up his family in the Gardner and headed for higher altitudes, making the trip through Yellowstone National Park and Jackson hole.

Robert Heinze in charge of the acid plant in Casper, on his way home, stopped here to pay his friends a visit. Mr. Heinz has been sojourning in the Yellowstone National Park and reports having had a very delightful vacation.

A. V. Patterson, confined in the Basin Hospital since May 22, is able to be about again.

The Foremen's Club danced to the tune of the "Melody Four" at Jones' Lodge. Dancing was from 9 to 12. Mr. Sanford reported that he never missed a dance and was going strong when the gong sounded.

H. T. ("Shorty") Dobbs can get more action from R. L. Dockery in the shafts of a wheelbarrow than the wildest bucking mule ever attempted. Like the mule, however, "Doc" does not cease his high, crooked dips and twists, even after breaking away from the buggy.

Big Joe Zednick loves his joy rides, but sometimes even after he has entered the pleasant shady glades near the river, he remembers a date he had with someone back near the separator trap. Maybe there was someone strolling down there who had the right-of-way. Is that right, Joe?

LARAMIE, WYO.

Mark Dyken, a boilermaker on Plant No. 2, surprised the boys recently by entering the bonds of happy matrimony. We haven't seen the bride, but they say she is good-looking and she has father Eggo's protection. Congratulations for the newlyweds.

I. T. O'Neal, stillman, has returned from his trip to Arkansas, where he went to recuperate and visit friends.

Aude Methvin and party went on a two weeks' trip into the Laramie Peak county, where they hunted chickens and fished. They report having had good luck and a good time.

All the boys on the plant who went after sage chickens this season got all they were allowed, excerpt Grandpa Dyken, who shot away several boxes of shells without results but he went home and found one of the neighbor's chickens in his back yard and drove its soul heavenward.

George Ovens spent his vacation on the Snowy Range, where the mosquitos have to wear fur caps and the rabbits snowshoes.

J. A. Chamblin left for Denver to spend his vacation. Have you noticed that smile Gifford wears and that hopeful look? Wonder why?

R. E. Mitzell has left the service of the company and is heading for Arizona.

B. W. Ferris is burning up the Fort Collins road again. It must be the gas wells that are an attraction for Bently.

La Verne Trabing is the proud possessor of a brand new Ford coupe.

Carl Johnson has been off several days from work on account of the illness of Mrs. Johnson. We hope a speedy recovery.

Harry and John Green are off work due to the illness of their mother. She is seventy-five years of age and her health has been quite poor for some time.

Phil Ward and family spent several days in the northern part of the state, touring the mountain passes and peaks. They visited friends at Greybull and Casper.

The rumor is afloat in the plant that James Dolan, the wild watchman, is carrying live toads in his pockets.

Dick Williams, the great inventor, is coming to the front with a tomato seeder. At a distance his face appears to be dirty, but upon close inspection you can see that it is only a parasitic fungus growth on his upper lip.

Fred Brown and Don Hunton claim they saw a ghost on the road north of Laramie. It is in the form of a woman, they say, dressed in a white sweater and white stockings.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Elizabeth M. Harkins, Correspondent

We regret to report that Ed Benning, the genial and well liked conductor on the Schoper work train, is leaving us. "Whitey" takes with him our very best wishes.

Miss Harriet Hunter is assisting in the general office as stenographer.

J. W. Cain has a new Overland Sedan. Restaurants must do a good business in Nilwood, "Wash." Mrs. Cain is "some cook", however, as we can testify, so her place should do a fine business.

We understand that Dan Swartzentruber has bought a farm, purchasing Henry Bloome's forty acre tract at the corner of the Robley and Moore's Branch roads. Now we know where to go to steal watermelons!

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Irvin, who reside in Standard Addition, have the sympathy of their many friends in the recent death of their infant son.

Mrs. Thomas Moran and son, Tommy, Jr., have returned from a visit with relatives in St. Louis.

E. W. Pearson, weighmaster at Mine No. 2, is convalescing from an attack of the mumps.

Miss Elizabeth Harkins, stenographer, has returned to work, after a week's vacation spent in Springfield and East St. Louis.

We are pleased to note that George Gardner at the Power House has recovered from his recent illness and is back at work.

Denby Boring, our champion "Spanish Athlete," recently traded in his 1915 model Ford for a modern four door Ford Sedan.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Briski are the parents of an 8 1-2 pound son. Both mother and child are doing nicely.

E. R. Baker, chief engineer at the Power House, has been reporting some fine catches in the reservoir lately. He has caught several two pound catfish and also some one pound perch.

Louis Koenneker, foreman at the Acetylene Works at the Wood River Refinery, and his father were up fishing at the reservoir recently. We have been expecting Max Hartwig, "Red" Harnar and others up on a fishing trip, so far they have failed to make their appearance.

George Underkofler, auto mechanic, raced at the Fair Grounds several Sundays recently. Last Sunday he made second place in his Stutz racer. The races are well attended.

Howard Reynolds, formerly truck driver, now is machinist helper at the Power House.

It is reported that John Dunn, top foreman at Mine No. 2, is also deputy game warden, specializing in ducks at the Reservoir.

Mrs. Charles VanMeter is away for a week visiting relatives in Canton, Ill.

It is claimed that Miss Ethel Crosby, daughter of John Crosby, one of our face bosses at Mine No. 2, is champion tennis player at Schoper.

John Kroeger has been transferred from the Gandy gang to the Power House, and has moved to Schoper. He is third assistant to Todd Porter.

Jewell Wilson who has been with the company ever since operations began at this point, has moved to California.

J. W. Black of the electrical department is planning a trip to his old home in Brooklyn.

John Dunn advised E. R. Baker not to buy balloon tires for his car, inasmuch as it looked as if were ready to "go up" without them.

We thought T. W. Starbuck was driving a hearse the other day, but on closer observation decided it was only his Hudson Six.

Ernest Whitler is again in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, having resumed his position as agent for the sales department at this point.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ferry announce the birth of a son. It is their third child.

Mrs. E. W. Kasten and children are visiting in Decatur and Vandalia.

The Standard Oil Bowling team was defeated by the Elks team of this city in a recent game by 78 pins. C. W. Clark, Arthur Hibbard, Earl Anderson, Paul Cerar and "Squeaky" VanMeter made up the team for the Standard Oil Company, while Bill Schoenherr, Sam McCormick, Mike Seyfrit, John Costley and William Homer, did the bowling for the Elks.

GENERAL OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Office

FOUND: One box of lip rouge with picture of man on cover. Owner please see W. E. Blodgett and identify same, as Mr. Blodgett has no use for it.

Walter Blodgett, Mr. Akers, George Harman and W. A. King appeared at the office, some limping, some using crutches; in fact, Walter transacting his business in a standing position. As the Office Ed's pineal gland is in a very impressionable state it would be harassing to have this number of invalids increase, so be careful, boys.

Mr. Cochran says it's terrible to get old. He spent a few days up north playing "horseshoe" and such, and was lame for the next three days.

We hope for a speedy recovery of Mrs. Essery, wife of our chief clerk. She recently underwent an operation which necessitated "splitting up" the family. Mr. Essery says "keeping house" is not bad, but will be glad to welcome them all home again.

Mr. Grimshaw has a good alibi for one-arm driving—he recently burned his hand while lighting a match. "Every cloud has a silver lining." Don't you think so, Grim?

Herb Finnegan, "the ladies' choice," is more popular than ever these days. He has had a "steady" job recently acting as assistant to the assistant general managers, while the regular asistants have all had their vacations. What would we do without him?

F. C. Singleton, our Safety First man, wonders why Finnegan is the ladies' choice. He says "Finnegan, give us all a chance!"

E. E. Follin, our paint and varnish expert, says he never was much of a "movie fan," but since he returned from Hollywood he's changed his mind. After glancing at the pictures he took of Eileen Pringle, Claire Windsor, Walter Hiers, Herbert Rawlinson and a few others, we don't blame him much.

Arthur Frederickson who resides in Riverside, is asking everybody how to get to Rogers Park. We wonder why.

Mrs. Shaw is leaving us again for the hospital to undergo another operation. We do pray you won't suffer much, and won't you please hurry back?

"My wife's gone to the country" didn't sound like music to Ed Bobletter's ears. His wife took the kiddies to visit their grandmother, but when Ed got back from his vacation in the east he found he couldn't live without her, so wired her to come home immediately. Now, he can sing "Home, Sweet Home."

We have two new faces in our department, being H. T. Bunch, assistant to Mr. Kluender, and J. H. Snyder on the inspection desk.

Does anybody think Min Tillisch gained a pound while on her vacation? If they do—BEWARE! Think before you speak.

C. A. Jackson, our checker star (he claims), was severely trimmed by some real stars, John Gutzsell and Bert Stanke, the past two weeks. All three have some hard work ahead of them.

Al Fischer caused the office boys some real excitement the other day by accidentally sitting on the buzzer while dictating a letter.

We now have three women "golfers" in our department—Mrs. Shaw, Miss Sandhagen and Miss Burton. Can't we interest another to make up a foursome?

Earl Clark is considering moving to Rogers Park. You might secure directions from Hazel Bixler about the neighborhood, Earl.

Ed Longhenry was honored with a ticket from a police officer for having an obstructed license

plate. Lucky, Ed, that the chief is a friend of yours.

Can anyone tell us why Hazel Bixler almost falls down the stairs rushing to the "L" station at 5 o'clock? Attention, purchasing department.

Fifth Floor

Some of the girls and boys from the distribution department were taking pictures the other day over in Grant Park, and asked Miss Stockley and Miss Seeberger to get in one of the pictures with the girls, but they refused, we presume, on account of their *long hair.* However, Miss Stockley has almost decided to have her's bobbed at last. We don't believe you are game, Jean.

John Jaeger has a white poodle dog which he is willing to trade for anything you have to offer. Ask him why.

Among the new faces in the distribution department is Mr. Demick, sheet writer (ex-saloon-keeper), known as Epa-Demick, who is also studying evenings to be an embalmer. He ought to make a good one from all the experience he has had with fluids.

If anyone knows of a starving dog, see Miss Foote or Mr. Campbell.

Cooperage Department

With great regret we announce the death of J. E. Bell's only sister after a lingering illness. We all join in expressing our deepest sympathy.

You should see Miss Kaiser's new black and white dress and beads to match. Certainly looks classy.

Mrs. Lulu Knight has changed her name to Mrs. Lulu King and has left our midst after giving us several years of her cordial and popular self. We wish her all happiness. A turkey dinner was given in honor of the occasion at the "Picadilly Inn" in the Fine Art's Building. We are assured by Miss Anna Baar that nothing exciting occurred.

The cost department have discovered a wonderful pinch hitter in the person of Virgil Land. To see that boy swing 'em out on the boulevard is worth paying admission for.

Ernie Enholm is growing a very sweet little mustache cause his girl bought him a mustache cup for his birthday—she thought it was a shaving mug.

The spirit of the times and fashion's demands make it almost imperative to have bobbed hair. But whom of all her wide circle of friends did not shed a few tears over the passing of those beautiful curls that fell before the devastating shears of some heartless barber. Mrs. Wernicke we do not know whether to be sorry over the loss of the curls or happy over the new bobbed hair. But anyway *congratulations.*

We still have a few heads that have not seen the shears. We told 'em we would publish their names. Here they are: the Misses Stavis, White, Reiter, Zimmerman, Schneider, Lingenfelter and Vanek—seven in all.

Heimerdinger pulled a good alibi when they hit him for twenty cents contribution towards a new indoor ball. He was talking business with Miss Goyke. No doubt, no doubt.

The fair Miss Ward needed but little encouragement to give the boys an even greater treat. If this produces a like result, etc. etc. etc., we'll soon have the obliging Alice wearing a bathing suit.

Walter Parker, the new comer to the bookkeeping department from Casper, sure took down the house with his new pants the other day. They are of a beautiful shade of blue with a slight tinge of mauve interwoven and with creamy white running down in a series of vertical lines. But after all is said and done they really do bear a sneaking resemblance to overalls.

The lure of the West has proven too strong for our good friend Eddy Heberg. "Back once more where men are men and all the trails lead to where the rainbow ends." Ride 'em Ed! and don't pull leather, "Whoopee!"

New lines of endeavor called Duke Lorimer —but not for long. The sheik appeared on the ball field in our daily competition and when called out at first on a close decision cried as if his little heart would break. He finally subsided on the side lines with an all-day-sucker that the boys chipped in and bought him.

Miss MacDermott was compelled to take her vacation a little earlier than expected. The lad next door attempted to shingle her hair, and as he finished about two inches above the ears, Josephine took herself out to Lake Zurich and spent an otherwise pleasant two weeks, waiting for her ears to be covered.

There was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when Aloysius Ferdinand Peters now of the bookkeeping Department found that some dastardly villain had covered his nice shiny mirror all over with glue.

With the passing of Doc Coulter goes one of our best subjects for news. Doc has been the bone of contention since Lorimer has married. Now indeed will all of our fair flappers be disconsolate.

We thought emotional heights were reached upon viewing E. J. Haas in the throes of concentration. But to see Benny Wolfe get up to bat in a pinch with grim determination on his face, with every intention to hit one a mile, and then to see the poor boy pop up—we tell you the sorrow and disappointment he shows would secure him a job as Shakespeare's Hamlet anytime.

Dicky Pfeiffer always sticks around his desk at noon and at five o'clock waiting for his reward—and he never fails to get it—a very sweet smile from Miss Goyke. Dick has fallen hard and we don't blame him a bit.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente, Correspondent; Harry Blix, W. S. Walker, and Art Emrath, Associate Correspondents

Kozel, formerly located at S. S. No. 93, has been transferred to Chicago Sales—he worked for it, too.

Hoffman, who won his fame at S. S. No. 60 and later at No. 513, has been rewarded by a promotion to the sales force.

At S. S. No. 97, the boys staged a Polarine contest of their own. Sanford beat Gordon, Dewey, Mallugen and Mulvihill in the first week's competition.

In the Eastern division Polarine Contest for July, R. D. Johnson of S. S. No. 27 won first place, while McRae of S. S. No. 26, was second, about two points behind. Merica and Durava, also of S. S. No. 26, were tied for third place.

At S. S. No. 65, Cary and Wiggins show a Polarine gain over the sales that won the Polarine contest last year.

Art Emrath was out motoring the other eve-

ning with a new sweetheart and ran out of gas out on Dempster street. Old stuff, Art! How did the girl take it?

Our friend, Leon McGrath, became all excited one day when he was "cut off" while talking over the phone. When he finally got his party back again, he said, "I guess we were 'discontinued'."

Salesman Frank Matthys is receiving congratulations on the birth of a girl. Both Mrs. Matthys and the baby are reported doing well.

Reports from Englewood are to the effect Agent Joe Seeber is a super-fisherman. Anyone planning to go fishing on his vacation should see Joe first.

We have heard Salesman J. H. Hill is soon to be a Benedict. Although this report has not been confirmed, the angelic appearance of Friend Hill would indicate it to be so.

For original ideas on landscaping one should visit our Washington Heights Station. Agent Wenzinger is to be commended for the beautiful appearance of his station.

At the Garage Owner's Picnic, Gene Utz asked Bob Bland why a person was allowed to win only one first and one second. Bob explained that last year someone had won a lot of prizes and then went around trying to sell 'em. Gene said, "Why, I didn't sell any!" Bob woke up and exclaimed, "You're the guy!" Can't you keep still, Gene?

Art Miller, chief clerk at Waukegan, recently spent his vacation honeymooning at Wisconsin Dells. Mrs. Miller was formerly Miss Alice Wickstrand.

At the annual picnic of Chicago Garage Owners' Association, a baseball game was held between the associate members' team, composed mostly of Standard Oilers, and the Garage Owners. Walter Hansen allowed only one clean hit but errors paved the way for a Garage Owners' victory, 4 to 1. The real excitement occurred in the last inning when Harry Blix led off with a single and reached third on an overthrow and a passed ball and Gene Utz drew a pass to first. With one out, Blix got caught between third and home and was nailed at the plate. In the excitement, Gene followed right around and scored the only run.

Miss Kitty O'Connor sprinted to first place in the Ladies Race and rolled in fourth in the Ladies' Tire Race. L. E. Truitt also got fourth in the Men's Tire Race. He was after the prize for the last man in, but as there were only four in the race, he had to take 4th prize. Tough luck, Truitt.

During the Horse-Shoe Matches, J. W. Wilson and Robert Ingmanson did not lose a game all day. A special match should be arranged between them.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

That's what we call energetic and ambitious and nothing else exceptin'—When Miss Evelyn Litscher, cartage clerk, doffed shoes and stockings and gallantly meandered down to the office one dark and stormy evening when the streets were running with water at least two feet deep.

Indeed and it's a sad world. Spike Kroy, their faithful pilot this many a year, has abandoned, absolutely and positively, the vivacious camps that compose the checking crew.

Whether Spike Kroy's latest manouver had anything to do with it or not we don't know—but anyway, Miss Lillian Kruse, popular checking clerk, pulled stakes and left for Minneapolis on September 1.

Miss Dorothy Saunders, her room-mate, who was in such demand at our dances last Winter, leaves with Miss Kruse for Minneapolis, where they intend to make their home, providing they don't change their minds. Good luck to you girls.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Paulson of Rock Island are the parents of a daughter, born August 23. Mrs. Paulson, before her marriage, was Miss Fay, head of the stenographic department. The baby will be called Mary Margaret.

Mystery surrounds Archie Kavensky's bandaged eye. Is it possible that they've come to blows so soon? Well cheer up, they say the course of true love never runs smooth.

Lost a fraternity pin with initials AB" engraved. Helen Rathmann is offering a handsome reward for its safe return, and she's getting kinda anxious since the Handsome that gave it to her is coming to town right soon.

Why, why are the girls so down-hearted around the office these days? Reason enough—Li'l Herbie, the office sheik, has been running around the country in a Ford Roadster, getting kicked out of cabarets, etc. (The last, of course, is merely a rumor—though we don't doubt but what it's true.)

If Tommie Rogerson wants to become a big opera star some day he'd better be careful. They do say as how every little deviation from the truth takes that much away from the quality and beauty of a red-headed Irishman's voice.

No more special deliveries a day for Ray Ord. His young lady is back from California.

Ed Day wants to go back to the field. After the name he raked up for himself down at Wapelo you'd think he'd be content to stick around here where we're all his true friends and all that.

Well, who is it now? Glen Slater recently spent five whole dollars for a perfectly beautiful manicure set, green lining and everything. As usual, cherchez la femme.

Mr. Watson claims that the distillery outfit in his room is used solely for making distillations of gasoline. But—they say those two funny looking, but prosperous, fellows hanging around the office the other day were revenue officers.

The order department reports that Gill Resser was seen driving towards Pleasant Valley the other evening in his big black touring car. Do you suppose he was out to buy some onions, they ask, or going to make a friendly call on Miss Dodds.

We sure are getting swell, a real fried chicken dinner, and only 40 cents. The woman said it would be more next time, but neglected to make herself clear as to whether she was referring to the chicken or the price.

Mr. Warren, assistant manager, one of the recent golf addicts, is becoming famous. He made the ninth hole of the Credit Island course in two. Ed Day says that's swell, and of course, we believe him.

Did you hear about the Russian Wolf Hound that the Hotel man at Wapello gave to Agent Guthrie. It sure was some dog, even if Mr. Guthrie had to buy a bar of soap and take the

dog out to the creek before his wife would let him bring it home.

G. M. Whelan, former manager of the Davenport division, visited us for awhile on September 30. We were all very glad to see him but cannot understand his refusing to consider any of the offers to swap cars that were made him.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

A picnic supper in the nature of a farewell to W. S. McLeod and family, was held at the Standard Oil plant. About eighty were present. Mr. McLeod, who for the past five years has been local agent, has been transferred to a similar position at Ottumwa. Before supper a gift was presented to Mr. McLeod by Lou Reeves in behalf of the Stanolind Nite Lite Club. Mrs. Moats, in behalf of the ladies auxiliary, the Stanolind Bright Lights, presented a gift to Mrs. McLeod. Both responded with appropriate talks. R. G. Stewart, manager of the Davenport division, was guest of honor and gave a short talk as did F. J. Jennings, who succeeds Mr. McLeod as agent. Mr. McLeod left immediately to take up his new duties at Ottumwa. Mrs. McLeod and family will follow at a later date.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Faith Sampson had a ride in the airplane the other evening. She says the old town doesn't look like itself when you are 'way up yonder. Who financed the trip, Faith?

Everyone was surprised to see Harry Nalefski and Art Faster "Pouring" at our recent picinc. Didn't think it was in you, boys.

Some of the fellows have decided to put on that great masterpiece, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", the leading stars are as follows: Bill Taylor as Little Eva; Ned Noonan as Uncle Tom; Porter Simcox as Topsy.

Just to show you how thrifty Merle Cline is teaching his two sons to be, we'll tell you what we heard at our picnic. Merle and his two sons went in bathing. Mrs. Cline was gazing fondly at her little family group from the beach where Robert, aged 9, yelled "Hey, Mamma, Papa and brother and me all checked our clothes for a dime." Mrs. Cline wishes now she'd gone in swimming, too, so that the conversation might have been more private.

Jean Lewis, warehouseman at Danville, has been very successful this season with his small garden near the Tilton plant.

"Dad" Wilson, Danville, has secured the services of a ten months old pup to help him keep the tramps away from the plant at night. This pup will be a great help to "Dad" this winter as well as company.

L. O. Thomas, engineer at our Danville plant, has a new rotary pump with which to empty his tank cars, and he says it is mighty nice.

Agent Beshoar at Danville is the proud owner of a new modern bungalow in the North section of town. As I have said, he is very proud of it.

Orville Butler, T. W. salesman at Danville, is the proud daddy of a 9 pound baby boy. Is he going to be a Standard Oiler, Orville?

T. W. Salesman A. L. O'Neal at Danville has been alone the last few days, his wife having gone to Nebraska to her mother's funeral.

N. H. Brewer, T. W. salesman, Danville, is beginning the fall by having tire trouble with his Ford tank every day. Let's hope it does not last long.

James Dalby, driver, has been doing some fast driving in his Ford coupe of late. You see the other Sunday he and Ed. Williams put on an Atwater-Kent timer.

Agent Sands at Urbana has been assigned to the city salesman's position in Champaign and Urbana recently held by E. V. Kendal, who was sent to Decatur as agent.

Driver Allan Steel of the Champaign city route has been given one of the two routes in Monticello. Allan was so delighted that he immediately became a husband with the assistance of Miss Mildred Ashton, a minister and the proper permit and credentials. Congratulations!

Ellis Coon is the new driver who took the Champaign city route, being transferred from a country route. Ellis was formerly driver and S. S. checker at Muskegon, Mich.

Miles Jeeter, former clerk at Danville, has taken Agent Sands' place at the Urbana plant. Success to you, Miles.

Carl Peters, former head of the South University farm has accepted the route given up by Ellis Coon.

Charles Stockwill has resigned from S. S. No. 44 to enter the employ of the Overland people.

It is rumored that G. W. Rucker, agent at Georgetown, is going to ask for a transfer to Veedersburg, Ind. Better stay in Illinois, Ruck, as Illinois girls are plentiful.

Cleo Seeds, agent at Broadlands is in possession of some very good pictures, so Agent Instructor Schecter reports. You've got our curiosity aroused now, Cleo, and we'd like to see 'em.

Agent Lee H. Rahn of Tuscola purchased a new Ford truck. Who said customers wouldn't get real service.

A. J. Snyder is our new agent at Bushton, Ill. Here's wishing you success, Jack.

We are pleased to announce that Mrs. Lee H. Rahn, wife of our Tuscola representative, is again able to drive her Ford coupe. Mrs. Rahn has been quite sick.

Everybody reports having had a good time at the S. O. Co. picnic at Mattoon, Ill., held at Paradise Lake, August 10. We have not been able to get any of the details.

E. C. Bergfield, S. S. salesman at No. 17, Tuscola, is still on the job, fellows, selling polarine. He has placed his mark at a 100 barrels this year.

R. S. English, agent at Arcola, is the proud owner of a new Ford sedan.

F. C. Scheiderman, driver at Tuscola, says he expects to spend more of his Sundays at Paradise Lake, and as we all know he spent the most of the day at the Picnic on the beach, you can guess the reason.

We noticed A. T. Wright's name on the ladder of fame. Mr. Wright is our representative at the Hindsboro station. Here's wishing you close the year on the top round, Alva.

Salesman C. O. Spangler in the Danville territory has moved his residence from Danville to Ridge Farm, Ill.

William Bruce Snodgrass is our new agent at Edinburg, succeeding Homer Blaney, who recently resigned.

Agent Kepner of St. Elmo has a new Interna-

tional speed wagon and "Bugs" is sure "keeping 'em filled".

A. J. Markert, truck driver at E. St. Louis has just purchased a new Ford. We will increase our sales on Red Crown now as T. W. Salesman G. A. Dietrich recently purchased a Lizzie, too.

East St. Louis has an honest to goodness ball team now. If you don't believe this, ask Granite City, as they have received two wallopings from them. Everybody wants to know what gets wrong with T. W. Driver Geo. Whilt at these said ball games. He starts out good, but for some reason or other, gets indisposed before the game is over.

Frank Cline, son of Salesman C. A. Cline of Litchfield, has been very ill in the hospital with typhoid fever, but is now reported doing nicely.

Agent H. O. Price, Hillsboro, says he sure is proud of the new S. S. opened at Hillsboro.

Miss Violet and Homer Hurst, children of Marshall agent Burns Hurst will attend school in Bloomington again this Winter.

Neal Reddicks, agent at Oakland, has a fish located in the Ambras River that, according to the story told "Big John" Spaulding must be an over-sized whale.

Frank L. Goers is the new agent at Sadorus, Ill., succeeding William Foote, who took a sixty-day leave and is visiting his father in New York. We want to extend to Mr. Foote, our deepest sympathy in the loss of his wife who died August 2 after an illness of several months.

On August 21, Salesman H. L. Porter and Miss Gladys Binney of Edwardsville were married at the First Presbyterian Church. The whole S. O. family extends the newly married couple their congratulations, and thanks for the cigars, although we did have some inquiries from the girls as to candy.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Guy H. Seger, agent at Slater, was called to Blairsburg recently by the very serious illness of his mother. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

J. C. Vincent, auditor, was a welcome visitor recently. Come again soon, Mr. Vincent.

We believe that M. L. Anderson of the bookkeeping department deserves a medal of some kind as he holds the record of having been run over by his own car.

The marriage of Miss Susie Seley and Harold C. Shinn was solemnized August 3 at Winterset. Mr. Shinn is assistant attendant at Greenfield S. S. May your married life be a long and happy one.

Mrs. W. R. Brown, wife of our Ankeny agent, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Roy sure misses the boss when she is not at home.

If anyone knows a sure cure for hay fever tell Harry Smith, salesman, for he says he sure needs one. However, his hay fever didn't keep him from taking two of the good looking bathing girls at the fair out to lunch.

Elmer Noonan, salesman, has appeared in a new Ford coupe. How can you do it, Elmer?

LaVerne Rowley spent his vacation in Minnesota fishing. He didn't get any fish, but says he had a fine vacation.

At least Miss Rampton, stenographer, has followed in the footsteps of the majority of the girls and appears with a "bob". You know how fine I think it looks, Miss Rampton.—(Correspondent.)

Roscoe Souder, general office clerk, is mighty proud of his "Chevy". He says he drove over 1,000 miles on his vacation trip and didn't even have a puncture. Hard to believe. Ross.

Why is it that Jordan Clapper, clerk at Creston, is seen in Des Moines so much? It may be that he is riding in the fresh air for his health, but it looks suspicious.

On August 10, Willis T. Jackson, agent at Tingley, Iowa, slipped away to Marysville, Mo., and was married to Miss Fay McDowell of Tingley. We wish you both a long and happy life.

DETROIT, MICH.

J. A. Green, Correspondent

Tank Wagon Department

Mechanic Lee Forbush of Bellevue showed his artistic ability by painting an aeroplane and a motor boat on the Red Crown pump at the Marine Service Station. The station was all dolled up for the International Motor Boat Races and Lee's work brought many compliments.

Charlie Bullock, assistant superintendent at the Clay avenue plant, is supposed to be spending his vacation at Houghton Lake. Charlie started for the lake Saturday noon, August 23. Seven o'clock that night he telephoned to Clay avenue from Tuxedo and Hamilton for help—his car had stalled. Driver Gilboe, who helped him out, suggested that "he'd better tie a vacuum cleaner on the back to pick up broken parts."

Johnny Graven, our 352 clerk at Clay avenue, who by the way is a second Caruso, isn't singing any more since his vacation. What has given Johnny the glooms?

We are glad to know that Jack Martell, assistant cashier at Clay avenue, has recovered without any scars from his recent injury in an automobile accident.

Clifford Garvin, clerk at Clay avenue, announced on his arrival at the office Monday morning that he was the proud father of a nine pound boy. Congratulations, Clifford.

Main Office

The girls of the Stenographic Department were very much pleased to meet Miss Alma Eith, Helen Cates' pal from the Indianapolis office, who recently visited us.

After two years' coaxing, Florence Walthers really allowed the barber to cut her hair. It looks fine, Florence.

Our ambitious young Polarine discount clerk, Brad L. Springer, spent his recent vacation at St. Louis, Mo., trying out for the Big Leagues. Brad is quite a South Paw.

Miss Edith Spilman spent her vacation at Cedar Point. Mr. Brown asked Edith if she caught any fish. Edith said, "Yes, one." Mrs. Eshelman then chimed in, "Oh, yes, one with a nice big Studebaker."

Miss Helen Cates spent a week of her vacation in Indianapolis. Helen tells us she likes Indianapolis very much but she likes Detroit better, as there is an added attraction here now—new Hudson and everything, and his name is Bill.

Mr. Howell passed cigars and candy. The occasion was his wedding, August 18. Congratulations, Harold.

Mabel Soop and Frances Votrobeck have just

returned from an enjoyable trip to our own northern Michigan.

Service Station Department

We regret to record the death of William B. Sloman, attendant at S. S. No. 161, Monroe, who was killed in an automobile accident on Telegraph Road, just south of Monroe, August 6.

George N. Haynes, S. S. No. 332, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter, Audrey Phyllis, in his home on August 12.

J. L. Johnson has been transferred from the country general to the lubricating department, taking over George Stimson's old territory. George is interested right now in the promotion of the sale of Furnace Oil.

The boys at the Clay avenue garage enjoyed cigars passed around by William Funk and C. A. Fetner. The garage says it is an event for two fellows to set sail in the same week on the Matrimonial Sea.

What is this we hear about Bruce McDonald of the equipment department, sending a bottle of —— to the laundry last week? We understand Bruce has had applications from fifty laundries already for his future offerings.

Mrs. Hazel O'Leary (nee McLean) entertained her friends by serving a lovely dinner in her new home.

Announcement of the marriage of Miss Laura Schauer, formerly of the iron barrel department, Detroit office, to Victor R. Juengel on August 19, at Bay City, Mich., has just been received by friends in this office. Congratulations, and best wishes to the "newlyweds."

We had been wondering why Jack Simcock, agent at Rochester, has a continuous smile and where he hides himself over week ends. However, we learn he is to take upon himself a partner. She hails from Canada.

G. Shores, engineer from South Bend, visited Detroit last week in connection with business of Detroit plants with branches in South Bend field.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Robert Bratt, Duluth football star, is now with us in the main office, having been transferred from the Duluth warehouse. He's great on tackling his work.

Arthur Johnson, former clerk at the Superior plant station, has left the company and is now with a grain commissioner at Duluth.

Ask Rudolph Anderson, our good-looking draftsman, "How is Detroit?" He had his tonsils taken out recently.

L. V. Fredlund, former S. S. attendant at Iron River, Mich., has been promoted to salesman with headquarters at Escanaba. Best wishes for your success, Leonard.

Hibbing S. S. No. 308, Marinette, Wis.; S. S. No. 24, and Hancock, Mich., S. S. No 10, attendants are stepping pretty high these days. These stations were successful in the winning the "Semdac banner" for the largest percentage of gain over July sales last year. Wonder what station will be the lucky one for August?

Clarence Dellbridge is a new attendant at Houghton S. S. No. 396. Clarence C. Calberg is a new member of the Iron River Mich., force. We welcome you to our crew.

Henry F. Anderson, formerly clerk at the Rhinelander station, has been promoted to salesman with headquarters at Iron River, Mich. Welcome to the sales crew, Henry. Let's see you go!

Miss Miller, daughter of Agent A. R. Miller at Bayfield, Wis., is noted for her ability in swimming and fancy diving and is known as "The Champion Mermaid of the Pageant City."

Marinette, Wis.

We certainly miss our co-worker and trade stimulator, John Sahaida (Slivers), who passed away early in July of acute appendicitis. The entire Marinette force extends its deepest sympathy to his family.

Al Carter, attendant, sure likes Ethyl. Says she is a peppy girl. Eh, what?

Attendants Worrell and Peterson are selling a tar remover, car cleaner and polish combined. It's an old product in a new can and we call it Semdac.

Charles Bowen, carburetor expert, while at Marinette recently, nearly incurred the wrath of Fire Chief Duket. It seems while Charley was adjusting the carburetor on the chief's motor boat he was so taken in by the waters of the Menominee river that he wanted to take some back to Duluth with him. Chief Duket said, "No," however, as he was afraid it would lower the hydrant pressure.

Salesman Charles Hansen has found a new way to sell Coupon Books. Join a suit club and pay for the suit in coupon books.

Earl Dehart says it pays to be polite. You should hear the wonderful line he gets from the fishing boat.

"More Shiny Fenders" is the slogan at S. S. No. 24 since winning the Wisconsin Semdac honor sales banner for July. Attendant Worrell and Peterson say that ever dusty cloud has a silver lining.

Ashland, Wis.

"Shorty" Williams, our agent at Hayward, Wis., has ordered Salute (Solite) gasoline. You've got to take your hat off to this product at that.

A Curtiss airplane, flying from Minneapolis to Hancock, Mich., stopped off at Ashland for SOCO products. The pilot was loud in his praise of the service he got from our company all along the line. We're getting prepared for the time when an airplane will be as ordinary as an automobile in getting our service.

Bovinol is sure a "fly dope." Ever since the agent at Iron River, Wis., gained a reputation for big sales, flies are getting farther and farther away.

Mr. Pichard, grounding device expert, was at Ashland when lightning struck a tree two rods from our warehouse. After inspecting ground wires and improving tank grounding device we all feel safe again.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Irene Deig, Correspondent

Ed Walker is our idea of a most obliging sort of a fellow. When he found that a certain young lady had a preference for tall men, he immediately offered to come out on stilts.

We certainly did appreciate the fine Elberta peaches which L. E. Corzine, our agent at Cobden, sent us several weeks ago.

Now that Alfred Keerl has a new Dodge coupe, his rating will be somewhat higher in the Flapper's Blue Book.

Judging from the collection of paper weights on Hal Berges' desk, he is deeply interested in the theory of evolution. Among his collection are a monkey, alligator, frog, snake, dog and several other rare specimens.

A few of the fellows and fewer of the girls were guests at a party given recently by Anne Leahy at her home. Everyone agreed Anne is a charming hostess.

We are all glad to see Mr. Guthrie getting an opportunity of doing bigger work, and know that the increased efficiency of the company testifies to the success we are confident he will have.

Mr. McBrian, who became assistant chief clerk, August 1, will take over the clerical details formerly handled by Mr. Guthrie.

We all miss the familiar sight of Billy Ralston with his ice cream cone these days. We hope that you will soon be well enough to be back with us again, Billy.

All the stock department is anxious to learn why Clarence Mann makes his round to the water cooler at 11:47 a. m. every day.

Now that the football season will be in full swing within a very short time and not to be branded as a slow gang, we have selected a squad of SOCO pigskin chasers, under the able direction of Hal Bergess, that would make Rockne blush at his own insignificance. The lineup: R. E., Walker; R. G., Ralston; A. T., Hays; Center, A. Fink; L. G., Bernhardt; L. T., Paris; L. E., Schnable; R. H., Mann; Full, Heldt; L. H., Butterworth, and Quarterback, Stadler. The second string men are a strong aggregation and will put up a scrappy game. Ramsey has unlimited wind. East Lynn's distance punting would make Kipke sit up and take notice. As for line plunges, we have a find in Shriver who stars again and again on the 3-yard line. According to Coach Burgess, he has come to carry the ball across—high ball.

Vincennes, Ind.

H. M. V. Shackelford, Reporter

Old daddy stork in his wanderings over the city left a small delectable burden at the home of Adolph Byers. The time was July 14 and the burden was a boy. The boy will be known as Wallace Borden.

One of the events of the year at Vincennes this year was a picnic given for the employees some time ago. The affair was in charge of Harry Strange, salesman in that district. "Doc" Gjerde, a new addition to the sales force at Vincennes, was the hero of the day when he succumbed to the insistent call of his Nordic blood and slew a snake which was over five feet long.

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

L. C. Ladner of the Warren field has returned from Chicago, where he received instructions on the candle line.

Mr. Vogel is a recent addition to our sales force. He has been assigned to the Warren field as general salesman.

Barbara Sadler is a recent addition to force on the second floor, having been assigned the billing for both order and sales departments.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr McDermott are the proud parents of a baby girl, Shirley Lorraine, born July 3. Mac, who is warehouse clerk, declares that she can say "Daddy" already.

Francis Grimsgaard, Morris Gingray and wife, Mel Rufer and Lillian Erickson have been recent visitors from Minot.

Carl Lunde of the record department and Louis Seabloom of the credit department are the latest additions to the Benedicts.

C. B. Rathbun has arrived to take up his new duties as lubricating salesman.

Jeannette Fetting of the stock department is driving a new Ford coupe.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

August 6 found C. S. McDonald, credit man, limping into the office on crutches, the cause being a sore foot resulting from infection. However, Mac is now able to walk without the aid of the "wood".

Roma West, payroll clerk, visited the "big, dirty" city, Chicago, during the week of August 6. It was her initial visit and that was her first impression. Roma had the pleasure of visiting our mutual friend, L. D. Hyde. She also says her neck stood the strain well.

Mrs. A. Drieberg of Cincinnati is the proud mother of a daughter born recently. We will all remember "mama" as Mable Pinckney, who used to pound the keys in the marketing department.

Mrs. Harriett Rose is convalescent at her home following an operation for appendicitis. We hope you'll be back with us in time to read this, Harriett.

The same to Miss Mildred Price who is ill at Butterworth Hospital. Hurry back, Mildred.

Ernest Gibbs, mail clerk, is back again, having recovered from blood poisoning, resulting from infection in his hand.

Ted Olsee and Ray Sluyter of the checking department are driving new Ford coupes now. Do they, "pickup" good, boys? Of course, as Ray is a newly married man, we don't expect an answer.

We welcome Jack Grimes and A. De Vries into the SOCO, who are making the usual rounds to enter into the field as salesmen.

Elmer Gaikema now spends his eight hours a day chewing gum and working on the books—a regular bookkeeper.

Ellen Van Allsburg reports having spent a quiet and restful week at home—and how nice it seems to sleep long and "Don't have to get up in the morning".

Carl Ostenson, stock department, received a card from his "sweetie" from Niagara Falls, saying, "It certainly was the biggest thrill in my life to see all this." What's the matter Carl, did she forget the when she first saw you?

Howard Free of the checking department is trying to keep taxes down in Grand Rapids by paying more than his share to the police department. Less speed, Howard. No bargains any more, it's $10 straight, no discount for quantities.

August 4, the Misses Blanche Warren, Christine Vehyl, Peggy Car and Ethelyn Yost entertained with a delightful luncheon, followed by a theater party, in honor of Miss Esther Davis, ediphone operator, who is to become the bride of Carl DeVries, our order clerk, perhaps in the near future (we haven't been able to find out just when).

On August 8, Frank Meulenberg of the record department rushed around his home saying. "Doctor, how many? How many?" Doc in-

formed the anxious daddy-to-be that a bouncing boy of 8 pounds arrived, in other words. Frank, Jr. Daddy was so proud and pleased he laughed for two days. Congratulations.

Lieut. Russell of the record department is in camp at Grayling, Mich. Bill says he can't find enough blankets to keep warm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Pettit are the proud possessors of a nice baby boy, Joseph, Jr., who arrived on August 11. J. J. Pettit Sr. works in the refined oil and gasoline department.

Miss Tess Amborski, is back again, having recovered from her recent illness.

Speaking of new cars—a nice new Buick Sedan would make anyone's chest stick out. That nice new blue car in front of the office belongs to none other than our friend, Harry Ellis, sales manager. But you'll admit Harry, Fords are nice, judging from the number in front of the office and otherwise.

On August 3, we understand that Harold Hill of the order department had a birthday. How we found out—Harold came down with such a lovely plush, shiny, yellowish shirt. Harold said, "We *must* appreciate gifts". So 'tis, Harold, So 'tis!

It is with regret that we announce the death of Lewis Shrav, T. W. driver at Hastings, Mich. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

"Twins is twins". It wouldn't be at all hard to distinguish the Coeling, Davis and Van Domelen twins in the office, but we defy anyone going past Louis Tomszak and his brother, faster than a stroll, to tell which is which. (Oh! a pix of four pairs, please.—Ed.)

Our genial mail clerk, Neal Pease, is leaving us at the end of August to enter Moody Institute, Chicago, to start his studies which will later enable him to enter the field as missionary. Good luck, Neale, we wish you much success.

THIS ALSO CAME IN!

Elsa and Everett are both on their vacation. Nothing strange about that. We have been expecting it for some time. They have sure been very quiet about it. The society section of the papers have not told us anything, but what else can it be. They have had their heads together for several days, and now they are both on a vacation. It's the same old story. Things have not changed since you and I were young Mag.

Kalamazoo

Roy Johnson, rural T. W. driver, is holding his head very high. He has joined the "Castoria" Club. He cannot carry his membership card around with him, for it is a 9 1-2 pound boy. Congratulations, Roy!

The gasoline sales at Kalamazoo are expected to take a big jump immediately. Glen Freeman, S. S. T. W. driver, and John Monteath, smoke stack salesman, have each purchased new Ford Sedans.

We notice in the August number, that Manistee claims to have the champion heavyweight of the S. O. Family. Manistee has evidently overlooked the fact that Kalamazoo is on the map.

Arrangements have been made to have photographs taken of the Kalamazoo trio; Charles De Forest, warehouseman; Earl Fausnaugh, clerk, and Mr. Vanderberg, S. S. attendants at "37". When the picture appears, we feel sure that all doubt will be removed, and the prize will go to Kalamazoo. (And lets see yours Manistee?)

Bud Snyder, S. S. attendant, has left the service of the Company, and has started in the tire business for himself. Good luck, Bud.

CADILLAC

Lawrence Mott has promised to love, honor, and (——?——) Miss Florris Carver. Mr. and Mrs. Mott are residing at 30 Bartlett street.

We welcome the following new employees: George A. O'Brien, S. S. attendant No. 20; Maynard Mapes, S. S. attendant No. 19; Jessie W. Adams, S. S. attendant No. 74; Millard E. Wilcox, S. S. attendant No. 66; W. C. Stoetzel, T. W. driver, Route No. 3, and Hugh Greenwald, motor mechanic.

Clifford Carr and Paul Large resigned their positions as S. S. attendants to complete their studies at the Northwestern University.

T. W. Superintendent J. P. Spearrow is doing special sales work while Lester Wilson is looking after his duties.

City Salesman J. A. Galbreath is confined to his home on account of illness. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

August 7, all employees held a basket picnic at Fine Lake, having a ball game between teams composed of T. W. drivers and S. S. attendants, after which a fine supper was enjoyed by all. After the ladies had all they wanted to eat, they had a ball game themselves, and now are out with a challenge to play the men folks. We will put our money on the ladies.

Mr. Fillingham, our assistant manager, was a recent visitor. Come again Mr. Fillingham.

T. W. Driver O. C. Reese has been promoted from city peddler to rural driver.

We are glad to see C. H. Iden back again from a leave of absence. Charlie's health is much improved.

Has anyone seen J. Baker's new "Rolls Rough," Mr. Baker is the S. S. attendant at No. 17.

We dread to think of what will happen to the next "stick-up" man that calls on Arlo Adamson. We always thought that Arlo was a pretty good fellow to get along with, and it is evident that Miss Rebecca J. Arnold of Jackson, Mich., thinks so, for we understand that she has changed her name to Adamson. Congratulations. We know that Cadillac will welcome you. Attendants at S. S. No. 74 are the recipients of many inquiries from their customers as to where their ship is located due to the neat and attractive flower bed which reads S. S. No. 74.

There was only one Essex made, and that one is in Cadillac and is owned and driven by "Dick" Fonger.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Slim Davis certainly would make a great captain of a lucky squad. He dropped a dollar bill the other evening while fumbling for the coupe's keys; no telling how many persons walked over it. Anyway, it was still lying there in the street for Davey, the next morning.

George Ashman, while out touring in quest of "excessive evaporation" of Red Crown, hit the bumper at S. S. No. 30, Franklin, to the extent of one minus fender from the Dodge touring. Roy White, so big or even bigger was G W's. only other avenue of escape, so he chose the lesser of two evils.

It was pretty tough on B. H. Ruby, M. T. driver, when Mars did not even nod on his last close call. Ruby was all set with his new Buick to make the trip and take along his favorite pair of T. W. buckets.

L. J. Swank visited the office the other day and dropped a hint that the boys at Crawfordsville are some sweet bowlers. Beware, L. J., and remember what happened to Coxey and his "Hut" crew when they got chesty.

Bill Abraham is navigating on crutches, blaming a sprained ankle. Many of the boys around the warehouse are inclined to guess that Bill got his new style walking sticks from being pulled in the creek by a big carp up around Zionville.

Miss Ruth Essex, who turns out traffic and tank car order correspondence and continually shouts "More wheat," has solved the long impending mystery of why mistakes are. Her answer, ladies and gentlemen, it, "It was just an error".

Walter Boemler was considerably frothy at the mouth but not so much on account of dog days as from a $60.00 bill for repairs to his sedan.

Chester Tryon made a special trip to Clay City one afternoon. He had not been gone thirty minutes before his best girl called up to learn the truth of his disappearance. That's what we call keeping a good check on fickle man.

Overheard in the order department: Miss Kelly to Mr. Medema, "If a man chews tobacco, why can't his wife smoke cigarettes?"

A methyliter filled with Ethyl fluid rolled off the passing stake truck and landed near a corner drug store conducted by an Italian. The proprietor gave the queer looking thing a once over, shouted, "Black Hand", and called the police. A crowd soon collected but at safe distance, so Mister Methyliter had plenty of fresh air. While every one was discussing the "bomb", George Dietz of S. S. No. 70 happened along and started over to pick up the container, which act caused the crowd to melt in quick order. It took a lot of explaining for George to convince the policemen that the thing was harmless.

A bowling team has been organized for competition in the Commercial league. Charley French was elected captain and he in turn is looking for an assistant to handle the finances. A team from the office once won the championship of the Commercial but that was ten years ago, and old age is creeping up on many of our pin spillers.

Agent Charley Hall of Connersville is buying an automobile on the installment parts plan, he now has a motor meter and a gasoline cap. But let Charley tell you how he happened to get mixed up in such a deal.

Crawfordsville

News from here coming slow. Campers returning to their winter quarters. The cool nights seem to have taken the lure out of the moon over Sugar Creek. Among those fighting mosquitoes were Gus Holland and Leo Steel, families included. Leo in a confidential interview stated that he darned near froze.

Guy Harper, clerk, and Frank Lane, M. T. driver, seem to have weathered all gales during their cabin stay in and near Yountsville.

Tom Brown, city driver, was offered an opportunity of having his Packard truck pulled out of the mud by one of the Pennsylvania's largest engines. Tom declined the offer as the crew did not know Montgomery County mud any too well.

Gus Holland applied for an auto license and had a close call from arrest. Gus's pictures were so near like those kept on file at police headquarters, he had to get his brother, Frank, to identify him.

Harold Henderson recently joined the ranks as a member of the "Blue Devil Squad". Harold is tough on competitors. Keep going. Hen!

Mark Ellis, S. S. No. 60, has cancelled his order for fifty pounds of dynamite. He has found the secret to correctly check the station, each day.

Joe Shubert, S. S. No. 1, wants to know if he has the only air compressor in existence using an odd size "V" belt and who it is that keeps sending him a flat belt. Joe says his customers must have free air as this is a "free" country.

Listen, the victim may not know it, but everybody else does: A. R. Remley will be asking for time out some of these days. 'Gwine to get spliced, of course.

Shelbyville

Let R. W. Parsley tell you all of the picnic held at Kempers Resort on the Boggstown pike: "There were fifteen families present, which included Frank Calbert and Ben Fettig, both retired employees of the company. Agent C. B. Winegardner acted as toastmaster over the disappearance of the contents of heaping high baskets. Salesman Bill Brewer was the heartbreaker of the day (fried chicken hearts, though), Oh, yes, drinks of all kinds were served —in pop bottles. A big ball game, lots of home runs. A near riot when Hupp blocked runner Fettig at third base. The umpire called Fettig out and a minute later dodged a brick. After the game, a bathing party was put on with everybody having a joyous time battling the creek waves.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

J. J. Wilhelm, Correspondent

Miss Lucile Bulson, head of the dictagraph department, has returned from West Baden, Ind., where she attended the National Convention of Business Women.

T. D. Sprout of the construction department is kept very busy these days supervising the erection of several new S. S.'s to serve our many customers.

G. L. George is now the new agent at Harrisonville, Mo., having succeeded W. M. Beck, who has left to take up other work. Welcome, Mr. George.

On August 1, the greatest Polarine drive in the history of the K. C. field was begun. The field was divided into six divisions with captains as follows: W. R. Colvin, Division No. 1; C. W. Nichols, Division No. 2; V. N. Dyer, Division No. 3; T. T. Tennant, Division No. 4, and salesmen in Divisions No. 5 and No. 6, which comprise all of greater K. C.

Katherine Jeffers is taking the place of Miss Gorman, as the stenographer of Mr. Green and Mr. Skourops.

Bob Nelson of the order desk has a new outdoor sport each evening. He watches the trains and counts the number of cars of wheat that are going out of K. C.

Les Hughes of the order desk has sent his wife

to the country. Ole Olsen is going to do the same thing.

The following salesmen were in the office recently: L. A. Berry, Fred Fortney, O. L. Scott, Geo. S. Cormack, E. G. Neel and I. L. Dayhoff.

K. T. Wenger, assistant manager, is now gracefully gliding along the streets of K. C. in a bright shiny new Dodge Coupe.

Bill Nordberg and Earl Boughan, both of the iron barrel department, have bought houses.

Bert King and Howard Houston have moved again. It is suggested that they put ball bearings on their furniture so they can roll them from one place to another without any damage.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mr. W. C. Winter, agent of S. S. Lease No. 360 at Cherokee, on August 4, at the home of his son, in Ft. Scott, Kan.

Charles Hurst has now decided to move to K. C. after having been at Rich Hill since the town was put on the map.

A. F. Zinn is the new agent at Independence, Kan. He succeeded W. B. Reed. Welcome, Mr. Zinn.

Mrs. Belinda Bishop, comptometer operator, has resigned to take up home duties.

George Stratton of the file department has acquired the same habit that a few of the boys about the office were doing before they took the step. He stands in some remote corner talking to a certain young lady nearly every afternoon.

Charles Vieth, stake truck driver, is now S. S. truck driver. He says he is wild about his new job. Mr. Steven Benz is taking Charley's place on the stake truck. Although a new man with the company, he says he likes it fine.

Bert King, formerly of the T. W. department, is now agent at our brand new bulk station at Seventy-eighth and Wornall.

Ray Bernick, S. S. agent at Leeds, Mo., is sure a live wire and a business getter. The other morning while he happened to pass the office he stopped and handed in two Polarine contracts, just as easy as if he had picked them up in the street.

Mr. Pedigo is the assistant of Mr. Cockerell, Mr. Lynch and Mr. Gilmore in the T. W. department. He is taking the place of Bert King.

Henry Clover, S. S. attendant at Galena, Kan., did what all of the boys here have been doing. He has taken unto himself a wife. Her name was Miss Gale Moreton of Joplin, Mo. Our best wishes are extended to you, Mr. and Mrs. Clover.

Agent Martin Stewart of Overbrook, Kan., is the proud father of a baby girl, born August 19. Both mother and baby are doing fine.

Bert Miller, who for the past 5 years has been at the S. S. in Ottawa, Kan., has been transferred to the T. W. force.

On August 23 there was held at Fairmount Park one of the most successful and enjoyable picnics that has ever been given by Standard Oilers of the K. C. field. A special car was chartered to take the employees and their families to the park.

There were all kinds of sports, baseball, swimming, horseshoe pitching, races for the children and the grown-ups, free tickets to all the park concessions and plenty of real good eats. The feature attraction was the baseball game between the Married Men and the Bachelors, the married men taking the game, 10 to 8. The batteries were: Married men, Hughes and Salters; Bachelors, Wing, Wilhelm and Schmidt.

The evening was spent mostly in dancing and riding all the concessions in the park. The hard work of Miss Madeline Purdue and Bert Hudnut had a great bearing on the success of the picnic.

Miss Couch has taken the place of Mr. S. Bishop as comptometer operator in the check department. You are welcome to the SOCO family, Miss Couch.

Oh, boys! We did not know that the S. S. department had a real sheik, but at the picnic we saw Ed. Hurst's knockout trousers and those spiffy stockings.

The following new men have been added to the roster: E. F. Todd, W. F. Lott, W. J. Stewart, Jr., H. L. Miller and Verl W. Welfelt. Pleased to meet you!

J A. Minnick of Tenth and Park has been on the sick list.

A certain young party always seems to come or drive into S. S. at 39th and Gilham when M. F. Kettler is on the job, and then! Oh, boy! Talk about your S. O. Co. service! She has auburn hair and drives a gray Buick.

The S. S. department has a crayon artist. His name is H. Don Carlos. No relation to Valentino at all, but he draws as well.

D. L. Wilhelm, the boy that used to sell more gas than the refinery could make, has finally decided to work over here in the U. S. A. at 23rd and Benton for awhile at least.

R. D. Graves, who formerly turned the crank at Twenty-third and Benton, is now located at Twenty-fifth and Penn-way.

The following boys, formerly of the S. S. gang, have decided that they must have a little more knowledge, so they have packed up and started back to school: E. M. Nichols, T. C. Shipp, John E. Blake and R. D. Fraker.

Riley says people say he looks dumb. . . . But he says watch him be one of the winners in the Polarine campaign. Go to it, old top, we're for you.

W. S. Hutchinson says he will never as long as he lives, even if he is sick, miss another meeting on Tuesday.

Johnny Reed, the daddy of the S. S. department, is a proud man now, since the station at Thirteenth and Baltimore has been remodeled.

We are sorry that Frank Nevens missed the picnic, but Mrs. Nevens was there and that made up for Frank. You should see that Sam Hudson shake that wicked pair of oxfords on the dance floor.

We are very sorry to hear of the illness in the C. H. Jewett family. We sincerely hope that the afflicted ones will soon be about again, healthy and strong.

The station at Fifteenth and Benton has also been rebuilt and it sure is a keen one. Marvin and LaMaster say they are going to develop a real gallonage.

The S. S. out of K. C. are also in for a little news. The following gentlemen who have cast their lots to get more business for the SOCO are: Ross Draughan at Independence, Kan.; B. R. Gaither, Ft. Scott, Kan.; Hugh R. Branaman, Ottawa, Kan.; J. W. Skinner, Manhattan, Kan., and Stanley D. Campbell, Junction City, Kan.

Claude Cochran, S. S. supervisor, had a fine day at the picnic, winning nearly everything in the sport events.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Chas. A. Zehnter is our new agent at Wanamingo, Minn.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Alice Ortwein to Oscar Aaness of Chicago was received at the La Crosse office yesterday. Thanks, Alice, the candy and cigars were fine.

N. R. Grimshaw visited the La Crosse office last week.

Our new bulk station at Elk Mound, Wis., was opened August 25. Elmer Johnson, former T. T. driver at Eau Claire, Wis., will take charge of this station. Lots of luck, Elmer.

Gee, it's a fine baby girl. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Kowalke.

J. L. Richardson succeeds E. J. Roberts as agent at Stanley, Wis.

The territory formerly covered by J. A. Haanstad has been taken over by C. B. Bullis, agent at Eau Claire, Wis. F. W. Towne succeeds Mr. Bullis as agent at Eau Claire.

We have been informed that the SOCO has one more representative at Wauzeka, Wis., inasmuch as Mr. and Mrs. Cecil A. Alderman are the proud parents of a fine baby girl which arrived August 20. Congratulations.

On the evening of August 21 the Standard Oil Special Club, their friends and families, enjoyed (if that is not abusing the word) a weinerroast at Pettibone Park (better known this summer as Skeeter Island).

W. O. Dixon visited the La Crosse Office last week.

E. E. David, agent of the SOCO in Chatfield, Minn., was married recently to Miss Mary Sweet of that city. Mr. and Mrs. David are on a trip in the North. Many years of happiness is the wish of the entire La Crosse Division.

The following new agents have been added in the La Crosse Division: R. A. Bigalk, Harmony, Minn.; A. O. Austin, Preston, Minn., and Russell Stenslein, Chaseburg, Wis.

Our agent at Mazeppa, Minn., F. C. Yotter, and his wife visited the La Crosse office, August 14.

Wayne Holmes is driving the new Ford truck recently purchased by M. M. Holmes, agent at Mondovi, Wis. Wayne formerly sold Watkins products in this territory so will receive a hearty welcome at every farm.

J. M. Bailey, salesman, and W. A. Hutchins, agent, at Gays Mills, Wis., were business callers at the La Crosse office last week.

Miss Lillian Wedeking is the new file clerk. Welcome to the family, Lillian.

We wish to welcome Louis Hartley into the office. He was formerly S. S. attendant and will now be found in the record room.

Red Wing, Minn.

Attendants Hatfield and Johnson at S. S. No. 307, say that other stations will have to "go some" if they want to keep up with the sales at their station now that Highway No. 3 is again open to traffic.

H. Harrigan, T. W. salesman, sold a 5-gallon can of Bovinol to a farmer whose live stock consists of one calf. Some salesman!

I. R. Gates went fishing the other night. He said he caught two fish, but when he reached home he had three, two bass and one smelt. How come, I. R.? (Easy; he used a silver hook and forgot to look at their teeth.—Ed.)

J. G. VanDuesen and family spent last week end at Cannon Falls, Minn. J. G. is our agent at Red Wing.

Marshfield, Wis.

J. L. Cowan, former station examiner, visited us on July 29. Mr. Cowan is in the newspaper business at the present time but he hasn't forgotten how to boost SO products.

Jos. Sudmeier, former S. S. attendant at S. S. No. 301, is enjoying an extensive tour of the South and West. He reports Mrs. Sudmeier's health considerably improved by the change.

Mrs. E. S. Palmer, wife of our agent, who has been ill for several months, is gradually improving. We all join in wishing her a speedy recovery.

Checking up at night is Bill Heckel's biggest task. "Lizzie" too often honks the horn before he is half ready. Bill is one of our worthy T. W. salesmen.

Mr. Juno, T. W. salesman, is contemplating a week's vacation, but is afraid it will rain that week. Ever try bribing the weather man, Bill?

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Sherer, Correspondent

Rudolph Holzerland, Courtland agent, had the misfortune to fracture a bone in his arm early in August. This did not deter Rudolph in the least because he directed the operation of his station from a seat on the truck.

Jim Murray, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 12, Mankato, has been transferred to the sales force soliciting the farm trade. Jim is making a good salesman and reports that he likes the job.

Harold Andersen, check department head, paddled a canoe from Mankato to La Crosse via the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers. Wallie and his pal braved all the dangers and suffered all the hardships incidental to the trip, reporting a splendid voyage without mishap.

After Mankato lost a thrilling game of baseball to St. James in the Southern Minnesota League, Frank Brown, traffic department, delivered his famous exhortation stressing the necessity of capital punishment for boneheaded baseball players. (How much did he lose?—Ed.)

After two months of intensive study into the mysteries of auction bridge. C. J. Jensen and F. McK. Blough again challenged Clarence Humm and his partner to a rubber. The usual overwhelming defeat was administered to the challengers. Study some more, boys!

Seven loads of Perfection and Red Crown was the accomplishment of E. G. Gifford, Balaton agent, on August 16. He was so proud of his achievement, and rightfully, that he simply had to have it in the RECORD.

An attack of appendicitis laid low Charles Sloan, attendant at Owatoma, S. S. No. 2, on August 23.

Frank Langes, advertising department, demonstrated service to a lonely motorist who had exhausted his gasoline supply on the evening of August 4. A splendid letter acknowledging the courtesy made Frank quite elated.

Joe Wolf, construction man, is disappointed since he took a flyer in the business world. Joe heard of a customer who desired to purchase a second-hand gasoline pump. After skirmishing

around the country, Joe bought a pump which would fill the bill and then he carted it over to his prospective purchaser with visions of a nice cash commission. Epilogue: Customer refused to purchase pump and Joe still has it on hand.

Otis Fickling, Le Sueur Center agent, hurried his way in and out of the Mankato office on August 4. Otis is one of the "four loads per day" men and said he couldn't afford to linger long in our society. He promised to come in and stay a day when the snow lies four feet on the level.

Art Johnson, Worthington agent, has promised us a snappy picture of his Worthington Mica sellers. Worthington station has romped away with the Mica championship for some years but we have never been able to get a picture which would do justice to the outfit.

On August 16 the Red Crown kittenball team journeyed to Fairmont where they tangled with an All Star team picked from the players in two leagues in that city. The Red Crowns once more demonstrated their superiority by a 7 to 6 score. The game was one of the fastest ever seen on the Fairmont lot. Although Frank A. Day, the veteran editor of the *Fairmont Sentinel,* was out of the city, Howard Haycraft, the enthusiastic cub of the *Sentinel* office, kept things humming along at a high rate of speed.

Mrs. G. M. Bergmann, who was taken to St. Joseph's hospital for a short time during August for treatment, is on the road to recovery and has returned home.

The hunters are again getting ready to invade the swamps and lakes in pursuit of the wild duck and goose with which to regale the jaded appetites of the correspondent and editor. They didn't wax fat on the ducks they got from Mankato hunters last season, did they, Ed.?

Leland Thompson, garage superintendent, is moving his wife and household equipment to Mankato after living in Lake Crystal for many years. (What kind of a fish is he?—Ed.)

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

C. Henry Austin, Correspondent

Abe Miller, our Appleton, Wis., agent, has found a new way for taking on pep. After a recent experience on the roller coaster at Waverly Beach ner Appleton, Abe says he feels like a new man.

Salesman Pat Whalen, the Manitowoc caveman, has been called the meanest man in the world by the young ladies of Manitowoc. It is reported that he walked up and down the streets holding a box of candy under his arm and then refusing to respond to the smiles showered upon him. "She doesn't live in Manitowoc," was his reply.

It is rumored that the Milwaukee city salesmen have been holding meetings at a certain department store in the city. "Bill" Winters and Ralph Williams of said force have been smiling mysterious smiles at each other and exchanging a new kind of high sign since the reported meeting.

Wausau, Wis., welcomes J. H. Healey, newest member of the Wausau sales force. P. C. Larsen has been appointed salesman in the Merrill territory.

Joe Thelen, the elongated West Side Tennis Star, again won the county tennis championship.

George Lusty, recently married, does the cooking and cleaning, as both are working.

Jimmy Ryan sounds very much like a rattle when he walks down the avenue, due to the fact that he eats so much watermelon.

Since Earl Collins has his own chauffeur, he no longer restricts himself to girls living within walking distance of his home.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Chester J. Webb, Correspondent

The annual picnic of the Red Crown Social Club was held at Spring Park this year. The weather man threatened to put a wet blanket on the affair but the best he could do was to cool things off just enough to pep up the bunch to a high pitch. The first sport event was a kittenball game between the married men and single men. Of course the married men won by a big margin and their success is no doubt due in a reat measure to the value of their training for battle, etc. Yes, George Day umpired the entire game. A series of races followed and proved intensely interesting especially the race for single ladies under twenty-five. This event proved without doubt that "rolling your own" is in vogue this season more than ever before. The fat man's race between Klebba and Conners proved a one sided affair as Ralph Conners was handicapped by a loose belt and our readers can well imagine the consequences. Next year in the married ladies discus throwing contest, rolling pins will be substituted for the discus, with the result that keener competition will be shown and long distance records established. A picnic supper followed and after every one had feasted to capacity the bunch began planning the evenings entertainment which chiefly consisted of dancing at the Casino.

Louis M. Klebba, a salesman, is leaving this month to resume his musical career. He will open a studio in Minneapolis and in addition to teaching voice, will appear in concert throughout the Northwest.

Argyle Smithson of the construction department, is breaking all speed laws and traffic regulations, getting acquainted with the operation of his new Ford Roadster. He still finds time, however, to display his interest in "Sparky" although Barney's protege is 400 miles away in the big village of Chicago.

Having received favorable mention in the August number of the Stanolind Record concerning her terpischorean ability, Miss Bernice ("Billy") MacCauley is seriously considering the possibility of commercializing her artistic accomplishment during the coming winter.

Assistant Shop Foreman Olson, is the proud father of a nine pound baby boy, born July 5. Paul Benson T. W. driver, now answers to the cry of a 10 pound baby boy, born July 5 and Warehouseman Johnson walks the floor with an 8 pound boy, born July 5.

Salesman Moshier is our new general salesman in the Anoka and Pine City field. More power to you Hughie.

Harry Rouge and D. West are new members of our Twin City specialty hustlers.

Mr. Davidson claims he has a larger chest expansion than anyone in the S. S. department, and is willing to prove it. Remember boys, a

big chest and a left hook was what made Firpo look so groggy.

Donald Innes, S. S. attendant, wanted to give his Dad a treat, so he invited him to one of our S. S. meetings. After hearing Mr. Cochran and Mr. Davidson speak, he emphatically announced that it was worth three of his own sermons put together.

Al Hesse, the Crown Prince at S. S. No. 81 reported back to duty after spending several months with his parents in Germany.

A. D. Miller, S. S. attendant, announces to the world at large the arrival of an 8 1-2 pound girl on August 21. Congratulations, Miller, that ought to make you sell Polarine.

Bill Nelson, downtown collector, has worn out two pair of instep braces and damaged his own Ford Coupe; but Bill says it's worth it when you figure how much cash he gathers.

Joe Ryan, versatile attendant, ordered a supply of Polarine Lubrication, Tractor Books, and What is Good Gasoline. He promises to read them and talk Red Crown and Polarine even in his sleep. Go ahead, Joe, you can finish that course yet before the snow flies.

William Grabe, the roller-skate attendant, left for Montana, where he will attend the roundup along with the other cowboys. You ought to see Bill's wedding picture and you would think he was wild.

Walter Johnson has joined the ranks of the S. S. department at No. 113.

Allen Sceli, St. Paul truck driver, went swimming in one of our grease pits. He says it's great sport, but the sun isn't shining enough for one to get tanned.

Wm. H. Fallers, Litchfield, Minn., says it pays to keep your station clean. Tell us the reason, Bill.

J. G. Randgaard, Benson, Minn., is a new member of this large family and he is sure going after things.

A. J. Sherven, Morris, Minn. They tell us that you are getting pretty thick with the big girl at the hotel. How about it, A. J.?

Roy Carlson, Brainerd, Minn., says he gets so busy in the A. M. that he don't even get time to put on his coveralls.

Adolph Johnson, Willmar, Minn., sure keeps that Ford Coupe of his busy after supper. She is a nice girl too, Adolph.

Fred B. Hanson, Cambridge, Minn., says every time Fischer comes to Cambridge it rains. What causes that, Fred?

G. A. Jacobson, Stillwater, Minn., says now that we have the Ethyl Fluid they might as well close the competitive stations.

Otto Engesether, Rice Lake, Wis., says he doesn't like to go to the next town to dance because they always break his straw hat.

James F. Dunn, Hastings, Minn., says Fischer always finds something for him to do when he comes in town.

P. E. Pederson, Montevideo, Minn., just found out that we didn't sell gas and oil. Pete says Red Crown and Polarine now.

J. L. Petrick, Ortonville, Minn. We knew you were married all the time, Joe.

Gilbert MacDougall, Redwood Falls, Minn. We are very sorry to hear that you were taken sick so quick, Gil, but we know you feel better now.

F. W. Keesling, Wayzata, Minn., sure believes in advertising Ethyl Red Crown. You should see all the advertising matter.

Our agent at Royalton, Peter Billig, is all swelled up over his new son, who weighed 8 1-2 pounds.

MINOT, N. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

One of the funniest reports we got was turned in by the credit department. Every one knows John H. Hay has marked ability, not only in selling but in collecting. His latest report to the credit department is the collection of 40 cents from a "Sweet Shop" where he was obliged to spend $1.20.

Gus Rheault has moved out to the "farm". That makes three at the same place—A Mick, A Swede and a Pea Soup.

Ann Richards, who just had her tonsils removed, says she is glad she hasn't a neck like a giraffe.

The two latest additions to our office force are Mae Balerud and Philis McFall. Glad to welcome you to the "Hall of Fame" which is noted for "Work".

We all regret to loose our efficient file clerk, Margaret Brauer, who resigned September 1 to go to her old home in Southern Illinois, where final arrangements will be made for her coming wedding.

Lars R. Larson, truck salesman at the bulk plant, resigned to go threshing, Lars being the only man able to handle his father's equipment. Sure, he will use S. O. Products.

Martin Fossum is the happy owner of a home recently purchased. Location, 323 Seventh Ave., N. E.

S. E. Eide is a new member of the "A" station force, whom the boys all welcome and will acquaint with the full line. We expect to hear favorable reports from this man, who has selling ability.

When Art Durbin found it necessary to resign to look after his father's farm John P. Bendel was engaged to take his place. Welcome, John, and we feel you will make good.

John H. Batty, who has been transferred from Almont to Parshall is making things hum.

Cashier Simmet's family are enjoying a visit with Mrs. Richard Russell, Mrs. Simmet's sister from Fargo.

Jack Schneider says it is too da—hot to even collect—to say nothing about selling.

John wood's "Watch Agency" going fine. Latest victims—H. H. Kincaid, H. Overby and C. Burdahl. As long as these new watches run, none of these boys will be late to work.

Fred Gingrey is happily on his way to get his car.

And now he is batching because Mrs. Arthur J. Pass left for an extended trip, visiting at Aberdeen, St. Paul and Mankato. Lil' Art sure do look like some lost baby.

Our progressive agent at Goodrich, Jacob Engel, has purchased a new Ford truck. Keep her rolling, Jake.

The latest dope from Golf Dome is that Westinghousemiller has started a second hand golf ball exchange. The biggest expense, West claims, is paint.

Agent Adolph Rognlie is greatly improved in health and will soon be out on the firing line.

The good news reaches us that Mrs. Christ Hauge, wife of our agent at Sheyenne, is recovering from her recent illness.

A good come-back! K. K. K. stands for "Koulee Kommunity Klub; Korn-Kows-Klover; Kream-Kash-Koulee," says Salesman Miller.

Ella Ramstad is enjoying a visit from her sister Ann of Fargo. A lot of the singles want to know why she doesn't bring her to the office and make her acquainted.

Eddie Simmet says, "Money always balances—no raised dollar bills as yet".

I. F. Beehan has been promotea from S. S. attendant to tractor salesman.

I. F. Welton is a new recruit in our sales force.

Um! Likem job! Seven A. M. in the morning—says the Indians, Dolen, Tiber and Abrahamson.

Mr. Olaf Olson, our enterprising agent at Plaza, N. D., has purchased two new Ford trucks.

Cando Field by Lang

Among the official visitors to the Cando Field recently were Assistant Manager H. H. Hathaway and Roy Dunbar.

Construction Foreman T. B. Jensen has been making some very necessary changes in our field, having moved the warehouse at Bisbee and put several of the tanks on better foundations.

Our new agent, Eddie Geisen, at Churches Ferry stepped right into the harness the other day and will make things hum around this way. Eddie is from Bisbee, where they are always *bizy*.

Agent Matt Haugen had the misfortune to have one of his fingers on his right hand broken recently, while loading his truck at the station. It was quite painful, but Mat is on the job again.

Two more carloads of Polarine on the Cando Field, one for Jake Stutsman at Cando and the other for George Aas, Bisbee. We are going to put it over, you bet.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. O. Johnston, Correspondent

The young ladies are inquiring if Ed Johnson is married. Why ask? Consider the carefree, untrammeled look of him.

Driver Smith of Lincoln was hauled into court the other day for parking beyond the two-minute limit. That's a fast town, Bingham.

Wedding bells rang out August 7 for Driver Joe Crawford of Peoria and Miss Lillian Ahrens of Metamora. They honeymooned in Chicago, and an unkind reporter states that Joe's neck is still stiff from looking at the tall buildings. Anyhow, here's long life and good luck to you and the Missus, Joe. Yes, we enjoyed the cigars.

We have before us evidence of Attendant Nils Reistad's painstaking work at window decorating at S. S. No. 26, Springfield. Young man, we congratulate you. That display certainly has a wallop. Unfortunately, the picture is too small and indistinct for reproduction.

Big Ray Brisendine, our sylph-like sales representative over Bushnell way, is the proud daddy of an 8½-pound son, who arrived July 11. The newcomer answers to the name of Bruce Frederick, and "Bris" is already instructing him in the merits of the full line. Our congrats to Mr. and Mrs.

The energetic Mr. Brisendine further celebrated by entertaining his agents and families at a picnic at Skeen's Lake, August 17. Details of the festivities have not reached us yet, but no doubt they were of the finest, as the big boy has a reputation as a host that is far-reaching.

Agent Walter Hitz of Cissna Park has the sympathy of the division in the recent death of his brother after an accident. Walter underwent two transfusions of blood in a desperate attempt to forestall the bereavement.

Pipeman C. V. Hunt of Springfield territory attended the reunion of the Hunt family at Monticello, Ill., on August 17. About 275 were present and Hunt reports great doings.

Salesman Julius Serkowich, after another session in the hospital, is hobbling about with an imported cane of wondrous design, a little the worse for wear from his experience, but still very much in the ring. As a hair-raiser he has Ed Gram backed off the boards.

Engineer Ben Hamill and family are back from an auto tour through Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. Ben drove 400 miles the last day.

Springfield's population is growing. Tony Sample recently married a Miss Taylor from the rural section and moved to town. Ralph Coleman married a Virginia young lady and did likewise. Ditto Leo Halliday, who selected his bride at Palmyra. Reporter states the cigars were fine. Also whispers that some of the boys figured this was the end, so took the tobacco cure, but that personally he is waiting for Charlie Nave and "Rags" Hanson.

Numerous Springfield employees, ever on the job when the word "picnic" is mentioned, took in the big affair at Peoria. Bill Bowers, Heavy Smith, Jess Goodman, Agent Charlie Eberle, Mel Houston Webb, Fred Knight and L. Snyder were the representatives of the Capital city. (Dja get any pointers for next summer, boy?)

Understand Agent Eberle's flivver displayed new life at Mason City recently, due to sharing in some refreshment.

Springfield Driver Heavy Smith, while visiting at Palmyra, was unfortunate enough to be thrown against the top of his car so violently as to suffer a broken nose.

Why wasn't there an account of Bertha Rimmey's Canton trip in the last Record? Well we couldn't print it without a picture of that pink sweater.

Recent additions to our ranks are as follows: Peoria office, Anna Borchers, Nellie Kellerstrass, John Rush, Harold Zwifel and David A. Hoerr. A. F. Barnes joins in as agent at Fairybury. S. S. Attendants: Peoria—J. H. Mathews, M. J. Hickman, H. R. Alexander and A. J. McClintick; Pontiac—R. M. Rench, Springfield—M. Staele, W. H. Sanford and P. J. Woodruff; Galva—M. W. Cain. Driver: C. W. Christoff, Forrest. Painters: O. D. Mattocks and H. L. Frohn. H. Sproll, agent at Farmer City. Howdy, folks, and good luck.

Glen Cole, he of the mighty throwing arm, advances from S. S. attendants at Galesburg to agent at Williamsfield. Hit 'em hard, Jobey.

Assistant Manager K. T. Wenger dropped in from Kansas City as we wrote these lines, and started renewing acquaintances all round. He looks bigger and healthier than ever, except that we missed the mustache. (Oh, Katy, how *could* you harm the poor little thing?—Ed.)

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Under the able leadership of Manager A. L. Martin and Sales Manager W. J. King, the northern half of this division finally won out in the hotly contested Red Crown sales campaign. The margin was so close, however, that the Southerners refused to consider themselves whipped and the race is on again. Just now the Southerners have the lead and according to Assistant Manager T. P. Jones they mean to hold it.

Having previously been advised of the serious accident which befell Mrs. Bland, the mother of Dick Bland, our hustling agent at Canton, Mo., we are glad to learn that she is improving nicely.

B. E. Radtke will soon know enough about moving to start in that business. His latest address is 1435 Spruce. Tough luck, Senor Hokie.

We want to welcome J. W. Glaves, attendant at our new S. S. No. 312, La Belle, Mo., into our big family. Let us have some of the gossip about Riley Culpen, will you, J. W.?

Virginia Kohl has a way with her. After being nabbed by the police for driving with one light only, Virginia tells them how sweet they look in their uniforms or sumpin, for they released her without so much as a bawling out! And as for taking your day's dictation out in the park,—words fail us.

Orrie Butterfield, attendant at S. S. No. 8, Macomb, Ill., has a girl, and this girl of his had a wonderful trip to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Detroit, and other points east, but will be glad to be back with Orrie. So much we learned from a card which Orrie carelessly enclosed with his daily reports to this office. We were pleased to learn of it, Orrie.

We were given a real surprise when Janie Donald tripped in one recent morning with the latest bob. Looks mighty good, Janie. Who's next?

OH, SIOUX CITY

There's a bonny hieland lassie in this office who would certainly be pleased to meet a certain Jeems Larmer, if her ecstatic remarks about the item in the August STANOLIND RECORD pertaining to him may be taken seriously. We wonder.

S. C. Fordham is the new agent at Keytesville, Mo. Success to you, S. C.

Other newcomers are Raymond Shinn, machine shop; A. E. Adair, Quincy M. T. W. driver; M. W. Harper, S. S. No. 30, Marceline, Mo., (just opened); and P. B. Shotwell, second attendant at S. S. No. 29, Quincy. Glad to make your acquaintance, boys.

Esther Taylor seems to have taken quite a fancy to one of our newly acquainted salesmen. And vice versa.

August 16 was a gala day for the folks of this office. Although the weather-man tried to discourage us, we had a lovely day for our annual summer picnic and we made the most of it. Leaving the office at eleven o'clock the first stop was at the Indian Mounds Plunge, where some of the hardier aquatic artists capered about in the chilly waters, to the amusement of those outside. Then the caravan departed for South Park where more fried chicken than ninety hungry people could vanquish awaited them. Immediately after the feed the single fellows challenged the wife beaters to a show down on the diamond, and defeated them 16 to 14. Having cleared up this feud, the picnickers were gathered together from the ball field, golf course, and card tables, and all joined in some novel games and stunts. Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Thomas finally won the husband and wife race after having tied with Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Green. Sales Manager W. J. King and Aldo Schwagmeyer furnished some real comedy when, dressed in wrapping paper aprons and blindfolded, they did their best towards feeding each other with generous spoonfuls of juicy baked beans. Chief Clerk J. H. Ross easily led at drinking a bottle of soda with nipple attached. In spite of the fact that there were many aching joints and tired muscles the following day it was a very enjoyable outing for every one. Social Chairman R. C. Boger had general charge, of the committees being: Eats: Blanche Perry, Chairman; Ethel Doerr, Alice Dapper, Virginia Kohl and Esther Taylor; Entertainment: H. B. Hardy, Chairman; Aldo Schwagmeyer, J. T. Shuck and C. F. Hill. During the afternoon some of the youngsters at the picnic became hungry and Alice Dapper appeased their appetite with sandwiches. It was Ronald Bell's (twin son of Lee Bell) luck to get half a sandwich. After a thorough examination of his hand-out the youngster sidled up to Alice and asked, "Didn't this used to have a top on it?"

Quite a few of the golf fiends went 'round the course but there was nothing exciting about the scores turned in. W. C. McAdams took the field after urgent invitations to learn the best game ever devised and went right after the ball like a professional. He came in with a score of 32—but he only played two holes. Not so good, Mac.

Harken to this, ye golfers. Virginia Kohl has purchased a set of clubs and is fast following in Chick Evan's trail. She played the first hole only for a try-out the other night and the next morning divulged the dark secret. "I made it in twenty". Not so bad, thought we, considering the pitfalls leading to hole number one. Then she dropped this: "But of course I didn't count the ones I missed".

There are still plenty of devotees of the barnyard game. Fred Rhynsburger claims to be the office champ while E. S. Tandy and Bill Grimmer of the warehouse claim they are second to none.

M. E. Jolidon: (with Employees Stock Purchasing Plan in mind) "Say Cody, are you taking out any of the Company's stock?" Cody: (dry drawl) "Yeh, I've got a couple a old candles at home".

Hannibal, Mo.

T. E. Bailey, T. W. driver, seems quite worried of late on account of the loss of one of his old friends at Ilasco. (White mule will sure get you in jail).

W. H. Lewis, attendant at S. S. No 3, is sporting a new car.

Harry Hays, M. T. W. driver, claims that he cannot enjoy a ball game when Harry Robinson goes along, for it keeps him busy keeping Robinson's eyes on the game and out of trouble.

E. O. Bailey, warehouse man, wants to know how a gasoline pump and a barrel cleaner are related. It seems some parts will fit either. (We asked Art Hoar but he wouldn't commit himself.—H. B. H.)

W. T. Tipton has offered a reward for the

apprehension of any one found snooping around his tool-box. Must be something besides tools in it.

Ask W. T. Coss when the flowers bloom the prettiest at Ilasco and Saverton.

Keokuk, Iowa

BEANS. That's not Jimmie Thompson's dog in the funny-paper, instead, that's exactly what Safety First Jolidon likes. A No. 2 can and a pony can just make him a nice comfortable meal along with a couple of sandwiches, a cup of coffee, several slices of bread, a bottle of olives, pie ala-mode and of course, three or four glasses of Des Moines River water. (Yes, and then Jolly came in and told us that he sat nibbling at a cracker while you ate the above items to whet your appetite for real grub. Who am I to believe?—H. B. H).

The boys have been practicing up on their barn-yard golf and they now stand in the order named: Jim Hanlin, Fred Miller, Bob Parcell, Doublebarrel McCarty, Mo. Boy Moffitt, Jockey Hartman, Bite Ur Tongue Huston and Mustache Meyers.

C. W. Sharp came up a day or two ago and broke some good news to us. A canopy for S. S. No. 26 and a new S. S. on the corner of 4th and Blondeau! Watch us grow! Hope Mr. Sharp comes back.

John Leu of Mason City was in Keokuk a few days ago. He sure looked good to us. John is one of our old pals and is always welcome.

We also had the pleasure of shaking hands and swapping stories with C. M. Vogler of Davenport recently. We enjoy his visits and appreciate his taking time to call on us when he happens into town.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

Bouquets were in vogue for a while last August. One of the most beautiful of the gladiola variety was stationed immediately behind Miss Ringot. For some unknown reason one of the male members of the billing department inadvertently tipped over said specimen and received a wet neck.

Clarence Young is wearing crutches as an auxiliary to his traction system, one pedal of which is in dry dock for the Summer. He says, "All I did was steal third"—which substantiates the theory that the wages of sin is death. This taught him a lesson and he solemnly swore off Dancing, Base Ball, Football, Trap Drumming and ballet dancing for at least six months.

Herman Lang, Ford coupe enthusiast and salesman extraordinary, says that his young prodigy has got so he can distinguish the ten from twenty-five dollar coupon books and the first two words of his vocabulary were ,"Sign here".

Miss Frances Fettig got to thinking that Labor Day comes on the second Monday in September and to substantiate her conviction she wagered a five pound box of Australian nougats. An elaborate calendar such as is used by union workmen was produced and she was convinced for a moment then knocked us groggy with the exclamation, "Why that's a last year's calendar".

Harry Josef, smokestack salesman at Saginaw, was most fortunate in being a member of the Whiting Class for a few weeks last Summer. Amil Hall doesn't understand why they call him a smokestack salesman.

One day last Summer Mr. Keating and your Correspondent discovered our pay roll clerk pocketed between two big cars in such a manner that she was virtually a prisoner until such time as the owners of the blockade got ready to go home. By pooling our engineering abilities and exercising our muscles we were able to shove the other car ahead far enough so she could get out into the main channel. The grateful smiles and the profuse thanks we got made us wish we could lift the Masonic Temple off some one's back.

Dudley Jones relieved Percy Duchane, clerk at Alpena, while that gent went on a vacation, looking after a few affairs of the heart. We understand he intends to get married, which only proves that the only way youth can profit is by experience. At this writing the matrimony is only a rumor but leave the details to us if it actually develops.

Albert Linberg, when justly aroused, had a disposition like an alligator with sore tonsils and when he gives it expression, birds and bees fall helplessly to earth in a semi-hypnotic spell. Recently he gave way to wrath and dropped four days work on Erwin Richards' head. The thermometer registered 76 in the shade. Verdict—no cause for action.

Archie Clothier our early riser at Marlette says that he knows from experience that a Cuckoo Clock doesn't cuckoo between the hours of twelve and four A. M. and since those hours are the ones on which, he has perfected a remedy for the shortcomings of the Cuckoo. He has stationed a hoot owl in an adjoining compartment who takes up the beat where the aforementioned fowl leaves off, thus he is paged at 1 or 2 A. M., according to his own dictates.

Harley Williams, our early rising agent at Roscommon, is nursing a sore foot occasioned by kicking a defective alarm clock out the window when it failed to duplicate the sound effects of the world war at 12:05 A. M. Harley wishing to get over to Houghton Lake with a kit of Mica for a fisherman who wanted to waterproof his boots before he went on an early fishing trip suspected that the nerve wrecker would get cramps so he lay awake all night spying and when at the precise moment of 12:05 the clock started to pull off a Quaker meeting, Harley put the boots to it. When one considers the fastidiousness of a Saginaw agent with respect to early rising he will overlook the ungovernable temper exercised in this instance.

Welcome Glover Oliver, sales writer, spent his vacation bumming around the country in his "Big Buick". Most of his time was spent in the vicinity of Holly but he says everything considered he could have enjoyed himself in Saginaw. You see the weather played him a dirty trick and proved to him that an overcoat should be standard equipment.

We are sorry to announce that our assistant sales writer, Miss Mabelle Marske, has been indisposed for several days and we sincerely hope that ere this comes to print she will be on duty to the satisfaction of every one.

"Al" Sexton, price clerk, broke out in a flannel shirt the third week in August and we couldn't figure out whether he had just completed a Henty book or if he had joined the Boy Scouts.

He said, in self defense, that he never had so many goose pimples in his life as the August cold snap had clogged his circulation.

Miss Marcella Thompson, we are glad to note, is back on the job again after an operation for appendicitis. She states that she dropped ten pounds of avoirdupois. Score an argument for being plump—you can divorce a few pounds and no one is the wiser.

Recently some of the stock inflaters of the marketing department were scaring away the wolf at one of our greasy elbow type chow joints where you get a glass of water and a hardwood toothpick as a wash for the beans and proof that you have dined. After the boys had concluded McSweeney was a quitter the waitress appeared soaking her thumbs in two glasses of water which she donated to Miller and Reip. As she raised her eyes she remarked, "Excuse me I didn't notice the old gentleman," and promptly handed Miller's glass to Harry Snyder. Snyder said afterwards, "If that crutch only knew how young I feel she would have handed me a bib."

When Polarine Joe was over to Owosso an apparent friend of his gave him a fish hound that was guaranteed to chase cat fish right into the creel but it seems that the dog was overly affectionate on the way home smothering Joe with so many kisses that savored of the garbage can that he was overwhelmed by a spirit of generosity and practically forced the alienated mongrel onto Al Kuebler. When the Dog gave a cotton gin exhibition on a pair of "Al's" pantaloons he was promptly canned.

James Morse, T. W. superintendent at Flint, would like to know who locked him in the "Gold Room". He says he had to buy four bottles of cologne to make himself a social requisite.

On August 12 Percy Duchane, clerk at Alpena, became the proud husband of Miss Tresa Glantz, a member of Alpena's elite. This will end a daring romance that has been known to the Saginaw office and the Northern Division at large for the past two years and we are all glad that the two fluttering hearts have at last come to the full realization that they actually flutter as one. Long may they flutter, say we.

Our Sales Manager, Harry Seaman, has a habit of asking a question and then looking serious following it up with a far away look that gives one the impression that he is giving your reply a fourth or fifth class rating. He was batting eight or nine hundred on this stuff when he was in Onaway last Summer and was the direct cause of one of the most sweeping prohibition clean ups that even Carrie Nation could dream of. It appears the natives became suspicious of his manners *and* thinking he was a prohibition officer, circulated the news faster than a broadcasting station, and we understand that the town will be bone dry until after the fall grape harvest.

Flint, Mich.

Correspondent Note: Hurrah, we got Flint started again. Keep up the good work, Mr. Stafford.

According to the story, Papa ("Joe") Dierich and his assistant, Joe, Jr., will soon be settin' him out on the porch for not getting home on time.

"Jack" Covert is on speaking terms with the fishlets in Long Lake. They all say good bye whenever he comes around with his trick bait.

We are watching H. Teachout at S. S. No. 16 very close these days. Those five-gallon cans of Polarine seem to be going pretty fast.

Your correspondent doesn't like to brag but the truth will stand repeating. He was recently out to Otter Lake and he caught four nice bass that totaled better than sixty-two inches long, and they only cost fifty cents er—er, beg pardon, and that doesn't include the ones that got away he has proof for this story as the boy is still —er—er that is he means to say that some of the Flint boys are smoking cig—or he should say, will verify his story.

"Tommy" Russell, our new garage and S. S. salesman, is all smiles these days. He has at last found a "gal" and he tells us that she works in the Saginaw office—in the "harem," to be specific. How about bringing her to Flint and letting us give her the once over. She must be a prize if you had to go to Saginaw after her. (Psst! A little bird tipped us off that her initials are Harriet Zwerk.)

It is hinted that "Hank" Beach, attendant at S. S. No. 17, is considering a wife as he hangs around the jeweler's shop during his spare hours comparing values on diamond rings and wrist watches. Now we wonder if there actually is any fire in all that smoke.

We are sorry to learn of our good friend and co-worker, Garmon Smith, of S. S. No. 19, who was confined to hospital care on August 27, suffering from a bad case of appendicitis. We sincerely hope he is better when this is printed.

Special to Flint Reporter

Earl Wagner, tank wagon superintendent of Bay City, was discovered on the Dixie throwing more dust than a Kansas hurricane. He was trying to see how many miles per his new Dodge would make. His wife looked as though she was hoping for the best.

F. E. Jones is again taking nourishment and bares his breast to prove that his heart has stopped kicking out his ribs. He says love is just like an airplane, it doesn't take long for it to pass over. He wants the Saginaw lady killers to know that he wasn't as hard hit as the reports set forth. Says he has been in love with three others since.

Frank Starkweather still pilots the Hupp (when Mrs. F. S. isn't at the wheel). He has no fish stories to tell, his yarn will come with the duck and rabbit season.

Walter Smith, T. W. superintendent, regards Stafford's fish story with derision as he happens to know that the fish don't bite.

"Buss" Walker has also gone to Hurley hospital, but for the purpose of nursing our friend, Carmon Smith. We hope they will both return pretty soon.

Bert Pettys is still on the firing line. Flint boys should drop in once in awhile, as he complains that it is pretty lonesome in that neck of the woods.

Carl Brown at S. S. No. 17, smiles and has plenty of "pep." Must be he has had a shot of ethyl. Some one says he had a couple days in the country.

Cheboygan

The new candidates for the stock purchasing plan and other benefits of our glorious company. They are Russel A. Smith and Earnest E. Bigger. Russ is chief custodian of the warehouse, stake truck and extra tank wagon besides the other jobs he can find to do. We'll say he is a willing worker. Ernie is sure living up to his name both in sales and size. From the figures that appear on his commission from specialty goods check we opine he will be able to meet the cobblers bill for the seven little biggers.

"Billy" Schmidt and wife are having a hard time raising a family. Their pretty pet bull pup tried to scare an auto off the highway with the result that he made his earthly demise and is no doubt chasing chariots around the golden streets. However, Mr. and Mrs. Bill have another dog and we wish them better luck.

Ben McClelland, rural truck driver, hasn't had much to say lately, except that Bigger will have to get a lot bigger to have a bigger sales record than he has at the end of the year. We are watching the contest with a great deal of interest.

Must not forget the big G. M. C. city truck with Sam Bonsecours, who is busy digging up two loads a day for the 500-gallon truck, where only one went before. He has it shined up like a colored gent's heel.

The boys at S. S. No. 12, Heinie Mertz and Johnny Phillips, are having a fine time seeing which one can sell the most five-gallon cans of Polarine. At the present writing we can't tell who is going to win.

Indian River and Wolverine have been added to Lew Berry's territory, so unfortunately we are unable to chronicle any of their happenings. Roy Stokane, dual agent at these stations, was obliged to make two trips south on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Roy's father. His business was looked after by We & Company.

Bay City

Earl Wagner has bargained for his Panama hat for the season, 1925-26. A Bay City merchant was running a close-out sale on the culls discarded by the Mexican beet weeders and Earl tried them all on before he found one large enough to slip down over his knowledge bump. Strange to say his head has developed two more sizes on this job and he says you'd be surprised how many new ideas it takes to make a two-size difference. Even his eye teeth are getting sharp enough to punch those metal street car tickets they have in Bay City.

Mr. Dykes of S. S. No. 8, gave a very interesting talk on Semdac at the S. S. meetings held here August 20-24.

On August 13, Art La Fave of S. S. No. 11 gave a talk on Semdac application at one of the weekly meetings.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

T. R. Ridge, Correspondent

Bill Arensberg and Mrs. Clay Waddill have a heated argument every time they meet about the most desirable place to live in the United States. According to Mrs. Waddill's theory St. Joseph is the ideal place. Bill, of course, claims Hiawatha. They both are just kidding themselves, though, for they would not leave Western Kansas on a bet.

We have just learned of the arrival of two fine twin boys at the home of A. W. Clark, our agent at Goodland, Kan.

Ralph Reed, efficiency man from Chicago, visited St. Joseph.

J. E. Hall, auditor, has just completed an audit of our station, and we are sorry to see him leave.

Clay Peak Waddill, son of Salesman Clay D. Waddill, is equaled as an advertising man only by Mr. Reed of Chicago. He got into his dad's Stanolax transparencies and proceeded to stick them on all the store windows in Oberlin. His dad feels that in about 16 more years this five-year-old chap will be ready for a position with the SOCO as advertising manager.

H. A. Lewis, in company with Manager Wagner, paid the Western Kansas boys a visit recently, which was much appreciated by all. They say the only trouble with this pair is that they don't come often enough or stay long enough.

As to "quota busters" on gallonage, dollars, or percentage, here are the names of the original six: Shorty Manning, Bert Woerner, Babe Hotchkiss, A. P. Vohs, Charley Philbrick and Ray Clark. They live in the short grass country where the short grass grows shortest and where they wear John B. Stetson hats. If you don't believe it ask E. J. O'Neil, as he had to buy about $40 worth of hats on his last trip out here. E. J. won't bet those boys on anything anymore.

We understand that Harry Bear recently had a bee in his bonnet, or to be more exact a yellow jacket. How about it, Harry?

S. D. Zimmerman and Harold Spencer should join the circus. They are good at turning cart wheels.

On a recent trip to St. Joseph, Salesman Mayfield and his wife were the guests of Mr. Bode at the Moila Club. Several prizes were awarded during the course of the evening, Mrs. Mayfield winning first prize and Mr. Mayfield winning third prize. Can you guarantee all of your guests to be that lucky, Mr. Bode?

D. J. Patton announces the arrival of a baby daughter. He has not yet decided whether he will call her Ethyl Red Crown.

Mr. Long of the advertising department recently did some very sensational publicity work with the advertising truck in the neighborhood of Hiawatha.

Carl Bielman is dickering for a Ford coupe. Some demonstration has already been given by Mr. Chaffin.

Ray Christine has been assigned to the sales force in Western Kansas and is living at Norton.

Charles Philbrick, Bird City agent, sold enough Polarine to make his territory look like a young refinery.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

It is reported John Riordan is about to take up one of our local furniture houses on their promise "You get the girl, we'll do the rest". Happy days, John.

Allen Love to Leo Gunn, "Have you heard the last Ford joke?" Gunn (extremely bored) "I hope so".

After Harry Garey became the father of a ten pound girl on July 8 we expected him to

come down wearing a new straw, but we were disappointed for Harry says he's farther off from a new hat now than he was before.

Fred Meiers of the warehouse became the father of twin girls recently. Mother and babies are doing fine but Fred's recovery is doubtful.

T. W. Driver Roy Moss is the proud father of a big eleven-pound boy. We are happy to report Roy has completely recovered.

The sympathy of the organization is extended to the family of T. W. Driver Walter Huseman who died Friday, August 15, after an illness of only a day.

The bunch who were not in on that "Fish fry party" pulled off by Salesman Cylde Lodge, Miami, Okla., are still asking if it was fish they went after. Wonder if Mr. Smock of the St. Louis office could tell something?

T. W. Driver Pat Kime says Bovinol isn't what it ought to be. Recently Pat was demonstrating Bovinol to a farmer when the bees became aroused and encircled Pat. The others got away and told Pat to put the Bovinol to them. Pat says it didn't work fast enough.

W. A. Welch of Sikeston recently drove to Springfield to visit his son M. E. Welch. At the recent automobile races Perry Beals and his girl were still sitting in the grandstand long after the races were over and everyone gone.

We are glad to welcome to our midst R. A. Miller, our new representative of the manager.

The sympathy of the organization is extended to Fred Schultz in the recent loss of his father.

On account of recent acquisition of Drivers Heck and Gregory at Flat River it has become necessary to put in more storage at this point.

R. F. Cunard, T. T. driver at Flat River, has a new eight pound girl at his home and M. G. Cunningham, S. T. driver, Flat River, has a baby boy.

We are glad to hear of the recovery of the wife of M. I. Sheel, Flat River, from a recent operation.

J. J. Selle tried to slip something over on his fellow workers by getting married September 2. He did get by without letting us know the lady's name, but we wish them both many years of happiness.

C. B. Hoeller, who is quite an authority on the moon and stars, was seen on the night of August 22 looking for filling stations on Mars with his two-bit flash light.

We all hope to see Salesman Anderson on the job shortly. He has been ill for some time.

While W. F. Wray, S. T. driver at Cape Girardeau, Mo., was on his way to Crossroads, Mo., with his family he was caught in a downpour of rain, which caused his car to get crossways of the road. A farmer who came to his assistance asked him where he was going and when Wray told him "Crossroads", the farmer replied "I think you're already there".

Charles Moulder, Rolla agent, says he has been expecting a letter every day for last four weeks advising him to sell less Red Crown in order that the refineries might catch up with his sales.

Announcement has been received of the arrival of an eight pound boy at the home of C. E. Pauley, S. S. attendant at Columbia.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

J. M. James, Correspondent

On July 31 Mr. Bemis had the misfortune of having his pet Reo destroyed by fire in the company garage while he was in Chicago. Two of our mechanics were injured while fighting the fire.

The very next day, Mr. Elkert's house was struck by lightning and was damaged considerably by fire. Billy Zimmerman, "Mike," and the writer enjoyed themselves immensely "monkeying" around on the roof, covering the damaged part with a tarpaulin. Just now Mrs. Elkert is disgusted with carpenters, plasterers, and the rest of the folks that repair damaged houses. (Well, you know, the course of true love, etc. —Ed.)

Jim Roggan and wife of the Chicago office family recently visited old home folks in Sheldon and Agent J. L. Wood accuses them of driving their car for two weeks without buying any Red Crown. That's a serious charge!

J. S. Buchanan, S. S. station attendant at Sheldon, lost a sister by death the first part of August.

Jake Kniper, T. W. driver at Sheldon, says that a man don't have to be "high-pressured" to sell SOCO products. That's a queer idea, Jake.

John Nelson, Soldier, Ia., agent, has a new specially equipped Ford truck, believing that SOCO service must be the best.

Attendant Husebolt at the Canton station has a way about him, or why should the girls, brown eyed and dark haired, smile at him? Easy, boy, this is still 1924.

Dave Vanderpol is a new SOCO S. S. attendant and knows the art of keeping the place clean.

Charles Bonneville of West Point, Ia., recently visited Miss Virgil Link. Just give 'em time.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Riedesel, 1720 Summit street, Sioux City, Ia., to Fred T. Carlson took place September 3, at the home of the bride's parents. After a motor trip to Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. Carlson will make their home at the Sherman Apartment. Fred is S. S. superintendent in Sioux City.

Mrs. Clemins showed unusual forethought in providing a "covered wagon" at the shower given Alice Kendall, former comptometer operator. The wagon was loaded with everything but the rolling pin. The first package out was to indicate the next bride, and sure enough, it was Esther. Mrs. Clemins served a delightful luncheon.

Art Bragg, S. S. attendant Leeds, talked the street department out of twenty-five loads of dirt to fill around his drain rack, making it much easier to "climb." Good work, Art, that's the stuff that sells Polarine.

LOOK, M. M. A. C. OF DAVENPORT

The photo of Miss Clark from down at Davenport, in the August RECORD, is interesting; now if the young lady will give us a full view picture, we'll know her on all sides.

Jim Larmer spent Labor day somewhere, with some lady fair, whose name he won't divulge.—Pome.

John Wedgwood has left the service to attend college at Ames, Ia.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

A "celebrating party" was held August 11 at South Bend elaborating over the victory of Ft. Wayne for July. The party was rather a late affair, not starting till after the S. S. salesmen could be present. A solo by Billy Condon was enthusiastically received and then when Billy and Jack Hatch put on Gallager and Shean, it was a riot! Mr. Lovell favored with a recitation as did several of the S. S. salesmen. Fred Irvine said that the victory seemed to turn everyone poetical and he wouldn't be surprised if they turned to "anesthetic" dancing by the last of August if another victory was won. Short talks were given by the manager and assistant manager, and at the final "Slim" Seefeldt was presented with the Silver loving cup to display during August. This distinction was due Mr. Seefeldt for having sold the largest number of five-gallon cans of Polarine during July. Watermelon was the fruit of the hour and clean ears were in evidence.

A wireless from F. J. Butler says, "Just lined up the movie house to use Polarine to make a better film." Aw, g'wan!

F. J. also says Mazola Oil won't work in a motor, according to reports in his field. Come again, F. J.

A. R. Marshall says it's getting near to candle time, and wonders if Pat O'Reilly is going to give him more light.

J. J. Underwood, salesman, is making good use of his walking stick since a slight-run over. "Step lively, Jack."

Jess Woolard, T. W. driver at Hartford City, says the only way his customers know him now since he varnished his truck, is by his straw hat. "Here comes Jess with his straw hat on."

How about it, R. C. Walburn, did you enjoy the Jay county fair?

Bert Whitacre, so 'tis said, joined the W. C. T. U. last week. We are expecting to hear of him being taken into the Ladies' Aid Society next!

J. Edw. Griffith took first prize of a fur-lined umbrella one night at the Jay county fair as having the largest bay-window of any one on the ground.

Curiosity killed the cat, but there are a few who would like to know why Del Baer says "Purty Please" to Gena Murphy.

Howard Gase, our office boy, who is hard to find between 5:00 and 5:15 in the evening, suggests he be allowed to wear a bell so the office force can keep track of him. Who will furnish the bell?

Carolyn Barry reports that there are mice in the telephone booth. Some of the girls must have left rats there when they got their hair bobbed.

Have you noticed how Charley Maggert has managed to get a desk close to the window on Scott street lately? We have to watch that new Essex coach, don't we, Charley?

W. E. Straw has been warning us as to the effects of horseback riding. Well, Earl, we realize how you must feel, but our real sympathy is with the horse.

Agent N. W. Abbott of Craigville can talk several languages, just make signs and he'll tell you what it means if you don't know.

Our little fat boy, Bun Keller, S. S. No. 6, wants to know who said he was buying silverware. Tell us her name, Bun.

Ed. Miller, agent at Uniondale, took a 200-mile fishing trip and all he got was back. His wife says Ed. can't go no more. Maybe she don't like fish, hey, Ed.?

As a fighter our agent at Ossian, Ross McDowell, can't be beat. Just cross his territory line and watch him roar.

Carl Ruple, our agent at Nappanee, is transferring his family and household goods from Leesburg to Nappanee.

Salesman Clemans was seen limping about the other day and when asked what had happened he said that he had been kicked by a vicious golf.

LaPorte, Ind.

"On his lip there one day grew, etc." But with the advent of roasting ears, Clerk O'Brien says it interferred, and the baseball nine is gone.

"Bug" Hess says its been a short Summer. However, the fans are satisfied, as they are on the air again listening in.

John Neilson, our new S. S. salesman, wears a 46 suit, but he steps on his toes just the same!

Floyd Wenp of No. 11 is ahead of the Standard S. S. service, 'tis said.

The associates of William Reu, T. W. driver, grieve with him and Mrs. Reu over the death of their oldest daughter, Harriett, August 10.

Kokomo, Ind.

The bunch at Kokomo had a banquet, August 13, to celebrate the successful termination of the July Polarine sales contest. The contest was between Captain Grant Maddox and the plant force, and Captain Ura Loy and the S. S. attendants, which ended in a victory for Captain Maddox. Captain Loy was the host of the evening, spreading good cheer and stomach aches, in the form of weiner sandwiches, fresh pork barbecue, cakes, candies and other dainties. After the banquet the cigars were passed around, and when the room was full of smoke, the story tellers were at their best. Major McGriff was elected the champion speller, he having spelled the rather difficult word: "Archibaldas Hohlman." Corporal Hamer was unanimously chosen as the best story teller, with "Dusty" Rhoades second and Grant Maddox third. Simmons, Barnett and Helms also ran. A good time was had by all, but—what puzzles us is, "What became of all of the 'eats' that were left over?" Page Sherlock Holmes.

Don Murray, M. T. W. driver, covered his whole route one day last week without having to buy any new part for the Ford truck, or getting stuck in a mud hole.

WICHITA, KANS.

J. A. White, Correspondent

W. H. Foos replaced C. L. Shank as agent at Bazine, on July 18.

On July 16, 1924, Fred Sutton replaced Ralph McLeish as our agent at Beeler, Kan.

Ernest Etling is the new agent at Belpre, replacing A. R. Gates, who has become an addition to the sales force.

O. C. Mitchell checked in as agent at Rose Hill on July 17, replacing Salesman M. W. Hall, who was acting as temporary agent.

E. R. Starkey of the sales force was checked in as temporary agent at Beeler on July 14,

being relieved by Fred Sutton a day or so later.

Glen Miller replaced Lee Canthon as our Albert agent on July 28.

I. A. Howard replaced E. L. Etling as our agent at Belpre, July 23.

Ira E. Flick is the new attendant at S. S. No. 16, Hutchinson. He succeeds Clarence Blasiar.

Wiley Trivett replaced Fred Camp as attendant at S. S. No. 12, Salina, on June 1.

Salesmen Jack Costello and E. R. Starkey are both up in arms over the claim of the former in the RECORD that he will have his territory ranking first in Polarine sales for the year period. Starkey writes this office in part: "But Jack Costello will not be in first place for Polarine sales in 1924. This is not a boast but a stated fact. Also his agent at Liberal is too 'cocky' about his nice sales on Mica Axle Grease for 1924. Julian Cople, agent at Scott City, Kan., chooses him as per his dope in STANOLIND RECORD and we will win for sales in 1924 on Mica also."

What have you got to say about that, Jack? Come on—sales speak louder than words.

"Mack" Harrell, Paradise agent, has invested in a new Ford truck. Evidently this town is living up to its name for our products at least.

W. W. Felts at Plainville has also bought a new truck, his being an International.

George Bentley, agent at Hill City, is threatening to grow a new mustache as the hot rays of the sun are sunburning his teeth. Bentley is an erstwhile RECORD reporter and if he would stay inside long enough to write us some news items he could easily avoid both the sunburn and the coffee strainer.

Agent Deems of LaCrosse feels pretty chesty over his gain in Red Crown for July. We don't blame Deems and if he can show that much gain for several months in a row we will publish his picture in the RECORD.

Agent Wesley Dewhirst of Marquette is one of the few live ones who answered our letter asking for news. Agent Dewhirst didn't have anything of particular importance to write about but he did show the "write" spirit. He says the crops are fine. Wheat averages 25 to 40 bushels per acre and corn will average around 80 he says. As a result about 25 new tractors and other motor equipment have been sold so far. No one knows better than Dewhirst what that means to this company. He reports that Collectors Fisher and Flick paid his territory a visit and one would have thought they were vacuum cleaner salesmen the way they cleaned things up.

Salesman O. P. Branson, whose specialty is specialties and who can dispose of more candles than a hot summer day, recently visited the candle shops at Whiting. You girls up there surely remember the memorable occasion. But, alas, we must confide the doleful news that Oliver is married.

A fire destroyed the Standard Oil bulk station at Bunkerhill, Kan., recently. A cigar spark was the cause.

About thirty-five employees of the Warehouse at Wichita held a picnic after office hours, recently, at Glenwood Park. The meal started with chicken and ended at about 7 p. m.—with more chicken. There were horseshoe contests and Doc Cave and Bill Kline cleaned up the bunch. A rollicking baseball game was scheduled between the married and single men but as Chinnery Todd was the only single man in the crowd the Benedicts relented and gave him enough of their members to assure a game. Darkness ended the scrap with the score 3 to 3. Black, Hester and Cave, and Todd and Rose were the batteries.

Miss Fan Goodman recently enjoyed an over Sunday visit in Kansas City, Mo. She returned Monday and raved madly about K. C. into our ears for as long as we'd listen. "Oh, and I had th' gra-a-ndest time . . . bunch of girls . . .nicest town . . . going to go back there . . . nicest talk with Mr. Griffin . . . the man on the train said his name was Goodman, too. . . . Yes, isn't it romantic . . . be sure and give me a good write-up . . . etc., etc." Well, anyway, Fannie went to Kansas City. She had a swell time. It is not news now because everyone here knew about it twenty minutes after she returned. Go again soon, Fan. You're good copy.

L. F. Becket has resigned as head of the construction department. He will be succeeded by Charlie Haughton.

Ralph Reid, efficiency expert, has been sojourning in our midst for the past month. The results of his visit has been the complete reorganization of several departments and a general improvement throughout the entire office.

Miss Carmel Lewis, head stenographer, has added the duties of secretary to the manager to ner already arduous work.

Miss Esther Calkins visited Kansas City, Mo., over Sunday recently and said she was overjoyed at being able to attend a Sunday movie once more.

A casual glance into No Man's Land reveals a wealth of new material for us men to comment on. The best part of it is none of the comments are adverse, either. There is Mrs. Orpha Kite, tall and dark, and Miss Lucella Detert, tall and fair. Then there is Mrs. Oneita Good, not so tall but with such a winning disposition that she is already running Esther Calkins a close second with the ready smile. And Esther has been with us a year, too. Then, again, there is Miss LaVerne Spitzer, who has the complexion that the billboards say the school girls made famous and a Gibson profile. Three more attractive stenographers are assisting in the credit department and everyone is hoping that their temporary employment will be made permanent. These girls are the Misses Ruth Cannon, Aldena Harris and Ruth Whitten.

Remarkable: For three days in a row we managed to masticate our lunch without hearing Julia Masten hit high C below the belt.

Allen C. Bonjour has succeeded M. G. Spaulding, resigned, in the stock department.

H. V. Patterson, cartage clerk, has resigned and will go to California to make his future home. He will be succeeded by H. J. Alexander, former coupon clerk. "Curly" Talbot is lifted out of the check department to assume Aleck's coupon duties.

M. A. Grider and W. E. Grob are new additions to the check department. A. G. Sampson, formerly S. S. attendant, has been transferred to this office.

F. M. LaVerne has taken over the stencil cutting desk and is proving a very satisfactory addition to our personnel.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
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The Man Who Counts

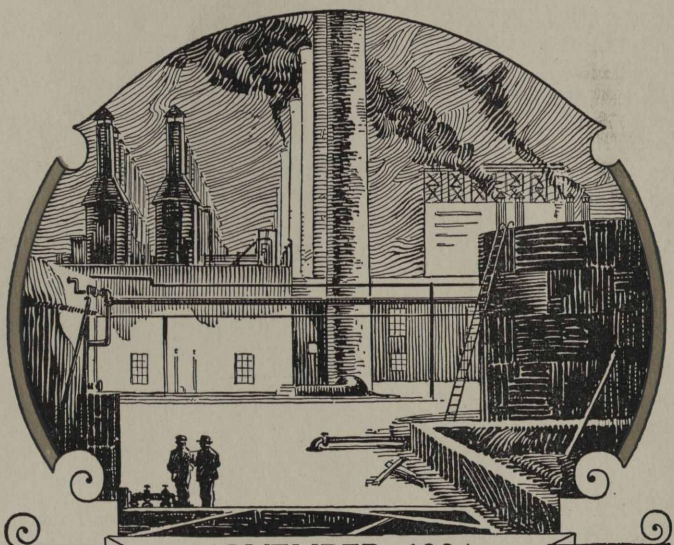
IT is not the critic who counts, nor the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, nor where the doer of deeds could have done better.

The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat; who strives valiantly; who errs and may fail again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming, but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who does know the great enthusiasm, the great devotion, who spends himself in a worthy cause, who, at the best, knows at the end of the triumph of achievement, and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those whose timid souls know neither victory nor defeat.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD



VOL. 6 NOVEMBER, 1924 NO. 1

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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STANOLIND
RECORD
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C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
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Vol. 6 NOVEMBER No. 1

CASPER REPRESENTATIVE PANS THE STANOLIND RECORD

Would Make It House Organ, Rather Than Employees' Magazine, and Substitute Plant Newspapers — Wood River Discusses Vacations for Hourly Paid Employees — Sixth Annual Industrial Relations Conference Held

From the standpoint of everybody except that of the editor of the STANOLIND RECORD, the Sixth Annual Industrial Relations Conference was a grand success. It was held Monday, September 22, at the Congress hotel, Chicago, with representatives present from the Whiting, Ind., Wood River, Ill., Sugar Creek, Mo., Casper, Wyo., Laramie, Wyo., and Greybull, Wyo., refineries, and from the General Office, Chicago.

The Board of Directors was commended for what it has done for the employees of this company, especially in the cases of the Death Benefits' Plan, Stock Purchasing Plan, Annuity Plan and the Industrial Relations Plan itself.

The Industrial Relations Department was praised for the manner in which it has made Industrial Relations a vital, living thing in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana.)

The Safety Department was praised for its efficient work in preventing accidents.

The Joint General Committees praised themselves for the fine work they have done.

And the STANOLIND RECORD got panned in the afternoon and again in the evening. As the editor is not eligible to speak at the Industrial Relations Conference, unless expressly invited to do so, it was a most harmonious conference.

Mr. L. G. Smith, of Casper, was the first speaker of the afternoon, his subject being "Local Weekly Periodicals for Each Manufacturing and Sales Division." In effect, Mr. Smith, by comparing the STANOLIND RECORD, an employees' magazine, to house organs—which are not properly employees' magazines—virtually urged that the STANOLIND RECORD cease to be an employees' magazine, that it be converted into a house organ and weekly periodicals substituted in its place.

Other subjects discussed at the conference were:

"What Is a 100 Per Cent Employee?" by H. H. Finnegan, General Office.

"Cleanliness and Sanitation and Their Relation to Safety," by F. N. Sanford, Greybull.

"Service Rendered to the Public by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana)," by Roy Stewart, Laramie.

"Athletic and Social Activities and Their Effect on the Morale of Employees," by A. O. Hodges, Sugar Creek.

"The Elected Representative and His Duty to Management and Employee," by Harry Wheeler, Whiting.

"Vacations for Hourly Paid Employees," By Wm. H. Miller, Wood River.

Having by its silence agreed with the Casper delegation that the STANOLIND RECORD isn't worth a whoop, the Conference closed its business with a resolution urging that all papers read during the meeting be published in the STANOLIND RECORD.

The STANOLIND RECORD sincerely regrets that the space does not permit publishing all the papers in full, but they follow in part:

(Continued on Page 3)

Industrial Relations Plan
Sixth Annual Conference
Standard Oil Company (Indiana)
Congress Hotel Chicago.
Sept. 22, 1924.

PROCEEDINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 1)

LOCAL WEEKLY PERIODICALS FOR EACH MANUFACTURING AND SALES DIVISION

By L. G. Smith, Casper

In the Industrial Relations Plan Booklet, Part A, Section VII, is stated the function of the Company periodical. It says the Company periodical shall be a means of communication among the management, the employees and the public. It shall contain among other things "the proceedings of the meetings and conferences in which employees are likely to be interested and should also be a medium for recording data and events, making announcements with reference to Company matters and otherwise diffusing information likely to be of general interest." As this is a definite statement of Company policy, we believe that the Company should strive to produce a magazine which will excel all others just as its Industrial Relations Plan, its service to the public, the quality of its products, the liberal treatment of its employees and the superiority of its management excel that of its competitors. The fact that our STANOLIND RECORD is not equal to the periodicals published by other oil companies and does not reflect our leadership in the industry as do the things before mentioned, has caused a large number of employees at the different refineries to suggest the issuing of a weekly periodical in each refinery and sales division similar to the "Bayway News" of the S. O. Co. of New Jersey and "Among Ourselves" of the S. O. Co. of California, to relieve the STANOLIND RECORD of the items of local interest and get these to the employees while they are news. The subject has been assigned to me for discussion at this conference and I shall give you Casper's idea of the proposition.

Mr. Julian, the editor of the STANOLIND RECORD, has said many times when the matter of local items was under discussion that "The locals are the life of any paper and essential to the interest of most readers." This fact we take for granted, but with this reservation local items over a week old are not an asset to any paper. At the present time locals appearing in the RECORD are two months old and we believe it is waste space to print most of them. It has been hard to get local reporters for the RECORD just on this account. The RECORD can not fully cover the ground specified in the Industrial Relations Plan booklet because it takes in too large a territory. Many matters of interest to the management and employees in the sales department are of no interest to the manufacturing department and are naturally left out of the RECORD to the detriment of the sales division. As a consequence, many things of local importance must be transmitted to the employees by word-of-mouth or by posting notices on bulletin boards.

A separate weekly periodical published by each manufacturing and sales department will accomplish many things of benefit to the Company and to the employees. It would enable us to get all local and personal items printed not more than a week after the occurrence. It would be possible through it to give true accounts of the activities of the employees' organizations; such as The Athletic Association, Benefit Association, Foreman's Club and others. In several instances that I know of, inaccurate reports of an organization's activities or financial condition have been maliciously or otherwise circulated among the employees. While this can not be stopped altogether, a weekly paper with trustworthy information will do much to eliminate misunderstandings. Our experience in getting notices and news items published in the daily newspapers has been a sad one. Invariably it is garbled beyond all recognition, thus proving the old adage: "When you want a thing well done, do it yourself," and makes another point in favor of a paper of our own. At the present time at Casper 200 copies of the minutes of the J. G. C. are mimeographed every month and posted at various places in the plant. If we had a weekly paper they would be published in it and thus be much more widely read. I believe our safety department also would benefit greatly, in that safety education—which, by the way, we need more than safety appliances—would be thoroughly impressed upon the employees in well-written articles every week. Many announcements by the managemnt could be made much better in this way than by the ordinary method

of posting notices on bulletin boards which are often overlooked by busy men.

We propose, therefore, the publication of a weekly paper in each manufacturing and sales division, edited by some competent person working under the Assistant Director of Industrial Relations in that division. This local editor would also act as local correspondent to the STANOLIND RECORD. The local paper would handle all matters pertaining to that particular division, thus providing more space in the STANOLIND RECORD for more articles of general interest on petroleum; more articles pertaining to the past and present widespread operations of our Company and data relating to sales and service, keeping before the readers all the time the variety and quality of our products and their many uses. We believe that this combination of weekly paper and monthly magazine will fulfill the specifications laid down in the Industrial Relations Plan and provide a monthly magazine which can be made to compare favorably with those published by the S. O. Co. of New Jersey, S. O. Co. of California, Texas Company, Sinclair Oil Co., Midwest Refining Co., and others.

WHAT IS A 100% EMPLOYEE?

By H. H. Finnegan, General Office

A 100% man must not only be a worker, industrious, ambitious and progressive, but he must be equally as loyal—loyal to his company, its policies and its products.

I believe, gentlemen, with the consideration of loyalty in respect to the majority of employees we have struck a keynote that is worthy of great consideration in connection with this subject.

We will not tolerate disloyalty in our domestic life, within our homes. We are all familiar with the penalties for disloyalty in military service. No matter how good a soldier a man may be, an act of disloyalty utterly derates him.

It is a proven fact that the most dominating factor in a successful organization of any description, is where all persons involved are bound by loyalty and still I believe in commercial life, it is not so seriously considered, from the viewpoint of the employee.

Can you conceive of 28,000 workers, like a great army, every one of them loyal to their organization, forging ahead with the thought in mind that they are giving every effort to make their company the leader of all; that if the organization employing them is successful their opportunity of sharing such success is so much the greater.

And I say to you gentlemen, that at the bottom of it all lies loyalty; that no man or woman, no matter how excellent they are in their work can come within that classification of 100% unless they have sincerely embodied within them that great factor.

It means that every employee must be sold to the highest degree on all products manufactured by the company employing him. A man can not uphold his company in one instance and not sincerely believe it is producing the best.

In brief, a man can not be sold on his organization unless he is sold on its products and let me say this not only applies to the salesmen, but to every employee. The man in the refinery should know that he is assisting in the manufacture of the highest grade goods that were ever marketed. The man in the field must sincerely be convinced that he is delivering products that can not be excelled. The office man, whatever the nature of his work may be, should feel that he is doing his full share to keep his company's products in the rank of the foremost.

CLEANLINESS AND SANITATION AND THEIR RELATION TO SAFETY

By F. N. Sanford, Greybull

I think I am correct in stating that the diseases that may be typical to refinery workers come under one of two classes; that of skin, caused by handling the liquid constituents, and that of the nervous system and respiratory organs, caused by coming in contact with the more volatile constituents of petroleum; that is, the gases. Skin diseases are not prevalent among the men at a modern refinery, although they may be localized in certain departments of a complete refinery. Frequent use of hot water and soap, shower baths and changing of clothes will prevent the effects of contact of oil with the skin.

We do not have to contend with the effect of gases. Cleaning stills, agitators, tanks, repairing leaks and pumps are some of the places where the men come in contact with gases. Ventilate well any structure in which men are placed. Never allow a man to go into a structure in which there is gas without aid outside in case he is overcome, even

(Continued on Page 6)

WE'RE 27,000 STRONG!

Kansas City, Missouri.
August 26, 1924.

Mr. H. A. Lewis,
Assistant General Manager,
Standard Oil Co.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

After reading the account of the hearing at Jefferson City in the papers here, I believe now is the time for every loyal employee to come to the front.

With the years of service I have had with the company, I have my first crooked act to see, or the first of anything of the kind to be pulled off or even suggested by anyone connected with the company.

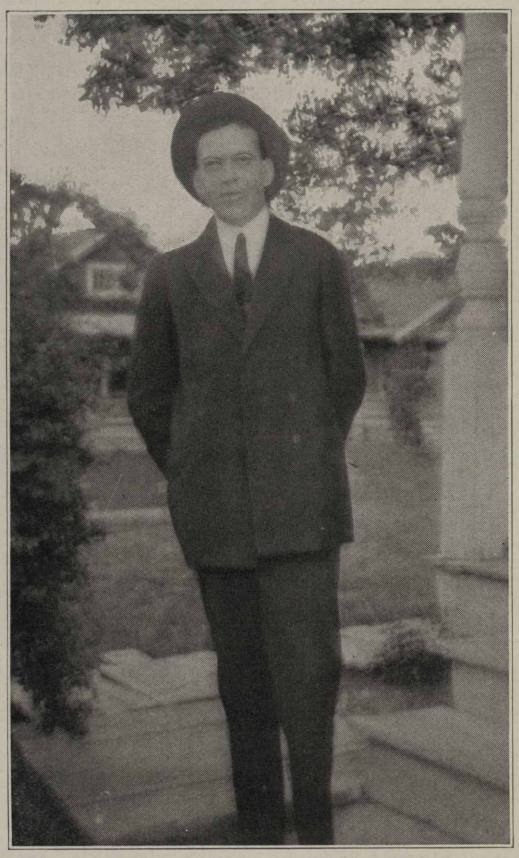
Realizing the fact that we have 27,000 employees, I don't believe there is one that has seen or heard of anything of this kind. Our salesmen, tank truck drivers, service station men can get the business without such means as we are charged with.

After realizing what the company has done for me, I now stand ready to do anything to help wipe out this black charge. The company is at liberty to use what money I have in the Stock Plan if needed. They have trusted me, and I am willing and ready to trust them.

I know that all things come out right, "for they are them that do the right thing." I am most sure that everything will come out in the company's favor.

Hoping God will bring everything right, I remain,

Yours truly,
(Signed) WALTER MAY,
1007 Standard Oil,
4328 Penn St.,
Kansas City, Mo.



Walter May, colored janitor, with 12 years of service with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

* * *

He: "My dear, it's no use for you to look at those hats; I haven't more than a dollar in my pocket."

She: "You might have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things."

He: "I did."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"My husband is so good to his employes."

"Is he?"

"Yes. He came home last night all tired out, poor fellow, and I heard him murmur in his sleep, 'Jim, I'll raise you ten.' And business is so dull, too."—*Exchange.*

As the parting instructions were being given, the fresh young salesman picked up his grip and started on his initial trip. "Good luck to you," said his chief; "wire us important news."

The following day this message was received: "Reached here safely, good room with bath, feeling fine."

The manager wired back: "So glad, love and kisses, goodbye."—*Forbes.*

* * *

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard.

* * *

Doctor—You cough easier this morning.

Patient—I ought to—I've been practicing all night.

* * *

A Smart Office Boy

An insurance man says his company recently took on a new office boy who is a wonder. A man came into the office the other day and asked: "Can you insure the immortal soul?"

"I don't know," the kid replied, "but if you will wait just a minute I will ask the manager of the fire department."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

(Continued from Page 4)

though he is furnished with a gas mask, as this is liable to give him a false sense of security. Notice the physical condition of a man before allowing him to work around gas. I have noticed often, men are able to work around gas in the morning, but after eating dinner can not stand it. I do not know whether the effect of gas may become chronic, but believe it a wise policy not to use the same men continually for that class of work.

The whole question of change rooms, toilets, showers, wash rooms and lockers is a question in which the Safety Department could well interest itself. Too often, I believe, we think of the Safety Department merely as a guardian over dangers from the physical plant itself and not interested in the possible dangers to health from unsanitary conditions. I do not say this as a criticism, because in my experience, the health of the employees has not suffered from this source.

SERVICE RENDERED TO THE PUBLIC BY STANDARD OIL CO. (IND.)

By Roy Stewart, Laramie

The average individual who fills his car at one of our service stations does not realize that the fuel that speeds him on his way represents an interesting evolution. He just takes it for granted that when he gets low on fuel and needs more he can get it at our next service station. He is likely to suppose, if he thinks about it, at all, that all there is to making gasoline is dumping the crude oil into a large container, heating it up, and the result is the necessary liquid that develops the power to run his motor.

A great deal of credit must be given to Dr. W. M. Burton, president of our company, for perfecting the cracking process and making of it a commercial success. Through his efforts it has been made possible for us to deliver to the motor users, larger quantities of gasoline that today would be badly needed were it not for his cracking process.

We have assisted in bringing wealth into various parts of the country with our industries. We have helped to make it possible for a person to travel from coast to coast without having to worry about being able to get the necessary gasoline and lubricants to run his motor.

Communities have been made more prosperous and this can be attributed to no reason other than the company that we belong to, which has been well at the forefront in paying very generously every individual that has helped to make the Company what it is and what is represents.

Some of the larger cities owe their increase in size to the exceptional increase in business that we have brought about. Some of these cities a few years ago were mere villages and to-day they stand out as conspicuous examples of the business ingenuity of such men as compose our Board of Directors, and such untiring service as is rendered by the subordinates of our Company.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AND THEIR EFFECT ON THE MORALE OF EMPLOYEES

By A. O. Hodges, Sugar Creek

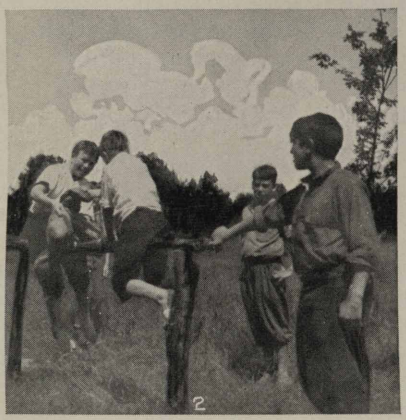
The object of social and athletic activities is to develop team work and raise and maintain the morale of the employees of the organization in which such activities are instituted.

The organization of athletic associations, bands, and other similar societies which have for their object the general betterment of social conditions among employees and their families inevitably leads to a closer personal contact among those participating, which results in a better understanding between all concerned.

Athletic activities, such as baseball or basketball, develop not only greater physical and mental alertness but also develop and demonstrate the value of team work and cooperation, one of the most valuable lessons to be learned by those engaged in modern industry. In addition to the benefits obtains by those who actively engage, a large additional number of employees are entertained. The good fellowship and sportsmanship developed in this way is carried into the plant and has a marked effect on the general attitude of the employees as a whole toward their work, their fellow-employees, and the company or corporation in whose service they are employed.

(Continued on Page 8)

SOCO BOY SCOUTS OF WHITING



Whiting Refinery—Bring back those wonderful days when we were kids! The pictures were taken at Camp Nissaki, home of the Whiting Boy Scouts. No. 1—Here's the picture of some of the boys on Waverly Beach. No. 2—It makes men. Dennis and John McGroarty didn't pay much attention to the fotog when they were riding the bar. No. 3—This picture is printed for their mother's sake. Now, when the boys want to go without washing, mothers can take out the STANOLIND RECORD, point to this page and say, "Young man, you heard me!" In the picture are (left to right) A. Galligher, J. McGroarty, J. Dufan, J. Aliner, D. McGroarty and R. Stewart.

PROCEEDINGS OF ANNUAL CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 6)

The most beneficial of all in this respect, however, is the annual picnic and field day, as it is usually attended by a larger number of employees together with their families than any other event during the year. It is a thoroughly democratic affair and furnishes a better opportunity for becoming mutually acquainted and bringing about a closer social intercourse among employees and their families than any other single event. This is particularly true with respect to bringing the foremen and department heads into closer personal relationships with the rank and file of the employees which in turn leads to a better mutual understanding and respect.

THE ELECTED REPRESENTATIVE AND HIS DUTY TO MANAGEMENT AND EMPLOYEE

By Harry Wheeler, Whiting

The elected representative should first of all believe in the brotherhood of man, believing that no matter what country an employee came from, no matter what his creed, no matter what position he occupies in the Company's employ, no matter whether he voted for or against him, he is entitled to the same consideration as any one else. In this way, if the employee be a foreigner, he will learn very soon the ideas of American citizenship.

He should, without doubt, believe in the Golden Rule which is "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you."

He should ever keep in mind the Ninth Beatitude, the passage of scripture that says, "Blessed are the Peacemakers for they shall be called the Children of God." After that promise I can hardly see why a man would want to be known as an agitator or troublemaker.

He should so conduct himself that while workmen have confidence in him, the management has respect for him.

He should be an optimist; then will he be able to point out to his fellowmen the silver lining that is behind every cloud.

He should always endeavor to be respectful but at the same time be firm when he believes his constituent is right.

He should remember that while he is an advocate, he is not necessarily a lawyer. An advocate is a pleader, an intercessor, one who believes in the right of the person he represents, while a lawyer does not stop nor care to know the justice of the case as long as his fee is paid.

To sum it all up, an elected representative must be endowed with good common sense, a regard for justice, a good backbone, and the power of speech.

Let us now change the order of business leaving the elected representative and his duty to managemnt to the last.

What is the Duty of the Elected Representative to the employee?

His duty is to give his fellow-employee the benefit of the doubt and fight for what he considers is right, regardless of whom it affects, but always fight fair.

He should acquaint himself whenever possible with working and living conditions in other plants so that when drawing comparisons he may be able to substantiate or deny assertions.

He should so study the men of his division, if possible, that he may know whom to admonish or rebuke, and how to administer the same. In this respect he will need to be "As wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove."

He should never play the part of an informer unless failure to do so means loss of life, serious injury or destruction of company property, or when he is satisfied that agitators are at work striving to undermine the policies of the management or seeking to destroy the fundamental principles of the American government.

He should, in a quiet respectful manner, draw the attention of the department head to any man in his division who he thinks is worthy of advancement since it is the policy of the management to reward faithful service whenever possible.

It is his duty to use all honorable means of adjusting a grievance by consulting with his department head or foreman before taking his grievance to the Joint General Committee, but if he can not come to an agreement with them, then he should "Carry On" until he has obtained results and made it plain to the department head that if he will not play the game according to "Hoyle," he will bring censure upon himself from those "higher-up."

It is his duty to remember at all times that while he is representative, he is also a paid workman and while his position as a representative grants him certain privileges, he should not abuse them, and while he has a right to meet selected representatives on an equal footing while conducting industrial relations business, he should not at other times expect to receive any different consideration than that to which his occupation or position on the pay roll entitles him.

His duty is to so conduct himself that the men of his division will have no cause to regret the confidence they place in him and that the management, believing him a fair example of the men he represents, will become convinced that his division is composed of intelligent, hardworking, broad-minded men and reward them accordingly.

This, I believe, is the duty of an elected representative to the employee.

Now let us see what I consider his duty to the management.

His duty to the management requires that he should thoroughly acquaint himself with the policies of the management so that he is able to present these policies to his constituents in such a manner that instead of construing the same as hardships created to injure or oppress them, they will realize the necessity of these policies and cooperate with him in obedience to the same.

His duty to the management requires him to familiarize himself with every bit of information he can obtain in regard to his work so he can give information to others which he thinks will be of mutual benefit to management and employee.

His duty to management requires that he should at no time forget that the company is a business organization and not a fraternal organization as some employees at times seem to think, and if he does his duty he should be able to make the men of his division see that the larger the volume of business done, with overhead expenses cut or reduced whenever possible, the brighter the chance for a wage increase.

It is his duty to the management to endeavor to convince the men he represents that the management has the welfare of its employees at heart, and is always ready to act on any suggestion that will be of mutual benefit.

It is his duty in every possible way to endeavor to remove and eradicate the feeling of suspicion that has too long existed in the minds of working men toward Capital, and convince them, if possible, that the standard set by Union Labor itself, is all the management requires—A fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

VACATIONS FOR HOURLY PAID EMPLOYEES

By Wm. H. Miller, Wood River

This subject was brought up at Wood River for discussion and investigation last December. The result was that a large number of representative concerns in the United States granting vacations to hourly paid employees, were written to. The following questions were asked:

How many persons do you employ?

How many employees receive vacations and under what conditions?

Is the plan successful from the management's viewpoint?

Is the plan successful from an employee's standpoint?

What is the average cost of hiring men in your industry?

Has the adoption of the plan reduced your labor turnover?

An analysis of the answers received discloses the following:

The number of persons employed ranged from a few hundred to 38,000.

The number affected by the vacation plan ranged from a few hundred to 20,000.

In every instance the plan was considered successful from the management's viewpoint, inasmuch as it reduced labor turnover and contributed to higher morale among the employees.

It is needless to state that the plan was considered successful from the employees' standpoint.

The question, "What is the average cost of hiring men in your industry?" was one which all concerns professed inability to answer.

We would be very ungrateful, indeed, were we unappreciative of the wonderful manner in which our company treats its employees. We can not lose sight of the fact that, through the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, the Employees' Death Benefits Plan, the Annuity Plan and last, but by no means least, the Industrial Relations Plan, our company occupies an enviable position amongst American industries in its relationship with the wage earner.

In view of the above, we would be very selfish, were we to propose any plan which could be construed as beneficial to the wage earner only.

In what manner, then, would a plan of this nature benefit the stockholders of this company?

It is estimated that at the Wood River Refinery alone, about $25,000, or 1¼% of the total payroll, would be expended yearly to carry out a plan to pay those employees having 5 years' and less than 10 years' service, one week's vacation with pay, and those employees having 10 years' or more service, two weeks' vacation with pay.

$25,000 is a large amount of money, in fact, to me, a machinist, it is a "Hell" of a lot of money. But let us look at it from another angle. We have approximately 1,000 employees in the Wood River Plant. To divide $25,000 amongst 1,000 employees would mean $25.00 per man. There are about 300 working days in a year, so this expenditure would figure slightly in excess of 8 cents per man per day. Now the question is, would it be profitable from the company's standpoint to make this expenditure?

They say that the way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach. There is a whole lot of truth in that old saying.

There is another way, however, and that is to do something that will contribute not only to his own personal welfare but to that of his immediate family.

The Employees' Death Benefits Plan caused more comment, more enthusiasm in the Wood River Plant than any one individual act of this company.

I do not hesitate in stating that the greater part of this enthusiasm originated in the home of the employee. Vacations for hourly workers would arouse a similar enthusiasm in the homes.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends

THE BANQUET

Speakers at the banquet in the evening were D. F. Mahoney, Casper; M. C. Lovelady, Greybull; B. L. Walker, Laramie; J. W. Easterwood, Sugar Creek; Ben Imler, Whiting; G. W. McDonald, Wood River; Harvey W. King, Chicago; Dr. W. M. Burton, President of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and J. D. Clark, Assistant to the Chairman of the Board. Dr. S. H. Diggs, Casper, presided as toastmaster.

All of the speeches were well prepared, well delivered and thoroughly enjoyed. The Stanolind Record regrets that lack of space prevents dealing with them at more length.

Both Dr. Burton and Mr. Clark spoke of current business conditions as they affect the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), making to the representatives an extremely frank exposition of the company's affairs. Mr. Clark also spoke vigorously of politically inspired attacks upon the company in Missouri and elsewhere. As both Dr. Burton's and Mr. Clark's addresses were in the nature of confidential communications to the employees, they can not be reproduced here. They were given the closest attention by the assembled representatives and the tremendous applause which followed was an earnest that the management has back of it the whole-hearted and enthusiastic support of the great body of employees.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

La Crosse Division—This division has been boasting about its revised slogan—Original service, anywhere, anytime—since Ed Henneman, agent at Chippewa Falls, Wis., proved that Standard Oilers are the best in the world.

Ed recently drove up to a farm just in time to see the grain stacks and barn a mass of flames. Only the farmer's wife and children were at home. Ed took charge of the firefighting, climbing to the roof of the house where he placed water soaked carpets in position to withstand the flames. The woman passed up the soaking carpets to him by means of a rake. The house was saved.

An amusing incident of the fire was the position of Ed after the flames had died away. He couldn't get off the roof.

ANNUITANTS

Five more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll by the Board of Directors, according to the report of E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer. The death of one annuitant, Charles C. Baskwietz, Whiting, was reported.

The new annuitants follow:

Arthur Moore, 343 Oliver street, Whiting, Ind., formerly still foreman and night superintendent at Whiting refinery; with company 25 years.

Miles Goldrick, 425 Pennsylvania avenue, Whiting, formerly boilermaker at Whiting refinery; with company 35 years and 5 months.

Joe Shemansky, 746 Indiana boulevard, Whiting, Ind., formerly laborer at Whiting refinery; with company 16 years and 5 months.

John W. Humphrey, 331 Oliver street, Whiting, Ind., formerly foreman in can factory at Whiting refinery; with company 45 years and 4 months.

James Storer, 1309 North Eighth street, Burlington, Iowa, formerly general salesman in Davenport field; with company 20 years.

MERCY, HENRIETTA!

Miss Henrietta Goldberger, whiz bang of the Indianapolis office, who has been transferred to the technical department, Chicago, threatens us with dire revenge if we publish the item appearing in the Indianapolis gossip in which Correspondent Harshman refers to her avoirdupois, claiming it a rank injustice inasmuch as she has reduced thirty whole pounds. We admit we are scared to death of Henrietta, but we are also afraid of offending Harshman by eliminating his news items, so we are between the devil and the deep sea, as it were—now, now, keep cool, Henrietta—and we're trying to keep in good with Harsh and at the same time square ourselves with Henrietta by telling the world she really has lost thirty pounds and is down to fighting weight—and we will be out of town, Henrietta, all this week.

* * *

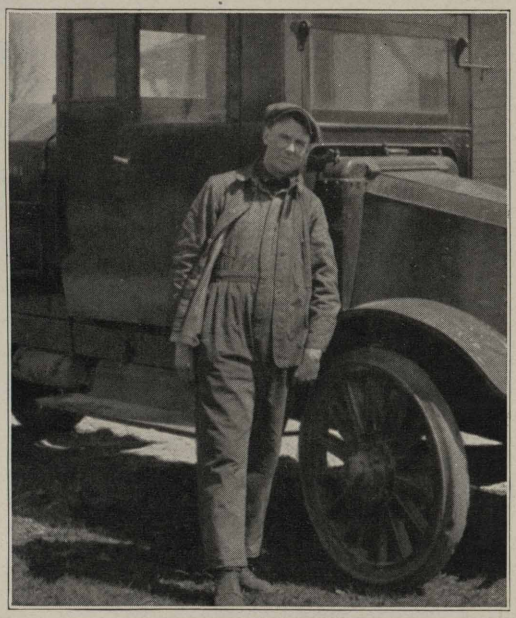
The Track Supervisor received the following note from one of his track foremen:

"I'm sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike maul. Now under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"—*Exchange.*

MISS BURNS MARRIES

Miss Terese Burns, secretary to Mr. Allan Jackson, vice president in charge of sales, while on her vacation, September 27 to October 11, changed her name to Mrs. Daniel R. Fenton. The fortunate Mr. Fenton is in business in Chicago. Mrs. Fenton will remain with the company for the present. The bride is very well known and very well liked throughout the sales department and General Office, to which she came from the LaCross office. (Bulletin! On October 16, four days after the bride's return from the honeymoon, she appeared at the office wearing a large bandage about the left thumb, but she denies that she was injured trying to carve the bread. C. C. Lakin, manager of the asphalt department, has volunteered to solve the mystery exclusively for the Stanolind Record and his report is awaited with interest.)

A SOCO HERO



Grand Rapids Division.—Francis Sharkey, agent at Albion, made a heroic effort to save a man from drowning. The man, Erik Blomquist, walked off the Albion street bridge and Mr. Sharkey dived into the water in a vain attempt to save him.

* * *

"George did you hear that joke about the Egyptian who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?"

"No; let's hear it."—*Exchange.*

SOME MERMAIDS OF THE GENERAL OFFICE

General Office, Chicago—Here's one place that has taken the bathing contest seriously! Four more entrants are shown this month. No. 1—Olive Johnson, traffic department. No. 2—Exerine Julien, fifth floor. No. 3—Ella Stippick, fifth floor. No. 4—Florence Johnston, traffic department.

THE PIPE LINE

WISDOM

From the ancient Hebrew scriptures,
With their proverbs, quaint and terse,
I have taken a great man's wisdom
And set it down in verse.

If thou be slow to anger
In the bitterness of life,
Though the world account thee lowly
Thou art victor in the strife.

And if thou rule thy spirit,
Nor give thy passions rein,
Thou shalt earn men's good opinion
And shalt not live in vain.

The precept is an old one,
And practiced by but few;
But, earlier or later,
We all must prove it true.

—**Robinson Crusoe.**

But We'll Bet Lily Is Unselfish

Dear Sir: I view with alarm an effort that is being made to subvert space in your valued column to advertising and the promotion of selfish interests. Pipe this: I'm just as certain that the publicity-seeking Lily White (see October issue) is really Sue Perla Petrolatum, as I am that Lord Renfrow and the Prints of Whales is the same. Send Lil your advertising rate card.

—Miss Ann Thropic.

WELL, IT SEEMS LIKE 1924 YEARS

Mr. Pi-eyed Piper: In your October issue you used the caption "In the Year 1924, A. P.," apparently meaning "After Prohibition." Isn't your chronology all wrong? Prohibition didn't go into effect until 1919, so you should have said "In the Year 5 A. P."—Oh, So Dry.

Has Saginaw No Committee?

Dear Pied Piper—Since our "Harem" read the article in the August RECORD entitled "Lay Off Casper," they have been seriously considering transfers to that vicinity. They think it is just terrible that such a condition actually exists and admire the Vigilance Committee whom they imagine must be too darn nice for anything. The next time they go to the beach they plan on having a nice picture taken, enlarged and framed for presentation to said committee. Verily, the greatest of these is charity.

Jo of Sag.

WUXTREE! EXCLUSIVE SCOOP BY THE PIPE LINE

Harry Glair Quits Schnitzlebaum Quartet

(The Pipe Line, through its great editor, the Pied Piper, in this issue is able to present to its readers an exclusive scoop. Once, all scoops were exclusive, but in these days a scoop is not a scoop—if you don't believe it, read the claims of rival Chicago newspapers—unless it is absolutely guaranteed exclusive. The following, unquestionably the greatest scoop of the season, is so guaranteed.—Ed.)

Harry Glair, assistant superintendent of the Whiting works and chief songster of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), has quit the notorious Schnitzlebaum quartet cold.

His defection became a matter of public knowledge at the great Standard Oil Products Exposition, Whiting, when Mr. Glair announced from the Community House stage that the quartet was no longer a quartet, and introduced the Schnitzlebaum Trio, composed of E. G. Seubert, R. H. McElroy and E. J. Bullock.

Mr. Glair, it will be recalled, became a member of the quartet when the famous "Bo" Andrus, of Casper, was forced to drop out due to his inability to gurgle in German.

Mr. Glair, it is understood, quit the quartet for aesthetic reasons.

"I quit in the interests of harmony," said Mr. Glair. "I love harmony, and so—how could I go on?"

Mr. Glair did not say this direct to the Pied Piper, but the Line obtained it from a friend of a friend of a friend of Mr. Glair's, in whom the company songster is said to have confided. No doubt Mr. Glair will deny having said it. They always do in scandal stories. Just look what Pitcher Yde of the Phillies did to the Rockford Sports editor in the baseball scandal.

From the remaining members of the once famous quartet, however, comes the charge that Mr. Glair did not quit but was thrown out.

"He couldn't sing Irish, so we threw him out. Wasn't that enough?" Mr. McElroy, who made a screaming success of a solo at the Exposition, is said by a friend of a friend of a friend of his to have said.

"Donner Wetter!" Mr. Seubert is said by a friend of a friend of a friend of his to have said to a friend, "Glair's German accent was terrible, terrible. How could he sing German opera?"

"He tried to hog the show," Mr. Bullock is said by a friend of a friend of a friend to have said to a friend. "I believe in team work and an equal chance for all. Glair made so much noise I couldn't even hear myself sing. I stand for equal opportunity."

Regardless of Mr. Glair's defection it is reported that the Schnitzlebaum Quartet will continue as a Trio.

And now, as in these days of modern standards of literature it is demanded that all stories, to be an artistic success, must have a

tragic ending, and as we are determined to be artistically successful even if we have to commit murder or worse, we will bring this story to a tragic close.

The Schnitzlebaum Trio has a new song, "My Name is Yon Yonson, I Come from Wisconsin." It is worse than Schnitzlebaum. If that isn't more tragic than murder, we don't know what it is.

The Quince of Wails

"Oh," wails Margaret of Davenport, "why don't you print a picture of the Prince of Wales on the front cover of the STANOLIND RECORD? I want one so for my desk." Then she enthuses, "I think it's grand about the Pipe Line, only I hope the Pied Piper's pipe isn't a Charley Dawes."

Yes, and Hank Gowdy Should Have Had Some

Dearest Pied Piper: Maybe you'd be glad to hear the one about Bovinol being used for airplanes by Eddie Reiniger of E. St. Louis. He says it's a fly oil and ought to be good.

—Kate of Decatur.

Beulah's Almanac

A woman is as old as she looks; a man is never old until he stops looking.

THE PIPE LINE IS NOT CONDUCTED BY PROCRASTINATION—SO MAIL THAT CONTRIB TODAY!

WE'LL LET YOU DO THAT

Poor Pied Piper: I note from your first issue that like all pipe lines you carry only crude stuff. Now please, *O please!* in your caption for this don't pull that old bromide "Let Joy Be Unrefined!"—CASINGHEAD.

PIED PIPER.

BALL TITLE TO POLARINES

Whiting Refinery.—After one of the closest races since the inauguration of the Twilight League of the Whiting S. O. A. A., the Polarines were returned the winners over five other teams representing various departments of the Whiting Refinery.

Although the Polarines, consisting of players from the Barrel House and Main Office, finished two full games ahead of the Renowns, the Paraffine Switching Department entry, the final standing was in doubt until the last game had been played. The Red Crowns finished in third place only one game ahead of the Perfections, last year's winners, and through the greater part of the season these four teams were continually battling for first place with only a small percentage separating them. The Parolites, Machine Shop, and the Neolites, representing the Can House and Grease Works, finished fifth and sixth respectively, although they did give the winners stiff opposition before they were overcome.

The schedule this year consisted of forty-five games each team having fifteen games to play over a period of fifteen weeks, from May 12th, through the last week in August. The competition the last season was keen at all times and several extra inning contests were played while the greater percentage were decided by close scores. Following is the final standing:

	Won	*Lost*
Polarines	12	3
Renowns	10	5
Red Crowns	9	6
Perfections	7	8
Parolites	4	11
Neolites	3	12

As a fitting climax to such a successful season, the first and second place teams played an exhibition game at the S. O. A. A. Field Day held at Whiting Park on Labor Day. This game was another thriller, going eleven innings before the Polarines could vanquish the Renowns, the final score being 8 to 7 in favor of the champions. This game was easily one of the outstanding features of the day.

In addition to having custody of the beautiful Baseball Cup for the year, the winners as well as the second and third place teams were awarded valuable prizes by the local S. O. A. A. for their accomplishments during the past season.

EDDY HEARNE KNOWS GOOD GAS

Evansville Division—Eddy Hearne, the famous auto racer, drove into S. S. No. 38 while on a 10,000 mile test in a Chrysler touring car and purchased Polarine and Stanolind Aviation gasoline for sky-writing which he will perform in Vincennes for the Chrysler Motor company. Eddie uses Standard Oil products exclusively.

* * *

Tom Callahan got a job on the section working for a railroad. The superintendent told him to go along the line looking for washouts.

"And don't be as long-winded in your next report," said the superintendent. "Just report the condition of the road. Write a business letter, and not a love letter."

Tom proceeded on his tour of inspection, and when he reached the river, he wrote this report to the superintendent: "Sir: Where the railroad was, the river is."—*Gesco Bulletin.*

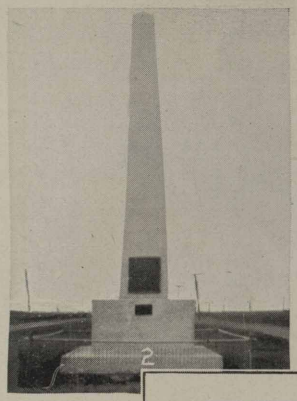
AND WE THOT THEY HAD NAUGHT *but Cornfields!*

Mason City Division—Rolling fields of corn, the glimmer of distant trees, the blood red sun of morning have long been the average person's idea of Iowa beauty. But here are two pictures which rival anything the rest of the country can offer and, not only that, they are not the conventional idea of Iowa beauty. No. 1—Can the Hudson show anything more beautiful, more grand, than the Palisades of the Oneota River? The picture was taken near Decoran. No. 2—And the Arch, near that same Iowa town!

HOT DOGS AND WALLEYED PIKE AT MANKATO

Mankato Division—No. 1—When Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Field journeyed northward with Mr. and Mrs. Leland Thomson they went after walleyed pike. They got plenty of pike but for fear their friends wouldn't believe them they had this picture taken. No. 2—Hot dawg! When the evening sun started its dip behind the banks of the Minnesota river at Sibley Park, Mary Wachwitz (left) and Katherine Emmerick staged a hot dog eating contest. The contest, we understand, broke up in a row when Mary bit Katie's nose. No. 3—Minda Johnson, stenographer, hooked a fine string of crappies in Lake Washington while vacationing.

AT THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

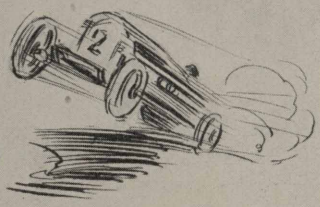


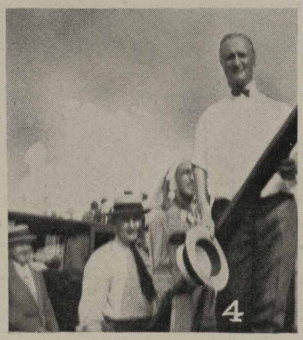
Huron Division—No. 1—Here's the agent at Claremont, who claims the Mica sales championship of the eleven states served by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). That's a truck load of Mica he's leaning against. No. 2—The center of North America and South Dakota. The shaft was erected by the Geographical Society. The plaque reads, "Center of South Dakota and approximate center of North America." No. 3—They're married now. F. J. Singpiel is a lucky scout. No. 4—Our correspondent, H. F. Lutgen, says, "This is a picture of some of our office fatties taking their daily dozen."

WHEN THE BIG WIND SWEPT LA CROSSE

La Crosse Division—With a record of twenty-eight persons killed and thirty-five injured so severely that hospital attention was necessary, La Crosse division was shattered by one of the worst wind storms in its history late in September. While no serious damage was done in La Crosse, the storm wrecked many buildings in and around Thorp, Owen and Withee. No. 1—The iron bridge of the Soo Line which was torn away by the wind. No. 2—A picture of the Maslowski farm, where all buildings were wrecked. No. 3—The scene of one death, the Novibilski Place.

RED CROWN ACCEPTED *as Best Racing Fuel*





Indianapolis Division—In this burg, where everybody is either a race driver or a speed fan, good gasoline is known by the company it keeps. And Red Crown is associated with the dirt and brick course motor kings of the Hoosier capital. No. 1—A view of the line-up of dirt track speeders, who competed for the 100 mile dirt track championship on the Hoosier Speedway. No. 2—The pride of 29th Street plant, which did noble work in supplying the racers during and before the contest. No. 3—Driver J. T. White was caught in the act of pouring five gallons of Polarine from a milk can in one of the racing cars. No. 4—Jack Brett, manager of the speedway, who is a strong booster of SOCO products.

TOOT TOOT, BANG BUNG, TEEDLE-EE, PLINK PLANK

Saginaw Division—All together now, "Plink, toot, *'Yes,'* strum, teedle, *we have* blah-ah-h, bam, *no r-rr-r,* eek-ee-oye *bananas* toot, toot, bang, pank, eek! Wazzat, you ask? 'Sonly the Red Crown orchestra of Saginaw division getting under way. In the battle front are (standing, left to right), Cameron Dawson, cornet; R. W. Kern, trombone; Stewart Reid, piano; F. A. Dettenthaller, flute; H. E. Zuber, violin and director; (sitting, left to right) S. P. Johnson, clarinet; C. A. Young, drums, and Clinton Coash, banjo. Elmer Large, saxophone, was absent when the picture was taken. The orchestra was organized two years ago when music was needed for the annual party. (Listen, S. P., why not have a radio night and give the Standard Oilers a treat?—Ed.)

EXECUTIVE ORDER

October 14, 1924.

Effective October 15, 1924, the following changes in Divisions of Assistant General Managers will be made—namely:

Mr. N. R. Grimshaw from position of Assistant General Manager, Northern Division, to Assistant General Manager, Western Division.

Mr. Amos Ball from position of Assistant General Manager, Central Division, to Assistant General Manager, Eastern Division.

Mr. H. A. Lewis from position of Assistant General Manager, Western Division, to Assistant General Manager, Central Division.

Mr. H. R. Cochran from position of Assistant General Manager, Eastern Division, to Assistant General Manager, Northern Division.

Very truly yours,

R. W. Stewart, *Chairman of the Board.*

Attest: E. G. Seubert, *Secretary.*

WELL, NOW THAT WATERMELON SEASON HAS LEFT US

Mason City Division.—Golly, these November days make us feel old! With the whistling winds searching out the tender spots of our anatomy, with a feeling that June and happy breezes are a century away, we just can't keep our thoughts from those wonderful days when we were kids. 'Member how we used to eat watermelon as watermelon should be eaten—taken in two good hands and pushed merrily to the dental cavity where huge—unspeakable—bites would send tears of ecstasy coursing down our cheeks to meet and mix with the juice of the melon in its journey down our chin to drip off in glorious drops? Gee! But—to get back to work. This is a picture of the W. J. McGuin family of Ringsted, Iowa.

Old Man—"And how old are you, little man?"

Boy—"I'm five at home, six at school and three on the street cars."—*Baltimore Trolley Topics.*

* * *

"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed Deacon Carson to his better half the other day. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting and mopping the floor; but I do object to running baby ribbon through my night dress to fool the baby."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Professor: "I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?"

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Professor: "Good! You are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."—*Exchange.*

* * *

A darkey, being the father of twelve children, all of whom had been rocked in the same cradle, was putting the latest arrival to sleep.

"Rastus," said his wife, "dat cradle am 'bout worn out."

"'Tis 'bout gone," replied Rastus. "You all bettah get 'nother, and get a good one—one dat'l last."—*Exchange.*

BASKETBALL CHALLENGE

South Bend Division—The Red Crown basket-ball team which gained a reputation for itself last season will again be in the field this season. Five men from last year's squad are ready for the sound of the first whistle and with several new candidates the prospects for this year are very bright. The Red Crown hereby openly challenge Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Whiting, also any other of our worthy opponents. "The Red Crowns of Fort Wayne" promise to give any of 'em a real battle.

* * *

Her Father: "Young man, the lights in this house go out at ten o'clock!"

The Young Man: "Fine, that suits me; don't delay on my account."—*Exchange.*

* * *

A hardened motorist ran down a jay-walker. "Hey," he shouted, "while you are under there take a look at my brake rods."—*Ex.*

STANDARD OIL SERVICE (S. O. S.)

When Webster started out to define service the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) wasn't doing business. If it were, Webster's definition would have been something like this: Service, n., The act of doing cheerfully any deed that will ease worry, lighten life's burden for others and fill the mind with a feeling of goodwill.

Webster might have used other words, but he would have meant about the same.

But to go back to the story. How Fred Nelson, S. S. attendant at Manistee, Mich., Grand Rapids division, lived up to our definition of service may be seen in the following letter to Mr. L. J. Thompson from Mr. Hiram S. Cody, vice president of Chicago Trust Company:

"After leaving your North Service Station at Manistee (I believe it is located at River and Division Streets), driving north to Charlevoix, Mrs. Cody and I lost a leather hat box from our running board. Returning to the Service Station to see if it might have been picked up and returned to them, we explained our loss to Mr. Fred Nelson, a member of your organization, and received from him such prompt and efficient assistance that I have asked him to give me your name in order that I might write and express our appreciation of his exceptional courtesy.

"We followed his suggestion of advertising in the local paper, gratefully accepting his offer to insert the ad, as it was on July 4 and the office was closed until the next morning. Two days later he telephoned us that the box had been recovered and the next day it reached us well packed and in perfect condition.

"It is our belief that this type of service is creating lasting friendships for your organization, and is a very valuable business asset."

CHAMP BOOKKEEPER

Minot Division—This field boasts that it has the champion bookkeeper of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) organization. His name is Gus Rehault. In eight months Gus has not had an error and has had a perfect balance.

* * *

Every employee a salesman!

BOTTLE CAST ON WATERS—

Thirteen years ago William J. White, then a schoolboy, was playing along the banks of the Missouri River. He wrote his name and address on a piece of paper, put it in a bottle and tossed it into the river.

He had forgotten the incident until a few days ago. From Caruthersville, Mo., in the southeast corner of the state on the Mississippi River, the bottle, accompanied by a letter, was returned to him. The letter was from Roy Mandle, member of the crew of the government dredge boat, Iota. Mr. Mandle said the bottle had been found, the slip of paper containing the name in a good state of preservation and he believed White might be glad to get it back.

Mr. White lives at 2339 Cleveland avenue. He is a motor tank driver for the Standard Oil Company, married and studies law at night.

—*Kansas City Star.*

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING—

When, on a dark and gloomy night a man of dire countenance enters your service station, pulls from his pocket a wicked looking gat with the leads peeping from the end of the shining cylinder, and says:

"I'm out of money and gas and thirty-five miles from home and I've got to have some gas!"

And just as you are starting to stick 'em up and wondering if you will look natural and whether the folks will miss you much, the man with the dire countenance tosses the gat on the desk and says:

"Put me in five gallons of gas and keep the gun."

O, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!

Ask Attendant Oren Miller, of S. S. No. 47, Decatur, Ill. He knows. (And it was a good gun, too.)

GRANDDAD AT 38

Quincy Division—In addition to being one of the squarest fellows in this division, Agent John W. Snider of Kirksville, Mo., deserves a lot of fame for being the youngest granddad in this part of the world. John is 38 years old. Can anybody dispute his title? (Let's have that man's picture!—Ed.)

GIANT REFINERY SETS GREAT SAFETY RECORD

Whiting Refinery Goes Through Entire Month Without Lost Time Accident

BY C. W. SMITH,
Director, Safety Division, Industrial Relations Department

FROM time to time, some of our smaller refineries have gone an entire month without a lost time case. Those refineries which belong to such an honor list are: Laramie, Greybull, Sugar Creek and Wood River. Now to this list is added Whiting. Whiting with its 350 foremen, its 4,000 employees, finished September with a clear record.

While unlimited praise must be given some of the other refineries for first putting across a "no accident month," they have all sent to Whiting their congratulations and state that the Whiting Refinery has made history.

The Whiting Refinery is full of so-called "risks." Its mechanical department, including all the shops, provide 1,600 employees with work. It runs fifteen locomotive engines, and seventeen locomotive cranes over forty miles of railroad tracks. It runs a can factory with twenty-two punch presses, a candle factory, a lubricating department and a print shop in addition to the usual refinery work.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of this story is the fact that no special campaign, advertising or otherwise, was put on to accomplish this result. We believe that Safety is, to a very large extent, a matter of good leadership and proper supervision. The Safety Department at Whiting decided in September that the time was ripe for a "no accident" month. A personal appeal was made to foremen and safety committee men on the plant. The reply was, "It will be done." It was, and that is all there is to it. The foremen and safety committee men at Whiting have demonstrated the possibilities and the value of "Safety First."

DR. HUMPHREYS COMPLIMENTS WHITING FOREMEN

Whiting Works, October 8, 1924.

My Fellow Foremen: I have long looked forward to the day when it could be said that every foreman had had a perfect safety record for an entire month. For a plant of this size this accomplishment seemed so difficult to bring about that we hoped almost against hope that it would be done.

This much-prized record was made during the month of September, and I am immeasurably pleased that you have arrived at such skill in caring for the safety of our employees that for more than thirty days not one of the thousands of them suffered a lost-time accident. I offer my congratulations.

Now that you have done this once you can probably do it again, and I bespeak your earnest efforts to that end. We shall now begin to hope for a new record of two months without a lost-time accident. Sincerely, R. E. Humphreys.

DO YOU? I DO!

Minneapolis Division.—If "beautiful eyes" and "smiles that beguile, all the while" and "I love you truly" and—and—are mixed in Correspondent Chester Webb's copy this month, don't call the psychopathic hospital. There's a reason. Yup! You guessed it. Her name was Marjorie DeMars, a comptometer operator. They were married May 1, 1924, but kept the event secret until September 15 when she told Manager Frank L. Cochran that she was resigning to "become married." The whole SOCO family offers its congratulations to both.

* * *

A district nurse called at a house where there was a case of infectious disease.

"Have you a bath in the house?" asked the practical visitor.

"Yes, mum," was the reply; "but thank God we've never had to use it!"—*Exchange.*

* * *

Conceit may puff a man up, but it doesn't help him up.—*Exchange.*

SOMETHING ABOUT GOLF

By C. G. Fitzgerald, Whiting Refinery

A FEW words on the Fatal Fascination of golf. What other game is there except golf in which a man having demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of himself and everyone else that he is an utter and complete dub, does not cast the pastime aside with the anathema to be forever henceforth avoided like a pestilence.

With becoming modesty I arrogate to myself the proud distinction of being perhaps the finest exemplar in golf of perfection in theory allied to putrescence in performance. I am the rottenest golfer at present drawing breath. If there is a book on the R&A game from first Badminton volume to Chester Horton's latest leaflets that I have not perused with deep concentration, I would like to know where it is published. If there is a prominent player, living or dead, the mechanics of whose swing I have not intensively studied, either from a close scrutiny of the man himself or of motion pictures of him, I would like to hear his name. If there is a shot in the game from the full drive to the one foot putt that I have not dubbed disgracefully again and again, lead me to it and I will dub it too.

But am I downhearted, do I distribute my clubs among my sorrowing friends, and I say sorrowing advisedly for I can see the tear dimming the brightness of dear old Bruce's eye as he beholds one of his very softest bets vanishing from his ken. Do I turn a cold and callous back to the grand old Scottish pastime and betake myself forever to the soft allurements of ping-pong or of roque—I do not—not so you could notice it. Hope springs eternal in the golf dub's breast. I am always just upon the verge of discovering a new brand of dope fortified with which I cannot fail to break 80 tomorrow. How often have I sat up into the wee sma' hours with Jim Barnes' picture book and a magnifying glass saturating myself with a surfeit of how to do it.

And then soothed to slumber with sweet thoughts of the perfect shots to be executed with the new method on the morrow, dreamt of pars, of birdies, yea even of the kingly eagle. See me then on the next playing day as I leave the first tee blandly remarking to my partner "George I have finally solved the pitch shot I crave your close attention as we approach the green; my new method is infallible, if my ball does not actually alight in the cup itself it will at least be so close that a mere touch will suffice to speed it to its destination." The fatal moment arrives, I am about to execute a 50 yard pitch to the pin. George has glued his gaze upon the cup awaiting the pleasant plunk of the ball in the tinkling tin.

I take my stance and place my feet with meticulous precision in the exact position my theory demands, I grasp the shaft in the precise place in my hands which an exhaustive study of my callouses has shown to be correct, I wrap my fingers round the leather in a grasp which is a pot-pourri of the grips of all the greatest pros, I concentrate a baleful glare on the inoffensive ball, and finally I play the perfect pitch.

George, grown tired of watching the cup and seeing no pellet arrive anywhere in the vicinity of the green, turns to me and a coarse and raucous ha ha resounds upon the air. He beholds the ball in one of two positions, either it lays some inches from a monstrous excavation which I affectionately term my divot, comparable only to the ruts made by the chariot wheels of Cuchulain the Irish Achilles, which the old sagas tell us were so deep that they raised ramparts of sod on either side of his track.

Or else he detects the innocent Kroflite or Baby dimple buried deep beneath the exact spot where it lay, its clean white face almost bisected by the keen edge of the mashie niblick. Am I discouraged or dumbfounded by this paralyzing outcome of my darling theories? Far, far from it; my neck may redden and my ears may fry at the echo of George's dirty laugh, but when I settle back in the old easy chair that evening I merely change my brand of hop.

Into the ashtray go Jim Barnes and Chester Horton, mixing a choicely proportioned pill of George Duncan and Chick Evans, I roast it with care in the little lamp and then placing it in the well worn bamboo, a swift inhale or two and I am off once more in keen pursuit of the ignis fatuus, the will o' the wisp, my salt shaker once more threatens the tale of the elusive eighty bird.

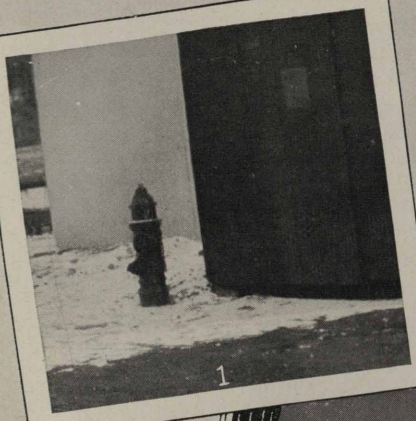
When next George and I pace sedately down the first fairway, I may be heard inviting his close attentions as we approach the green, while I demonstrate the infallibility of my new running up shot. Over the execution of said shot let us draw the kind mantle of charity. It is, indeed, gentleman as I said at first a fatal fascination, an incurable disease.

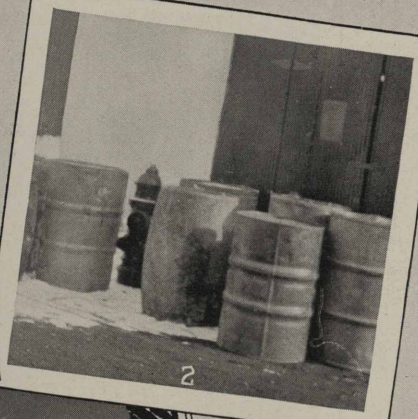
Full well I know that forty years from now should the Lord elect me for centenary honors, you will find some kindly caddy guiding my bleary eyes and doddering footsteps to the first tee, and as I start down the fairway on the long, long trail, awinding to the distant flag, I shall be heard mumbling through my toothless gums to my nonagenarian partner "George if we ever arrive at yonder distant green I would beg your closest attention, I have at last mastered the six inch putt." And when at last we do totter onto the green, I shall proceed with the infinite painstaking of senile decrepitude to blow that putt.

SELAH

The above was delivered at the last Stanolind golf tourney.

SAFETY FIRST – *The Right Way, Wrong Way*





No. 1—While we do not anticipate a fire anywhere in any of our plants yet, when one does occur (from some unknown source) and we have fire hydrants. Let's keep them accessible. No. 2—There are no doubt many plants that seem crowded for space but a fire hydrant is certainly no hitching post for a lot of barrels. Twenty-five feet is the minimum distance from a fire hydrant to which you are allowed to pile barrels, boxes, vehicles, etc. No. 3—When loading or unloading barrels, it is always safer to use a skid and much more safe to have some one to help you. No. 4—While this method seems all right yet there is a greater probability that the barrel will slip thereby causing an injury.

KEEPING CHICAGO SALES ON THE MAP

1

2

3

Chicago Sales Division—No. 1—Salesmen Ray W. Jurgenson and L. G. Lyons were awarded first prize for the best display at the Monee, Ill., fair. The display and prize winners are shown. No. 3—Eddie Muncaster of S. S. No. 60, Chicago, is shaking a wicked wrist in cleaning an island. Eddie is rooting for Yost now, being at the U. of M. No. 2—Yeh, the Polarine kings of Chicago. They're the crew at S. S. No. 97. The go-getters are (left to right) Supervisor C. G. LeForgee, E. L. Dewey, Jr., B. Malugian, M. E. Mulvahill, Station Manager J. W. Gordon and R. D. Boswell.

Indiana State Library

KANSAS CITY DIVISION SHOWS THE WAY

Kansas City Division—No. 1—We hate to do anything but boost SOCO products, but here's an instance when we'll have to say that our goods take a back seat to little Miss Dillman's smile. She is the daughter of Attendant D. D. Dillman, S. S. No. 55, Yates Center, Kans. No. 2—Boonville, Mo., had a celebration. Here's the SOCO part. It was one of the most effective floats in the parade On top, driving the two toy cars, are Omar, son of Salesman C. W. Phillips, (left) and Birdie, daughter of Driver Charles Send. Mr. Send is standing. No. 3—Kansas City division is composed of "good fellows". Here is a bunch of them picknicking at Ottawa, Kans.

SOME MORE FACTS ABOUT MONEY

Some of the most troublesome problems with which governments have been confronted have had to do with money. Just now we are not referring to the problems related to the securing of enough money to meet expenses—although governments, like most of the rest of us, are not without their troubles in this respect—but rather to the difficulties growing out of the coinage of metal money, the issuance of paper money and the circulation of each.

Among the earliest of coins were those which represented—or were supposed to represent—definite weights of gold or silver or of some other metal. Sometimes they were made by private individuals, just as in a much later period gold coins were issued by private individuals or business firms in California.

But the coins issued by governments in past centuries were not always what they seemed. Sometimes a king who was hard up would conceive the ingenious notion of using less gold or silver than the inscription stamped upon the coin called for and thus making a profit for himself. This was done by King Henry VIII in England and by one or two of his successors. The result invariably was an increase in the prices which people had to pay for food, clothing and other goods required to meet their needs. The destitution and suffering among English working men in the two or three centuries before the year 1800 were due in part to the fact that the coinage had been debased repeatedly and that prices had risen more rapidly than wages.

When the United States became independent of England and adopted the Constitution, the government found itself badly in need of metal money. Before the Revolution the colonies had used all sorts of coins (mostly English) besides various kinds of paper money. One of the earliest acts of the United States government was to establish a system of coinage with the dollar as the unit. Both gold and silver were to be used for making coins.

Almost immediately the government found itself in trouble. The law had fixed the amounts of gold and silver that were to be used in the dollar coins. The amount of silver was set at fifteen times as much as the amount of gold, thus establishing what came to be known as the ratio of fifteen to one. However, the market values of gold and silver did not stay permanently at this ratio and it was found after a few years that the gold in a gold dollar was worth more than the silver in a silver dollar.

It was perfectly natural then for traders in the precious metals to buy gold dollars, melt them up, sell the gold for a larger number of silver dollars than their original number of gold dollars, and repeat the process as long as they wanted to and pocket the profits. As a result of this practice gold coins entirely disappeared from circulation.

Congress tried to remedy this situation by changing the ratio to sixteen to one. This, however, was too great a change and silver coins disappeared from circulation in the same way that gold coins had done before. For many years there were practically no silver dollars in circulation. A supply of the smaller silver coins was maintained by reducing the amount of silver in them and making them what is called "token money."

In a revision of the coinage laws in 1873 the silver dollar was entirely dropped from the list of coins to be manufactured. Most people who were then living had never seen a silver dollar and nobody cared whether the minting of the coin was authorized or not. Within a few years, however, an enormous increase in the production of silver brought down the commercial price of that metal and caused a demand by silver producers and others that silver dollars be coined freely. This would have meant that a certain weight of silver, worth in the market sometimes only about fifty cents, would have been actually worth a dollar when turned into coin. That would have been equivalent to an artificial advancing of the price of silver.

Congress made many compromises in an effort wholly or partially to meet this demand. The climax came in the year 1896, when the presidential election was fought out on the issue of coinage and William Jennings Bryan was defeated.

HURON WINS SECOND QUARTER'S SAFETY BANNER

Huron Division—The Safety banner and Safety court of the Huron division are shown here. The first quarter's banner was won by the Duluth division. Each quarter a banner is given to the sales division having the lowest accident average. The Safety court of the Huron division is composed of (left to right) G. A. Campbell, tax, legal and accident clerk, secretary; C. P. Dickey, station examiner; C. L. Bailey, assistant manager; H. H. Miller, chief clerk; S. H. Pierson, construction superintendent; E. H. Schaefer, salesman; W. J. Bode, assistant chief clerk; A. H. Dodsley, manager; C. J. Johnson, cashier, chairman; W. B. Hardman, equipment superintendent; Robert Gillis, truck driver, and A. C. Cooper, mechanic, vice-chairman.

Thereafter the United States definitely abandoned the effort to hold up the price of silver by means of the coinage laws. There was a temporary reversal of this policy during the World War, when the United States sold to England silver coins amounting to more than $250,000,000 and then under the Pittman Act bought an equivalent amount of silver from American producers at a price of one dollar an ounce.

We can see, then, what pains the government of the United States has taken to keep its minted coins in circulation and to maintain their value. There are some causes, however, which change the value of coins in spite of anything which governments thus far have been able to do. One of these elements is the change in the supply and therefore in the commercial value of gold.

The value of gold is so stable that in modern times it has been considered the best measure of the value of everything else. But even the value of gold has been subject to wide fluctuations. In general its value has been declining for the last century or two. That is one reason why the purchasing power of money is much less today than it was fifty or one hundred or two hundred years ago.

HERE'S A PIN DEFI

Saginaw Division—Chucking the maple gauntlet into the faces of all other SOCO bowlers, the Saginaw pin specialists extend a challenge to any Standard Oil team to bowl a series by mail, the losers to pay for the games. The Saginaw team, which is one of the fastest in the Saginaw Valley, is composed of F. E. Bryson, R. W. Kern, E. F. Symons, R. V. Thompson and A. E. Pringle. The team is now playing in the city tournament.

YIP! YIP! YIPPING FOR SOCO PRODUCTS

Sioux City Division—No. 1—"Lo, the poor Indian," isn't poor any more and anyone who calls this an "untutored mind" has another think coming. Lo is up to snuff on everything that's good—else why would he demand SOCO products? Does he? He does. Here are Running Elk and Francis Make Good, Sioux Indians of Rosebud reservation. No. 2—Here's a picture of the annual pow wow, which attracts tourists from the entire country. No. 3—After asserting that Red Crown fulfills all the requirements of the most fastidious Chief Thirsty said that "it is not surprising that Standard Oil products are in the ascendancy at the reservation."

CELEBRATE POLARINE TRIUMPH AT DETROIT

Detroit Division—Here is the group that put Detroit over in Polarine sales for August. The picture was taken at the Elks Temple, September 23. Covers were laid for forty-seven. The guests included General Manager T. J. Thompson and Assistant Managers Amos Ball and H. A. Cochran. Because (as James A. Green, correspondent, says) Detroit's becoming modesty forbids that that division boast about the triumph, the caption writer was requested to dress up the story to be on a par with the deed. However, for fear that Detroit's ears would burn in dismayed confusion at the telling, ye scribe refrains.

EXTINGUISHES AUTO FIRE

Des Moines Division—George Lorimer, attendant at S. S. No. 33, demonstrated S. O. S. and his ability as a fireman recently when an auto caught fire a short distance from the station. George took the fire extinguisher and had the fire out before any of the bystanders knew what was happening.

SEE PAGE 25

Safety data on Page 25 was furnished by M. E. Jollidan of the Quincy field and is in line with a series of photos being submitted for this magazine.

F. C. SINGLETON,
Safety Director, Sales Division.

* * *

Your boss may determine your salary, but you yourself determine your worth. To get more, make yourself worth more.

KEEPING PIN SCORES UP

Milwaukee Division—Milwaukee employees have formed a bowling league with W. A. Bergman as secretary and treasurer. It is composed of eight teams which meet every Friday night. All scores under 110 call for a five-cent fine. Bergman's job has been increased to such proportions that he has asked for special police protection.

A SOCO LUNCH CLUB

Milwaukee Division—To further the interests of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Milwaukee city salesmen have organized a Noon-Day club. The meetings are held during the lunch hour at Gimbel's Grill. Among those in daily attendance are Assistant Manager W. J. Duncan and Chief Clerk D. J. Sheehan.

WORLD FLIERS DEMAND STANOLIND AVIATION GASOLINE

Trail Blazers of World refuse Competitor's offer to furnish free Gasoline and Buy Product of the Standard Oil Company (INDIANA)

1

St. Joseph, Mo.—Scorning a competitive company's offer to furnish free of charge 1,500 gallons of gasoline and all the lubricating oil necessary, the American World Fliers bought the products of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) during the stop here, September 18, 1924, of the three record-breaking planes, the Chicago, New Orleans and Boston II. No. 1—The only vehicles permitted on the Municipal Air Field were the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) trucks, which were driven to the center of the roped off enclosure, immediately opposite the reception stand, soon after the Magellans of the air had landed. This photograph shows the three historic planes being fueled. No. 2—A close-up showing how the New Orleans received a big drink of Stanolind Aviation Gasoline. Thousands of persons witnessed the triumphant landing of the planes here, St. Joseph being in gala attire for the reception of the aviators who made America first in the air. (The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) foreseeing the future growth of air transportation, both for freight and passengers, has for several years been adding to its knowledge of the requirements of airplane motors and has perfected three products for the use of aircraft, Stanolind Aviation Gasoline, Superla Aero Oil and Stanolind Aero Oil.)

2

DEATH BENEFITS

During September, payments of three death benefits were authorized by the Board of Directors in accord with provisions of the plan. Funeral expenses of $200 were paid in each case, there being no dependents.

The payment in the death of Edwin C. Smith, Saginaw division, August 31, 1924, was approved September 12, 1924.

The payment in the death of Chester L. Kahl, Whiting, August 31, 1924, was approved September 22, 1924.

The payment in the death of Joe Buda, Whiting, September 1924, was approved September 26, 1924.

WHITING, IND.

The Foremen's Fellowship Club of Whiting Works enjoyed a very pleasant evening at their regular dinner meeting which was held in the banquet room of the Whiting Memorial Community House, September 18.

Very inspiring talks, which were among the best that have ever been delivered before the group, were delivered by Dean Rogers of Chicago University and R. Keane Ryan, pastor of the Garfield Boulevard Presbyterian Church. It is hoped by the members of the group that at some future time each of these men may again be secured for a program when it will be possible to allot them unlimited time.

Richard J. Schmoyer, present manager of the Community Center House at Whiting, was introduced and the remarks delivered by him surely "put him across" with those present.

Assistant Superintendent H. F. Glair kindly ran the moving pictures which were made at the last club picnic, and it was amusing indeed to see ourselves in action.

Steam Department

Boiler houses, No. 2 and 4, are now on oil which has caused quite a few set-backs in this department.

Mike Dillion's little daughter had her arm broken by a woman learning to drive an auto. From all accounts the little girl is getting along fine.

Billie Watts, watertender at No. 1 boiler house, has a larger smile than ever these days. How come, Bill?

Emil Stack, fireman at No. 5 boiler house, has resigned and is going back to Germany. Good luck, Emil.

Art Curtis of the boiler washing gang is back to work after a short lay-off account of sickness.

The many friends of Fred Call in this department extend to Mr. and Mrs. Call their heartfelt sympathy in the loss of their son.

Hal Whelan was off on Defense Day and was working hard toward making this a successful day in this district. He attended the celebrations at Gary, Hammond and Whiting. From his account the best organized demonstration was held at Gary.

Steve Kralz, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, reports the arrival of a little boy at their home. Both the mother and boy are reported as getting along fine.

Pat McNulty, our popular watertender at No. 4 boiler house, has taken unto himself a better half. Congratulations, Pat, and best regards to the bride from your many friends in this department.

The steam department "Horse Shoe Quartet" are hard at work during their lunch hour trying their best to throw a few ringers. P. O. Vandeveer (one time champion of this department) keeps them encouraged by telling them about the days gone by when he would throw double ringers one after the other. Also that when they show evidence of becoming real players he will take them on for a few games and show them how a real champ plays the game. This quartet is composed of Andy Harmon, Don Parks, Hal Wheland and Paton Richardson.

The way the fishing season started out last spring we thought this department would have some real fish stories to tell. Charles McDonald, watertender at No. 7 boiler house, from all accounts made the only real big catch of the season. He caught a pickerel so large that he had to put it in a wash tub so that the fish could wriggle around. Don Parks will verify this statement.

It is now drawing close to a number of drives, in the plant, for the Community Center, Whiting Relief and Aid Society and the S. O. A. A. It might save time and bring in better results if these drivers were consolidated under a budget system and one large drive do for all these. Some system could be worked out of allowing deductions to be made from a employees pay to cover a certain period. This might work to advantage to all concerned.

Joe Herpka, at No. 5 boiler house, was in the office the other day passing around some mighty good smokes and stated that he was open for congratulations account of just being married. The steam department extends their congratulations to the groom and best wishes to the bride.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Mechanical Department

The setting is on the south side of the Square in Independence at the entrance to Groove's card parlor. Our own Earl Kresger drives up in a brand new Ford touring car and steps into the parlor for a few games of pinochle. A few minutes elapse and our hero emerges smiling happily when suddenly he stops stark still, his eyes protude, his cigar falls smoking on the sidewalk, twice he gasps speechless and the perspiration flows from every pore in his body, through his clothes, and into tinkling pools about his feet. The Ford is Gone! At last his breath returns. "Police! Police!" he shouts wildly and long "And Where, O! Where are my insurance papers!" "Good God! She's gone." But some of his friends had only borrowed the flivver.

Bill Milliron got his arm all cut up when he stuck it in a coop with one of his high-spirited barred rock roosters.

Werner Donaldson went fishing Labor Day and the Tuesday following down on Blackwater and reports he caught a "good mess" but just like the rest of the fishermen he failed to take his kodak along.

John Lee, alias General Wing Lee, has purchased a home in Independence.

O. W. White, acid works, now makes his way to and from work in a 1924 Ford Coupe which he purchased.

Clarence Miller's wife sure places the supreme trust in him. She finds tobacco in his pockets; she sees it on his teeth and on the grocery bill, but she knows he doesn't chew because he says he doesn't. Justice of the Peace Eddie over on Southwest Boulevard ought to resign in favor of him.

It is not generally known or suspected but Bill Lash of the boilerhouse is the champion croquet player of Independence as settled on the court on South Main street.

Farmer Frisby's new method of repairing road oil pumps is to look them squarely in the discharge line and wait. Needless to say it works.

One morning Werner Donaldson picked up a little kitten in his back yard which seemed to have a little bull-dog blood flowing in its veins. Anyway it nailed him four times before he could turn it loose which accounts for all the little holes in the surface of his hands.

Albert Stark's family is back from a visit with his folks in Kansas. "Daddy" says they were glad to get home.

Frank G. Chandler, pipe fitter, recently went duck hunting on a cold wet morning. After much shooting he saw a bird drop. He waded through the icy waters to his armpits only to find it was a mud hen.

Refinery Department

Art Henry has a new Ford Coupe all decked out with the full line of extras. The old car was getting pretty badly worn—it was almost four months old. Invite us to your next wreck, Art.

Maynard Sands, My Boy, is about to fall off the log into the sea of matrimony or has already fallen off and muffled the splash.

John Nesbit, nightman at the garage, has the sympathy of all in the death of his brother, George Nesbit.

We get down on our knees and beg Charlie Fraher's most humble pardon for the statement that he had no luck on his fishing trip to Minnesota—we meant it was no luck for Charlie. Charlie will be remembered as the lad who caught a bass at the first cast in Doutt's lake. Yes, Charlie caught a lotta fish and some big fish.

Paul Wrabes, still cleaner, has moved into his new home, Fairmount.

Ben Payne enjoyed his first vacation in September under the twenty-year service ruling. Packey Shorts made his annual trip to Franklin, Pa., to visit the folks during his vacation.

Fagan Stinnett reported off indefinitely account of rheumatism in his side and shoulder.

James O'Hara, Jr., paraffine pumper, drove to the State Democratic barbecue at Bunceton, Mo., in two hours but after it rained two hours it took him two days to return through the mud.

Main Office

H. O. Eyssell's frequent changes from pump clothes to the regalia of chief chemist has caused R. C. Wetmore to nickname him "Jekyl & Hyde."

J. B. Moore is losing a Perfection customer in Bert Lanfried who is putting in gas at his new home on North Crysler in Independence.

W. L. Hickey's daughter broke her arm in a fall for the third time. Looks like Old Man Hard Luck was trying to de-arm the Hickey family.

Mr. Roney and Mr. Henry of the Union Tank Line Company are wearing service pins with diamond sets. Some service and some class.

Eddie Henderson has moved from North Crysler to 726 North River Blvd., Independence.

Mr. Roney, superintendent of the U. T. L. shops, is the proud owner of a Nash closed car.

F. J. Bergin pulled the best one yet when he came to work at 7:15 a. m. The old clock did a little double-time during the night and was just an hour to the good when he got up.

C. D. Bickley had his eye operated on for cataract and we sincerely hope the operation will be successful. Mr. Evinger is taking his place while he is off.

Howard Sharr's girl has moved from Lawrence to Eldorado, Kan., and now he can't make the grade over the week-end. As Bobby Stockdale our English watchmen, would say "he ought to take a day off."

General News

How do the members of the Joint General Committee conduct themselves and what do they do and say on the strip to Chicago to attend the Annual Conference? To answer this question in a general way we would say the 1924 members conducted themselves with exceeding grace and charm and did most everything and everybody. But to go into detail we will stand on their order of going: Joe Bostian went up Thursday night and was followed Friday night by Frank Lee. A. S. Hurt went by St. Clair, Md., to visit folks, getting to Chicago in time for the Conference. When the Saturday night crowd consisting of G. W. Thompson, A. O. Hodges, Max Duckworth, Clifford Howard, George Gibbons, Luther Lee, George Hackett, Earl Moore, Joe Morgan and Jack Easterwood met at the Union Station the terms "company man" (what a nasty sound that word has the way it is applied) and employee representatives were forgotten and it just became the old gang a goin' somewhere. Upon arrival everybody, except Luther Lee and George Gibbons, had to rustle out and get a room. George met up with Jack Barnes, ex-paint foreman at Sugar Creek, who took him out to his home in Whiting and Luther went out to see Jack Shaffer, Sugar Creek ex-stillman, and of course was swallowed up by Whiting hospitality.

Following are few remarks, high-lights, etc., of the trip:

George Gibbons, Max Duckworth, George Hackett, Luther Lee, and Jack Easterwood made the trip to Whiting as guests of the Whiting Committee.

Clifford Howard stayed over one day to attend a Safety meeting and luckily emerged unhurt but broke.

Joe Morgan and Joe Bostian gave all comers a few pointers on the fundamentals of playing that old Dutch game pinochle on the trip back.

W. E. Warwick was at the Sugar Creek Refinery October 1.

Independence has purchased the Watkin's property on Maple Avenue between Pleasant and Spring Streets as a site for the Memorial Building which will soon be built.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Laboratory

Miss Betty Parks gave an informal party for the laboratory bunch recently at her home. Music and dancing were the main diversions. Punch was served early in the evening followed later by tempting refreshments. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. Buck and Betty Jane, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Van Deusen, Mrs. Clara Cunningham, Misses Elder, Brown, Savage and Halloran, and Messrs. Cox, Schmidt, Welsh, McManse and Parks.

Among the newcomers at the Lab are Walter Van Deusen of the filling racks, Russel Pinkerton and a distillation operator, Miss Gertrude Waynmeire. We bid the newcomers a cordial welcome.

Standard Oilers at the State Fair, September 14, were Walter Hubbard, W. W. Herman Schueler and C. F. Hall. While in Springfield these gentlemen thought they were manager, superintendent and assistant superintendent, and so did the fair damsels, Lillian Christian, Hildan Deuer and Clara Cunningham, who accompanied them. They left Wood River at 7:00 a. m. and arrived in Springfield at 2:15 p. m. after stopping 3 hours in Benld, 2 hours in Carlinville and 1 hour in Virdin for Durant repairs, when all it needed was a piece of tape around the accelerator. The return was made in less time—7 hours and 10 minutes with only one stop. That stop was just long enough for the Edwardsville cop to give orders to step on the gas so traffic could move on.

Miss Ethel Hooper, one of our telephone operators, has been ill for several weeks but is getting along nicely now and we hope she will soon be with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Horseman are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby girl. Mrs. Horseman will be remembered as Miss Myrtle Exton, one of our old time distillation operators. Best wishes and heartiest congratulations Myrtle and Rudy.

Labor Department

C. A. Hart lost his six-year-old daughter the latter part of September. Many friends of the family wish to extend their sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Hart in their sorrow.

D. Wagenfeld was wheeling cinders but for some reason could not keep his wheelbarrow on the twelve-inch runway. One of the men working with Don asked him what was the matter and on looking for the trouble, they discovered that Don had the right shoe on the left foot. We do not know where Don spent his time the night before.

Steve Mykolia spent his vacation in Detroit and Whiting and reports a fine time.

Tinners, Painters and Pipe Coverers

B. Coale purchased an old Ford from Bachelor recently and has converted the same into a truck. We expect this will put quite a crimp in the truck business.

W. Halsey will spend the Winter, or at least part of it, in the Wood River Plant. He will mix a little practical education with the class room instruction.

Masons

Ed Tretter was seen oiling up his gun recently. Ed is the class of the masons, when it comes to hunting, and goes in for the fancy shooting. We predict a hard season for the pheasants.

Ed Flemming has purchased a new Indian motorcycle with side car attachment. The speed cops are not so hard on motorcycle riders.

Jim Rallo spent two weeks in Detroit the latter part of September, making the trip to attend the funeral of his sister. We extend our sympathy to Jim and the family.

Main Pump House, Steam Stills and Electricians

Louis Wolf, formerly of Hop Hollow, is now doing duty at the main pump house.

Carl Fox recently purchased a Ford Sedan with style, class and all the standard equipment.

The Pump House extends its heartiest congratulations to "Red" Fox and Miss Hazel Dooley of Alton who were married. They will be at home to their friends after November 1 at 326 Margaret avenue.

We hear that Tiry Harrod had an accident with his car recently when one bolt dropped out and, shades of the departed sinners, the whole thing fell to pieces. Tiry claims that it does not amount to anything because the same thing has happened before, yep, several times.

We hear that "Cowboy Seeley" will be in Bethalto soon as the guest of C. Custer when he will receive a few hours intensive instruction on fast driving, slow driving, and general trick driving.

Roy Frederickson wears a number eight shoe which measures exactly twelve inches long. The salesman told him it was a number eight.

Tim Hawk, ex-fireman on any railroad, is preparing for a long, hard Winter, having shaken the moths out of the sheep lined coat.

George Searcy Forded to Terre Haute, Ind. He made the trip clear through and never changed a tire but did put in a little gas, water and oil. He left at 8:15 a. m. and arrived there at noon. He does not state which noon.

If you have a dog of any size or age, call up Charlie Van Deusen, he's always in the market.

Machine Shop

Friends of "Smiling" Bill Miller would like to know why Bill rides the 10 o'clock car to Upper Alton every Wednesday and Sunday evening.

Jack Davey spent September 21 in Hagerman, Ill., looking over the prospects for wild grapes. Jack says it always rains when a fellow is about to have a little luck.

Pipe Department

Charley Pelican has left the oil business and will devote his time in the future on a farm up in Jersey County.

We hear that Bill Woods was fined $5 in September for blocking traffic on a busy street in Alton. Bill has a Ford coach now.

Ed. Ohley was absent from work recently on account of the death of his father. All the boys of the pipe department extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Ohley and family.

Jim Feasel has just completed a seven room house on Lorena avenue. His family is growing and Jim needs more room.

Newt Green has gone into the carpet cleaning business. When you have a dirty carpet, just call Newt and he will "beat it."

Charles Henick and Speedy Lovell always attend the Veiled Prophet's Ball and never miss a dance. They are called the Ford boys.

We notice Steve Kladar around without his crutches. Steve has been away for a long time and we certainly hope he will be with us in a short time.

Acid Works

John Urich waited three months for a Sunday off so he could go to Forest Park and when the time came he changed his mind and now wants to go again. Wouldn't that give you the Heebie Jeebies?

Sam Hubbard will be a very busy man for a while telling the boys how that Literary Digest poll doesn't mean anything to him.

Charles Zweig is teaching all the boys how to row against that swift current. Elmer Payne is one of the students, who is learning fast.

Carpenter Department

Clarence Lippold announces the arrival of a baby boy at his Alton home. Congratulations, Clarence, and many thanks for the cigars.

We are glad to be able to report the wife of John Davis, who has suffered an attack of blood-poisoning, has recovered good health.

"Sox" Parker went squirrel hunting to Bunker Hill recently and came back empty handed. Sox is honest. He claims he saw many squirrels but was unable to hit any of them.

John Bustine claims he once knew an Irishman in Chicago who had larger feet than Mark Allen. Believe me, fellows, that Irishman had some feet.

Leon Edison Brown Jenkins and Henry Kochne journeyed to Willow Hill recently. Willow Hill is the place where Leon was raised and he claims the milk trains stop there. Henry said they had hard roads all the way which was a good thing for Henry's Puddle Jumper.

John Pivoda left the company, September 17.

Earl Scott reported a fine time and several good lunches while in Chicago with the J. G. C.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Nick Miller has had a serious illness and we hope she improves rapidly and is able to enjoy health soon.

Main Office

Somehow it is necessary to announce a new messenger boy every month. Theodore Louis Wille, otherwise "Red," is back after three months' absence due to illness.

Of course, a man can keep a secret, but it did seem queer when John McDaniels confided in Bill Graham, his matrimonial intentions, that the very next day all our leading newspapers should come out with an article announcing the engagement of Miss Carrie Kourtkamp of Hillsboro and our "Mac."

With only a few miscellaneous items left, such as hauling around new wheelbarrows and making lawn, Fred Owens has completed his new home on Lewis avenue, in Wood River and we must say that it embodies the eye for beauty and originality of a genius.

Pressure Stills

George Buck is in the Great North-West at the time this is written. He will visit the Yellowstone along with other places of interest and will tell us about the same when he returns.

George Harvick announces the arrival of a baby girl and feels very proud of the newcomer. Congratulations, Mr. Harvick.

Since Herb Fox went to chewing Paraffine and R. Dawson started to buy his own, Herb has been able to buy a new lot in Dulaney addition.

Several of our good friends, Al Girard, Charles Burris, Don Waggoner and Harold Christy, started on a fishing trip to the famous fishing club at Fowler lake but the trip ended in a mosquito fight. In fairness to Christy, we should say he caught five fish.

Gordon Schaffer and Earnest Peters announce the arrival of baby boys recently. Cigars were passed by both of these proud fathers. The boys wish to say the cigars were enjoyed and best wishes are extended to the parents and the baby boys.

Pete Corrigan, Tim Kinsella and families attended the Green County Fair this year. They made the trip in Pete's bus. This is a regular family bus.

Boiler Makers

Paddy McManus reports a very pleasant visit to the State Capital in company with his son Oswald who is visiting from Oklahoma.

Apples are in great demand this year. At the time this is written W. Beiser and Charles Watts are out in the country, in the vicinity of Hamburg looking for apples. Louis Rebenack has a new trailer which he expects to hook on the car when he finds tires for the trailer and will then be ready to haul in apples and fresh eggs.

Jack Hamilton laid off recently for the purpose of looking after the interests of his live stock.

H. Haynes and Joe Vonnahan made the trip to Parkersburg, W. Va., in the new Haynes Super six.

We are sorry to report the death of John Proffer's mother. The sympathy of the men in the boiler department is extended to John.

The father of William Close died recently in William's home in Alton. Tom Close of Eldorado Ark., formerly of the Wood River Works, made the trip to Alton to attend the funeral and while here, paid a visit to some old friends in the plant. Many friends extend their sympathy to William and Tom in their loss.

Paddy Gilfert has bought a beautiful eight room house on Lorena avenue in Wood River.

Gotlob Stalhut has put in his order for a new (and larger) dinner pail.

The speeches of Arthur L. Davis in the morning, William Miller in the afternoon and Washington McDonald in the evening were among the high-lights of the Sixth Annual Conference of the Industrial Relations Plan.

Emery Hunt made the trip to Springfield, en route to Chicago. We understand he spent a very enjoyable afternoon in one of the Shady Groves near Springfield and had an exciting time in the evening of that day. He appeared at the Conference the following day with a wonderful appetite. George Wilkens, L. Palmer and "Red" Brown made the trip to Chicago in C. F. Hall's Durant. The trip was concluded in two days without any forced stops. The Durant performed nobly, much to the surprise of certain parties (who were not making the trip). F. McCredie, W. A. Tipton and wives made the trip in Frank's new Buick. John Halloran, J. W. Stephenson and Wash McDonald with others made the annual noon trip around the corner, to the place where the man wearing the badge is good to see if Chicago still had an honest city government. Jimmie Jones was the same old "Jimmie." It seems that most folks know or have heard about Jimmie Jones. He certainly must have had an awful reputation at one time

in his life. Jim asks why they always take our pictures. If we were all as well known as Jim, it wouldn't be necessary. William Witthofft was heard to remark to a friend in the lunch room after his return, that he certainly held up his reputation at the table. Although many were present who saw him perform at Chicago, none made any efforts to dispute his remarks. He certainly did. Earl F. Scott was seen in a very restful position on the front porch as several were leaving for Chicago Saturday before the convention. He took about the same position after the dinner in the evening (along with several others).

CASPER, WYO.

August Martin, Coyote Nose and a party of three from the steam department went out to Freeze Out Mountains after a Winter's supply of meat. The result was one deer, several blowouts and a lost casing.

Clay Hill, the Marine, stillman at the pitch stills, went to Riverton to sell his Shetland pony. Walter Compton, pumper at No. 3 transfer, went along in the capacity of an appraiser.

Frank Higgins, formerly of the separator Pump House, is now helping at No. 6 Battery Crude Stills. Frank says that if Coolidge is elected he will buy a radio.

"Ponzi" Vospett, boiler cleaner at No. 3 boiler house, claims he is a sport not a hunting sport. He claims it is cheaper to buy groceries and meat in town than to find them in the mountains.

Charles Gurr, continuous battery 5, says he has patented a boiler compound that prevents scales forming, also eliminates corrosion, and now it is possible to keep a steam plant up to its rating. The scale acts as an insulator between the shell and the water, causing a waste of fuel. We are with you, Charley.

The Wyoming beauty parade was fine—twenty-three beautiful young ladies vied with each other for the honor of becoming Princess Petrolia. Lafe Moore held down the corner of Second and Center streets for at least an hour even though it was raining. Who says the refinery boys are not up and coming?

The dryland farmers from the north of Casper are bringing in vegetables that are a credit to Wyoming. The paint shop has more of the blue ribbon winners than any other department.

We see Millard Chapman back from California after a two year cruise with Lizzie. Some country down there, Chappie, lots of good things to eat, but we knew you would miss Wyoming's zephyrs and snow balls.

J. D. Gleghorn, our weather beaten buddy of the combustion department who is famous as a baseball player and what-not, mostly the latter, has been transferred from Plant 3 to Plant 1.

C. J. McKinney came back from Tia Juana looking like a Mexican. The boys say its local color acquired while in the company of some of the Mexican senoritas, but Mac says its sunburn. He says the girls are just naturally that color and that it doesn't rub off. Well, maybe he knows.

James S. Allen has been transferred from the Plant 3 Laboratory to the Combustion Department at Plant 1.

Johnnie Lytle, erstwhile of this office, but now of Glenrock, is promoting dances in that growing little city, with the assistance of brother, George.

It is reported that Walter Jourgensen has a black eye but that nobody knows where he got it. However, it is probable that Walt knows how it got there, and the donor probably does, too.

Mose Post, the office debutante, has considerable trouble in furnishing convincing alibis when his girl checks him up each morning. However, all Mose needs is a little experience.

The shipping department, usually such a turbulent area, has been working so hard making a new record to shoot at that the only thing they have to report is their work. This, of course, goes to Chicago through other channels. Homer did suggest, however, that mention be made of Ray's ice-cream pants, but Ray protested so vigorously that we decided it wouldn't be good policy. Rudy and Rice both have one good story each about the other, but they must have settled out of court. At least, we can't get the news.

Ted Epling says his girl has gone to Spearfish, but if that is why she went, we don't see why she left here.

The young man with the blond skull adornment and the pleasant smile is Henry Ohlson. He originated in Iowa, but early in life availed himself of an opportunity to better his condition and came to Wyoming.

The other addition to the shipping department staff is Andy (C. W.) Andrews, whose six years' experience in the same line of work at Plant No. 3 and with the Midwest Refining Company should help him considerably in his present work. Andy was born in Missouri and believes that Kansas City compares favorably with Casper, but shows no disposition to argue the question. However, he is quite positive that Lathrop has the best hook and ladder company in Missouri.

Gerald Cross and Bud Miller returned from a hunting trip in the Freeze Out Mountains with no deer, but a wierd tale of hard luck. Deer were plentiful, they said, too plentiful in fact, but the weather was so cold they had to thaw out their hands before they could pull the trigger. The deer discovering their helpless condition attacked them ferociously and pitched them out of the country in about seven jumps. Sundry tears and rents in their hunting trousers testify to the manner in which they made their exit.

The young man in the main office who has the hairy growth on his upper lip is Edmonds Knittle. We understand that Eddie is raising this crop with the idea of later transplanting it to the less fertile territory in the region above the ears.

Jack Steele, chief meterologist, is more cheerful since school has opened. Jack doesn't attend school regularly, but it is understood that he gets about as much of a certain teacher's time as any of the other kids, and private lessons too.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Plant No. 1

T. J. Carnell, still helper, was passing the cigars September 16. We were informed that Mr. Carnell is now the proud father of a ten pound baby girl.

Cecil Lynam, still cleaner, and Art Rogers, still fireman, made a trip to the mountains September 15 to try their luck at bagging a deer. Upon their return stories made the rounds that about all they were able to kill was time.

E. C. Starks, employees' representative, and G. L. Shepardson, management's representative,

departed September 18 and 19, respectively, to participate in the annual conference of the Joint General Committee in Chicago, September 22.

Fred W. Chamberlain, still cleaner, is the proud father of a bouncing baby girl.

Plant No. 2

Monte Fletcher, general still foreman, was rendered unconscious for a short time September 18. Monte was assisting in the installation of a new valve at the absorption plant, replacing a leaky valve. Before he was aware of the danger of being gased, he was overcome and had to be carried to the fresh air by the reliable "Bunk."

Steve Krajicek, assistant director industrial relations, has followed the lines of least resistance and is now the owner of a new Buick touring car. Wonder if the farmers between Greybull and Basin have their live stock insured.

Charles T. Warne will attend the work in the connection with Industrial Relations Department during the absence of Steve Krajicek.

B. L. Warren, superintendent, came in with the limit of ducks, not a one too many, for a friend greeted him at every turn of the road upon his return. The duck season opened with a glorious day of sunshine, not particularly favorable to the sport.

F. N. Sanford, combining pleasure with the serious affairs of plant life, went east prematurely to visit folk and friends at Dixon, Ill., while en route to Chicago where he attended the annual joint conference assembling at the Congress Hotel, September 22.

Leo McDonald has assumed complete and individual charge of Plant No. 2 while other foremen are away on their vacations. To question his authority may mean the axe to any human. Leo is going good considering such a severe pressure.

Jack Crawford, employees' representative of Division No. 2 of the Joint General Committee, could not leave business to attend the annual conference.

Jim Bluejacket was appointed to Mr. Crawford's place as employees' representative and attended the Chicago meeting. Jim thrills at the prospect of seeing the big city and besides having the opportunity of familiarizing himself with the work and aim of his department he hopes to return via Oklahoma where he left a "pin-hook" set some years ago.

While it is growing rather late to refer again to the art of angling, we must say that the lake beauties took kindly to Simpson's assortment of "hardware." Green served "the big brass spinner" in the most alluring manner and they got results. You may not see a picture of the catch, yet the writer voluntarily contends that they "knock 'em dead."

LARAMIE, WYO.

Banty Rouse and Earl Wolaver bagged twenty-two ducks and some rabbits one Sunday recently. They reported having gotten some fine shooting.

Cash Miller spent three days on Jelm Mountain hunting deer but he didn't even see one. Another party says that the deer were walking in Cash's tracks and several times nearly ran over him.

Mrs. Carl Carlstrum recently returned from an extended trip to Virginia. No wonder Carl has been wearing such a lonesome look—we thought something was wrong.

Howard Wilson moved into his new four-room bungalow at 711 Bradley. Howard has a new house, a new car and best of all a new girl; all were gotten within the year.

Mark Dyken has purchased a new home for his bride where he intends to live happily the remainder of his days.

F. O. Blair succeeded in killing a fine Canadian Goose last Sunday and wore a smile the entire week.

The Joint General Committee took the annual trip to Chicago to attend a conference, which was held at the Congress hotel. We understand it was a very profitable meeting.

Chas. Loucks—"What's the difference, Paul, between a grayback and a cootie?"

Paul Schott—"Nothing, Charles, only the Cootie has military training."

Andy Winchell has been ill with a bad case of pleurisy; we are glad to see him recuperating.

B. W. Ferris had a bad spill on the Woods Landing road the other day. Bently was clipping it off at a good speed when Bob Elliff passed him so fast that he thought his car had stopped and he didn't discover the mistake until he got out to crank his motor.

A. W. McAllister, employees' representative, spent a few days, visiting relatives and friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Walker are also visiting friends in Chicago. They drove through in their Overland and they report a splendid trip as the roads were very good.

D. G. Hull has been off the job over a week with a severe case of throat trouble, also illness in the family; we hope to see him back soon.

Howard Huston is passing out the cigars to the boys. Yes, Howard went and did it and we wish him and his bride a long and successful trip on the sea of matrimony.

David McCallugh has been absent for a few days, doing what he can to help find the bodies of the four duck hunters who were unfortunately drowned in Lake Hattie.

D. E. Hunton had the painful misfortune of having his shoulder dislocated while boxing. Better not take any more strenuous exercise.

GLENROCK, WYO.

Roy W. Lowrie, Correspondent

Homer Byers made a trip to the second range in search of the elusive deer. Homer reports a good time, no deer, but plenty of tracks.

N. W. Halley has purchased himself a new home.

E. L. Decco should take up hunting. According to the score he has been making on the rifle range we are certain that should he ever get a bead on a deer it would be his meat.

We are pleased to welcome such notables, in the basketball limelight of Wyoming as Bud Morgan, Harold Thornton, John Skinner, C. D. Morgan, Clifton Bowman, Roy W. Lowrie and Glen Clavers. We expect to top the Casper league this year. L. E. Chamberlain and John Lytle are the official managers of the team.

J. M. Cann and A. B. Salmon were very anxious to undergo a rigid physical examination. Salmon thinks he has a touch of the heebie jeebies.

John Lytle, the big game hunter, made a week-end trip to the Big Horn Mountains. The result was, all hunting, no deer.

Bob Gray, our construction foreman, would like to know how many feet there are in a fathom.

L. E. Chamberlain, our superintendent, believes in fanning the golf ball a half dozen times before hitting it. He has been known to throw the club away after missing the ball. His vocabulary has been considerably extended since he has been bitten by the golf bug.

Pete Holden, our construction superintendent, has made a great many friends in Glenrock. He is also very popular and highly respected by the men.

Charlie Pierce, our engineer, has accomplished good work since his coming to Glenrock.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Miss Elizabeth Harkins, Correspondent

The new record No. 2 Mine is 4,210 tons in eight hours, an increase of nearly 200 tons.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis and daughter, Miss Ethyl, and son, Earl, have returned from a motor trip to Iowa.

R. C. Coulter of Gillespie, employed at our Mine No. 2, has moved to Carlinville, where he will be more convenient to his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Hagaman are the parents of a son, whom they have named Robert Eugene.

Mrs. J. L. Gempp of Schoper motored to Springfield recently where she attended Ringling Bros. Circus.

Bobby Burns, an employee of the power house, has a new "Olds" touring car. We hope he will drive this more carefully than he does other things.

Peggy McMillan, daughter of Mine Manager McMillan, celebrated her third birthday recently with a party.

C. W. Clark, assistent general manager, is visiting relatives in Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred England are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a son, who will answer to the name of Dick. Mr. England is employed at the power house.

Pete Borghetti and Miss Janette Joycen surprised their friends recently by getting married. The young couple will reside in Standard City.

Jimmy Simpson found it so cold riding in his Ford roadster that he exchanged it for a coupe. Jimmy evidently believes in preparing for Winter.

Mrs. Ed. Davis, wife of our washhouse superintendent, sustained a painful injury when she fell and broke her arm. At present writing Mrs. Davis is convalescing.

Miss Louise Chilton has returned from a visit with relatives in Christopher, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loenhberg have announced the marriage of their daughter, Grace, to Loren Adams of St. Louis.

A number of the power house employees are spending their leisure hours in study. "Chuch" Van Meter is taking a course in power house and substation work; Fred England, combustion engineering; George Zimmerman, steam and electric engineering, and Lawrence Baker a course in mechanical drawing.

A. C. Wolf and family have taken the last cottage at Schoper.

John Lammi has exchanged his Paige for a Nash.

Mrs. George Zimmerman is teaching the Robley School this year.

Ambrose Ward has returned from Alton. He made the trip via motor.

Mrs. Harold Reineke has the sympathy of her friends in the death of her mother.

Jock Frazer and Jack Welsh, formerly of the Schoper official family, have entered the ranks of the mine operators having leased a small mine near Hamel, Ill.

City Marshall "Doc" Razor paid a visit to Schoper recently with the result that the city auto license department is doing a rushing business.

John Dumm owns up to having five dogs. This does not include the other twelve, some of which are at the mine and some at various other places.

It is rumored that our genial superintendent, Tom Paul, recently learned how to square a circle. How about it, Tom?

Jimmy Delaney, formerly storekeeper at Mine No. 2, who is in the Wood River office now, visited us when he was on his vacation a few weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil S. Land, also visited us last week before returning to Chicago. Mr. Land is a former coal mining department employee who has been in the Chicago Office since last December.

Jacob Werner, janitor at the general office, has returned from a short visit in St. Louis.

The Standard City school opened September 2. Misses Elizabeth Behrendt and Nora Griffin of this city are the teachers.

James Ham of the sales department, Decatur, evidently under-estimated the selling ability of S. S. Attendants William Dillard and Henry Drew, at this point, when he wagered a chicken dinner that they wouldn't sell six five gallons cans of Polarine in one day. The boys easily passed this mark. While they claim Mr. Ham treated them to a real dinner, they say they are ready for another.

Winning chicken dinners isn't Mr. Drew's only pastime. When coming to work in his Ford roadster the other morning he ran into Judge Snell who was driving his Buick Coupe, and bent the fender of the judge's car.

W. R. Smith, office manager, attended the opera "Carmen" in St. Louis.

GENERAL OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Office

Raymond Schmakowski put one over on us by getting married during his vacation; the honeymoon being spent at the Dells. This will keep Ray from spending Sunday afternoons watching the ball game as heretofore. Congratulations and best wishes to the "newlyweds".

After three and one-half years in the service of our company, Miss Tillisch resigned, to take over the household duties of her home.

Since Mr. Snyder of the inspection desk has left us, to go back to the navy life, we are wondering who is going to take the stenos out to lunch.

For the information of those that have been curious to know who the good looking young man is, who succeeded Mr. Snyder on the inspection desk, allow us to introduce Edward Jesse. Well now, Ed, we hope you like us and stay with us for a good long time.

Earl Clark is now climbing the ladder to success. After a few months on the mail desk, he has been promoted to the railway sales department and is now acting as clerk. Good work, Earl, keep it up.

We are very sorry to lose Mrs. Gertrude Shaw. An excellent worker as well as being liked by our entire department. Ill health is the reason she found it necessary to resign. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery.

Will someone please ascertain from Paul Jorgensen who gave him that wonderful shiner he has stamped on his face. We understand it was a little bit of a guy.

Some cars have a tendency of going too fast and causing too much speed to suit the cops. If you don't believe it ask Bob Huber, 'cause he knows. Bob spent one perfectly good Monday in court trying to get fixed up.

Miss Stonehouse now dines in the office at lunch time. As an excuse she gives "not broke, but badly bent". Never mind, Stony, we all know about Mr. Bunch carrying his lunch too, but why is it so necessary to "promenade" arm in arm down Michigan boulevard.

Mr. Essery, our chief clerk, is now on his vacation, but force of habit still finds us down at 8:30 in the morning.

Traffic Department

A farewell luncheon was arranged by the girls of the traffic department, September 27, in honor of Mrs. Mae Vacovsky (nee Sramek), who is leaving to take up the heavy duties she so lightly assumed on her wedding day. The guest of honor wept copiously upon being ushered into the room, the reason for which has not yet been ascertained. After the luncheon had been served, Mrs. Vacovsky read the farewell wishes written by her associates, after which the guests went their respective ways, full of the spirit of good fellowship—and chicken patties.

Billy Pickering has now solved the garden problem. Next year he's going to plant his seeds in hanging baskets and when he sees a storm brewing carry them into the house.

J. C. Tyrrell wants to challenge all comers to a corned beef and cabbage eating contest, the c. b. to be furnished by Jeanette Shea.

A. E. Persons admits he did gain a few pounds during the Summer, but, now that the coal heaving season is on, he expects to regain his boyish figger.

Wonder if the floral offerings from Rol Lewis' garden were responsible for the recent epidemic of hay fever in the traffic department.

Florence Johnston's got another one. This one's black, trimmed with green, with something or other on it somewhere. Full details will be supplied later.

Adelaide Kude had a code id her dose, so she wedt up to Dr. Bortod's office ad took a chloreede treatbet ad thed she felt fide.

With that new polychrome vest of his, George Savageau is all set to out-Brummel our old friend Beau.

Myrtle Kelliher has a unique method of reducing. Instead of eating lunch, she calls up all her beaus during the noon hour. Myrt has only to reduce seventy pounds more and she'll weigh the same as the day she was born.

Olive Johnsen should worry whether or not they build a subway. That is, if the young man with the car continues to call for her at 5 o'clock every evening.

Fifth Floor

See where Jean Gadke is sporting a new sparkler. Lots of luck and happiness to you, Miss Jean.

Another Jean is in the spotlight, too. Miss Stockler has deserted the "Horse and Buggy Brigade" for the "Shingled Shebas Circle". Looks mighty nice, little girl.

"Doc" Holland has just returned from the wilds of Hollywood or thereabouts. We understand he was offered a huge sum to be understudy to Rodolph himself.

The Equipment Department lost two old timers last week when H. Foote and Al Lind left us. We miss both of them and wish them lots of luck and success.

Miss Seeberger and Miss Williamson are the only two girls left in the distribution department with long hair, and we are trying to persuade them to have it done also, but it does not look very favorable.

Jean Stockley caused quite a lot of excitement, September 29, when she came down with her hair bobbed, *at last,* and we now hope all her troubles are over. You should have done it long ago, Jean, as it is very becoming.

Arthur Gray is now the proud father of a baby girl, born on August 28.

It sure pays to advertise. In the September issue of the STANOLIND RECORD, there was an article saying that Floyd Barber, former Jazz Orchestra Leader of Sioux City, Iowa, would like to start a Jazz Band. He already has an application from some young man on the sixth floor who is a drummer. What he really needs now is a *good* pianist and trombone player. Better hurry, boys, and put in your application as he wants to get started.

Cooperage Department

Allow us to introduce Robert A. Oldenburg, 15 month old son of Arthur H. Oldenburg. Some boy, 100 per cent. No wonder his daddie is proud of him.

Rudy Valentino has nothing on Martin Hassold since he got his new gray hat. Sure is some sheik.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

W. G. Steinmeyer, Correspondent; Harry Blix, M. S. Walker, Art Emrath, and F. B. Blandford, Associate Correspondents

Louie Zuidema, driver at our Worth Station, is to be congratulated on his presence of mind when a fire started in the pump house. Louie's quick work in removing his truck from the danger zone saved that valuable piece of equipment and reduced chance of the fire spreading.

Albert K. Baldwin, salesman, living in Wilmette, was married on October 4 to Miss Bernyce A. Bachtel of Moline, Ill. The ceremony was performed in Davenport, Iowa. Congratulations! (Correspondent's note: Anyone living in Wilmette and calling on a girl in Moline *should* get married. But why go to Davenport?)

A recent Form 029 of Salesman S. L. Hynes reported a new customer—an eight and one-half pound boy. Sam says he is 100 per cent S. O. Co.

The tank wagon salesmen of the Chicago Division have had a lot of fun out of selling Polarine this past summer converting their work

into baseball games. The Bulk Stations were divided into four leagues and the Champions proved to be: Northern League, Antioch; Western League, Elmhurst; Central League, Oak Park, and Southern League, Gary. The series of games between the league champions to decide the division champion was not finished at the time of going to press.

Service Station Notes

Cliff Ledderboge, champ Polarine salesman of S. S. No. 46, was presented with a fine baby boy on September 29. Cliff says, "He weighed seven pounds and was twenty inches long!" Congratulations, Cliff, and here's hoping you make a real salesman out of him.

Another arrival in the central division was that of a bouncing baby boy to Mrs. Walter Reetzke, wife of attendant at S. S. No. 75. Mother and baby are reported doing nicely.

Frank Blandford, formerly manager of S. S. No. 60, has been transferred to the main office, to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Art Harre.

Another addition to the eastern division. L. C. Talcott, S. S. No. 128, informs us of the arrival of a baby, seven and three-quarters pounds net. October 6 was the date, and latest reports are that mother and baby are getting along fine. Almost forgot, it was a boy!

"Pete" Scott has been transferred from S. S. No. 513, and made manager of S. S. No. 60. "Pete" is setting a mean pace and is out to make a record for the world famed No. 60. Go to "it" Pete and more power to you.

Attendant Brandenberg of S. S. No. 60 is stepping out and selling Polarine by the barrel.

Attendant Harry Decker, one of our old-timers located at S. S. No. 541, had the misfortune of having a stick of wood hit him in the eye. Harry has a very sore eye as the result of his accident, and is unable to return to work.

Attendant Krewer of S. S. No. 82 was forced to lay off a few days on account of a sprained ankle, which he received while draining a crank case.

All supervisors have held meetings of Service Station Attendants in the Chicago Division within the last few weeks, and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Monroe have given some very inspiring talks.

S. S. No. 97 has what is known as a "Morale Uplifter." Attendant Dewey is the man. Dewey keeps the boys at No. 97 in good humor, and they are always ready to meet a customer with a smile. It pays to have one man like Dewey on every station. Their quota sheet proves it.

Two stations in the southern division, not to be outdone by S. S. No. 97 in the eastern division on Polarine sales, went out the following Saturday and Sunday and beat the record made by No. 97. The stations were No. 11, Marquette and Stony Island avenues, and S. S. No. 54, Marquette Rd. and Western avenue. Send in your pictures, boys, you have a record to be proud of.

M. J. Cool, attendant at S. S. No. 308, joined the order of Benedicts this month. Congratulations, and a very happy married life, Cool.

We regret very much to report the death of C. H. Peterson, father of Mr. M. C. Peterson, supervisor of the southern division, on September 27.

George S. VanEman has been transferred from the construction department back to the S. S. department. Glad to see you with us again, Van.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

On September 12 the SOCO Employees Co-op Association of Davenport gave a Defense Day dance on the third floor ball room of the office building. Music was furnished by Whelan's Serenaders, their services being secured, through the usual ingenuity of Mr. Slater, from the Davenport Country Club. There were plenty of men to go 'round, and everyone seemed to be having rather a nice time. Such a "live" bunch! But ye gods, won't someone please provide Ed Day with some other means of mixing the crowd than the broom dance. While the refreshments consisted of but ice cream and cake, they seemed to have been thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. Sparkman was there—girls, girls, take your time. Jack Jost and Gil Resser certainly appeared to be enjoying themselves. Wonder why they found it necessary to leave so early. And Vivian and Hughey together again. This is getting interesting. While the musicians began playing "Home, Sweet Home" at about 11:30, and the whole thing was over by twelve, it seems that some of the revelers got off the trail on the way home and landed up at LeClaire, where it happens that a dance was being held. Bud Goodell, as enthusiastic as ever, insisted that they rest a little before starting home, so they put on a little exhibition for the benefit of the citizens of LeClaire, and it musta been good, cause the next day these same citizens, with fire in their eyes and determination imprinted upon their pale faces, burned the dance hall down. No lives were lost and reputations are getting along nicely. Alice says she had a good time and Gladys says she had a good time, and well, that's what they all say. As soon as the bank account of the Co-op Association reaches $25.00, we'll have another dance.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Swan of Moline to Harry Peterson was announced at a dinner party at the LeClaire Hotel on October 1. The wedding will take place on October 14. Miss Ruth Ericson, late of Hartz and Bahnsen's, will take over Dorothy's work.

We've also heard that Miss Florence Wheeler of the stenographic department is to take the fatal step "sometime in November." You all know Bob. Happy days.

Flora Lawrence has given up the idea of a permanent wave. Perhaps the damage suit brought against her hair-dresser by an enraged client had something to do with her decision.

Oscar Peterson was recently mixed up in a big collision. Several arrests were made but Pete was at work as usual the next day. Must have some wealthy friends.

Several letters have been received from Lillian Kruse. She and her friend, Dot, have been hiking all over Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin. From Davenport to Minneapolis and then to Chicago, all in three days. Some speed. But they had a good time even if the police in Minneapolis did tell 'em to go home.

Pretty soft for Grace Kinney. He's working here too, now. Lester Barr is his name, he's from Rock Island (they say) and has charge of the iron barrels.

Miss Dorothy Burton of the stenographic department was unable to return to work at the expiration of her leave of absence because of ill

health, and her doctor has ordered her to bed for another six weeks. She says she certainly would appreciate an occasional letter, girls.

Gil Resser has lost his reputation as a promoter of parties. His last attempt was a dismal slump, according to all reports.

Miss Evelyn Litscher is sporting a new Essex. Watch 'em flop.

Wonderful attendance at the Safety First Meeting the other day. Pollock and Kendall were there, anyway.

Mr. Beckman, constructionman, recently Korited the roof of the Ottumwa office, but the roof still leaks. The construction department, of course, insists that the Korite was at fault.

Ira Saunders, S. S. attendant at Oelwein, died September 27 of apoplexy. To his family, we offer our sympathy.

Mr. Flanigan is located in Grinnell where he will take over Mr. Bradley's work for the next thirty days. Mr. Bradley has been given a leave of absence because of ill health.

Our sympathy is extended to F. M. Moats, constructionman, whose father died recently, and to R. Sayre of the credit department, on the loss of his mother.

Jimmie Montz has been elected captain of the Safety First football team.

Herbert Johnson's new home was recently completed. When moving day came round, Mr. Johnson found it convenient to take a trip to Ottumwa to inspect the roof. Not so dumb, but then—"When I was in Chicago—."

Since noting the number of letters that Mr. Camblin of the construction department receives (the violet scented kind) the marketing costs department has been demanding an accounting of every form 035 sent to him.

Mr. Hampton, who drives one of the advertising trucks, with the aid of his trusty Foamite Fire Extinguisher, recently saved another car from burning up.

In spite of the nice weather we've been having lately, the following notables are on the sick list: Bowlby, Parkhurst, Snodgrass and Oliphant. Salesman R. R. Seibert is confined to his home with three broken ribs as a result of an automobile accident.

A few weeks ago it was understood that Red Nieman was going to give up his bad habits for good and all, that is, playing cards, dating, smoking, spending money, etc. But alas, only last week he went down town and bought a new tie. What is this generation coming to?

Fairfield

A short time ago Fairfield merchants put on a "dollar day" sale. Attendant John Auckland at S. S. No. 28 was not to be outdone, so he proceeded to hold a sale himself. His price on gas was 15c so he just called customers' attention to the fact that he was holding a "Dollar Day" sale of five gallons of Red Crown and one quart of Polarine for a dollar. He got away with the idea in fine shape and increased his Polarine sales that day.

S. C. Brown of S. S. No. 100 started to Parsons College.

Ralph Bates of S. S. No. 100, O. R. Junkins, agent, and R. L. Lamb, T. W. driver, enlisted in the medical detachment of the 133rd Regiment for one day and marched in the Defense Day Parade on September 12.

Fred Stallman, attendant at S. S. No. 28, returned from a trip to Osage last week.

Dinty Moore was looking for a hat that Mr. Parkhurst was to bring down from Washington, the hat having been left there four years ago. Wonder why Dinty left Washington in such a hurry he didn't have time to get his hat.

Independence

Howard Boice, agent, was called away August 30 to attend the funeral of his sister. While away, he adopted the little girl, aged thirteen months, left by his sister.

Because of the location of a rather prominent public institution in Independence, where Salesman Wren is now located, he thinks he'll have to watch his step.

Olin

Recently the C., M. & St. P. freight agent asked T. W. Salesman Koztecka whether or not the Standard Oil Company were transferring their warehouse from Davenport to Olin, as he had received a large shipment of Polarine Oil and two days later received a larger one. Andy replied, "No, I am just making my quota for the rest of the year."

Oxford Junction

V. L. Johnson, our red-haired, live wire agent here, has taken the contract to apply the refined wax to the floor of the American Legion Bowery. Johnson admits, however, that he does get more kick out of dancing than waxing the floor.

Rowley

Glen Boies, agent, and Mrs. Boies are the parents of a baby boy. Mr. Boies says he wants him to be a real up and coming SOCO man so he named him *Robert G. Boies.* (Yup.)

Burlington

P. E. Backmann, while buying Red Crown at S. S. No. 6, remarked: "I am not allowed to buy Red Crown any place but here." "How come?" from the attendant. "Well, my wife and kids always insist upon coming to *our* service station," replied Mr. Backmann. "And why not," asked Mrs. Backmann. "We always get service, with a smile, and we feel at home."

S. S. Attendant Lewis sure believes in giving every kind of service, even to telling three lovely young lady customers where they could buy kegs to make wine in. (We don't know whether the young ladies ever showed their gratitude in a material way.) Also, a young couple drove up and asked the way to a minister's home, explaining, "We want to be married and as we are strangers in town, thought a Standard Oil Company S. S. would be the best place to inquire." The information was given and the evening papers published an account of the wedding.

Reports from Mrs. James Storer, wife of our agent at Burlington, who recently underwent a serious operation at the Mayo Brothers' hospital, Rochester, Minn., are favorable. She has recovered sufficiently to travel to Clarion, Iowa, where she will remain with her daughter for a while.

Cedar Rapids

The farewell party given by the Stanolind Nite Lites and families to W. S. McLeod and family was a great success from every angle. In all, seventy-five go-getters attended and a wonderful supper was enjoyed by all. R. G. Stewart and Mr. Glazebrook of Davenport were also present.

Short but straight to the point talks by Mr. Stewart and Mr. Jennings brought cheers from all. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod were both presented with tokens of remembrance, and after a short talk from each, everyone's attention was turned to the sweet strains of the Nite Lite quartet. After a few songs and lots of hand-shaking and good-byes, they called it the end of a perfect day.

Mr. Jennings, new agent, is also a firm believer in "It Can Be Done" and adds, "A rolling stone gathers no moss" so if you want to see some pep, come to Cedar Rapids.

Reports have come from Davenport that Tim Hussey, our former mechanic, is getting thinner since he left here. Could it be from working or a change of climate? Let us hear from you, Tim.

Construction Superintendent Johnson of Davenport was up last week, and believe us, he's some Hoot Owl, does all his work at night.

Attendant Bruce says there's no place like the Palisades when it comes to chicken dinners. Lots of chicken and a black eye to boot. Hold your guard a little higher next time, Bruce, and stay off your knees.

Louie Bys came to work one day with his head hangin', singing "My Sweetie Went Away." Poor Louie, now he hasn't a thing to do in this wide, wide world but make his quotas.

Columbus Junction

Mrs. Simkins, mother of Everett Simkins, S. S. attendant here, said one day that Everett should have been a girl because he can handle a dust cloth, mop, crochet, darn his own socks, etc., to perfection, and Salesman Hendrickson agrees with her, on the dusting and mopping at least, because his station shows it. A tourist from California came in for Red Crown and remarked that his station was the best kept one she had been in during her entire trip, and she had come through Davenport. (Better send Teaters down to look the place over—this from J. E. H.)

Ding Marshall, T. W. salesman, says that the only time the competitor gets any business is between the hours of midnight and 4 a. m., also that he can ride any color broncho that's sent out.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

On September 25, Carl Schrader, assistant check clerk, was sure a happy man when he stepped in at the office and left a box of cigars and a box of candy, announcing that he had just been married. Helen Nalefski, sister of Harry Nalefski of this office, was the happy bride. The S. O. family extends their congratulations to the happy couple.

Miss Goldie Mitchell of the East St. Louis office gave us a pleasant surprise September 19 by paying us a brief visit. This was her first visit, but we hope it will not be the last.

What is our loss is someone else's gain. On Wednesday, September 17, Miss Bessie Delaney became the bride of Buryl Williams of this city. Our congratulations to Bess and Buryl. And to see that pretty new bungalow, the girls in the office had a party at Bessie's new home on September 26, presenting her with a beautiful bridge lamp.

The many friends of Salesman C. A. Cline and wife will be very glad to learn that their son, Frank, who has been in the hospital for the past eight weeks with a very serious case of typhoid fever, is improving and has been removed to his home. He is now able to be out a little each day and we all sincerely hope his complete recovery will be rapid.

When it comes to judging paint, Theodore Kleekamp, one of the T. W. salesmen at our Litchfield station, is the "berries." They were giving one of their motor outfits a coat of paint a short time ago and Agent Emmons told Theodore to go in the warehouse and get some green paint for the sides of the cab. He got what he thought was the paint and had almost completed painting the cab when he noticed the paint he had completed did not look just right. He called Agent Emmons over to look at it and he also was not satisfied. On investigating they found that instead of getting the can of green paint he had got a can of Acme Cylinder and had painted the cab with that. Some mess, they say, but they finally got the cab painted with the right stuff.

Agent Wesley B. Schoene of Trenton is driving a new Federal Willys-Knight truck. Luck to you, Wes, we hope you are planning to make somebody step.

Extra: J. W. Honomichl was a recent visitor in East St. Louis and commented quite favorably upon the beautiful "Boulevard Stop Signs" erected in various parts of our city. For further particulars see "Mike O'Leary—de Law."

There was a ball game between East St. Louis and St. Louis teams. The St. Louis team won but wait until next time—in fact, it woud have been an easy victory for East St. Louis if Dankenbring, our center fielder, had not swallowed his pipe looking up for flies.

Mr. Edwards, Granite city driver, announces the arrival of a fine baby boy.

Salesman W. L. Wiley expects to eat Thanksgiving dinner in his new home at 3212 Richmond avenue, Mattoon, Ill. (Pix please.—Ed.)

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Rubart are the proud parents of an eight pound girl born September 2. Mr. Rubart is S. S. salesman at Mattoon.

Agent Munson of Illiopolis paid a pleasant visit to the dentist just recently. Since that day he has been eating soup and malted milk.

Darrel C. Bartlett, our Nordic salesman from Carlinville recently cashed in on his good looks when he rated a coloroto section in the Tribune. A few days later he brought around positive proof—a one hundred dollar check from the Tribune as his gift for having his character analyzed.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

The sympathy of all is extended to F. F. Failor, whose mother passed away on September 19.

On September 28 occurred the annual Warehouse vs. Office baseball game. It was a thrilling contest ending with the score 16 to 11, the Office winning, 11 for the Warehouse. The game was featured by some wonderful plays. The most spectacular was that of Ed Carlson endeavoring to roll from third base home. Elmer Noonan made a wonderful throw to first base, the ball going ten feet over the first baseman's head and allowed four men to score. Paul Groom played a consistent game at third. He had two chances and muffed them both. Landess of the Office force and McCormick of the Warehouse

both played a good game. Umpire Jasper Cook can hardly talk as he wore his voice out announcing new pitchers for the Warehouse. "Nobs" Burken and Galbraith pitched for the Office gang. Salesman Morris, while practicing for the big ball game, hit a good one and smashed a windshield. That's expensive practice, Morris, especially when your side didn't win.

The East Side Drivers and the West Side Drivers of Des Moines staged a baseball game on September 10, the East Side winning by a score of 13 to 9. Ostberg, pitching for the East Siders, hurled a good game until the last half of the eighth inning, when he blew up, allowing seven runs. But it was a good game and the boys say they are going to have more of them.

Mr. Gentry Galbraith, Safety First department, is the happy father of a new boy, weight seven pounds, born on September 19. Mother and son doing fine. Mrs. Galbraith was formerly Miss Margaret Forrester of the Des Moines office. Gentry says they haven't found a name good enough for the boy yet.

Manning L. Anderson, bookkeeper, is the proud daddy of a new daughter, Mary Jean, born on September 21, weight six and one half pounds. Everybody doing fine. Those were good cigars, Manning. Congratulations.

Creston

After five years of faithful service, William F. Heessel leaves our employ as T. W. salesman. Mr. Heessel expects to go West due to the illness of Mrs. Heessel. The entire force of employees at Creston wish Mr. and Mrs. Heessel the best of luck. Garnett Love is taking Mr. Heessel's place and we trust his record will be as enviable as Mr. Heessel's.

Tommy Else, city T. W. salesman, is off duty on account of neuritis. The employees miss Tommy's smiling face as do his customers. Here's hoping for your speedy recovery, Tommy.

W. H. Beaman, chief clerk, was a welcome visitor at the Creston Station for a couple of days.

Jerry Fisher is the new S. T. driver at Creston, and the boys are inquiring if Jerry is a member of the once famous pair, "Tom and Jerry," but "Jerry" (Jeremiah, if you please) claims he has lost trace of "Tom" since Mr. Volstead became so popular.

DETROIT, MICH.

James A. Green, Correspondent

Tank Wagon Department

John McCaskey, road mechanic, returned a couple of weeks ago from Pittsburgh where he attended the funeral of his father. We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mac in his great loss.

Congratulations are being extended at Scotten avenue to Forist Joiner who was recently married to Esther Palmer.

Another item that should be of interest is the double addition at Scotten avenue to the Standard Oil family: Miss Irene Waller, record clerk, and F. Maupin, office.

H. J. Dottee, T. W. driver at Strathmoor, spent Labor Day at East Tawas fishing. Harry reports a wonderful catch of bass.

H. R. Grimo, T. W. driver at Strathmoor, has been crowned Polarine King of this plant. Congratulations, Hank. C. G. Langley was a close second. Better luck next time.

R. W. Donaldson, clerk at Scotten avenue, has been appointed cashier at Strathmoor. We welcome you, Roy, and wish you every success.

G. T. Davis, formerly cashier at Strathmoor, was recently promoted to route foreman at Scotten and under the guidance of Jimmie Ritchie his future success is assured. We train them right at Strathmoor, Gerald.

C. Barg, T. W. driver at Strathmoor, is all smiles. The cause—a new baby. Congratulations, Clarence.

Tom Wheeler, our speedy stake truck driver, had hard luck with his pigs, one going mad and the other died. Tom claims he will eat beef this Winter.

Jim Horn and Charles Mason are trying to help out an unfortunate young girl in a beauty contest. Both have taken votes wholesale, and head the tribe.

Roy Messner, genial 027 clerk at Clay avenue, was transferred to North Detroit, September 5, as cashier. We all wish Roy good luck in his new position. We also welcome Mr. Allison who is taking his place.

Louie Koester, cellarman at Clay avenue, is quite a chicken fancier judging from the way he distributed those chickens recently. Ask our little operator, Louise, what she thinks about it!

Clarence A. Diehr, T. W. driver at Clay avenue, was recently called south on the sudden death of his wife. We all wish to extend our deepest sympathy in his bereavement.

It has been rumored that Jones and McManaman, truck drivers at Bellevue, are to work for the city singing in the morgue to test out the dead. If they don't wake up during the concert, they are beyond medical aid.

Nat Tyler, shipping clerk at Bellevue, or better known as the "Dangerous Sheik," specializes in waiting on lady customers for naphtha. Nat says his good looks and winning ways account for Bellevue having 100 per cent naphtha sales.

With the opening of the Lycaste plant, we folks at Bellevue avenue have parted with many old friends, but in their place have made a pleasant acquaintance with our new superintendent, George Bailey. We all wish great success to Mr. Bailey and Mr. Kurtz in their new work.

Main Office

Ernestine Zeop of the file room certainly showed her ability as a saleslady by selling forty gallons of Polarine in the recent campaign.

Although only married one month, Mr. Friske of the coupon department, came down to the office with both his wrists bandaged. Well, Red, you owe us an explanation.

Mr. Slunder of the check department has resigned in order to resume his studies at a Massachusetts university.

Mr. Spielmaker, formerly of the sales department, took his girl, Miss Lahuski, to visit his folks in Grand Rapids. Judging by the diamond which she wears after returning, they certainly must have thought Mae was the girl for Joe.

Miss Fahndrich is again with us after an absence of three years. Edna says she will have to get acquainted all over again as there are so many new faces in the office. Nevertheless, Edna's old friends are all glad to see her back.

On the morning of the sales meeting on Polar-

ine "F," which also happened to be pay day, Mr. Brown came into the stenographic room to distribute the checks. He found the girls looking out the window at the demonstration of the new non-chatter oil. Mr. Brown suggested that it would be a good idea to try it on the women, after which he made a hasty exit.

Henrietta Goldberger of the Indianapolis office paid us a little visit recently. Miss Goldberger was entertained by Helen Cates, her former co-worker at Indianapolis, and Miss Soop. Miss Goldberger is going to work in the Chicago office. Here's good luck to you, Miss Goldberger.

Edith Spilman must have a silent admirer somewhere in the office, inasmuch as she found a box of candy in her desk the other morning. It looks rather mysterious, nevertheless the stenographic department appreciate it because they are all very fond of candy.

Jackson

J. M. Miller is our new smokestack salesman. Judging by the smile he is a winner. Welcome, Muzey.

"Barney Google" Nelson Bryant, says: "Don't put Polarine 'F' into my flivver. Without that shimmy I never could play in the Jazz orchestra."

Driver Dean asked Driver Benson to get up on Dean's truck and help him transfer thirty-five gallons of Perfection from the middle compartment to the back. After Dean had drawn out forty-five gallons, he said, "Benson, where are you putting that?" Benson said, "Back, as you told me, to the same compartment." Roy said, "Fine help."

Specialty Department

R. F. Klipple, specialty salesman, embarked upon the sea of matrimony last month with Miss Helen Stewart as first mate.

V. H. Vowels, specialty salesman, makes a better showing in his sales than he does bowling.

Recent changes in the specialty sales organization have resulted in Joseph Arthur and Charles Shearer being promoted to city supervisors.

Field

Dick Duncan, agent at Clyde, we understand, has graduated from the Ford class, having just purchased a new Mason Road King truck. Dick says business is sure rushing in Clyde, not through.

We understand when the importing business on the Detroit river is good that Polarine sales also are good at Newport and Trenton, which undoubtedly explains the excellent showing made on this product during the month of August by Messrs. Sash and Elliott.

Standard Oil customers at Howell have welcomed back R. F. Burden, local agent, after a motoring trip through northern Michigan.

September marked the opening of the new Grand River highway, and R. H. Secord, agent at Fowlerville, could not resist a broad smile at the return of traffic through the town. Secord expects to step back into the lime-light now that the quarantine on traffic has been lifted.

General

A. L. Kurtz, formerly superintendent at Bellevue, is now on the job at Lycaste and eastern Detroit is assured service that befits a plant of this size and type.

The Bowling League of the Detroit organization officially opened their season on September 12 when eight teams "toed the mark" at the Recreation Building. These eight teams have adopted different trade names for their insignias and after three nights of intensive effort the Perfection team, with eight games won and one lost, head the parade. Several comments have been made regarding the League this year on the advertising they are doing for the company. Each of the forty bowlers are wearing on their shirts a miniature Red Crown with the name of his team underneath; while over each alley hangs the pennant giving the team's name, which, combined with a large Standard Oil banner, gives us plenty publicity.

DULUTH, MINN.

A. G. Lynott, Correspondent

Ray Pinney, formerly of the Duluth office and now with the Mankato office, was a visitor here recently. We are always glad to see you, Ray.

Mrs. Frank Ellison, wife of our chief clerk, who underwent a serious operation, is recovering rapidly.

F. L. Weidman, formerly salesman at Escanaba, Mich., is now candle salesman.

Jerry, office boy on the Sixth Floor, left to accept a position at the Duluth warehouse. We are glad to see you get ahead, Jerry. Henry Erickson succeeds Jerry.

The culmination of another happy Standard Oil romance was the marriage of Miss Doris Korrell and George Johnson, which took place on September 18. Doris was much feted by the girls at the office. The candy and cigars were fine, George.

S. O. Sorenson, our Stanolind correspondent for the past two years, left on a three months' leave of absence. It is reported that he intends enrolling at the Chicago Art Institute.

Henry Fosmoe, specialty salesman in Duluth, and Miss Anna Johnson of Ironwood, Mich., were married on September 17. We wish the newlyweds lots of happiness, and hope that Mrs. Fosmoe will like Duluth and the S. O. bunch here.

We now have with us in the ediphone room, Miss Helen Ann Klima.

A postal card was received by Mr. Shields from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., dated September 15, saying "Am building a new home here—expect to move in about November 1," and signed by none other than our friend, F. W. Dingley. Mr. Dingley formerly was employed in the Duluth division, and was located at Ashland, Wis.

Another complimentary letter was received from a party touring through our territory quite recently, this time from Kathleen D. Hynes, 2406 W. Broadway, Minneapolis, Minn. It seems that the service she received at Carlton, Minn., far exceeded her expectations. Miss Hynes referred to our attendant as being rather slim and dark, but on our records he is known as Mogan McClay.

Marinette and Menominee

Earl DeHart, M. T. driver, is the proud father of a baby boy. Thanks for the cigars, Earl.

Ernest Krause, our office clerk, has signed up for life. We didn't learn the lady's name, but anyway, here's congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Krause.

W. M. Worrell and family went on another trip to Wausau. We hope Bill took a wider road than he did last time—then he probably got there.

Albert Carter, our genial sheik, has become quite an artist. Witness our plant and storage tanks.

Albert Lindberg, attendant at S. S. No. 2, Menominee, has purchased a new Studebaker and already reports a puncture.

George Rothman, M. T. driver, is becoming more serious every day. Just why, George, is it going to happen soon?

R. M. Holm, city salesman, has had his Ford completely revamped, and says she is some boat now.

H. M. Willmarth and W. M. Morrell went to Stephenson to visit the fair but were a few days ahead of time, so they didn't wait.

Ralph Gramm, attendant at S. S. No. 2, Menominee, has been playing golf quite a bit this Summer, but we didn't see his name in the finals! What's matter, Ralph—too much mashie?

Superior, Wis.

Ton Gotsky, our warehouse man, is the proud papa of a son, born September 1.

Art Johnson, who for the last four years has been employed as clerk, recently resigned. We all wish you the best of luck, Art.

Arthur E. Nelson of the manufacturing department, who attended the Legion Convention in St. Paul, reports that there was something doing every minute. You sure must have had some time, Art.

Glenny Nelson is back with us again, having recovered from a severe cold. Glad to have you back with us, Glenny.

George Barker, attendant at S. S. No. 14, has a new Ford Sedan. Girls, don't crowd. George, what is it that attracts them?

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Irene Deig, Correspondent

Even though he is confined to his room in a local hospital suffering from a fractured hip, Jimmy Gillick, our office boy, had a delightful birthday party, September 21. We miss you, Jimmy, and sincerely hope you will be back with us soon.

Ed Walker has left us to enter Lockyear's Business College. Our very best wishes are with you, Ed.

We wish to extend to Union Holder, warehouseman, our deepest sympathy in the recent death of his wife.

What might terminate into a new sales possibility of our six brands of Polarine was discovered recently when it was found that Hal Berges and Homer Paris were using our "lub" in stimulating that desirable (?) growth on their upper lip. Yes, Harold even went so far as to state that a shocky growth required Polarine Extra Heavy, a less noticeable one, Polarine Medium, and so on. On the other hand, Homer will soon be Adolph Menjou's most dangerous rival.

We all thought Beulah Griggs was a confirmed man-hater. However, as Fate would have it, we saw her out Fording one Tuesday night, and now it is known that she Fords it quite often. They all flop, etc.

The only bad feature about having new girls join our force is that they will invariably pick the most desirable chaps in the office. The latest arrival is now being brought to work in Alfred Keerl's Dodge coupe.

It seems that lately the Standard Oil family has been increased somewhat. Several days ago we heard bickerings about Arthur Schnabel's three sets of triplets. The mother is reported doing nicely. Arthur spends quite a bit of time feeding the tiny pups.

The girls in the ediphone department certainly appreciate the little treats every once in a while from Ed Vessels, our trafficman. If a popularity contest for the men would be staged, we know where our votes would go!

Angela Schlafer, our newest comptometer operator, comes to us from Louisville. As her name will tell you, she is a darling, and we are glad to have her with us.

We wonder if Irvin Fink knows that he makes a certain young lady's heart flutter by just coming to work every day by way of Illinois street.

Ralph Dannettell, city salesman, is in the habit of greeting everyone with "Toddy." Does that have a stimulating effect on your trade, Danny?

Louis Laib has intimated to the girls in the ediphone department that it is anything but a pleasure to be called over in that department for repair work. We doubt that, Louis; you seem to leave that department in comparatively good spirits.

Checkers is evidently Stanley Becknell's favorite indoor sport; that is, judging from what we saw of his party in the Toasty Shop on a certain Saturday night. The checkerboard pattern is very good this fall, according to Beck.

Ed Walker's knowledge of polo and golf seems to be sadly confused. No, golf isn't played on horseback, Eddie. But, we can attribute this mistake to the recent visit of the Prince of Wales

We just wonder when Anna Leahy selects the electrical fixtures for the love nest for herself and Jackie if she will make a special trip to Indianapolis or if she will be satisfied to visit a certain shop in Evansville.

Cairo, Ill.

We wonder why Warehouseman Harrison spends so much time on the hard road around Dongola. It is reported that he is seen passing through there quite often. Explanations are in order, Lee.

All the boys are calling our Ford T. T. driver, J. O. Cox, "a little fat sheik." Wonder why?

"Daddy" Wert, who is on the pension list, has left Cairo for Eldorado to make his home for the Winter. Our very best wishes are with him.

Harry Adams and L. F. Brown, T. W. drivers, are sporting a new pair of "kicks" practically alike. Driver Cox questioned them in regard to the cost and upon receiving a rather evasive reply, hinted that probably the clerk wasn't present when they bought them.

Vincennes, Ind.

H. M. V. Schackelford, Correspondent

Charley Castor is always making the salesmen feel that he should work overtime. Every time the salesman places an order, Charley comes along, when he delivers it, and sells the same man over again. That's real stuff.

Mrs. Frank Danes with Frank tightly by the arm and a very determined look on her face was seen entering a hat store. Exit was made subsequently and the ordeal was over for Frank. At least he was seen wiping his brow, or it might have been his eyes, for you know hats do settum back, eh, Frank?

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

At first glance one would hardly take John Posthumus for the order clerk. He sure looks the part of a professor of anatomy with his shell rimmed glasses.

We are all glad to hear that Mildred Price was able to leave Butterworth Hospital and is now convalescing at her home in Bad Axe.

Loui Pyman of the checking department felt blue one day last week. He asked his daughter if she would go to the fair with him and she wouldn't answer. Betty is only 4 months old, and she'll talk back some day, Loui, don't fret.

Mr. Timmerman, father of the wife of Ed Venema, our assistant credit man, passed away recently. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Howard Dykema, head of the checking department, says there is only one way to get rid of a cold. As yet he hasn't informed everyone, but we have an idea—but where get it?

Tess Amborski of the record department is convalescent at her home after an operation for appendicitis. Hurry back, Tess!

We understand that A. Busch of the motor department is going to take the fatal step—how soon we don't know.

Pat Keating of the sales department went duck hunting north of Howard City and reports bringing home twelve nice ducks. We were of the impression that after Pat had found "Duckie" he was through hunting.

The chair occupied by Janet Vander Hout, bill clerk, is now occupied by Mrs. Arthur De Witt. Look again, yes, it's Janet, on September 25 she changed her name. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. De Witt. From now on, it will be bills, Janet, gas bills, electric bills, ice bills and more bills.

T. I. Clyde, attendant at S. S. No. 99, was the lucky winner of a Chevrolet touring car from the Teamster's Union. We haven't been informed as to why "teamsters" would be giving away "sport models."

V. M. McKersie, attendant at S. S. No. 113, is the proud daddy of a son, Donald Verne, seven and one-half pounds, born September 7. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. McKersie.

After a very successful season as manager of the SOCO baseball team, Capt. Lee Carpenter has developed five "cracked" riflemen, namely Paul Smits, Polarine man; Emmett Whitford, S. S. department; Joe Pettit, refined oil department, and Marvin Brower, lubricating department. At the Berlin fair September 25, his team carried off first honors. The shooting of Paul Smits, world war vet, who won first in the single events, was the feature of the evening. Let's have your prize, Paul, for display at the office.

Ted Olsee, checking department, was named on the All-State Tournament baseball team as first baseman, and Lee Carpenter of the marketing department, won the place of left fielder on the same. Congratulations, boys.

Al Terpening is such a happy boy lately. We understand Al says he has made the best investment ever—Al invested in a diamond, said sparkler now being worn on the fourth finger of some damsel. What's her name, Al?

Garage

Last week "Chuck" Soules came to work all smiles and passed the cigars. Why all the cigars, "Chuck"? It's a girl. We failed to ascertain the name of the new "soul."

Dave Johnson was seen hiding behind a big deputy constable star at the Granville Home Coming celebration. He was quite conspicuous and the Fords sure went to the fence corners.

R. D. Purchis, our traveling mechanic, paid us a short visit last week, but was in a hurry to get back to Petoskey, for fear he would be snowbound.

Hijo Bolt traded his Ford truck for a Ford touring car. He says the touring car is really big enough to carry him back and forth to work.

Battle Creek

Ivan Lutz, son of T. W. Driver Cloyd Lutz, had the misfortune to suffer a compound fracture of the right arm, while playing at school.

We all welcome the following new employees: Halbert M. Loomis, attendant at S. S. No. 20, and Henry A. Knowles, attendant at S. S. No. 18.

Cadillac

George Alt, S. S. attendant, and Roy Fonger, agent, went duck hunting recently and brought back one crow and three fish. The Rotary club assessed a 25c fine on Roy. How did they happen to hear about it? (We were not informed as to whether the fine was assessed for shooting the fish, or otherwise.)

Joe Sundstrom, S. S. attendant, has purchased a can of tire paint. Joe says that red tire on his "Lizzie" makes him "tired" so he's going to paint all of them, so they'll be alike.

Jake Shivlie and Clarence Anderson, attendant at S. S. No. 95 are making room on which to hang the Sales Honor Plague for September. The Spirit of '76 boys.

The SOCO boys of Cadillac are proud of the SOCO baseball team of Grand Rapids—more so since they came up here during Fair Week and trimmed the Cadillac Resort League team, 3 to 2.

Roy Fonger was the lucky winner of a "puppy" at the Fair and has named him SOCO.

Dave Anderson, driver, spent $9.60 winning an auto blanket at the Fair. The next day, Dave, in passing a downtown store, saw the same blankets advertised at $2.69. Never mind, Dave, we all do foolish things once in a while.

L. H. Halladay, clerk, borrowed Roy Fonger's rubber boots recently, and went out after blue gills. L. H. says they slipped right out of his hands and swam away when he waded through the water with the rubber boots.

When will Reuben Bloomquist, warehouseman, stop singing, "It ain't goin' to rain anymo'"?

Kalamazoo

Arthur Moore, S. S. superintendent, has adopted a slogan, "Do your Christmas shopping early—buy a 1/5 of Polarine and watch me smile."

Bill Kilgore says the only "birds" he feels sorry for are the Indians, because it doesn't look as if we are going to have any Indian Summer this year.

Albert Meyer, T. W. driver, has made the remark that he has started to fatten the chickens 'n everything for the next SOCO feed. What's the date Jack? (We're all interested and are wondering if the invitation will be general.)

We are mighty glad to hear that Roy Vandenberg, attendant at S. S. No. 37, is on the road to

recovery, after having submitted to an operation for appendicitis.

L. Spaulding, city T. W. driver, expects to install a broadcasting station in the near future, for the purpose of broadcasting fish stories, to replace the bedtime stories. Leave it to Spaulding for fish stories.

We hear that H. Koning, clerk, has been invited to take part in the program. However, we're afraid "Hank" will forget he's broadcasting and his topic will be "Held for collection tickets."

Allegan

Roy Cook, attendant at S. S. No. 16, claims first prize for filling radiators on Franklin cars. Anyway, Roy knows where the "Adam's ale" goes now, and not many Franklin's tour Allegan.

Plainwell

Elmer Clark, agent, feels as proud as a little boy with a new toy, since he has a new truck equipped with 400-gallon tanks. Watch Red Crown move now.

Muskegon

The families of the Standard Oil employees held their first annual picnic August 27. Many games and sporting events were enjoyed by all present. An indoor baseball game was one of the most important features of the day. The office won from S. S. workers, 19 to 11, and the T. W. men won from the office, 29 to 27. Everyone considered it such a gala day that it was decided to make it an annual event, and elaborate next year.

Bill Winters is having a hard time retaining his "misplaced eyebrow." All the fellows are envious of the "sheik," he looks so charming, and have vowed to relieve him of it some dark night.

Some time ago Lovie Green had the misfortune of springing his arm while playing ball at Bloomersville. You're sure it wasn't parlor football you were indulging in, Lovie? Nevertheless, we hope by this time you have fully recovered.

Traverse City

13th—most anything is liable to happen. On Saturday night Irwin Gilbert, attendant at S. S. No. 58, saw a man get hit by an auto, SOCO service—Irwin rushed out and assisted the man until the ambulance came to take him to the hospital.

Good work Oscar! Oscar Johnson, attendant at S. S. No. 58, was right there when a pump at his station exploded and set things on fire. Oscar had the fire out before the department arrived.

Tony Klassen, attendant at S. S. No. 59, says he'll never borrow a car again, unless it's a pretty new one. Tony borrowed his father's Ford. He was cautious enough to take along extra tubes, patches, spark plugs, etc., but he really should have had a trailer with a complete line of auto accessories. Tony got 15 miles and lost a radius rod. Tony stopped at the next garage and had that repaired. After which followed a blow-out —the fan came loose and went through the radiator and then his timer went wrong. Barring these little exasperations, Tony had a nice time, but we believe Tony you could have purchased a nice second hand Ford, for what repairs cost you.

Mr. Peck, Traverse City clerk, is planning on taking a trip to Indianapolis on his vacation. Go to it, "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Three Rivers

Paul Hagenbuch, attendant at S. S. No. 57, is the proud father of a daughter, born September 19, henceforth to be known as Bonnie Adell. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Hagenbuch.

HURON, S. D.

H. F. Lutgen, Correspondent

Manager A. H. Dodsley spent a few days in Chicago recently.

E. A. Hanson, formerly general clerk in the Huron office, now assistant chief clerk in the Minneapolis office, is spending a few days visiting relatives and friends at Huron and renewing old acquaintances in our office.

We hear that Oluf Peterson, attendant at S. S. No. 8, Miller, S. Dak., has taken unto himself a wife. This happened September 2.

Mr. Frederickson, agent at Miller "B" Station, attended the Corn Palace at Mitchell and reported having a wonderful time.

Si Tyrell of the check department is the proud daddy of a baby boy, born September 19, to be named William Claude. Si said he had to have his hair cut when he was five days old and he wears it parted like his dad's.

K. J. Sloan has left the Huron territory where he was salesman and has returned to Cleveland.

The following few lines are dedicated to Bud Shields and Orvis Nayes who are doing their very best:

Hush, hush, little mustache,
Don't you cry,
You'll get the coffee,
Bye and Bye.

Florence Feenan had quite an encounter with the elevator last week and came out second best, wearing a bandage over her left eye.

C. P. Dickey has been transferred to the stock department in the office and his position as collector has been taken over by O. W. Ice.

Claire Box has been transferred to collector in the Eastern territory. Claire was formerly attendant at S. S. No. 3, Huron. Robert A. Gillies succeeds him in charge of S. S. No. 3.

W. R. Fish has been transferred from warehouse clerk at Watertown, S. Dak., to warehouse clerk at the Huron main station.

Mr. Palm, salesmanager, had each one of the salesmen bring in pint bottles of other gas last week and his office is beginning to look like a young distillery.

Heine Lutgen and Elwin Aireman went to St. Paul to the American Legion Convention and Wednesday of that week, we all rushed to the door of the office, thinking we heard the fire siren, but afterwards we found out that it was Heinie doing some howling on the seven corners.

Dorothy Lawrence motored to Mitchell and took in a day at the Corn Palace last week. She is the owner of a new Fordor Ford Sedan but none would know it she is so fussy about who she asks to go riding.

George Campbell and Hugh Miller spent three days at Kimball and before they returned, Campbell beat Miller a couple games of pool which explains Miller's grouch the next day.

We notice that our old friend (Powder Puff) Smith rides around in a new bright blue Oakland roadster but after taking one look at the driver, all mystery is solved.

Anyone wishing to get on the good side of the stenographers, go to either Mr. Thielen or Mr. Pierson who will be able to give them real ideas.

Hildegarde Rother, head stenographer, spent a day at Mitchell taking in the Corn Palace last week.

Orvis Nayes spent a couple days at Sioux Falls two weeks ago but no one seemed to know about his going or we would have had a better line-up on his behavior.

J. E. Hall is back auditing at Huron after an absence of three years.

Miss Irish is spending her week ends regularly at Doland, her home town, and we would like to know what this means.

Miss Margaret Thompson and Miss Rosalie Marchand, both of the check department, spent a day recently at Mitchell taking in the sights at the Corn Palace. Inabelle Schreck of the file room visited the Corn Palace the same day.

Misses Lutgen, Taylor and Tormey spent the week end at Aberdeen and, of course, had a marvelous time.

What the mischief is this "Corn Palace," anyhow?—Ed.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

First of all this column comes very near shedding real tears and for a very good reason, too; Henrietta (alias Hattie) Goldberger has left us. What column wouldn't try, at least, to sob when it loses its "meal ticket"—for when news was scarce Hattie was always good for a generous paragraph. Aside from her avoirdupois, she was the best space filler this side of White River—for she was ever getting in a muddle or making "breaks", morning, noon and night. Before her departure for Chicago, the girls of the office threw a farewell chicken dinner in her honor and presented her with a string of pearls. It is our understanding that Miss Goldberger is now ringing in at 910 South Michigan avenue, such being the case we most heartily recommend her to any and all STANOLIND RECORD news-hounds as a space filler deluxe, bar none.

John R. McCallian, local leading slugger in pounding out jokes on other people tried a real one on himself—he bought a fox terrier, by the name of Trixie to be exact. Then things happened in quick succession. Trixie, being a fine doggie should not sleep out in the cruel, lonesome night air, so she was berthed in Mac's basement. In a fortnight, fleas romped all over the house, in the bookcase, up the kitchen cabinet, over the dining table, under the bathtub and land knows where. They were the real long-legged skippety-hop-to-the-barber-shop variety and bite! Say, they bit Mac and family and hollered for more Irish to conquer. Mrs. McCallian got out the old Lysol bottle and bathed Trixie with a 50 per cent instead of 2 per cent solution, the S. P. C. A. heard of the terrible condition of Trixie and made a call carrying much embarrassment for the McCallians. At this writing Trixie is at the veterinary suffering from pneumonia and a hairless hide. The actual expense amounted to about $60 and goodness knows how much hush money.

It was not a dark and stormy night in the Ozark Mountains but it was one of those unexpected crisp mornings in September and Bob the janitor had the radiators sizzling to keep Daisy Voyles from putting on her ear muffs. Which notes the rapid retreat of George Ashman from a perch on the front office radiator, carrying a near burn on the side "where the sun sets".

A card has been received from Salesman C. O. Bain of Grand Rapids who formerly packed a mean sample case around Indianapolis. C. O. threatens us thusly, "Don't miss any news as I am reading it up here". He probably doesn't know that we have to use a crowbar to get this news but anyway, we are wishing him the best of luck and are pleased to know we have one reader, at least.

Former Salesman J. D. Braddick has been transferred to Newcastle as agent in place of R. M. Gant, who goes to Muncie in place of J. J. Miller, now agent at Indianapolis.

Messrs. Love, McCallian and Strickler of the S. S. Department are whipping into shape what they aver will be a real basketball team. Already they are out after Ft. Wayne and the Whiting Red Circles. If the mixup with the refinery "crack" is arranged and regardless of whether the game is staged at Whiting or Indianapolis, they, Love, et al., are positive it will be a real battle.

Garnet Aikins is back, after his leave of absence, looking much better. Old Cannon Ball spent his time down around Madison, Ind., playing Daniel Boone and using mosquitoes for Indians.

Twenty-ninth Street

Agent Forest Keelan broadcasting: "In an endeavor to get in Terre Haute's class let me tell about O. O. DeLong, our yardman, who went out fishing and had caught a big string when he received a wireless from his wife saying that she was sick and would not be able to cook any fish. DeLong unjointed his wireless fishing rod, threw the fish back in the river and went home. Driver William Smith bought a Ford from Driver Charles Coker, as both are not now on such good speaking terms, we are wondering which got "skinned".

Welcome to the 29th Street midst, Basil Newhouse, night watchman. He sure is a fine grass cutter and truck washer.

Bloomington

Oh, it isn't such a rosy life as the following call-down from Bloomington proves, "Bloomington women folks are peeved on account of the last items mailed in as mention of them was entirely left out. Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Hillerman say that there will be no more spreads for SOCO folks, they are done baking their heads off over a hot stove and splitting the stovewood besides, and then not get any publicity not mentioning any thanks." (Why not try sending in a pie or cake to the Editor?)

Lige Owens is the new man on the stake truck, in place of Virgil McConnell transferred to M. T. W.

Big Boy Sturgeon, warehouseman, is the proudest-ever father of a new boy.

"Phoebe" Graves, agent at Smithville, is a busy man with his new station but finds time to trade coon dogs and guns. Phoebe is so slick that all the boys are betting that he comes out some day with a dog farm and a battleship.

We are sorry to learn that Earl Fyffe, attendant at S. S. No. 57, is leaving for Phoenix, Ariz.

Terre Haute

The "Hut" baseball fans desire to extend their heartfelt sympathy to the Evansville "Oilers" through their loss of the Three-I league bunting on the last day of the league season to Terre Haute. We also want to extend to them an invitation to Red Crown and Polarine "F" up to the "Haute", next spring and see us raise the pennant in our new park.

P. S.—Evansville led the III up to the next to last day, and then Terre Haute snatched it away from them. (Did all this happen on a Saturday and Sunday, Coxey, or how comes you know so much?)

JOLIET, ILL.

Miss Agnes Paton (Office) and C. H. Kneip (Field), Correspondents

Office

It's a good thing for "Milt" Pearson that Aurora is so close. We don't understand how Kate Kane can allow such things to go on. Please explain, Kate.

Mrs. O'Day is a regular customer of the "Lost and Found" department of the C. & J. Interurban. Brown hats are her specialty.

Angela Neilitz, head of the dictaphone department, returned to work after an enjoyable vacation.

Evelyn Burmeister is back on the job after spending her vacation in Wisconsin. How many punctures did you have on the trip, Eve?

We understand Frances Smith was in such a hurry to get out the other noon to meet her sheik that she fell all the way down the stairs.

Helen R. was homesick with a dasty old code. Her explanation for same was because they have a bum boiler in the basbud.

C. M. Goodrich, former agent at Kewanee, is now city salesman. Don't worry, Mr. Goodrich, there aren't any wild geese around here.

W. C. Stokum is now construction clerk, succeeding Charlie Voight. We expect to have a good cinder road from Joliet to Manhattan by the way the cinders have been received in Manhattan. Every five minutes the telephone would ring and this was the message "Stokum got two more cars of cinders".

Bill Barrett is now clerk in the sales department, taking Dorsey's place, transferred from the Joliet garage. Mr. Dorsey was recently promoted to the advertising department, succeeding Mr. Edmonds, who is now S. S. superintendent.

When it comes to recommending barber shops, Mr. Roberts takes the cake. But Bob Fraser thinks he ought to take a brick. It must have been awful when Elsie thought that the odorous perfume was coming from a can of cattle sprayer which Louie Brehm was opening.

"It's five o'clock in the morning, we've ridden the whole night through" is the name of the song that Edmonds likes to sing now. Helen and Hazel join in the chorus. How does Dixon look so early in the morning?

Alex Findley has been promoted to head of the check department, having taken Miss Swenson's place.

Miss Swenson has been promoted to the bookkeeping department.

Oscar Horn is now riding in a Four Door Sedan which he recently purchased. Some class to Oscar! He is now clerk at the warehouse, having taken Roy Olson's place. Roy is clerk at the garage.

It is a good thing that reporting for duty at 7:30 A. M. lasted for only one month as we feared if it kept up through the winter we would have had to put in a PD order for a bicycle for Hazel Gumaelius. That's all right, Hazel, you got here on time even though you were out of breath.

Maurice Stokum of the construction department was ill last week presumably with grippe. That's all right, Maurice, but when such an important event is approaching, we figure it must be cold feet.

Louise Staley of the dictophone department was laid up with an attack of appendicitis. It is too bad, Louise, you missed out on your trip to see Louie.

Bert Ingold has been standing at his desk during the past two weeks doing his work. We were wondering if he eats off the mantle at home.

Anyone desiring Carmel Apples, put in their order with Helen Rimmke. She gets a discount on them.

Say, girls, if you are with Lil Lundberg when the "Marmon" comes along, you will be lucky enough to get a ride.

We will soon be losing Edna Macier, who is going to take the fatal step.

With his chest expanded about 64 inches, Norman Armstrong came into the office the other day and shouted, "Cast your blinkers on this one", as he exhibited the heavy weight champ of the Micropterus dolomieu tribe, a 4 pound small mouth black bass. After the boys recovered from the shock, Joe Smego began to tell of the time he caught fish in the Atlantic with a jug.

Mr. Edmonds, "Choppy Ol' Boy," has a 1902 model Oakland. He contemplated selling it, as said vehicle started fire on the Plainfield Road on night, but we would suggest that he keep it a while longer and make money with it. People pay to see old relics.

We thought Harriet Martin had been in the employ of the Standard Oil Company long enough to become acquainted with all the salesmen—but there is one she missed and a ride to boot.

Why is it that W. F. Clancy is so anxious to know if there is any mail for him from Milwaukee. We wonder if she would care if she knew that he is distributing macaroni to the girls in the office to make beads with.

The dictophone girls want to know if R. L. Prussing is mad at them, 'cause he hasn't paid them a call for some time.

Bill Watson wanted to know if the upstairs is warm, 'cause he doesn't want his little Ella to get cold. When it comes to taking good care of the women, Bill is right there.

We would like to know who Dora Feely's friend is and if he is as regular with his dates as he is every afternoon going to town with his straw suit-case to do the family shopping.

We wonder if Ole Munson is paying for Evelyn Burmeister's haircuts lately as they were seen sitting *side by each* in the barber shop.

Speaking of luck, Herman Kuntz of the garage is some lucky fellow when it comes to winning things. The latest article of fortune is a radio. Herman has it set up at the garage and anyone

wishing to hear it can go to the garage any day between the hours of 12 and 1 or Saturday afternoons. The latest news of the day (and night too) can be heard over it.

ATTENTION, WICHITA!

Thanks for the kind wishes, Mr. Battin. The same to you, and a Happy New Year.

Field

Bill Sholders is as happy as a Greek with a new restaurant. He is the proud papa of a sweet baby girl.

Ray Sympson of S. S. No. 48 is wearing coveralls for dress purposes now. He said, "there is a reason."

"If you want to see a real S. S. come out to S. S. No. 59," says Mgr. Overstead.

George Hart, No. 3, says it will be a long time until he can get used to waiting on customers without hopping around. He got used to hopping when they remodeled the station.

Why some sweet Rockford Mama hasn't picked off Roy Prussing is more than we can understand. That is what the girls of the Joliet office are trying to figure out. Shy Roy!

B. E. Kelsey, truck driver at Sterling, had a thrilling experience after a severe rain storm, which he does not care to go through again. He went through water three or more feet deep. The engine got wet and died. Kelsey figured the water would go down in a short time so he parked himself in the truck for two hours. He finally had to call for help to pull him out. He said if he had had a license he would have gone fishing.

R. C. Walzer, agent at S. S. No. 25, expects to go to Ames, Iowa, for a visit with his aunt. How do we know it is your aunt, Ray?

Stewart of Kewanne, Ill., felt quite proud when his "baby carriage" arrived. However, when he got out to where his farmer friends were congregated, they laughed at his Ford, because it was so small, compared with the I. H. C. Joe came back to town with a disgusted look on his face and wanted his International back again.

Alm has been busy the last few days trying to convince the sheriff that he is not the party who ran over a cow.

C. Goodrich, salesman, has been transferred to Joliet as city salesman and J. D. Sheedy has taken his place in this territory. Here's the best of luck to both of them.

Our friend, E. E. Reese, agent at Scarboro, has been telling us about his best girl and what a nice *little* girl she is. She surely is nice and good looking but for the *little* part, Mr. Reese is all wrong. He weighs 225 pounds and the combined weight of Reese and his lady friend is about 440 pounds. He suggested getting shock absorbers for his Ford Coupe, but what he really needs would be an extra leaf in the springs.

Harold McCartney, driver at DeKalb, has bought an acre of land in the Northern Section of DeKalb and says he is going to raise chickens.

H. O. Prestigaard has resigned as agent at Shabbona and is taking up singing with the Shabbona Quartet. We wish him success.

I. C. Drury has taken the agency at Shabbona and is stepping right along.

William Spencer, S. S. attendant at No. 6, DeKalb, has been taking his lady friend out motoring quite often lately. It looks like wedding bells but as yet we have not learned the date.

Glenn Niebergall, agent at Sycamore, said if there are any more Red Crown pumps they should be sent to him, as out of the nine curb pumps in Sycamore, he is selling Red Crown through eight of them.

Agents and Salesmen

A. P. Bennett, salesman, has been transferred, taking over the territory formerly covered by W. B. Rodman.

J. Sheehy has taken over the Kewanee, Ill., territory and Mr. Damm has succeeded Mr. Sheehy. We look for some new records being made in their territories.

L. J. Pollock, formerly a salesman for the Stutz Auto Company, and several others is a new addition to the sales force, occupying the position of Polarine salesman. We welcome Mr. Pollock and wish him the best of success.

J. W. Connell, agent at Aurora, Ill., while in the office advises he expects to be operated on for gallstones. A speedy recovery is hoped for by employees of the Joliet Office.

J. W. Donaldson, formerly salesman of the Joliet territory, has been transferred to taking over the territory formerly covered by A. P. Bennett.

H. J. Schuck, formerly salesman at Rockford, Ill., who resigned some time ago has re-entered the employ and is now agent-salesman at Ottawa, Ill. We look for a large increase in that territory.

A. S. Humphrey, formerly M. T. W. driver at Kewanee, Ill., has been promoted to the position as agent at that point.

O. V. Peterson, formerly clerk at the Rockford station, has been promoted to agent and will take over the Poplar Grove station.

Mr. Keeler is a new addition to the agents force and will take over the Sublette station which was recently opened.

Rockford

Roy Prussing is going to join the volunteer fire brigade; he knows all about fire guns, their habits and care.

Alex Morrison says to Fred Hoight, "I saw you going fishing Sunday, catch anything?" Fred: "No, I only went down to give the angle worms a swimming lesson."

Ray Sympson, S. S. No. 48, talking to Roy Johnson the other day. Ray says to Roy, "Say, get off the lawn." Roy: "Where is it?" Ray says, "Why your standing on it." Johnson, "Oh! You have to see the size of the lawn to appreciate this."

Jack Wishburt of S. S. No. 14 claims that fourteen million people came through his station Sunday, but Jack was so busy we don't see how he counted them.

George Hart of S. S. No. 3 at Rockford is sporting a new Buick Coupe. George must have a girl somewhere.

Maynard Crull of S. S. No. 12 is feeling quite chesty these days, he is a papa now. A baby boy arrived to help make things interesting for Maynard. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Crull.

Bob Groneuman of S. S. No. 48 says being snowed under with work doesn't keep a fellow cool these hot days.

Bill Shoulders of S. S. No. 15 is getting flat footed from walking to work; he lives so far away.

George Hart opines if they keep on putting timbers and material in his way as S. S. No. 3 he will be eligible for Ringling's circus.

Lester Elliot, our efficient office man, claims if Jesse Hogan doesn't stop losing his hair he will have to tie a string around his head to tell how far up to wash his face.

Sterling

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Compton, a daughter, on July 31, 1924. Congratulations, Comp.

Ray Walzer, agent at S. S. No. 25, in company with Miss Margarete Fitch motored to Chicago, August 4. What's going on, Ray?

Arthur Purdue, agent at S. S. No. 47, has moved from Avenue A to Leroy Avenue, Rock Falls. Arthur has more time to spend at the station now—not so far to walk.

William Simond, T. W. driver, is on the sick list.

Kankakee

As you see by the picture we have a little snow down at Kankakee, Ill. This is S. T. driver, E. H. Kurtz.

E. H. Odette, when you go to Starved Rock again please consult the SOCO agent at Ottawa. He will advise you as to where Deer Park is.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

J. J. Wilhelm, Correspondent

Albert Olson and Fay Trueblood have left the company to take a fling at something else. Good luck to you, drop in to see us often.

Doe Doe Berry of the bookkeeping department has the blues often here lately. But one little trip to Fairyland Park with a certain young lady one evening has been working wonders.

Miss Anna Wilhelm, who has been seriously ill for the past six weeks, is slightly improved. Hope to see you back soon, Ann, well and happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fortner of Butler, Mo., are the proud father and mother of a brand new baby girl, whom they have named Mary Margaret. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Fortner.

L. G. Gibson, attendent at S. S. No. 76, Independence, Kans., is sure setting the world on fire when it comes to selling the goods. Not satisfied with pumping Red Crown at the station so he goes out and sells a car.

Salesman Rees happened to be in the office the other day, and he is all smiles. It sure must be great, this married life.

Claude Cochran, S. S. supervisor, has a new Lizzie now so he can sail right on through those roads out in Kansas.

When this goes to the press our little Sheik of the downstairs office will be a married man. His wife was formerly Miss Mabel James, one of the young ladies from Maywood, Mo. Good luck to you, Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Well, Lonnie, any kind of cigars will do.

Miss Myrtle Summers, who was called to Cheyenne, Wyo., on account of the illness of her mother, is back again.

Miss Lily Zang of the billing department evidently wants to get fat, the way she drinks those malted milks every day.

Bill Austin's girl has gone back to school. Now after 5:00 P. M. he doesn't know what to do.

Fred Seckinger is figuring to buy street car books now so he can give Harold Halsel a couple of them every time he gets to talking to his lady love over the telephone. No, he has not gone to see her yet.

Charlie Daniels, a newlywed of the bookkeeping department, is getting the same habit that some of the stock department boys have. That is moving very often. Stick around a little longer and get acquainted with the neighbors.

Charles Stillson, formerly Mr. Saeger's assistant, has been promoted to the credit department. Hope you like your new work, Charlie.

C. D. Wyatt, formerly agent at Rossville, Kans., has been appointed as agent instructor.

A. G. Houch succeeded Mr. Wyatt as agent at Rossville, Kans.

G. W. Hall is now the new agent at Kearney, Mo., succeeding W. F. Munkirs. Welcome, Mr. Hall.

Agent E. A. Gilbert, Warrensburg, Mo., is the proud father of a baby girl, both mother and baby are doing fine. Congratulations, Mr. Gilbert.

John Seward, our cashier and garden expert, is now a proud daddy, someone having left a five and a half pound baby girl at his house a short time ago. Congratulations, Mr. Seward.

Miss Ruth Mitchell of the credit department is talking about buying a pair of rubber boots cheap, if it doesn't stop raining at and around Fairmount Park.

H. A. Lewis, assistant general manager, was a visitor at the office recently for a day. Come back again, Mr. Lewis, and stay longer.

Miss Lily Zang, one of our fair young lady billing clerks, has left us to take up other duties.

Bill Colvin and Carl Nichols were in the office recently. Both are very much interested in the big Polarine Campaign.

Harry Branditz of the cash sales is still up to his old tricks, trying to peddle his Ford.

Johnny Reid, S. S. at Thirteenth and Baltimore, is sure a proud old boy since the company built the new station. Johnny has already doubled his business and expects to see more.

John Pott, golf expert of the traffic department, is now the proud father of a brand new baby boy. Both mother and baby are doing fine. Congratulations are in order.

Charlie Brooks, agent at Soldier, Kans., station, forsook the life of single blessedness and took unto himself a wife, on September 24. Congratulations, Charley, old boy.

Our old friend Cupid is certainly working fast in the office and the dictaphone department. Miss Alma Smith, formerly of the cash sales department, has left us to take up household duties; Miss Anna Dalton of the dictaphone department has left to become the wife of Al Bruederer. The couple are enjoying their honeymoon in Chicago. The cigars and candy were enjoyed by all.

Miss Bertha Stout is the name of the young lady who recently joined us in the dictaphone department. Very glad to have you with us, Miss Stout. Hope you will like us.

Roy Curnutt, S. S. supervisor, who has been in Colorado for his health, is back in K. C. and is slightly improved. Hope to see you real well before long, Roy.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Major Victor C. Parker honored us with a visit recently, relative to our new Polarine F. The Major "knows his stuff" and also knows how to impart his knowledge to others.

E. W. Grove has been re-elected chairman of the Safety Court for the next six months.

Some of our new agents are as follows: S. K. Sander, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; E. A. Abts, Fountain City, Wis.; Frank Benoy, Lynxville, Wis.; E. C. Kelnhofer, Rib Lake, Wis., and N. Smith Wykoff, Minn.

C. D. Tinker informs us that the rumors are true about Elmer Johnson, agent at Elk Mound, Wis., finding a clerk. How about it, Elmer?

W. Tell of Chicago spent two days at the La Crosse office recently.

M. G. Boleng, clerk at Marshfield, Wis., spent a week at the hospital entertaining the "Flu". We wish you a speedy recovery, M. G.

N. R. Grimshaw visited the La Crosse office recently.

Wm. F. June, T. W. salesman at Marshfield, recently attended a family reunion at Bayfield, Wis., and also the Indian pageant in that city.

Orrin Benson, S. S. attendant at Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., formerly had the habit of "sticking around". However, he was recently detained rather late and we are wondering if he is attending boarding school.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haralson announce the arrival of a ten pound baby girl, August 25. Mr. Haralson is our agent at Bangor, Wis. Another booster for the SOCO.

Mr. Palmer, agent at Marshfield, Wis., said he had heard of people seeing white elephants but never before heard of a truck load of ostriches in Marshfield.

C. R. Jacot is installing another lubrication tank at Marshfield, Wis.

Some people have all the luck! Salesmanager Remp contracted a cold while on a recent trip and knowing that there is only one way to cure it naturally started looking for the remedy. Most of us find it with difficulty but Mr. Remp with his usual luck (or skill) didn't have to look far before he found it—a whole pint. The next morning the cold was gone, so was the pint. He said he felt like a new man "Taylor-made". We understand Mr. Remp is now sitting in drafts, going without a hat and otherwise exposing himself to colds and remedies.

Edna Greenwalt and Eddie Poss were checking gallons on the Form 3 T. W. against 273. Ed called off a number which evidently didn't correspond with that which Edna had and she said, "Say, what are you giving me?" Ed replied, "I'm giving you gas."

We are very glad to welcome P. S. Williams into the sales force. Mr. Williams has the territory formerly covered by C. W. Serfling.

Joseph Simon, clerk at Winona, Minn., is now city truck salesman. Good luck to you, Joe, in your new work.

Recent visitors to the office include Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Mann, St. Charles, Minn.; J. M. Bale, Peterson, Minn.; O. E. Brodt, Bagley, Wis., and J. M. Bailey. Come again, we are always glad to see you.

A. H. Hanson's "sport" coat caused so much excitement around the office that he almost decided to have it dyed. Don't, A. H., we like it.

Doug Williams, S. S. attendant at Rochester, Minn., sure slipped one over on the bunch up there. Doug had asked for a few days' vacation, but due to the fact that no attendant was available he was unable to have the time. When Doug's wedding day came along he left work at the usual time, was married to Miss Elizabeth Hadler and back to work the next morning. Quick work, Doug. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Speaking about the "coming out of butterflies" have you piped the transformation under Art McMann's nose?

Eau Claire, Wis.

John Haanstad is in charge of our new service station. John is very popular here and with his experience selling SOCO products we are looking for big sales.

E. R. Remp, salesmanager, visited us September 22. It's seven days a week for E. R. as he was in Eau Claire ready for work at 7. A. M.

Jack Groenert spent the week with us. Jack is very popular in Eau Claire and we hope he comes often.

B. J. Rudolph is now in charge of S. S. No. 21.

C. B. Bullis gained ten pounds in the three weeks. He says the food is great along the Mondovi branch. Mr. Bullis is covering the territory formerly made by J. A. Haanstad.

Herman Bahr has charge of the warehouse at Eau Claire.

MANKOTA, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

The Red Crowns cinched the two-city kittenball title when they defeated the Fairmont All-Stars for the second time August 29 on the Mankato grounds. The game was fast and thrilling but the speedy pitching of Southpaw McCarl saved the day for the Crowns. The game ended with a score of 4 to 2 after a sensational rally in the last inning. The Fairmonters are a bunch of regular fellows with whom it is a distinct pleasure to tangle in a game of kittenball.

T. H. Devinney is having such great success at Hardwick that he writes "Please send an 044 stretcher. These are not big enough!" The stretcher was immediately relayed to Devinney but he still complains about the small size of the forms.

Walter Dilley is elated over becoming the papa of a bouncing baby boy on September 21. The Faribault organization was smoking perfectinos immediately following the announcement by Agent Dilley.

N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, was a visitor in Mankato on September 18 and 19.

We understand that Leon Sampson, Pipestone agent, adopted a high grade hunting hound and hied himself to South Dakota pastures in search of the wary prairie chicken. Upon his return, when he was asked what he bagged, he heatedly replied, "Paid a hundred simoleons for a dog, and all I saw was a covey of hoot-owls!" Did you shoot at 'em, Leon?

The auction bridge championship of the Mankato office still lies—and lies—and lies! R. W. Pinney, chief clerk, and his amiable assistant, when questioned regarding their professed supremacy over Clarence Humm and his partner,

disclaim any knowledge of such an attitude on their part. Most bitter is defeat!

Harry Lenertz, mechanic, is in dire distress! Underground rumors that the debonair Harry has a lassie in every town have undermined his social standing at home. He may find some consolation in the statement that distribution of the affections is a safeguard to single blessedness.

The trapshooters of the Mankato force hereby issue a challenge to the field force of the Division to a shoot at the Mankato Fairgrounds, as early in the Spring as the affair can be arranged. Of course, it is understood that George Pratt and Frank Langes are barred from competition as is anyone else who has a record of "fifty straight."

It's so long since we've had any news from Albert Lea that we were wondering whether John Skov had retired or not. Investigation reveals that he is still on the payroll but he isn't broadcasting any news. Get out the pen, John, and tell us some Albert Lea news.

E. P. Whitney, popular attendant at Fairmont S. S. No. 25, the original "most beautiful station in the world," spent a day fishing in the vicinity of Willmar. He says that he nearly got the biggest fish he ever saw but he got away. "Whit" states emphatically that he saw nine inches of that fish's nose when the line broke and he never saw his eyes.

We have discontinued depending upon our friends for a taste of wild fowl. The invitations to duck dinners did not arrive with sufficient regularity so the scribe bought a shooting iron and went out after 'em. Got some too! Ate 'em too! (Oh, you did?—Ed.)

When Walter Gleason, agent at Currie, makes promises he is fairly certain of fulfilling his order. He accepted considerable of a quota on Mica early in the year but he put it across with some to spare.

Art Zeiter and his husky crew at Sleepy Eye are stirring up activity in favor of Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine Oil. Business is booming for Art and he doesn't care who knows it.

Although newly installed as agent at Cleveland, B. Mickelson is proving that hard work and steady application are assuring success. He is making a real showing at his station.

The new Polarine drain rack and crank case "Service" sign at Tracy S. S. is a source of great pride to Ralph Rettmer, attendant. He is producing sales of Polarine Oils in correct proportion to his enthusiasm.

MASON CITY, IOWA

Frank H. Doten, Correspondent

Miss Ridenour, who sees that the young ladies in the Steno department don't do too much talking to the stock department, recently had a haircut which resembles Abe's head of hair, sometimes. She states that she is not going to get any more 35 cent hair-cuts.

Rumor has it that Dick DeNeut has purchased a diamond ring for some lucky young lady. Our congratulations to you, Dick. Also on your recent promotion to head of the mailing department.

Miss Burke recently came to us from Fort Dodge. She either is not used to the "hustle and bustle" of a big city or else her thoughts sometimes are far, far away. While walking down the street recently she tried to ride the cow-catcher on a street-car (unintentionally). Our street-cars may be easily seen (and heard) so we do not know just what to say about the ride.

J. J. Dusheck of Cresco recently purchased a new Tudor Ford Sedan. F. H. Hartung, also of Cresco, bought a Ford Coupe. Business must be good there.

Congratulations to John Collins, agent at Clare, who is the proud father of an eight pound girl born, September 12.

This month's nomination for world's champion: Jack Welch, Barnyard Golf.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

C. Henry Austin, Correspondent

Jim Casey of the coupon book department reports seeing a deer at Lake Beulah. Sure it was a d-e-e-r, Jim? Careful of that hotel proprietor's daughter.

Fred Engel of the stock department is fading away to a mere shadow, being barely able to make 214 pounds.

George Kramer, the iron barrel man, claims he can't keep the road with his new Essex. What will you give us "to boot" in a trade for a steam roller, George?

At the height of Ral Yonski's rejoicing over his luck in bagging seven ducks, the game warden appeared and gave him a bawling out for killing the seagulls, which greatly amused his friends in the Milwaukee office.

Stay away from the Wrigley Building when you next visit Chicago, Frank Peters, for you have the girls in the dictaphone room envious. That's unfair competition for them when you consider your capacity.

After winning the tennis championship, Joe Thielen of the Milwaukee office must have discovered new fields to conquer for he appeared with a glowing purple and brown belt recently. They like bright colors, Joe.

Clarence Otto of the office returned from Pewaukee Lake with a fine mess of fish. Are you sure you didn't annex them at the state fish hatchery?

The green light in the eyes of Oscar Nelson, T. W. driver at West Allis, was mistaken for grass by Myers and Neils, attendants at S. S. No. 88, West Allis, when they were sprinkling the station lawn. 'Nuff said. In a couple of seconds friend Oscar was surrounded by steam.

Apparently Salesman L. E. Kraft of Racine was born under the lucky star "Flivverus." Recently while driving down the street, he ran over a fire hose unawares, but the officer on guard was busy arresting a previous offender and did not notice L. E. Will you play the horses for us, Kraft, if we stake you?

H. C. Hockerman, Rosendale agent, hopes W. C. Van Horne, assistant manager, and H. D. Schindel, Fond du Lac agent, will visit his station often. On their last visit they were just in time to help unload a tank car of Perfection.

As a tip on future "Who's Who and Why" men of Standard Oil, the following persons have recently joined our ranks: Salesmen W. F. Blair and H. A. Schroeder; Edward Hoge, T. W. driver at Milwaukee; Willis Hopkins, agent at Oakfield; Manuel Thies, agent at Francis Creek, and Paul E. Nelson, real estate department.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Chester J. Webb, Correspondent

Yes! Bob Gustafson's out at county fairs, folks. He'll be back to promote Parowax though.

Dan Roche is adapting himself to the latest cuts in English clothes. He noticed the Prince of Wales in the movies the other day.

Ask Joe Huckenpahler how many ducks, or was it Rice Hens, that he brought down at Gull Lake?

Shallenberger offers substantial reward for clue to the wherefore of his full boots upon returning from his Noah's Ark Act on the middle of the lake.

Salesman Conners wonders where all the candles he sells with the specialty men of the Twin Cities are ordered from for he spent three lengthy evenings doping out what the Minneapolis Saturation point was. Funny, but he found there ain't no such animal.

We wonder what the Merriam Park Station is being used for. Zoo? Must be for the looks of the place show the ear marks. For exact information ask Mr. Duncan, St. Paul agent.

Well, who could be among us again but Miss Kendrick. We're glad to see you back, Esther.

Eddie Flavin is keeper of the Minneapolis wealth. Hold on tight, Eddie.

We're glad to see Nick Erickson promoted to general clerk. Keep it up, Nick.

Miss Sylte and Miss Madsen are about as chummy as Ham and Eggs.

Wellmar

Mike O'Donnell, agent at DeGraff, has become very popular with the ladies since buying a new Ford coupe. With Mike's good looks and a new coupe, he is able to step out with any of them.

Jimmie Randgaard, attendant at Benson, has greatly improved the appearance of his service station. Jimmie informs us his sales are going over his Polarine quota.

Emmett Logan, agent at Benson, has very fine looking children. Emmett has promised us their photograph for the STANOLIND RECORD.

The hunting season is on and Charles E. Keith, salesman, is informing all his customers the proper way to clean ducks is to use Parowax.

Country S. S. Notes

Barney Bentson, Alexandria, Minn., got his tonsils sunburned watching the wild ducks fly by.

Roy Carlson, Brainerd, Minn., says he can't get used to wearing S. O. Coveralls. Pretty jacket you wear, Roy.

R. E. Sapp, Staples, says if the ducks don't fly too high this fall, we might be able to get one.

Ben Minette, Sauk Center, Minn., says the only way to get the business is to give the good old S. O. S.

Bert Dower Boyd, Wadena, Minn., was presented with a nice cute seven and one half pound girl, September 7.

Clarence McLeod, St. Cloud, Minn., says he can sell more coupon books than any other S. S. man in the Minneapolis division who wants to race. Fischer is for you on that.

We are all wondering how fast Larry Fischer was driving when he lost his spare tire. Too much speed, Larry.

Gus Syverson, Elk River, says his station is so small that when three men and a boy get in there they can't find the boy.

Howard Ziedler, S. S. office, never knows when it's 5 p. m. Why don't you bring your cot, Howard?

Vic Lund, the Stanolax artist of St. Paul, has been depleting the first aid kits of many of the St. Paul service stations. No wonder we have received so many requests for equipment for first aid kit.

Roy Ryding, agent Elk River, matched Oscar Hagen and Larry Fischer for the malted milks and of course Roy lost. Must have been a frame up, Roy.

Oscar Gustafson, Anoka, says he is going to show us how to sell coupon books. That-a-boy, Oscar.

Can't seem to talk to Fred Hanson, Cambridge, since he had his station painted.

Charles Neumann, Osseo, Minn., says business is tough but he is out to make his quota. Let's go, Charlie.

Ask Howard Ziedler how he likes to ride in an airship? Not so good, hey, Howard?

Roy Walbom says he always gets in a fight when he goes to St. Paul and Minneapolis ball games. St. Paul fans don't like Roy, I guess.

Twin City Service Station Notes

Attendant Al Freeburg sent his wife away to the country. When Mike Anderson came around he was surprised to see our bachelor friend talking to a young lady with a Liberty magazine under his arm. Now, if Al can't get enough freedom from his wife, we would advise that he get a year's subscription to Liberty.

Joe Huckenpahler is a very neat appearing attendant even though size 48 coveralls are a trifle large for a man of Joe's calibre. By the way, Joe, whatever became of those five pennies in that changer?

Roy Walbom, our Polarine getter, sure has a bunch of friends. Any man who can get five complimentary tickets to a prize fight can also get out of jail that many times. We don't want you to try that jail stunt again though, Roy.

Attendant Joe Flakne, St. Paul, was transferred to Minneapolis. Oscar Lind sure hated to see this St. Paulite leave.

Roy Coe says he never saw an ocean as large as Lake Milaca before he came to Minnesota. Roy is from the Sunny South where the razorback hogs grow.

Mike Anderson, the cash and carry grocery wagon for the Anderson family of Minneapolis, says he can't miss a single football game this year. Mike isn't the only one who has to buy two season tickets this year instead of one.

Howard Zeidler in the office says that it isn't a good policy to take airplane rides on Defense Days with army officers. The officers have a poor sense of humor when spectators below are watching and then those belts are only made of leather, you know.

MINOT, N. D.

Duane Clapp, Correspondent

Salesman Lang of the Cando Field spent a few days in the office giving us an outline on service to dealers.

Two of the most happy boys of the Minot division are Arthur Schooler and Harold Lester,

attendants at S. S. No. 301, as they now have a modern draining rack.

Clayton Berdahl only plays golf with Ernie Percey because he can beat Ernie every time.

Hank Steffes, recently of the Minneapolis office, is our new traffic department clerk, who we are sure will like us as soon as he becomes acquainted.

Salesman J. J. Loberg hunted for the first three days of the hunting season and never shot a bird.

Agent Jacob Bader of New Leipzig has a record in the sale of Mica Axle grease of which he can be justly proud.

Oscar Covert resigned his position of traffic clerk to go into business for himself. Oscar carries with him the very best wishes of the entire Minot force.

H. H. Kincaid has a new Dodge.

Following list opened the hunting season: Hugh Westmiller, John O. Locke, J. H. Hay, H. H. Kincaid, K. E. Burleigh and H. N. Ebeltoft. Hunting is some guessing contest, and John O. Locke was hoarse from saying, "That's Good."

Constructionman R. V. Dunbar busted in the office, September 26, acclaiming the arrival of a 9½ pound baby boy, stating that R. V. junior and mother were getting along very nicely. Congratulations, Dunbar family.

Ernie Percey spent a few days hunting, and the funny thing about it is that he went to Fargo. It may be that they haven't any hunters in that field.

Miss Grace Reed recently resigned. Grace has been the official note writer for the Stanolind Record and we all miss her.

Agent Monson of Carrington reports that as soon as the rainy season is over, we can expect big sales from his force.

Miss Dolly Mower is the new stenographer added to our able force.

Frank Hunter is a new employee starting in the record department. We are all sorry to see Gordon Rutten leave our employ, but wish him success in going into business for himself.

Salesman A. J. Pass and Creditman Mel Ruder opened the hunting season of this year with duck shooting. We don't know who is the better shot, as they both take credit for having killed the greatest number of birds.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. O. Johnson, Correspondent

Seen! Kids' day at the Fair—John Sherwin and Joe Simms.

Collector Joe Stainback believes in advertising the company's products. Seen driving his Ford recently with one half nicely polished with Semdac and the other smeared with mud. How come, Joe?

Harley Caldwell says the sales department has lots of news, but it's all about Polarine sales.

Otto Mertz, atttendant at S. S. No. 4, Beardstown, for three years, transfers to Peoria, being succeded by Gorge Horn. "Mop" Mayes becomes head attendant, and the station is brightening up under his care.

Peoria Red Crowns ended the season in fourth place, not a bad showing considering the handicaps. The boys had the satisfaction of winding up the schedule with a victory over their old rivals, Altorfer Bros., which blotted out that gang's last pennant chance. As a fitting close to the year's diamond activities, the "Polarines," composed of office and shop "ineligibles," challenged the Red Crowns, and then licked them, 9 to 8, at Glen Oak Park. Needless to say, the rivalry was heated, although justice requires us to state that five of the Red Crown regulars were absent.

Driver "Petey" Hinds of Ashland seems to be rather fond of Pleasant Plains. We don't just know whether it's the town altogether, or not.

Agent W. B. Falkingham of Lexington announces the arrival of Billy Junior, nine pounds, on September 4. "Falk" says everyone is doing fine, and that he hasn't stepped on a tack yet.

Salesman Skaggs echoes with word of Norma Jane, six and one half pounds, arriving September 21.

Ernie Peterson is entitled to a little of the same publicity on the coming of Richard Dean Peterson on August 9. We unintentionally overlooked Ernie's glad tidings last month.

Attendant Oscar Lemon of S. S. No. 26, Springfield, is wishing for a position at Hillsboro. A wealthy widow is at the bottom of it.

Mrs. Bill Bowers of Springfield recently left for a visit in Boston. We understand Bill is cutting up considerably, staying up till 10 p. m., smoking cigarets and everything.

Driver Charlie Nave of Springfield, purchased a can of Semdac for his sweetie's hope chest.

Salesman Adams from up Chillicothe way purchased a high powered sheik bow tie. Seems to be causing considerable attention among the fair sex in his territory. The young man's individuality is noteworthy. (Wanda, keep an eye on him.)

"Sunshine" Cox of S. S. No. 15, Peoria, claims attention as the world's champion waffle eater. Attendant Evans, Mr. Cox's manager, challenges the world.

Driver "Heinie" Hiltbold of Peoria is hobbling around again after a serious operation. Can't kill a good man, Henry.

The Peoria Standard Oil Bowling League now claims attention. The idea had been discussed before, but this fall brought reality. George Heser is president of the organization with Mahlon Powell as vice-president and Ernie Peterson as secretary-treasurer. Six teams compose the league made up from office, plant and machine shop. Captains are as follows: Red Crowns, G. Heser; Semdacs, P. B. Bornholdt; Micas, Homer Kyle; Polarines, W. I. Wantling; Finols, H. W. Kosseick, and Perfections, Mahlon Powell. Games are rolled every Friday night at the Saratoga alleys, and the uproar is tremendous. As we go to press the Red Crowns, true to their name, lead the league.

Don Bailey lines up again as agent at LeRoy. Don has been selling Fords all Summer.

Agent Horn of Avon has added another truck to his fleet to care for growing business. Wayne Walker is the new driver.

Mrs. Russell Gardner, formerly Ruth Sutton, sends cards to the girls from Girard, Ill.

"Charlie Dressen" spent his vacation in Peoria, and he *didn't* get married.

Salesmen, agents, drivers and S. S. attendants of Clinton field, with Messrs. Caldwell and Wiley from Peoria, combined business with pleasure the evening of September 19, at the Clinton As-

sociation of Commerce rooms. The business of the evening being concluded with the showing of the "Story of Gasoline" film, all hands partook of hot coffee, hamburger, "hot dogs" etc., with Agent Stahl of Clinton as chef and a husting corps of helpers from his assistants and their wives.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Agent Ed Boltz may not look very young but he's still full of the old pep. Ed made the trip into Quincy via airplane recently and had more fun than a kid on a roller-coaster.

Cashier Boger had the honor of being a subject for a caricaturist at the Orpheum the other evening and was generously given credit for the possession of three (3) hairs. The fellow must have been "tanked" and saw double, Bog.

R. L. Wilson, salesman, is the proud daddy of a brand-new daughter, full grown. Or rather, he has lost his son.

This business of being a SOCO salesman gets pretty serious at times. City Salesman Charles Heitz was handed an awful wallop by a prize bull while giving a Bovinol Demo at the Adams County Fair.

If you want to treat yourself to an eyeful of rare beauty, meet up with Walter Mennekin some time when he's parading his best and only. You're a lucky dog, Walter.

Agent H. E. Wayland of New Franklin, Mo., had a narrow squeak when his truck flared into flame suddenly and burned to crisp. H. E. didn't waste any time getting out of the cab.

Attendant M. W. Harper, of S. S. No. 30, Marceline, Mo., really should have a pair of roller skates to get from his station to the pumps. Page the efficiency man.

LISTEN IN, MILWAUKEE!

Harry Snow, formerly lubricating engineer for this division, spent a few days in Lake Geneva, Wis., and while hobnobbing with an S. S. attendant there inquired about M. F. Worley. "If you had come one day sooner you'd have met him," said the attendant. Further conversation brought out the news that Mr. Worley spends quite a lot of time out in the field during the summer months, especially among the summer resort towns like Lake Geneva.

KASEE, SORRY!

Miss White has been away on a two weeks' vacation, Asst. Chief Clerk Paul Fraser acting as chief mogul at the Hannibal warehouse during her absence. Our Secret Service department at Hannibal is N. G.; otherwise we could give you plenty of the "low-down" as requested, Kansas City.

J. F. Ireland's new address is 1329 High Street, Keokuk, Iowa.

Newcomers throughout the field include L. S. Smoot, agent, Downing, Mo.; T. I. Stevinson, agent, Centralia, Mo.; Paul Crump, S. S. attendant, Centralia, Mo.; T. R. Peabody, attendant at S. S. No. 13, Bowling Green, Mo., and H. H. Hendrix, relief attendant at Nos. 16 and 20, Moberly, Mo.

Chief Clerk J. H. Ross is just back from a business trip to the general offices.

Our old friend W. O. Haworth is in our midst as this goes to press.

Ed Swinney, Bert Schwebel and Agent Dick Bland report having gotten an eyeful up at Canton, Mo., the other day. An eyeful of what?

Welcome to the fold, Charlie! On Saturday evening, September 27, Miss Bessie Terford became the bride of Charles H. Bennett, Hannibals' efficient mechanic and pump expert. C. H. and his bride are both well known and popular. The entire Quincy division joins in wishing them a long and happy life together.

Ed Swinney, equipment superintendent, has been dealing out some real service lately. One day recently he pulled out two marooned tourists and in reply to their offers of payment, Ed told them both that they had merely been the recipients of a sample of SOCO service.

Keokuk, Ia.

Miss Twila Matine Moffitt arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Moffitt August 5. She expects to extend her visit for at least nineteen or twenty years. Dad is one of our T. T. drivers, and a good one.

Bill Meyers has opened a store at Buena Vista, which is in Iowa across the Des Moines river bridge. Bill is pumping Red Crown and slipping them the Polarine. Bill says that in a few years the SOCO may want to move their offices to Buena Vista on account of the large metropolis he expects to make of it.

Mrs. William Huston underwent an operation at a local hospital recently and we are glad to report a complete recovery. Her husband is the lively driver of our city tank truck.

Siney McCarty, Vincennes and Argyle special, went to Missouri the other day and bought himself a little dog. Siney tied his dog with a rope but on the homeward way the pup wanted to get out and he did, managing to get under the wheels, and now Siney is minus his dog. It's the same old story—give a pup enough rope and he'll kill himself.

Elmer Hartman made a trip via old Dobbin a few weeks ago. He reported he was so sore he couldn't stay on and he didn't have time to get off. Anyway, Elmer's done horse'n around and from now on he's walking, or riding his truck.

We will now introduce Harry Montgomery Goon who is looking after our dray truck deliveries and going strong.

Harley Poole says he hopes the Chinese fracas won't last so long it will get us in bad for he just couldn't bear to leave Priscilla. Snay your fingers.

BLACKMAIL!

Say, F. E. Boughner, how about a little hush money? Uncle Harry sent down a hot one on you. We are holding it up temporarily, awaiting word from you.—Correspondent.

Salesman Cockings' family is now located in Minot, having moved from Velva recently.

One of our pleasant visitors was Walter E. Blodgett from the general manager's office. Not being accustomed to our climate, Walter found use for his overcoat and showed keen interest in our golf course.

Nick Ebeltoft admits that he is not at all afraid of a rattle snake.

W. O. Dixon, head of the equipment department, also visited our office.

Mrs. Ebeltoft was called to Minneapolis because of her father's death. The office employees extend to Mrs. Ebeltoft their heartfelt sympathy.

Charles Holman, driver of the air ship "Gold

Medal," left Minot with a tank filled with Stanolind Aviation gasoline. We hope he will win in the "On To Dayton" race.

Agent Adolph Rognlie of Minnewaukon reports that the largest pit silo has just been completed near his town, and that he will supply same with silo wax.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

On September 22 our junior sales writer, Glen Niendorf, was married to Miss Agnes Butler, thus bringing to an abrupt halt one of the most care-free existences that we have ever known. No more wild rides on the good horse Brutus who, after delivering coal all day, was put through the asphalt lanes in 2:15 flat spurred on by a masterful jockey who recognized no speed laws. Brutus will now spend his evenings eating off the vegetation in the gardens while Glen will spend his in subdued domesticity. The married men in our great organization welcome him into the realms of humble submission while those who have thus far been able to see both sides of the proposition reconcile themselves to the fact and profit accordingly. At this writing we cannot state what material manifestation of good-will the office bestowed on the happy union but probably a floor lamp or a percolator will be at their disposal ere this is a matter of record.

Frank Bryson has been promoted to marketing cost clerk which position has been open for some time. O. G. Richards assumes his former duties of refined oil correspondent and Mark Theobald will be the new lubricating correspondent. D. H. Ferriby will assume the work previously performed by Mark.

Hans Albreight is now assisting Dudley Jones, station examiner. Hans handles all the detail work inside while Dudley keeps his shape in circulation around the field. R. V. Thompson, former tank wagon superintendent at Saginaw, is now on Dudley's staff and he will see to it that the "A" Station losses are kept to the minimum.

We understand that W. R. Smith, tank wagon superintendent, Flint, was recently giving his stomach treatment in one of the Flint restaurants and became so confused when a worldly-looking waitress gave him the fish eye that he had his pie all laid away before he noticed that he had accomplished the feat with a spoon.

Aubery Jackson recently had a pair of white kid slippers dyed a beautiful jet black and the energetic tradesman who performed the miracle used a subtle aniline dye so extravagantly that when Aubrey attempted to put his dogs into society, swaddled in the above mentioned slide outs, they absorbed so much of the excess dye that he could not longer be confused with the white race and it was not until he employed the services of a doctor that he was restored to his daily biscuits and the Anglo Saxon race. He says it is the worst case of the Blues he ever contracted.

Leland Walker is one of the new clerks we have welcomed into our midst in the steel barrel department. We understand he is a wicked piano player, it being reported that he can play "Arizona" with irrigations. If the Red Crown Orchestra ever loses their piano chiropodist through unappreciation they might give him a chanst.

L. C. Gulick has assumed the duties of F. L. Vandemark, former agent at Perry.

S. S. No. 74, Durand, Mich., has been opened up for the convenience of the motoring public with F. L. Vandemark in charge.

R. C. Crist assumed the duties of agent instructor, replacing M. E. Hunt who resigned.

F. B. Nash, formerly S. S. attendant, was promoted to the duties of general salesman in Lapeer County, succeeding W. A. Wagner who replaced Joe Dierich, specialty salesman in Flint. T. P. Russell was relieved of his work by Joe and went into the Jack Pine region to relieve Lew Berry of his circuit.

J. B. English has been placed in charge of S. S. No. 51, Croswell, Mich.

R. W. Braidwood was appointed agent at Almont to replace Robert Gray.

Miss Loretta Egerer, file clerk, left our employ, September 20, to devote her remaining days of single blessedness to prenuptial affairs. She will be married on October 2 to a very fortunate gentleman who answers to the name of Raymond Brennan. On the eve of her departure she was presented with a beautiful coffee percolator by office friends.

Frank Brieske of the S. S. department is quite chesty since his "youngest" knocked off third prize at the Baby Show held at the Saginaw County Fair. Frank says he wouldn't think so much of it but that there were one hundred or more babies who were overlooked and fifty of the points were awarded for good looks. Asked who the baby looks like, he stated that except for the difference in ages one couldn't tell them apart.

Warren Venderbeck assumed his new duties of S. S. Supervisor in Saginaw and Bay City, September 18.

Martin Volz has acquired two quick changes of Madras shirts that give off mirages of the Woolworth Building and Fifth Avenue's white way lighting arrangement. One of them is a peacock blue with a profusion of designs suggestive of commas and periods; the other one is a baby blue with awning stripes. Rumor hath it that they are concrete manifestations of feminine admiration and he persists in flaunting them as brazen as a twenty-five cent loving cup.

W. B. Ross, engineer, has so much office detail that some of the closeups of his desk look like a cyclone in a paper mill. Recently he put his official O. K. on a lot of miscellaneous waste paper that ranged in importance from an exhausted blotter to political cards and a last year's almanac, and handed them to Mr. Richards for the minor details.

"Polarine Joe," Harry Joseph, will be the new Smokestack salesman at Flint and Earl Wagner will replace him at Saginaw. Clifford Friers, a junior salesman from Flint, will be T. W. superintendent at Bay City. Clifford is an outgrowth of our stock department and we are all plugging for him and wish him every success in his new calling.

Alfred Stock, agent at Unionville, recently set a high mark for himself when he sold nearly 300 gallons of Polarine in one evening. He took advantage of the fact that the farmers were all in town and saved much wear and tear on his motor equipment and struck while the iron was hot or, in other words, when the prospects were in a buying mood.

H. A. Wilson, fairgrove agent, went up north after some berries. He said that his two hands were so busy slapping fresh mosquitoes that he just didn't have a minute to devote to the picking.

Paul Black of the check department recently had two teeth extracted and for a week his jaw was swollen so badly that it was lying on his left shoulder. The sensation that his half soles were hanging on the roots was so realistic that he couldn't believe he wasn't walking home barefooted.

The old emporium took on a hospital appearance when Miss Frances Fettig brushed tears from a broken nose that had trickled from two beautiful black and blue eyes; Miss Raquepas opened mail with one hand while the other hung limply, bandaged from nails to elbow, and Clarence Young galloped by on one foot while the other was crated up in a plaster of paris cast. There were also other sufferers who were happily unconscious of their afflictions, not counting the bald pates.

Dudley Jones says that Jules Verne certainly sprung a flat one about rushing around the world in eighty days. He canvassed the Saginaw division in one week and thinks another week would have taken in the rest of the hemisphere.

Oh, yes! Lest we forget, Albert Linberg incidentally parked his hack in a parking space reserved for the billy club twirlers and had just set his Westinghouse brakes and wiped off his chin when a girl whose knowledge of traffic laws was negligible hit him so hard his pay check was broken up into Canadian nickels. He lit on his feet running toward the police station and when he told the justice about it he, the Justice, said, "So you plead guilty, eh?" and handed him the customary rebuke. Al said, "That wasn't the worst—when I got home I found that the canary didn't lay any egg and I had to eat pop corn for supper."

Miss Frances Fettig spent her vacation up around Crystal Lake and when they were returning the girl at the wheel hit the approach of a bridge without slowing up with the result that Frances, who was sitting in the back seat, was violently thrown against the bow of the top, the force of which contact blacked both her eyes and bruised her nose.

Bill Sodeman has a Nash Sedan that gave us astigmatism in both eyes. A fellow wouldn't get a lot of sympathy if he got run over with a car like that. It seems that the pedestrians get lamer, the bicyclists get slower and the autoists get more aristocratic.

Miss Marcella Thompson left our employ on September 6.

If "Bill" Ross has many more accidents the safety court suggests that there is a possibility that he will take up 'orse back riding.

Bay City

Jack Mathewson of the Saginaw office was a recent visitor. Jack is beginning to get a worldly look and we wouldn't be at all surprised to see him dragging home a woman some of these days.

A meeting was called on September 11 and our new T. W. superintendent, Clifford Friers, was introduced to the boys. All pledged their support and we expect big things in tank wagon sales from this date on. Farewells were extended to E. C. Wagner, retiring superintendent, who was transferred to Saginaw in the capacity of smokestack salesman. If Earl makes the hit with the smokestack trade that he did with the rural trade all will be well on the firing line.

Louis Reip was a recent business caller and as usual we all had many a good laugh and another good look at all his teeth.

Joseph Gwizdala is going to get some colored goggles as the numerous R. R. crossings give him the blind staggers.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Large, a son on September 8. Elmer says that from now on he suspects that his saxophone is going to have a little competition.

Ted Cummings, our former cashier, has been promoted to specialty salesman. We are glad to see this process of evolution and we all wish him the success he deserves.

Merle Garlock, formerly of S. S. No. 11, has been promoted to clerk of the warehouse, while Phil Johnroe has been promoted to cashier.

We understand E. C. Wagner took on a new hat the day he was transferred to Saginaw. That boy wears out more hats than any one we know of. Ike Baker followed suit and bought one at the same fire sale.

Henry Bosley has always seen to it that Bay City was well represented in these columns and we believe that it is the only "A" Station in this field that made a consistent effort. It remains to be seen whether this station will get into the same class as Alpena, Port Huron and Owosso. We believe that Mr. Friers could carry on the work in good style. Let us hear from you, Clifton.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

T. R. Ridge, Correspondent

John Ewing, our Blue Rapids agent, was a visitor to St. Joseph in September. They tell us John hurt his finger while in "The City Worth While."

Len Hartigan, city salesman at St. Joe, made a brave attempt to interest the goldfish at the Legion Convention in our Finol as a rust preventive.

Both Neil Bayne and Ed Nash have become fathers recently. Both of the newcomers are boys.

We have a card announcing the arrival of Germaine Louise to Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Honeyman, our Seneca, Kans., agent.

Now that Jacobs is furnished with a 2-ton White truck, we are looking for increased sales from Hiawatha.

"Admiral" Frank Smith looks the part as he stands on the "bridge" (loading dock) with his office cap and surveys the "fleet" of trucks.

On a recent trip of inspection to Maryville, W. R. Young, equipment superintendent, found all trucks in good condition, which denotes a great deal of work and care on the part of the boys there.

"Von" Bielman of the construction department is working overtime in connection with A. J. Brooks, figuring out ways and means for building new service stations.

Our esteemed friend, Claud Deering, traveling mechanic from St. Joseph, is about to take the fatal leap. Here's best wishes to Claud and the future Mrs. Claud.

A. O. Stevenson will soon leave the mechanical department to go to the farm.

Sheik D. B. Stein is following C. E. Jacobs' shoes around San Antonio fighting the Dutch.

Paul Sawyers, assistant chief clerk, has gone into the pet-raising business on a very extensive scale. Canary birds and fox terrier dogs are the main stock at present. We expect him to have a larger assortment later on, including alligators and marmosets.

N. A. Bishop, agent at Jamestown, Kans., pulled a good joke on himself one day last week when he called for a mechanic to come out in the country about a mile and help him get his truck started. Upon investigation it was found Mr. Bishop was trying to run the truck without fuel, and he had a load of it with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCollough, Norton, Kans., announce the arrival of Lois Helen on August 26. Some girl! Nine and a half pounds.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

The Red Crown Banner, after traveling over the country rather extensively for the last seven months, has at last found a permanent home in the St. Louis division. We are glad to accept the responsibility as caretaker for the Banner and can assure other divisions that we will not tire of the job. One day a few weeks ago Assistant Chief Clerk John Long jumped from his chair and made a grand dash for Mr. Clifford's office waving in mid-air a telegram. After quite a struggle, we were able to calm him enough to inform the office the reason for his excitement was the fact that the St. Louis division had won the Red Crown Banner.

Employees of the office and warehouse have organized a bowling league for the season, 1924-25. The following officers were elected: H. M. Rummelhoff, president; M. P. McGrath, treasurer; R. N. Leeman, secretary.

The ball game a few Sundays ago at Forest Park between St. Louis and East St. Louis resulted in victory for our side. Three lead pencils were worn out keeping score and a hurry call was sent out for a comptometer operator. The final score was 31 to 2. Special features of the game were Miller and Lanigan intimidating the Umpire (George W. mover to a more advantageous position, too); McLaughlin just missed going home in a barrel, or getting arrested; our old friend Edw. Kachelhoffer was at home directing the East Side Boys, but took defeat gracefully. Goode's sweater was some fit—if he took another drink of water it would have had to be ripped off of him. Mr. Lalley, manager, didn't exert himself much, said he didn't need to as they were going so good, why stand in the hot sun. Arch Cameron should be transferred to the credit department; as a collector of bets he is good. J. J. Tenge met with a warm reception each time at bat, and helped the score, too. A good sized crowd of spectators was out and cheered every move.

Chief Clerk Rummelhoff isn't hankering to take any more trips; at least not until he has had time to recover from the last one. On this trip, among other adventures, he ate so much in the dining car that he was unable to gather up enough cash to pay the bill.

Willmer Sandberg is slowly recovering from a sprained back, which he reports was incurred while cleaning off his neighbor's sidewalks. If only all neighbors were like Mr. Sandberg!

Should anyone in the office by chance win a safety razor, please present to W. C. Christian, so the doorman can more readily recognize him.

Nathan Vail reported for duty with his left eye closed, after spending two weeks' vacation at his home at Poplar Bluff. How come, Vail, didn't the "Swamp Angels" recognize you?

Jules LaChance, our star pump installer and disc sign expert, showed up on the scene of action on October 1 with a new "kelly." How come, Jule, so close to payday? Who did you trade?

No wonder C. Brown, construction superintendent, has such a time keeping shy of the fair sex, owning a Sport Model Moon, and an orange grove in Florida. We are for you, Brown.

St. Louis Main Plant

After looking over the candidates for vice-president, Harold DuChemin announces he's willing to bet anyone that the next vice-president's first name will be Charlie and that he'll hail from Lincoln, Nebr.

Al Slavick says he's thinking seriously of going to work as housemaid. His wife had the misfortune of catching malaria during Al's vacation, and Al spent the entire two weeks at home. We always knew who was boss at Al's house.

Allen Love, evidently tired of home cooking, is advertising a new eating house far and wide, which fact leads many of us to think he is getting a rake-off from the place for getting new customers.

Agent Groll at Kirkwood announces the arrival of a daughter at his home. You can't hold Bill; he strolls around with a cigar as big as Uncle Joe Cannon's.

St. Louis South Side Service Stations

With this issue of the STANOLIND RECORD, South St. Louis Service Stations make their bow, with James A. Curran as reporter.

S. S. No. 2 is high station on the sale of Polarine in five gallon cans. The famous trio, Ballard, Letchworth and Taylor, is in charge.

Frank Stretch can smile and sell now. He's recovered from the hay fever.

T. D. Miller sure likes S. S. No. 27. There's a whole flock of reasons—just ask the "Bells" next door.

McNeilly at S. S. No. 3 does not look so worried now since the hospital released one of its "female" patients.

C. Taylor at S. S. No. 27 is figuring on making his future home in Indiana. We fear there's another good man gone wrong.

"Mister" White at S. S. No. 29 says he doesn't like the ladies. Tell it straight, White!

Happy Bill Courtney certainly enjoyed the potato pancakes that "Deacon" Kelly served. Rubber heels never tasted so good before.

We have heard that "Bachelor" Mills at S. S. No. 51 bought "the only girl" the ring. That's what a fellow gets for driving on Art Hill in Forest Park.

"Big Chief" E. J. Duncan sells more Polarine than any other Southsider. That's why he has such a good Polarine to Red Crown ratio.

And Stuckmeyer is sporting a new derby. Did the commission on Polarine fives do that, Mayor?

It beats the "Dutch" the way DeWeese sells five gallon cans of Polarine. How do you do it?

Mr. Coldsnow, Major Parker and Colonel Fred Batten borrowed a Ford coupe but forgot to borrow enough Red Crown and were seen carrying an emergency can into a South St. Louis S. S. Remember, gentlemen, Mr. Cameron has already discovered that his car will not run on air alone.

The last meeting of the S. S. attendants was much enlivened by the Southsiders. They gave their "yell" and sang their song with a vigor that shows they are much interested in putting over Polarine "F."

Southeast Missouri

C. F. Schulz, agent at Poplar Bluff, Mo., has been promoted to salesman in that territory to succeed R. C. Hammond who has resigned to go in the hardware business. We all wish them the best of success in their new undertakings.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

Chet Balyeat of Elkhart proved himself a man of action recently when the coal pile at Elkhart was on fire. The fire was in the basement and it had been flooded with water. Two water taps had been left open and could not be reached when it was desired to stop the water flow. Chet took a chance on a fine ducking in murky water and jumped to some overhead pipes, then went hand over hand to the water taps. Our hats are off to you, Chet.

We are telling you in advance that we are going to have some real party news to "spill" after the Stanoco Club's next affair October 31. It's going to be the biggest and best ever held. Watch our smoke!

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Our old-time friend, R. R. Drake, is still possessed with misfortune. Having had company with hay fever the latter part of the Summer, he is now confined to his home due to a quarantine; his son having typhoid fever.

R. E. Simonis, S. S. No. 30, is at present sporting a "big" Reo touring car. Look out, Dick, the "speed cops" have you on their list.

William Nichter, S. S. No. 83, claims it is rather expensive to speed, due to passing the city clerk $20. Never mind, "Bill," you sold the Lithographs anyway.

Portland

H. H. VanKirk with his newly painted car says "watch my smoke."

Aha! Now we know where Gerald Burget, salesman, gets his inspiration for more and larger sales. It's an auburn haired lady friend near Bunker Hill! Do we or do we not hear faint strains of "Here Comes the Bride?"

K. M. Smith is the new agent at Howe, Ind. Shake, we're glad to know you, Smith.

It's a puzzle 'tis said, just why N. W. Abbott doesn't talk out loud instead of making signs.

Ed. Miller, agent at Uniondale, reports fishing as no good. We suggest dipping hook in Polarine. "Ever try that, Ed?"

S. S. Salesman Frank Moore drives with caution since Ft. Wayne has the new "fine" system.

Pat O'Reilly is practicing for football, so E. Keene, city salesman at South Bend, says.

Fred Irvine is trying to reduce since the Defense Day parade. (We didn't know overalls were made so large!)

John Buczkowski says "Ethyl" must be some vamp.

S. S. Salesman Smuts, of Ft. Wayne, says South Bend sure has the uniform service system down pat. Thanks.

A baby girl is reported at the home of our agent at Woodburn. Just watch Clark sell Polarine now.

Herman "Shorty" Shank, Shelby agent, who was riding with Salesman Butler in one of those "vehicles which stop at every railroad crossing," pulled one for the book the other day. They were held up at a crossing by a train hauling a load of troops. Butler, curious as ever, said "Wonder what they are mobilized for, must be trouble some place." To which Shank replied, "Oh, I suppose another 'Gas' War."

William "Bill" McClellan, one of the oldest "B" station agents in this division and stationed at Lowell, has his worries occasionally for fear the big chief who cuts the Red Crown prices might lose his scissors. It had been going down there gradually of late, when one of Bill's pet customers hailed him with "Hear your Red Crown takes a jump Labor Day." "Yep," said Bill, "this aviator who wants some for his plane is going to raise it."

Everet Morgan, not satisfied with upsetting and tearing up his cab, wanted a picture of it.

Chet Ulery finds it poor picking in Portland nowadays as some of his girls got tired of waiting on a bald headed man, and have went and done it. Married but not forgotten.

Laporte, Ind.

Clem Krueger and Elias Hess, Spanish-American War vets, attended the National Convention at Michigan City and report a good time. "Bug" cut up more with his old comrades but reported promptly at six the next morning; so did Charley.

Lloyd Thorp, S. S. salesman at No. 11, says there is no crop of melons this year. Too bad, we lose. Larry Jessop plugged a citron in a cornfield the other day, he can tell 'em apart now. Bring in another good one, Larry.

Merruel Freese, S. S. salesman at No. 11, is building a garage for his Rolls Ruff. He says the outdoors is too big.

Denver and Roann

"Clint" Grimes, agent at Denver, Ind., is going to wear a cap this Winter. However, he cannot make up his mind if it would be practical to borrow his wife's powder puffs, or purchase new, to wear as ear muffs.

Agent "Jimmy" Kendall, Roann, Ind., is some ball player. Recently he stepped in the way of an inshoot and woke up three hours later. He asked his wife what inning it was.

Driver Nicely, Roann, Ind., says Red Crown is the proper thing to take him to North Manchester regularly three times each week. Wonder what the attraction is Wilbur.

Peru, Ind.

Welcome to our ranks, "Pleasant" Bill Hostettler, rural T. W. salesman. We expect you to break into print in our next issue.

M. L. Ray is not only a good after dinner speaker but wields a wicked rod and line. "Mel" does not have time to forage for bait so he entered the bait manufacturing business. Result, his wife is minus oil cloth for her kitchen table with no clue to its whereabouts. He sold the

idea completely to "Dow" Keim who arose one morning recently at 3 a. m. to try it out. Any luck, "Dow"?

Willie Exmier, rural T. W. salesman, is the champion fisherman of the South Bend division. "Bill" never fails each night of the week to bring in a good catch of crickets, night walkers, frogs, etc., to insure him sufficient bait for Sunday.

Betty, only daughter of Agent Earl Stoops, has been seriously sick during the past week. The "every day happy smile" of Earl was missing, due to worry and lack of sleep. However, Betty is now proving mistress of the situation and Earl is smiling again.

Warsaw, Ind.

Russell Jontz, agent of Etna Green, is now sporting a new Ford Coupe, Balloon Tires, look out, girls.

Clark Michael, agent Warsaw, has a new Dodge Coupe. Business is good, Mike.

Auburn, Ind.

We all extend our sympathy to John C. Brown whose father died recently.

Again we hear from Chet Ulrey—this time at Auburn.

R. R. Wyatt, S. S. salesman, sure does like Fairs—just ask him!

And how about you, too, H. E. Brown?

S. M. Grover's wife says he can't stop talking SOCO products. He talks 'em in his sleep, too!

WICHITA, KANS.

J. A. White, Correspondent

Two new agents to report—Martin Nelson at Bennington and L. H. Cleveland at Ely.

W. J. Pratt, up at the Salina A Station, reports that the new warehouse is nearly ready for the roof. The Salina Lub tanks have been emptied and were moved into the new warehouse.

The agent at Grainfield reports that William Montgomery, driver of truck No. 2 at the Grainfield B Station, is wearing a yard-wide smile over the arrival of an 8 pound girl. This is the fourth time Bill has become a papa but never before has he "Papa'd a Girl." He says it is a smile that will stay put.

Salesman Adams is a little more pleasant and agreeable since his wife has returned from a thirty-day visit to Wichita. Who'd a thought it would make so much difference?

Agent McQueen of Quinter, Kans., has added a new flivver truck to his growing fleet.

Earl Rieniets, plus a new Reo Speed Wagon, checked in at Winfield on September 15. He says he is going to knock them cold. Well, Winfield is the finest place in the field to start. Hop to it, boy.

Salesman Hiatt, who, incidentally, would never be the same man if he didn't see his name in this column as least once a month, advances the information that most of the plowing has been done and some of the fall wheat has been sowed around Arkansas City and Ashton.

Salesman Elliott reports that Jess Alley, our agent at Bluff City, says that if we are looking for news and plenty of it to watch him step.

Dodge City and Vicinity

D. R. Dayhoff, Reporter

On September 7, Standard Oil employees at Dodge City and territory held a big picnic at Wright Park, Dodge City. Everybody brought plenty to eat and the kids were not the only ones that had a good time or that suffered plenty of after-pains. Those that needed it took a bath in the new municipal swimming pool. We won't say who they were, but Ed Bennett of the construction department, Wichita, was persuaded to go in. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Thompson, Ensign; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ravenkamp, Montezuma; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mowry and children, Ford; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ravenkamp and children, Spearville; Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Dotson, Dodge City; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Reighley and baby, Dodge City; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Brown and children, Dodge City; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Kuby and children, Dodge City; Mr. and Mrs. D R. Dayhoff, Dodge City; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bishop, Dodge City; Misses Ollie Bishop, Mabel Cook and Mrs. Cook, Dodge City, and Messrs. Ed Bennett, Wichita; Raines, Dodge City; C. A. Cook, Dodge City; Carl C. Downing, Dodge City, and J. W. Ellis, Bucklin.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Fred Elser, T. W. salesman of Dodge City, in the recent passing of his father.

Mrs. J. W. Ellis and Miss Ellis of Bucklin are in Wichita, where Miss Ellis will attend school this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Thompson of Ensign are planning a vacation in Colorado and New Mexico. (Lucky dogs—must be nice to be an agent.)

W. P. Kuby, late of S. S. No. 20, Dodge City, has resigned to accept a position at the State Soldier's Home, Fort Dodge, Kans. (No, Paul will not be an inmate, that is, not yet.)

Incidentally Carl Downing at Dodge City has accepted the opportunity of trying to fill Mr. Kuby's shoes at S. S. No. 20. Carl is new at the game and doesn't say much but he figures he will have plenty to say later.

Elmer Brown of Sublette is still going over his quota every month. Just naturally seems to be a habit with Elmer.

Clarence Bishop, Dodge City T. W. salesman, is sporting a new one and a half ton International truck on his territory and we have noticed a difference in sales ever since.

Yes, Girls, Perle (I. P. Dotson) is still married but he firmly denies the rumor that his wife cashes his checks. Going good old boy, stick with 'em!

Thanks to Tommy Taylor old No. 19302 has at last got a coat of paint and it looks almost as welcome as an increase in salary. ("That's a guess.") Just got her out of hock and Mechanic Reighley is working on her innards getting ready for the annual autumnal battle.

S. S. Attendant Clarence Stewart of Halstead, Kans., was married on September 4 to Miss Leta Samuels of Halstead. The Wichita Column wishes to congratulate them.

Agent L. A. Wright has been transferred from Vallley Center to Halstead, George Mann having accepted the agency at Valley Center.

Notes from Ashton, Kans.

William Voigtlander, Reporter

Mr. and Mrs. Orval Winninger are the proud parents of a ten and one half pound girl. Everything O. K. and they are receiving the congratulations over the addition to the ever growing Standard Oil family.

Marvin Berry, former Ashton truck driver,

sends word of the death of his mother at Brooklyn, Iowa.

Salesman Bert Hiatt, accompanied by his intended, paid us a visit. This is so seldom done as to be remarkable.

Southwest Kansas

G. R. Brown, Reporter

We are sorry to report that Mrs. R. D. Hart, wife of our agent at Satanta, is very ill with typhoid fever.

Agent Baker of Ulysses informs us to make his quota just as large as we please as he is man enough to go over the top.

I. W. Postlewaite, assistant chief clerk from the Wichita office, recently spent a week with us. Mr. Postlewaite is very much impressed with these parts, so he says.

G. C. Stephans, who owns and operates the Red Crown Service Station at Moscow, Kans., advises that he has hardly time to eat, inasmuch as the tourists are returning East in such numbers.

J. W. Clency, the agent at Elkhart, is keeping bachelor's quarters now, Mrs. Clency having returned to Manhattan where she is teaching in one of the high schools.

P. E. Elliott, former salesman in this territory, is very much missed by Miss Selma Ryder, who attended high school in Ulysses last year and who has returned to finish high school this year. Paul, we are pleading with you to spend your vacation in Ulysses.

We are expecting D. L. Hayden of the Wichita office to come out and kill a flock of prairie chickens before long. We hope that Daredevil Dave will not make the chickens wild by missing them.

Office Notes

A line party was held at the Princess theater not long ago for Standard Oil company employees. A rainy night somewhat dampened the affair, but many braved the elements and attended. The Bill-of-Fare was the Waddell Stock Players' offering of "Hottentot." An enjoyable time was reported by all who were there.

Our carpenter, Mister Dodd, was ill several days last week. He reports the State Fair at Hutchinson as better than ever.

To the Ladies

Girls, we throw ourselves upon your mercy. We didn't mean to neglect you. But—if you would appear in print you should get one of your number to write you up. We don't know any real news about you unless it is the fact that Esther Calkins has invested in a new hat. Oh, yes, there is a new telephone girl who, alas, is married. There are at least two new thrills upstairs in the credit department as Virgil and Jake will testify. If we were more observing we could state definitely whether there were more than two new thrills upstairs. We simply must be more observing. We have observed, though, that Priscilla Allen fell down and stepped on her thumb, and being unable to operate a typewriter has been filing. Assistance to the file clerk has become necessary, it is rumored, because Marvel from her home has been assisting the night watchman in his eternal vigil. That's all the feminine notes we can think of except that Julia Masten has been reasonably quiet lately—that is, for Julia. It is an encouraging sign. Oh, yes, there is a new bill clerk, Miss Gladys Dodson. She was entered in the Princess Wichita Contest, the winner of which will fly to Dayton, Ohio, to participate in the national aero meet. Miss Dodson finished well up in the final standings.

F. L. King and Ralph Reed, representing Chicago, and I. W. Postlewaite and Lacey Black, representing Wichita, met in a rather boisterous foursome, if the reports of the participants are to be relied upon. The men from the Windy City now realize how the White Sox feel this year. H. A. Lewis refused a very cordial invitation to caddy for the golfers, we understand.

Manager P. J. Quinlan is enjoying an enforced vacation at Estes Park, Colorado.

F. M. LaVerne, formerly employed by the Standard Oil Company (California) in San Francisco, is now employed by this company. He says that Wichita may be all right but California is, was and always will be the best spot in the whole U. S. A. Who is she, LaVerne?

Quite a number from this office attended the two biggest festive occasions of the past two weeks, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey circus and the big dance at the Forum, given by airplane interests in Wichita in honor of the prize winning contestant who will represent Wichita at the National Air Meet, at Dayton, Ohio, this fall. Among those who attended the circus were W. M. Battin, whom we discovered inspecting the giraffes' cage and expounding at considerable length thereon; and Lacey Black, Dean of the warehouse, whom we caught getting chummy with John Daniel II, the one and only (?) gorilla in captivity. Among those who attended the dance were Miss Gladys Dodson, Jack Grantham, our handsome equipment clerk, Ed Morehead, Glen Branaman, Esther Calkins, Cecil Cox and wife, Virgil Sherwood, Jake Struble, Ruth Whitman, Josephine Ahlf, Wallace Hoit, F. M. LaVerne and Miss Priscilla Allen.

G. T. Mowrer, former order clerk, recently was married, resigned and moved to Kansas City, all in one whack. He received an electric percolator from his friends at this office. (P. S. No, Mowrer, not because of the resignation.)

The enlarged check department report many sighs of relief over the termination of the night labor. The comptometer girls report Winnie Gatz as still unshorn—plenty of work and Ruth Vance on her vacation. The record department reports Nelson Neville entering the second week of his vacation, Virgil Sherwood wearing his hat less during office hours and Kuhny still radiating efficiency. Construction reports L. A. Beckett as resigned and J. H. Epperson as his successor. The order department reports lots of business, a new biller and order clerk, a subscription list to purchase an alarm clock for Fritz Shauner, and a snappy two day vacation enjoyed by Chief Hudson. Warehouse Superintendent Black reports Art Rose as back after his illness, vacations hitting him in the eye, plenty of grief and Polarine "F" and lots of candles.

We understand that Mister Jack Grantham made a very charming picture at a recent dance in his good looking dark blue serge suit and all the trimmings. In fact a certain young lady informed us that he looked just darling. (Cors. note: There is plenty of frosting on Jack, it would seem.)

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parks announced the birth of an eight pound boy on September 23. They have named the youngster Robert.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sale Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Western Division
AMOS BALL, Eastern Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Northern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Central Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*

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J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
J. H. BUDDE, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
A. E. RALSTON, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
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P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MASON CITY, IOWA
R. H. THOMAS, *Manager*
H. E. HANSON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Ass't Manager* (Operation)
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

MINOT, N. D.
JOHN BEATON, *Manager*
H. H. HATHAWAY, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
A. R. MAULSBY, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

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C. H. WAGNER, *Manager*
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J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Manager*
W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

Who Is the Standard Oil Company?

(Indiana)

THE Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is a corporation, organized under the laws of Indiana; composed of 49,451 stockholders—of whom 11,000 are women—not one of whom owns as much as 6% of the total stock.

It is managed by a Board of Directors of ten men—

R. W. Stewart - - Chairman
W. M. Burton - - President
W.E.Warwick, Vice-Pres., Gen. Mgr. Mfg.
B. Parks, Vice-Pres., Asst. Gen. Mgr. Mfg.
E. G. Seubert, Vice-Pres., Secy-Treasurer
Allan Jackson - - Vice-President
R. H. McElroy - - Traffic Manager
E. J. Bullock - Director of Purchases
T. J. Thompson, General Manager, Sales
John D. Clark - - Vice-President
(Assistant to Chairman)

Every man on the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has come up from the ranks and earned his place by sheer ability.

Every director of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) lives in Chicago and devotes his entire time to the affairs of this Company and to no other.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) acknowledges no allegiance to any other organization. It stands on its own bottom.

The outstanding characteristic of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is its ideals of service.

Its management—its stockholders—its 27,160 employes—all are imbued with the single idea, that enduring success is achieved through service; that through service comes profit.

It is by strict adherence to this idea and to the every day practice of the principles of fairness, equity and justice to all—customers and competitors alike—that has made the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) one of the truly great institutions of service in America.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
General Office: Standard Oil Building
910 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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COLONEL STEWART ANSWERS MISSOURI SUIT

COLONEL ROBERT W. STEWART of Chicago, chairman of the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and the chief executive officer, made the following statement at Jefferson City, Mo., in connection with the investigation of the oil industry instituted by Attorney General Barrett:

"The Standard Oil Company of Indiana gladly avails itself of this opportunity to discuss briefly the matters that are now being considered by the Attorney General of the State of Missouri in regard to its conduct in the State and handling of its business, particularly as it should be viewed under the decision of the Supreme Court of this State in the case of State of Missouri vs. Standard Oil Company, decided in 1913.

Has Fulfilled Promises

"This company has always had before it the outstanding fact that it was permitted to remain in business in this State upon the condition that it should faithfully obey and observe in the conduct of its business all the laws of this State and especially the anti-trust laws of the State. The company is also thoroughly conscious of the fact that at the time of the decision it stated to the court that it expected to put in sales stations all over Missouri, and compete for business over the entire State and expected to expend from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000 in additional refining capacity and in building these competing sales stations. It is our earnest contention that in all these respects we have fulfilled our representations.

"At the date of the decree in your supreme court, this company operated 60 sales stations in Missouri; today we have in the State 316 bulk stations and 289 service sales stations, a total of 605 sales stations. When the decree was entered, there were 149 employes in the sales department; now 1,614 men and women are employed in that work in Missouri. In 1913, the Sugar, Creek, Missouri refinery had a capacity of about 5,000 bbls. of crude oil per day and employed about 250 men; today its refining capacity has been increased to about 13,000 bbls. per day and there are normally 626 employes. In increasing the refining capacity at Sugar Creek, and in building additional sales stations, many millions of dollars were expended—far in excess of the amount mentioned by the company to the court at the time the writ of ouster was suspended.

Crude Costs Increased

"In the consideration of this matter it must be remembered that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana owns practically no crude oil producing territory. While it uses at its Sugar Creek, Missouri; Whiting, Ind.; and Wood River, Ill., refineries about 70,000 bbls. of crude oil per day, it produces only about 3,000 bbls. per day and the balance over this production it has to buy upon the open market in competition with other refiners. This has been true during the entire history of the company. Keeping this fact in mind, it will be interesting to note that in 1913, at the date of the supreme court decree, it was paying about 95 cents per barrel for the crude it put through its refineries, while in 1924, it has

paid an average price of $1.66 per barrel for its crude, these being the field prices at the wells, to which must be added the charges paid by the company for gathering, pipe line transportation and marketing in arriving at the cost at the refinery.

"In 1913 the average tank wagon price charged by the company for gasoline was 14.8 cents per gallon, and in 1924, with the much higher crude costs, the average tank wagon price of gasoline is only 17.2 cents per gallon. It must be remembered that the situation with respect to crude oil production has changed greatly. In 1913 there were 1,280,000 automobiles registered in the United States, while in 1923 the automobile registration was 15,200,000. In 1913, there were 194 bbls. of crude oil available for each motor car in the United States, while in 1923, despite the unprecedented crude oil production of that year, the crude oil available was only 47 bbls. per car. Therefore, we say that it must be apparent that there has been no profiteering in the record of this company in the State of Missouri during the period of the suspension of the writ of ouster of the supreme court.

Interests in Missouri

"The annual pay roll of the company in this State reaches the substantial figure of $5,150,000 and in addition we contribute largely to the prosperity of the St. Louis district, through the operation of our large refinery at Wood River, Ill., just across the river, where the payroll is several million dollars yearly. The fact should not be lost sight of that the only refinery in the entire State of great magnitude is that of our company at Sugar Creek. We have fully observed the promise of the company that it would establish its sales stations all over Missouri and would enter into competition with the other oil companies throughout the State.

"I do not think I should further prolong the discussion of all the items entering into our operations and into the making of investments in this State.

"This company is an absolutely independent organization, both in its ownership and in its management. No man and no associated group of men own or control enough stock to give them a dominating voice in the selection of the board of directors. The supreme power of the company is vested in and actually exercised by a board of 10 directors, who are: W. M. Burton, W. E. Warwick, Beaumont Parks, E. G. Soubert, Allan Jackson, John D. Clark, R. H. McElroy, E. J. Bullock, T. J. Thompson and myself. Every one of these men started from humble beginnings and with no outside assistance secured his position upon our board solely by reason of his own powers, energy and attention to the affairs of the company. Every one of them is an expert in his particular time of activity and they all devote their entire time and attention to the affairs of the company.

"The company is not dominated or controlled by any other company whatever nor is there any understanding or agreement of any kind or character between it and any other company, men or set of men involving the management or control of this company. There is no affiliation of any kind or character between this company and any other so-called Standard Oil Company. The company is operated without any shadow of interference or suggestion from any other company. It stands alone and entirely upon its own foundation.

"When the present board of directors took charge of the affairs of the company in 1918, there were about 4,600 stockholders; today we have over 49,000 stockholders. Two thousand and five of these stockholders are residents of the State of Missouri. More than 15,000 of our stockholders are employees of the company. No stockholder owns in excess of 5¼ per cent of our stock. Reference is made to these facts because your supreme court, in the former suit, appeared to be concerned whether this company would actually sever all of its relations with the other Standard Oil Companies.

Industrial Relationship

"The board of directors of the company, in my opinion, very fully realize the duties owed by the company to the public, to its employes and to its stockholders. It has been the boast of the board of directors that they hold no stronger brief for the stockholders than they do for the public and for the employees of the company. They have instituted an industrial relations plan whereby employees elect by secret ballot their own representatives upon a council which has power, among other things, to pass upon all questions of wages, hours of labor, working conditions and all of the vital questions which so intimately concern the employee. The management has the

(Continued on page 5)

WASHINGTON APPEAL DECISION FAVORS WHITING WATCHMEN

Second Appeal to Department of Labor in History of Industrial Relations in Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Favors Men, Whereas First Appeal, Made by Sugar Creek in 1920, Favored Management—Ruling of Government Commissioners Made Immediately Effective

GRANTING of a wage increase of 10½ cents an hour, based on a change from a 12 to an 8-hour day, to Whiting works' watchmen, with proportionate increases for patrolmen and captains, marked the close, November 1, of the second appeal taken by employees to the United States Department of Labor in the history of industrial relations in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

The first appeal resulted in a decision favoring the management; the second in one favoring the men.

Whiting watchmen have been receiving 52 cents an hour for a 12-hour day, having never gone on an 8-hour basis because of inability to agree with the management as to a wage based on the shorter day. After various discussions, the management offered an 8-hour day with a wage of 60 cents an hour. The watchmen held out for 63 cents. The Department of Labor decision was in effect a victory for the men, granting them 62½ cents an hour, or $5.00 a day. The new schedule of hours and wages went into effect November 1.

"That there have been but two appeals to Washington in the five years that the company's Industrial Relations Plan has been in operation, is conclusive proof that there are very few matters which employees and management can not agree upon when the problem is approached with a determination on both sides to solve it in a just and equitable manner in the light of all the facts bearing on the case," said Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company, commenting on the Whiting decision.

"It is human nature, however, that from the same facts men will sometimes draw different conclusions, so that occasionally honest differences of opinion are certain to develop. We have provided for that contingency in our relations between employees and management by giving to the employees the right of appeal to the Department of Labor, with the specific understanding that the department's ruling shall be final.

"This clause in our Industrial Relations Plan, granting the right of such appeal, is in fact the keystone of the whole plan. In simple words, it means that the management cannot have the final say; that should the management err, the employees are always assured of a means of obtaining redress through an entirely disinterested agency. On the other hand, it affords the management a means of clearing itself from the onus of a possible unjust charge of unfairness. In other words, this clause granting the right of appeal to Washington, is the final expression of that theory of cooperation, founded on equity and justice, which is the basis of our Industrial Relations Plan.

"Our plan is comparable to the government of the United States, with its three great departments. The Joint General Committee is the legislative body, the management stands in the position of the executive department, and above them both, holding the power of final veto, is the Supreme Court, the disinterested, unprejudiced court of final appeal—in this case the Department of Labor. In its two decisions at the behest of employees of this company, it has in one case upheld the management, in the other case it has upheld the employees. In both cases, the ruling has been accepted by employees and management in perfectly good spirit."

Four years elapsed between the first and second appeals. In March, 1920, during the peak of the nation-wide demand for labor, common labor at Sugar Creek received a wage increase of 11.11 per cent, in common with all other hourly wage employees of this company, being advanced from 53 to 59 cents an hour. Three days later their representative on the Joint General Committee introduced a petition asking for 75 cents an hour. The sub-committee on wages and hours disagreed and the Joint General Committee referred the matter to the management with no recommendation. The local management denied the petition. A committee representing common labor appealed from the decision of the local management to President W. M. Burton, who upheld the local manage-

(Concluded on page 4)

"THE SUNSHINE GIRL"

General Office, Chicago.—That is what fellow employees of the Treasurer's department call Miss Irene Wilson of Room 600.

(Concluded from page 3)

ment. An appeal was then taken by the employees to the Department of Labor. The decision of that agency upheld the management. It held that the company was paying a fair wage at Sugar Creek, but recommended that the management, in view of the "extremely trying times" which then confronted the nation, "consider the advisability" of paying common labor at Sugar Creek 62½ cents an hour, 3½ cents more than they were getting, but 12½ cents less than they were asking for. The company advanced the wage to 62½ cents.

The right of appeal is stated in the Industrial Relations Plan as follows:

"1. If the Joint General Committee on Industrial Relations fails to effect a satisfactory settlement, the matter shall be referred to the President of the Company who shall endeavor to adjust the same.

"2. If the President's action, or such course as he may advise, fails satisfactorily to dispose of the matter in controversy, a conference shall thereupon be held between the President and the representatives of the employees of the refinery or other property where the matter arose to consider the best method of finally determining the matter.

"3. If, in this conference, the President and the representatives fail to agree on a method of settling the matter, it shall be appealed to the Secretary of Labor at Washington. The Company and the representatives agree to furnish the Secretary of Labor with every facility for the determination of the facts and if any employee is found to have been unfairly dealt with, the Company shall make such reparation as the Secretary of Labor may deem just."

A SOCO HERO!

Detroit Division.—Driver H. H. Bay of the Scotten avenue plant, S. F. O. Route No. 1, who proved himself a hero recently. He was making a delivery of furnace oil on Second boulevard when he was attacked by a man who had secluded himself in the basement behind the S. F. O. tank. It developed that the man, who was armed with a lead pipe, was lying in wait to attack the lady of the house. He swung the lead pipe at Bay, but our driver was too quick for him, knocking him out with a stiff right to the jaw. Driver Bay 'phoned the police, who responded promptly and arrested the man who is held in jail on a charge of attempted murder.

COL. STEWART ANSWERS MISSOURI SUIT

(Continued from page 2)

power of veto, but it is interesting to note that over 97 per cent of these councils have been approved by the management. In case of a veto, the Department of Labor at Washington is given the right to hear the case upon appeal and its decision is final. The effect of this system has been most satisfactory and has engendered the most loyal feeling on the part of the employees.

"This board of directors has also instituted a stock purchase plan among the employes whereby every employee is assisted in purchasing the stock of the company upon favorable terms. Provisions of this stock purchasing plan have been so satisfactory to the employees that now more than 15,000 of them are purchasing our stock.

"This board of directors has also put into effect a death benefit plan, whereby the dependents of any employee receive from the company, upon his death in the service, a most generous contribution, amounting to $2,000 in the case of an employee with 10 years' service. No assessment is made upon or contribution received from the employees in connection with this plan. And a liberal annuity arrangement has been formulated, whereby employees of long service who, by reason of age or sickness or accident, are prevented from performing their usual duties are enabled to live comfortably without the receipt of any charity.

"These and other provisions made for the benefit of the employees have brought into the service of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana the highest class of people, people of high ideals and with strength of character, men and women who take the highest rank in the communities in which they live and conduct the affairs of the company. To my mind, there is not in the whole world, an organization of finer men and women than those who work for the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and this is as true in Missouri as in any part of the territory in which this company operates. It has been our constant effort to build up an organization of diligent, intelligent and clean men and women who can win and hold the esteem of the public.

"It is not the desire of this board of directors to build up a monopoly or to put any competitor out of business. I think this must be apparent from the fact that in 1913, at the time of the decision of the supreme court, it was estimated that we had in excess of 75 per cent of the business in petroleum products in that part of Missouri in which we operated; while today, it is estimated that this company enjoys only about 30 per cent of that business.

Trade Practices Open

"Has this company faithfully obeyed and observed in the conduct of its business all the laws of this State, and especially the anti-trust laws of this State, as admonished by your supreme court? We confidently assert that it has. We have made no contracts or agreements of any kind or character with our competitors or any of them to fix prices or to parcel territory; the company establishes its prices and those prices are available to the entire purchasing public; there are no secret rebates or concessions of any kind or character. We have endeavored to make our trade practices clean and defensible, public and open; our prices are given full publicity and we tolerate no deviation by any employee from full observance of all of these rules. We appreciate that mistakes will happen at times, but if those mistakes are made intentionally by an employee, we at once dispense with his services. The closest supervision is given to the affairs of the company down to the smallest hamlet. The greatest effort is made to observe every law of the State both in letter and in spirit.

"It has never been the practice of this company since the present board of directors took charge of its affairs to deny to any board, officer or public official having authority, a full and complete access to our books, papers and records. In connection with numerous investigations of the oil industry the affairs of this company have been frequently examined by the Federal trade Commission, the Federal Department of Justice, and by various State officials and others having authority, including a committee of the United States Senate. We have always given them free access to all of our records and a full op-

portunity to examine them and we proffer to the State of Missouri and its proper officials a full opportunity to come into our offices and make such an examination at this time to the end that our statements as to the propriety of our conduct may be shown to be true.

Cracking Patents Public

"Regarding our patent license agreements, these agreements license other refiners, many of whom are located in territory where they could not conceivably market gasoline in Missouri, to utilize the process covered by patents owned by this company for manufacturing gasoline from gas oil, by cracking methods, and these contracts run back for 10 years. We have furnished copies of these agreements to the Federal Trade Commission, to the Federal Department of Justice and to the Senate Investigating Committee. We have presented copies of these contracts for consideration to nearly every substantial refiner of crude petroleum in the United States. These contracts were prepared by eminent counsel, men of the highest reputation in the profession, and this company was assured by them that they were legal and valid in every respect and offended against no law of the nation or of any State in which this company was doing business. For more than 10 years they have gone unchallenged and unquestioned by public official or by refining company counsel, until the suit instituted a few weeks ago in the federal court at Chicago by authority of the Attorney General of the United States, who, as I understand the situation, questions the legality of only certain parts of these contracts. Those provisions thus questioned have never been invoked or sought to be enforced by this company.

"According to the best information obtainable, only 20 per cent of the gasoline manufactured in the United States is made by use of a cracking process, and 80 per cent of the gasoline is manufactured by so-called straight run methods. Of the 20 per cent of the gasoline manufactured by use of a cracking process, only a small part is manufactured under any license agreement issued by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana or affected thereby.

"The history of the development of the cracking process was developed at a time when it looked as though there would be a great scarcity of crude. It was an effort to increase the amount of gasoline which could be obtained from a given amount of crude. Assuming a sufficiency of crude and its continuance there would be no point in the development of cracking. With the increase in the number of internal combustion engines requiring gasoline for fuel, which, as stated, was more than 1,250 per cent in the 10 years between 1913 and 1923, anything that would insure sufficient fuel for their needs was eagerly sought. It was freely predicted that there would not be enough gasoline to go around if the manufacture of automobiles, trucks and tractors kept on at such unheard of rate. It was also freely predicted that the price of gasoline would go up by leaps and bounds until it became almost prohibitive. The entire research department of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was placed at work upon this problem. We perfected this process by means of which the supply of gasoline from a barrel of crude oil was greatly increased, gave this to the world on generous terms, and by this means acted as a potent force in keeping the price of gasoline down to a reasonable basis, as well as relieving the fear of a failure of adequate supply.

Must Compete for Crude

"The Standard Oil Company of Indiana never did have and today it is further than ever removed from a monopoly in any division of the petroleum industry. In obtaining its crude supply for its refineries in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, it must go into the open market and compete against the world, for it owns practically no production of its own. In ownership of refineries which are so located that advantageous freight rates may be procured into our sales territory, it is outranked more than 10 to 1 by its competitors; 260 competing refineries have aggregate capacity of approximately 800,000 bbls. of crude per day, while we have a capacity at the refineries I have named of 70,000 bbls. per day. And in sales facilities, our 289 service sales stations in Missouri meet the competition of

WHEN WITCHES FLY AND GRAVEYARDS YAWN

Detroit Division—When owls hoo-yoo and yelping dogs change their barks to frightened whines, when ghosts walk abroad and phantoms lay their clammy hands upon the world, then it's Hallowe'en. Detroit didn't take the spooks seriously and had a great party in the auditorium of the main office building on November 1. More than 400 guests were present. The floor was good. The music was good. The cider and doughnuts were good. Everybody was there for a good time and had it. The party was given under the auspices of the Bowling League and it was handled with efficiency and success.

728 similar stations operated by others, and we have only 316 bulk sales stations as against 546 such stations of our competitors. And all of these statistics lead to the final conclusive one—this company, which once controlled 75 per cent or more of the petroleum marketing business of its Missouri territory, now possesses but 30 per cent of that business; the remainder is divided among an ever increasing number of active competitors, who have found no unfair obstacle placed in their paths by the Standard Oil Company."

NOW COMES VOLLEY BALL

Detroit Division.—The Jackson gang has entered a volley ball team in the Industrial League and challenges any station team.

Frenchy: "I have been wild to get over here to zis America."

Yank: "Why, Mademoiselle?"

Frenchy: "I have always wanted to see ze Mrs. Gun who sent so many sons to France."

KEEPING THE FAITH

Grand Rapids Division—Keeping faith with the public by doing those things that are a little bit more than duty decrees is S. O. S. George W. Ford, agent at Manton, Mich., made a friend for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). A letter from a customer, which follows, proves it:

"I wish to call your attention to the splendid service rendered one of your old customers by your agent at Manton, Mich., Mr. George W. Ford. While enroute to Petoskey, I ran out of gas five miles from this place. I hopped a machine to town and found your Mr. Ford. Although his tank was empty, he went to the station, pumped it up and drove out and filled my car, all in spite of the fact that it was after 5 o'clock. Furthermore, he would take nothing extra for the accommodation. As a general thing your men are very fine about matters of this kind, but in spite of this, I wanted to call your attention to the splendid service rendered by this particular man."

DIVOT REPLACERS AT INDIANAPOLIS

Indianapolis Dvision.—No. 1—The official name of the cowpasture trail makers of this division is the Stanolind Golf Club. Reading from left to right, the gang on the first tee is composed of Messrs. Barty, Dawson, Erson, Gaston, Reed, Scully, Marshall, Russom, Kean, Kester, Peterson, Mathias, Boring, Bruce, Serrin, Fields and Ashman. No. 2—There was a debate as to whether the kids' pants made for good gulluf. This quartet proved it. Here are (left to right) John Marshall, Bill Reed, "Shrimp" Dawson and "Doc" Anderson. No. 3—And this quartet proved the knickers are necessary to the Royal Scotch (just a guess) game. Left to right, the duffers' four is composed of H. G. Gaston, W. R. Kester, R. A. Bruce and D. A. Russom.

WOOD RIVER REFINERY'S NEW COMMITTEE

Wood River, Ill.—Here is the newly elected and appointed Joint General Committee of Wood River Refinery. Front row, left to right, William H. Miller, J. F. Halloran, Wash. McDonald, employee representative chairman; Arthur E. Gladden, management representative chairman; middle row, left to right, C. M. Shook, George H. Wilken, secretary; John A. Hubbard, William Bacheldor; back row, left to right, J. W. Stephenson, George W. Lang and William E. Kelly.

ILLUSTRATING USE OF MOTOR TRUCK SIDE RACKS

St. Joseph Division—Agent W. E. Wardlow, Trenton, Mo., knows what side racks are for. This picture illustrates his method of delivering Mica. His assistant, Fred Wardlow (right), has a good teacher.

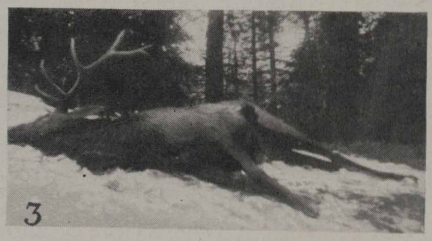
STANDARD OIL FIRST IN WORK

Fargo Division.—No. 1—Standard Oil products are being used in the building of hundreds of miles of North Dakota roads. This picture shows Andrew Horak when building roads in Richland county. He uses SOCO products exclusively. No. 2—A real Hallowe'en Party, starting at 6:30 and lasting until midnight, was held in the Fargo office. One hundred and twenty-five people were at the banquet, at which Mr. Packard acted as toastmaster. Messrs. Carnine, Dodd, Latier and Asleson spoke. The banquet was followed by old fashioned Hallowe'en games. No. 3—The sextette from Fargo! This is what Scribe Cooks says, "Here is Fargo's answer to the challenges that have been so promiscuously published in the STANOLIND RECORD in regard

AND PLAY IN FARGO DIVISION

to all the beauties in the organization, from Wichita on the South to Duluth on the North. We feel that if you will publish this picture, the contest will close automatically." Well, everybody, what do you think? Here are (left to right) Marvyl Larson, Alvina Nelson, Ann Wynand, Blanche Yeager, Florence Nelson and Mary Dunn, all stenos. No. 4—Meet Jimmy and Count. They are sons of Salesman E. F. Colwell. Their real names are Robert and Charles. No. 5—Threshing scene in River Valley. Agent C. L. Armour, Walcott, is making a delivery to the rig of P. O. and A. M. Oslie. This rig has been operated continuously on SOCO products since 1915. No. 6—Assistant Manager R. H. Dodd has a lively boss here. He's "Bob" junior.

BIG GAME HUNTING IN THE ROCKIES



Laramie Refinery—Seek and ye shall find. Three hunters from Laramie Refinery went hunting elk and each got one. No. 1—Here are (left to right) G. C. Langford, Aude Methvin and Ben Huett with one of their kills. No. 2—A close-up of number two, bull elk. No. 3—And a solitary kill. (Yeh, Sales Department, there're lots of good trains to western Wyoming.)

THE PIPE LINE

For His Birthday

As in a dream I wandered back through ages past and gone
And saw religion's chariots, resistless, sweeping on;
While pagan systems rose and fell with all their mighty boasts
For only doctrine stood whose strength was in the Lord of hosts.

And then I saw the earth, as by a glorious sunbeam kissed,
A light that ever brighter grew despite the wrapping mist.
Beneath the light were peace and life, and hope of life to come,
Of life when sin's insidious voice should be forever dumb.

And ever thinner grew the mist, and brighter grew the light,
Still ever weaker grew the wrong, and stronger grew the right.
Long time I wondered what had caused the change of priceless worth,
The change that seemed the harbinger of peace and love on earth.

And mighty though the forces were that still upheld the wrong,
The race was not unto the swift, nor the battle to the strong.
And seeing truth from day to day in more and more have birth,
I knew that Christianity had dawned upon the earth.

Now every city, every town, its church to God would raise,
While up from every hamlet rose the voice of prayer and praise.
And still the centuries roll on, and still His power has grown,
Supreme, with everlasting love, the faith of Christ we own.

—Robinson Crusoe.

Is He Red Headed?

Dear Pied Piper: Joe Gasoline is employed at Mason City, Iowa. We just thought you'd like to know.—Solite.

YES, WE HAVE NO—

Don't know whether the "book" is full or not but the Indianapolis office recently received an order from one of the "A" stations for "two cakes of bananas". They got Bon Ami—that was what they wanted.—H. W. W.

You Ain't Heard Nothing Yet!

Dear Pied: Your scoop announcing the Schnitzelbaum quartette will now compel three men to warble as four forces a tear of regret from me. I appreciate music and enjoy the Schnitzelbaum quartette recitals, and certainly agree with you that the song Yon Yonson from Wisconsin is tragic, but say, Pied, why doesn't the quartette insist upon singing another of those "My Name is" songs as an encore at their recitals. I suggest "My Name is La Follette, I don't think I've lost yet" being sung as an encore to Yon Yonson.

—The Milwaukee Judge.

OH, MISTER SEUBERT!

Bill Flanigan is now working on his January expense account.—Peoria.

A Pair of Deuces

Pied Piper: Someone told me I had made the "line" but most likely the only line made, was made through my contribution.

—"Dutch Doc".

Pied Piper: There are several ways of making the "line" and I guess the easiest way is to use a ruling pen, eh what?

—"Terrible Turk".

If We Print This the LINE Must Be Deteriorating

Teacher: Johnny what is the difference between a buyer and a seller?

Johnny: A buyer buys and a sellers sells. In other words, what a seller sells goes to the buyer except coal—that goes to the *cellar!*

C. A. C., Iron River, Mich.

SALES TALK

This liquid pep, power and mileage combined with speed, dash and efficiency, which we call Red Crown for short, will make your car think that the last wash-rack was the Fountain of Youth. And Speed! Say Boy, listen to me. The other night I started out on my territory in my Overland. It was dark and I had my lights on.

I speeded her up and up until the telephone poles flashing by looked like a picket fence. Presently as I still stepped on her, my lights began to grow dim, then dimmer and as I shoved the accelerator all the way down in a little extra burst of speed, they went out altogether. I happened to look back and saw the lights of a car some distance behind me. Having no lights, I decided to let it pass me, and therefore turned out and slowed down. The lights came closer and as I turned out they followed me. Can you imagine my surprise when they came up and stopped in my headlights? Mister, I had been traveling faster than light. It just couldn't keep up. And Red Crown did it.—A. D. Kirk, La.

A LINE COUPLET

Don't cry little corner, don't cry,
You'll be a service station bye and bye.
—C. J. W.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE—SEND THAT WISE CRACK TO THE PIED PIPER TODAY.

—PIED PIPER.

CASPER S. B. A. REPORT

Casper Refinery—A total of $12,940.04 was in the treasury of the Shiftsmen's Benefit Association on October 12, 1924, according to the report of J. E. Frisby, secretary.

The balance on hand September 12 was $12,484.44, to which was added $1,360, made up of dues, $1,063; fines, $7; and entrance fees, $290. From the total (balance on hand September 12 and collections) of $13,844.44 was deducted $904.40.

The funds are deposited as follows:

Savings accounts, Wyoming National Bank, $3,603.91; Wyoming Trust Company, $4,898.37; First Trust and Savings Bank, $1,500; and Citizens National Bank, $2,250.76; and checking account, Wyoming Trust Bank, $887.76.

There are 977 members.

RED CROWN BEATS HOT DAWGS

Detroit Division.—Agent Owen Myers, Blissfield, Mich., was one of the boosters of his town's Sports' Day and had the honor of working in a "hot dog" stand, run by the Blissfield Chamber of Commerce. Business was booming when gloom cast its shadow on Mr. Meyers in the person of a farmer who looked him up and ordered a delivery of Red Crown right away. Owen got his truck, made the delivery and returned to sell the coneyislands.

DEATH BENEFITS

Death benefits totalling $8,800 were paid to beneficiaries in the deaths of seven employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), in October, according to the report of Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer. They follow:

Mr. Fred W. Schmandt, Whiting Refinery, died September 10, 1924. His widow, Mrs. Lillian Schmandt, was the beneficiary to the amount of $1,400.

Mr. Ollie G. Lemmon, Wood River, died October 7, 1924. His widow, Mrs. Emma Lemmon, received $1,600.

Mr. O. J. Albin, Casper, died September 10, 1924. Two minor sons, Norman and Robert Albin, received $325 each.

Mr. Charles C. Paskwietz, Whiting, died September 27, 1924. His widow, Mrs. Ida Gillmurray Paskwietz, received $2,000.

Mr. Ira G. Sanders, Davenport, died September 27, 1924. His widow, Mrs. Lillian M. Sanders, received $1,100.

Mr. W. J. Thurman, Casper, died October 1, 1924. His widow, Mrs. Mary F. Thurman, received $800.

Mr. W. B. Elder, Whiting, died October 21, 1924. His widow, Mrs. Clara E. Elder, received $1,250.

DIRTY FACES

Whiting Refinery—A balance of all funds amounting to $24,549.46 was on hand October 1, 1924, according to the report of W. O. Walker, secretary.

On September 1, 1924, there was on hand $24,646.71. To this was added receipts amounting to $1,003.75 and from which was deducted $1,101.00.

The funds were invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	17,453.26
Savings Account, Bank of Whiting	1,688.34
Checking Account	1,407.86

There are 1,360 members in good standing.

LAWYER

Sioux City Division—Anyone in the Sioux City division who wants to take legal action against his neighbor should see E. B. Van Ordstrand, credit man. He was admitted to Iowa bar recently.

30 NEW REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED FOR J. G. C.

General Office, Chicago, and Six Refineries Hold Elections for Committees—99 Per Cent of Electorate Cast Ballots—W. E. Kelly and D. J. Gallagher Returned

SOMETHING on the order of a housecleaning was engaged in by employees at the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refineries and General Office at the election for Joint General Committeeman. Out of fifty-three named, thirty never had previous experience on the Joint General Committee.

Casper Refinery led the way with ten new men out of eleven elected, and Whiting followed with ten new representatives out of nineteen.

Greybull Refinery called for a new deal and named new men for its entire committee of three.

Wood River and Sugar Creek Refineries each named one new man out of six.

Laramie Refinery named one new man of two and the General Office, Chicago, elected three new representatives out of six.

It should be said here that the naming of new men for positions of representatives on the Joint General Committee does not mean that the previous representatives did not give full and loyal service to their constituents, but rather a feeling among the electorate that the positions should be alloted to a greater number of employees.

One of the highlights of the balloting was the election of William E. Kelly and D. J. Gallagher, veterans of the first days of committee representation in the Wood River and Whiting refineries.

Much interest was manifested by employees in the election, with Laramie and Greybull voting 100 per cent of its strength. Whiting was lowest in percentage of those eligible to vote with 98.99. An average of 99.31 per cent was registered for the six refineries and General Office.

Following is the result of the election with names of winners printed in bold faced letters:

WHITING

DIV.	Names on ballots	Votes rec'd	Previous Service on J.G.C.
1	**Wm. Lynch**	106	Yes
	Frank Eaton	87	Yes
	James Spence	73	No
2	**Luke Kelly**	189	Yes
	Mike Bukwich	148	No
	Earl Moore	101	No
	Robert Simmons	59	No
	C. R. Stanton	50	Yes
	Ray Imler	43	No
3	**Harry Wheeler**	127	Yes
	C. A. Phelps	104	Yes
	Jess Abraham	87	Yes
	R. Redman	66	No
	John Chorley	32	Yes
	Wm. Lynch	26	No
4	**Dan Foley**	119	No
	Wm. Fuller	83	Yes
	F. McKenna	40	No
5	**Charles Zahn**	105	No
	George Larmon	97	No
	Carl Walanser	11	No
6	**Nick Scholl**	162	Yes
	George Kaminsky	84	No
	George Kirchoff	78	No
	William Whiting	76	No
	William Cartwright	40	No
	George Locke	28	Yes
7	**John Plath**	113	Yes
	A. W. Morris	92	No
	A. W. Latzko	6	No
8	**Jack Hazzard**	142	No
	Fred Langohr	136	No
	John Kidnay	85	Yes
	Daniel Kolson	75	No
	Arthur Hagemaster	55	No
	Chas. E. Thompson	12	Yes
9	**Henry Behrens**	380	Yes
	Harry White	233	No
	W. Sutherland	220	Yes
	Ben Imler	171	Yes
	Herbert Brown	67	No
	Wm. Kasch	47	No
	Rudolph Dust	36	No
	Chris Borg	31	No
	Jas. Picaboy	22	No
10	**D. J. Gallagher**	144	Yes
	Wm. J. Reder	75	Yes
	J. Gary	2	No
11	**Andrew Kompier**	60	No
	B. W. Dryer	38	No
	Joseph Stanley	34	Yes
12	**James Lane**	97	No
	Mike Youkon	31	No
	Andy Chille	19	Yes
13	**Grant Spurrier**	72	No
	L. I. Alexander	57	No
	R. E. Wilkin	39	No

SUGAR CREEK

DIV.	Names on ballots	Votes rec'd	Previous Service on J.G.C.
1	**Joe Bostian**	51	Yes
	Chas. Spahr	36	Yes
	James Callahan	25	No
2	**James E. O'Hara**	34	No
	Luther Lee	33	Yes
	H. C. Moore	7	Yes
3	**Earl S. Moore**	30	Yes
	Ed. Hall	20	No
	Mike Onko	5	No
4	**John Burns**	35	No
	Geo. H. Bower	11	No
	Max Duckworth	8	Yes
5	**C. E. Spitser**	19	Yes
	George Gibbons	11	Yes
	E. R. McClarey	9	No
6	**J. E. Morgan**	17	Yes
	H. O. Roth	16	No
	John Waller, Jr.	4	No

WOOD RIVER

1	**Richard C. Wilson**	134	No
	Harry E. Harrod	36	Yes
	Emory L. Hunt	25	Yes
2	**Geo. H. Wilken**	113	Yes
	Philip Harr	23	No
	Fred J. Snodgrass	18	No
3	**Wash. McDonald**	96	Yes
	A. McGuiggan	67	No
	Forest Rhodes	5	No
4	**Wm. E. Kelly**	77	Yes
	Fred Emmel	38	Yes
	Dwight D. Stafford	31	Yes
5	**J. W. Stephenson**	60	Yes
	E. R. Durham	55	No
	H. R. Davis	36	Yes
6	**Wm. H. Miller**	78	Yes
	Edwin Arnold	47	No
	James Dooley	44	No

CASPER

1	**Wm. Durham**	43	No
	L. H. Lund	34	No
	L. A. Rhodes	29	Yes
2	**R. C. Rubush**	167	No
	R. B. Perry	127	No
	Wm. C. Goodwin	118	No
	P. Frandsen	116	No
	E. A. Thrams	108	No
	R. R. Davis	36	No
3	**Clifford A. Miller**	64	No
	Joe Y. Bagby	58	No
	M. M. Scott	2	Yes
4	**H. I. Strout**	63	No
	Ed. Moyle	40	No
	J. R. Buckley	35	No
5	**Chas. E. Stevenson**	51	No
	Jas. Lanoutte	41	No
	H. E. Rohn	2	No
6	**A. H. Morris**	100	No
	J. E. Frisby	57	Yes
	Chas. Combs	18	Yes
7	**Ted Reynolds**	85	No
	Carl Walker	62	No
	D. F. Mahogeny	18	Yes
8	**Howard Daylis**	96	No
	L. W. Coakley	75	No
	Chas. L. Rose	5	No
9	J. C. Zolnoski	88	No
	L. C. Turner	56	No
	W. E. Nordheim	33	No
10	**J. W. Phelps**	102	Yes
	Ed. Slater	80	No
	H. P. Ryan	51	No

GREYBULL

1	**J. W. Gandsey**	55	No
	J. R. Douglas	10	No
	G. R. Wilson	9	No
2	**R. L. Dockery**	20	No
	L. M. Smith	16	No
	Roy Ludington	8	Yes
3	**C. P. Meyer**	30	No
	D. E. Starks	21	No
	Earl Landers	8	No

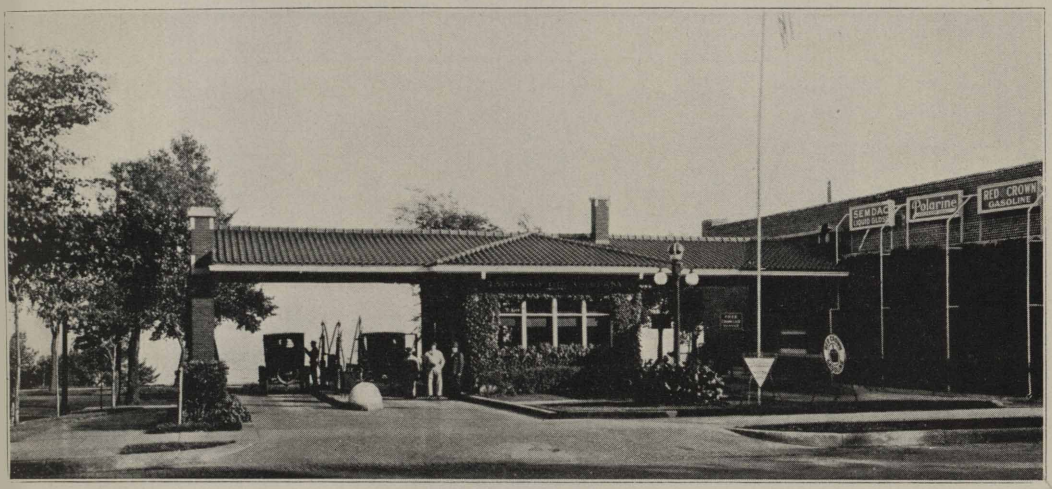
LARAMIE

1	**Geo. Ovens**	14	No
	T. C. Kellogg	11	No
	A. W. McAllister	6	Yes
2	**Ed. Wood**	26	Yes
	W. Jackson	24	No
	A. Methvin	0	No

GENERAL OFFICE

1	**Joseph E. Sohurek**	233	No
	A. R. Smith	202	Yes
	E. H. Vollriede	184	No
	Harvey W. King	160	Yes
	David Radcliffe	94	No
	C. J. C. Aucoin	29	No
	R. W. Ringrose	28	No
	Henry Fiset	25	No
	T. J. Johnson	18	No
2	**H. H. Finnegan**	266	Yes
	C. M. Donigan	229	Yes
	J. E. Hecht	194	No
	E. A. Joost	105	Yes
	A. H. Grooms	58	No
	J. B. Tucker	51	No
	E. A. Yale	34	No
	Anton Schelle	17	No
	Wm. Reisberg	14	No

LOOK AT THIS S. S., BOASTS DULUTH



Duluth Division—Not only gardening but architecture makes this service station one of the most beautiful in the eleven states served by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The station is No. 1 at Tenth avenue East and Superior street, Duluth.

ANALYSIS OF VOTE CAST

	Total qualified to vote	Total voting	Total qualified to vote but not working on election day	Total qualified to vote and working on election day but not voting	Per cent of qualified voters working on election day who voted
Casper	2033	1769	261	3	99.83
General Office	788	748	36	4	99.47
Greybull	185	179	6	0	100.00
Laramie	85	82	3	0	100.00
Sugar Creek	420	382	37	1	99.74
Whiting	3631	3322	275	34	98.99
Wood River	1071	999	62	10	99.01
Total	8213	7481	680	52	99.31

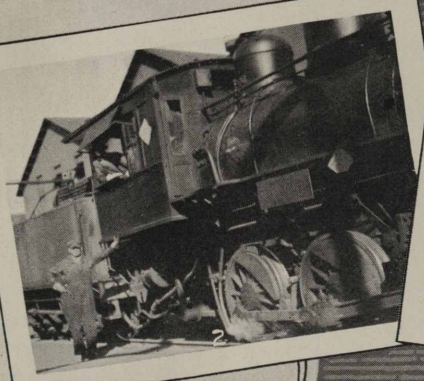
ANALYSIS OF J. G. C. ELECTIONS

	Casper	General Office	Grey-bull	Laramie	Sugar Creek	Whiting	Wood River	Total
Number of representatives	11	6	3	2	6	19	6	53
Number of representatives having previous service on J. G. C.	1	3	0	1	4	9	5	23
Number of representatives over 30 years of age	11	4	3	2	3	17	4	44
Average age of representatives	34.64	34.17	35.33	41.50	31.00	40.95	35.83	36.87
Number of representatives married	9	3	2	2	5	18	4	43
Average length of service in years	4.53	11.50	6.31	5.92	9.29	9.13	7.35	7.98
Number of qualified voters	2033	788	185	85	420	3631	1071	8213
Per cent of qualified voters on duty election day who voted	99.83	99.47	100.00	100.00	99.74	98.99	99.01	99.31

THE JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE ELECTION

Whiting Refinery—No. 1—Here's a picture taken during one of the celebrations after the election of Henry Behrens, Warner Sutherland and Harry Whyte, Ninth division. No. 2—(Left to right) B. R. Kerner, Mike Buchany, Stanley Nicholson and Joe Rulak voting at the Fourth division election. No. 3—(Left to right) William Bachi, Michael Germick, Joseph Sceerey, Clarence Phelps and Harry Moore were snapped while voting in the Third division.

THE OLD STEAM ROLLER AT WHITING



Whiting Refinery—No. 1—May the best man win! That was what (left to right) Ira Clarke, P. L. Carter, Charles Dailey, Ed Cotner, Tom Shimala, A. C. Grieger and Otto White thought when casting their ballots in the Second division election, for the Joint General Committee. No. 2—Here's the steam roller, rolling for Dan Gallagher. John Petersen is in the cab. Mike Baran is on the ground. No. 3—Voting in the First division (left to right) P. J. Gallagher, E. E. McAfee, Grant Hatch, John Cigrand, Joe Graves, E. H. Olsen, C. R. Carrette and W. G. Kigar.

LARAMIE REFINERY HOLDS PICNIC

Laramie Refinery—No. 1—Here's a group of Laramie Refinery employees on a Sunday picnic. A happy looking bunch. No. 2—And a watermelon race, held at one of the Sunday picnics. Gee, watermelon! Doggone, it's six months until June.

SERVICE AGAIN

La Crosse Division—While John Loecher, Austin, Minn., city truck driver, was making his regular calls, he was stopped by a woman who said that her kerosene stove had caught fire. Mr. Loecher rushed in the house and carried out the stove all aflame. The fire department came after he had extinguished the fire.

ATTENTION J. G. C.'S

Because the covers of the Stanolind Record are printed two months in advance, the names of the new Joint General Committees will not appear on the inside front cover until the January issue.

ANNUITANTS

Three more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity pay-roll, according to the report of Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer. They follow:

Mr. John F. Bodholdt, 222 Logan avenue, Mason City division; in the service 35 years and 1 month.

Mr. George D. Stewart, 418 North Labette street, Cherryvale, Kans.; formerly S. S. attendant in Kansas City division; in service 17 years and 6 months.

Mr. August Weidman, 535 Schrage avenue, Whiting, Ind.; formerly water drawer in Whiting Refinery; in service 25 years and 6 months.

FARGO BUSINESS WOMEN TOLD OF SOCO

Fargo Division—The recent get-together dinner of the Fargo Business Women's Club was in charge of the Standard Oil girls who belong to this organization. These girls certainly advertised their company to 100 or more business women present. A Standard Oil service station in miniature was the outstanding feature of the table decorations. Situated on the main table, miniature white-ways led down the centers of the other tables to this station. Birthday candles acted as street lights along the white-ways and Red Crown and Polarine road signs pointed the way towards service. As place cards the Red Crown notification cards with Superla Birthday Candles were used and the menu was also stenciled on the reverse side of this Red Crown notification card.

Mr. Packard, speaker of the evening, gave a talk on the human side of the Standard Oil Company as a corporation.

Miss Marvyl Larson sang "Homing, Del Riego" and "Kreisler's Lullaby of 1915". Miss Sarah Olson pleased with two selections of Eugene Fields, "Seein' Things at Night" and "The Nine Little Goblins". The famous Polarine Quartet, consisting of the Misses Mable Foy, Clara Aldahl, Martha Lillevold and Rose Meyerlie, brought down the house with their rendition of the "Hymn for Polarine".

PUPILS WANTED !

General Office, Chicago.—Miss Lucille Workman, fifth floor auditing, teaches dancing at night. Line of prospective pupils will please form to the right.

OLD TIMERS HONORED

Wood River Refinery—Thirteen men received ten-year service buttons during October for meritorious work. J. F. McCredie and George McGaw received twenty-year pins. Dan Halloran, Sr., received a thirty-year service button.

NINE GET 10-YEAR BUTTONS

Detroit Division.—The following men were awarded ten year buttons for meritorious service in November:

J. E. Barton, agent, Stockbridge, Mich.; W. L. Benson, agent, Brooklyn, Mich.; J. R. Barbour, agent, Fenton, Mich.; Sherman Pelton, agent, St. Clair, Mich.; George H. Stodt, agent, Waldron, Mich.; G. S. Goldsmith, agent, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Bertram F. Anteau, assistant stock clerk, Detroit, Mich.; Austin Hanning, S. S. attendant, Detroit, Mich., and E. F. Patterson, agent, Jackson, Mich.

STANDARD OILERS BANISH LONELINESS ON TRIP

Chicago Division—The following comment on Standard Oil Service was told to Commodore Jones by the wife of one of the officials of the Western Electric Company:

"You know, Commodore, every Summer I drive to and from my place in northern Michigan. On this long trip of more than 200 miles, I have never felt lonely, for always the Standard Oil service station attendants banished the solitude with never failing courtesy and friendliness. The Standard Oil Company is to be congratulated in having such a fine group of men in its employ."

POETIC JUSTICE

Sugar Creek Refinery—The S. O. A. A. baseball team finished second in the Independence Sunday School baseball league, but the real jolt came when the All-Star team was picked and not a S. O. A. A. player placed. Our fighting manager, Earl J. Cox, couldn't see it that way and forthwith challenged said All-Star team to a game and the challenge was accepted. The game was played October 4 on the Independence diamond and our team romped all over the All-Stars, knocking out three All-Star pitchers, while our southpaw, Clarence Stafford was turning them down one, two, three. The game ended with seventeen strikeouts to his credit. The final score was 11 to 4.

* * *

Bellhop: (after guest had rung for ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Guest: "Heck, no! I was tolling. I thought you were dead."—*Exchange.*

HARRY L. LINDQUIST DIES

We had hoped at this writing to announce to the host of interested friends the recovery of Harry L. Lindquist, who for thirty-six years and two months was employed in the Standard Oil Company, sales auditing department. But this anticipated pleasure could not be, for on Saturday, November 4, at about 7 A. M., he passed away, after a severe illness of some nine weeks duration.

Mr. Lindquist suffered from an infection that involved the mastoid, and this with complications resulted in his death, some four weeks, four days after undergoing an operation in hopes of regaining his health.

Having entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company on August 4, 1888, at the age of sixteen years, four months, he had hopes of enjoying the fruit of faithful service in the "Annuity Plan" not long hence. He leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn his loss.

To those who knew Harry these words will be all but empty. Ever ready to show those little courtesies and acts of kindness that made for him a place in the lives of those about him that none other can fill.

ORIGINAL SERVICE

St. Louis Division.—This is a story about Original Service to a community. Hy Schuenemann, agent at Sullivan, Mo., was deputized by the town marshal to apprehend a bad man one midnight. The culprit was quick on the draw but Hy who had swung so many five gallon lithos that he had speed with a punch, kayoed the badman with a billy. The badman was carried to the hoosegow on a stretcher.

RESTORES DIAMOND RINGS

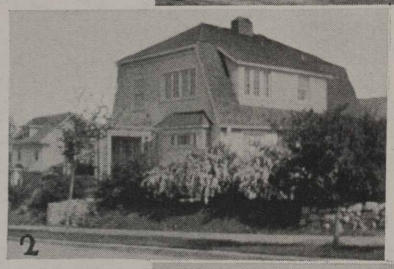
Indianapolis Division.—Ernest Fruenchenicht, a tourist from old Kentuck, vouches for SOCO service. His wife left three diamond rings on the window sill of S. S. No. 302, Indianapolis, which were found by Attendant Basil Robinson and returned to the owner. Mr. Fruenchenicht offered a reward, but was told by Mr. Robinson that he got paid twice a month to give every possible service.

WHITING'S 20 YEAR MEN BEAT CHICAGO'S

Whiting Refinery.—With no breath of scandal attached whatsoever, unless it could be construed that Stenhouse's offer of the Whiting Office building to members of the Chicago team for "throwing" the game is scandal, the third annual baseball game between twenty-year service men of Whiting Refinery and Chicago Office was a model for the big leagues. Especially the score, 5 to 4, in seven innings. Whiting won. No. 1—Here are the victors: Standing (left to right) Schnell, p; Hansen, c; Kinder, rf; Ehlers, cf; Long, ss. Front Row (left to right) Ehlert, 3d; Stenhouse, 1st; Girard, lf, and Moffett, 2d. No. 2—Now, the losers: Standing (left to right) Hollands, 2d; Jaremba, umpire; F. Radcliffe, ss. Front Row (left to right) Roberts, lf; Dave Radcliffe, c; Savageau, 1st; Pallas, rf, and Smeed, 3d.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES OWNED BY K.C. OILERS

1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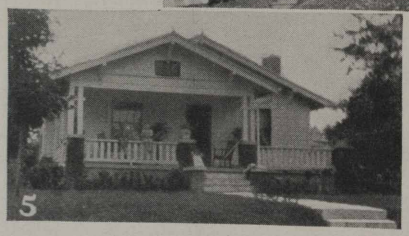
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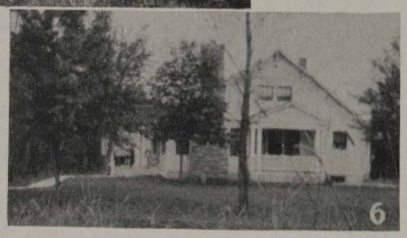

6

Kansas City Division.—In response to the request of the Stanolind Record, many Standard Oil home owners have sent in photos of their homes. Here we print some of the handsome residences owned by Standard Oilers of this division. No. 1—The O. J. Butler home. No. 2—The Mooesby's residence. No. 3—The F. A. Seckinger home. No. 5—The Howard C. Hinde, Independence, Mo., residence. No. 4—The Burt W. Hudnut home, Frances Hudnut is shown. No. 6—The J. G. Seward home in Fairland Heights.

15,000 VISIT STANDARD OIL PRODUCTS EXHIBITION

Artistic Displays of Company's Goods Win Approval of Whiting Citizens and Employees; Hundreds From General Office Attend; Show Given Under Auspices of J. G. C.

WHITING, IND.—Never before in the history of the petroleum industry was there such an artistic display of oil products as was exhibited at the Whiting Community Center building under the auspices of the Whiting Works Joint General Committee.

The Whiting J. G. C. appointed a subcommittee, composed of Messrs. Warner Sutherland, chairman; P. O. Vandeveer, L. M. Graham, John Palyo and W. N. Bercaw, to handle the affair. These men, in conjunction with a department heads committee, composed of Drs. O. E.Bransky, chairman; and R. T. Myrick and Messrs. R. F. Storer, D. J. Paskwietz and P. A. Petersen, worked out many new and novel effects for the displays. Mr. Orson Combs, Chicago Advertising Department, had charge of all decorations.

In conjunction with the exhibition of Standard Oil products were entertainments and booster meetings which were under the direction of Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, manager of the Chicago sales division. More than 15,000 visited the exhibition and of these 9,920 attended the entertainments.

The first day of the show was given over to Whiting Works employes and 5,000 attended. More than 2,000 filled the auditorium of the Community Center for two shows. The hall seats 900, which resulted in overflow crowds for each meeting.

The second day was given over to the school children of Whiting, teachers and general public. More than 3,000 children, brought by their teachers, visited the displays and entertainment. Classes were dismissed by Whiting public and parochial school authorities so that the pupils might have an opportunity of visiting the show and acquiring the knowledge that this instructive exhibition offered. The invitation to the children was the result of a suggestion of Mr. T. J. Thompson. Mr. Allan Jackson's suggestion for the "service and distribution" tended to widen the knowledge of spectators concerning the scope of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

The third and last day of the exhibition was given over to the general public. Hundreds of Chicago employes of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) took advantage of the one o'clock closing to go to Whiting for the exhibits. It was estimated that 4,500 persons saw the show on Saturday.

The Advertising Department was the first exhibit the spectator saw on entering the main door of the Center. Here were original drawings and paintings of Standard Oil advertising matter, billboards, bulletin boards, booklets and window decorations. The animated picture of Polarine flowing from a can caused much favorable comment. The vast scope of the Advertising Department and its gigantic work was well presented to the spectator. He saw proofs of institutional advertisements placed on the walls, and went to the Semdac exhibit with a new insight into the being of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

The Semdac exhibit showed two General Office girls demonstrating the use of the universal polisher. The girls, Miss Evelyn Weiss and Mrs. Eleanor Alabeck, stationed behind a mahogany table, showed the interested housewives how to use Semdac to the best advantage. Advertising matter describing the work of Semdac was given out to all who asked. The display was very beautifully done with color tones of Autumn.

The Polarine display, which came next, was one that brought out much interest from owners of cars. On one side was a machine showing the actual work of Polarine Oils and Greases in moving machinery. On the other side was an apparatus showing the different viscosity of oils by means of air bubbles which rose in speeds in indirect ratio to the heaviness of the Polarine. Here was Polarine-F, a new product manufactured especially for Ford Motors, which every Ford owner had heard of and now saw. In the center of this display was artistically arranged Polarine cans, making one of the best exhibits of motor oils and

(Continued on page 27)

DISMISS CLASSES *for* SOCO PRODUCTS SHOW

Whiting, Ind.—Classes in parochial and public schools were dismissed so that the pupils would have an opportunity of visiting the Standard Oil Products Exhibition and acquiring that knowledge that this very instructive exhibition offered. No. 1—One of the public school classes which lined up in front of the Community Center Building (where the exhibit was held). No. 2—The classes of a parochial school. The pupils were in the charge of teachers during the trip through the displays.

(Continued from page 25)

greases ever seen. It won the approval of all. Messrs. Richard Walker and H. J. Engbrecht were able demonstrators.

Next in line was the Parowax exhibit, in charge of Mrs. Hazel Wade and Miss Cecile Phelan, General Office employees. Here the use of Parowax as a seal for jelly glasses and fruit jars was demonstrated. Booklets and samples of the paraffine wax were given to many pleased housewives. A jar of jelly, sealed in the old-time method of a piece of paper tied around the top with a rubber band, was contrasted with the new way of Parowax poured over the top of the jelly. A mason jar of peaches was shown sealed by means of Parowax —a direct contrast to the old method of twisting the top on tight and hoping that no air would enter to ferment the contents. The Parowax insured air-tightness.

Then came the Finol display. Here cans and containers of the oil of a thousand and one uses were displayed in a manner to bring Finol vividly to the attention of the spectators. Without a doubt this was real mass-selling. Messrs. L. H. Alexander and G. C. Railton were in charge here.

The Stanolax display came next. Autumn shrubbery gave a pleasing color cast to the decoration. Messrs. G. A. Grants and N. De Lue Jr. were on hand to put this product in the minds of the people.

The next display always had a crowd around it. It was the exhibit of Kalo Chrome department of the Whiting Works Candle Shops. In charge of Misses Elizabeth Fauth, Anna Kekich, Veronica Sabol and Anna Volcsko, who demonstrated how Kalo Chrome candles are colored, this display caused a remarkable show of interest. Small Kalo Chrome candles were given away here as souvenirs. This was a fitting introduction to the next display.

Mass-selling in one of its highest forms was the display of the Candle Shops. Here, lighted by amber and green floodlights, were displayed the many different kinds of candles made by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Pearl gray silk under-draperies added much to the richness of this exhibit. Two huge candles, each about eight feet tall and weighing 450 pounds, were described by Messrs. Dow Walker and A. C. Bradley, demonstrators for this exhibit. The candles were the tallest ever made in this country, and the taking them from moulds necessitated the cutting away of part of the ceiling of a candle shop room. A Birthday cake—made, it was hinted, from a hat box which had been frosted—showed the use of the Standard Oil candles to measure the years of those who still look upon birthdays as pleasureable events. This was a display that evoked much comment from the spectators.

Then came the farm products display, in charge of Messrs. Gordon Patchen and E. B. Haaker. All the products of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) with specialized farm use were here. Mica, Bovinol, Polarine, thresher oil, harness oil and others raised their heads for a glance from many, who stopped to look and listen.

In the center of the room was a complete miniature refinery. Here an oil well reared its scaffolding to the skies. Further on, storage tanks held the crude petroleum for the use of the stills just a little distance away. Pipe lines crossed hither and yon. Can shop, candle works, grease and barrel houses and others took up space to show the spectator that the refining business is one of the most complicated and efficient of all. Around the refinery ran a railroad on which, stopping and starting automatically, was a train which won the hearts of the children. Drs. O. E. Bransky and R. T. Myrick and Messrs. D. F. Storer, D. J. Paskwietz and P. A. Petersen described the process of refining to thousands of persons.

Then, and lastly, came the exhibit of the Chicago Sales Department. Here was a miniature service station, the kind which cries to the world. "Here you'll find Service—Anywhere, Anytime." It was a model of a Standard Oil station, of course. Tank trucks, storage stations, a farm well stocked with sheep, cows and horses were there to catch the eye and hold the interest. Relief and flat maps of the eleven states served by the sales divisions of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) showed locations of service stations. This display evoked much interest from Whiting Works employees who were interested in learning about the work of the selling end of the business. In charge of this display were Messrs. E. L. Des Jardins, Ross Smith and J. P. Juric.

From this display, the crowd wended its way to the auditorium to see the "Story of Gasoline" film and the entertainment. A program of one of the October 16 shows might be interesting. It follows:

Act 1—Overture. Blue Moon Orchestra. Mr. Leonard Lawrenz, director.

(Concluded on page 30)

(Concluded from page 27)

Act 2—Tableaux. (1) Red Crown parade (animated). (2) Polarine (animated). Costumes for tableaux by Misses Martha Heinley and Estelle Farr.

Act 3—Community singing. Mr. Harry Glair, leader. (a) Directors' trio, Messrs. E. G. Seubert, E. J. Bullock and R. H. McElroy. Songs: *Schnitzelbaum and Yonnie Yonson.* (b) Solo, *I Want a Girl,* Mr. John Looby.

Act 4—Booster talks. (a) Mr. Warner Sutherland, chairman; (b) Mr. C. A. Phelps; (c) Mr. P. O. Vandeveer, and (d) Mr. John D. Clark.

Act 5—Blue Moon Orchestra. (a) *June Night;* (b) *Ida.* Orchestra composed of Messrs. Leonard Lawrenz, director; C. P. Schwartz, Paul Hau, Joseph Truz, Ernest Birkaw, Louis Bercaw, Louis Klein, William Fastoff and L. R. Lawrenz.

Act 6—Introduction to "Story of Gasoline" film, Mr. Warner Sutherland.

Act 7—Motion picture, "Story of Gasoline." Film produced by United States Bureau of Mines with Standard Oil Company (Indiana) cooperating.

Act 8—Finale: Grand March, orchestra.

The second show of October 16 included a solo by Mr. E. B. Camerson, *Put Away a Little Ray of Golden Sunshine,* a duet by Messrs. Looby and Cameron, *Sunset Trail,* and a booster talk by Mr. J. W. Wilson.

The program for the children's entertainment included, in addition to some of the above, an overture by the Whiting Works orchestra, composed of Messrs. N. E. Kundrat, director; J. E. Wickersham, R. E. Carlson, Raymond Koch, W. E. Schimpf and C. A. Huonger; Mr. Raymond Compton's Punch and Judy, and a Playlet, "Lassoed," a melodramatic travesty in one act, with a cast of Miss Gloria Chandler, Mr. Rudd Lowry and Mr. Waldo Jennings. The playlet was given in France during the World War approximately 450 times by Mr. Lowry.

The program for the evening of October 17 had in addition to some of the preceding programs a gymnastic act by Gene Utz and Pals, a magic act by Mr. Russell Walsh and a ventriloquist sketch by Mr. C. C. Ulrich.

To give credit for the exceptional work of this exhibition, the following must be named:

The Whiting Works Joint General Committee.

Plant Managers and Superintendents: Messrs. R. E. Humphreys, G. Cash, J. E. Evans and H. F. Glair.

Department Heads Committee: Messrs. O. E. Bransky, chairman; R. F. Storer, D. J. Paskwietz, R. T. Myrick and P. A. Petersen.

Sub-Committee of J. G. C.: Messrs. Warner Sutherland, chairman; P. O. Vandeveer, L. M. Graham, John Palyo and W. N. Bercaw.

Whiting Citizens: Messrs. Walter Schrafe, mayor; J. B. Kyle, president of Chamber of Commerce, and Fred Smith, president of Community Service.

Whiting Community Service: Messrs. R. J. Schmoyer, R. V. Ramage, J. Sharp, M. J. Collins, and B. E. Abercrombie and Misses Martha Heinley and Estelle Farr.

Publicity Committee: Messrs. Walter Bercaw and L. M. Graham.

Speakers at Booster Meetings and Entertainment: Messrs. Warner Sutherland, John D. Clark, C. F. Hatmaker, J. W. Wilson, P. O. Vandeveer and C. A. Phelps.

Reception Committee of Whiting Works Employees: Messrs. R. M. Schmidt, T. J. Burke, Charles Naef, William Fuller, Nick Scholl, John Kidnay, George Locke, Nick Wilson, R. T. Myrick and P. A. Petersen.

Ushers: Messrs. R. M. Schmidt, director of ushers for exhibits; H. J. Broderson, directors of ushers for entertainment; Henry Behrens, J. E. Brinker, R. N. Brown, T. J. Burke, Andro Chilla, Frank Eaton, F. Ehlers, C. Fitzgerald, George Fortener, William Fuller, Ben Imler, Luke Kelly, John V. Kidnay, H. Koch, George Locke, W. J. Lynch, R. T. Myrick, Charles Naef, A. J. Olson, John G. Palyo, D. J. Paskwietz, P. A. Petersen, John Plath, G. J. Prentice, W. J. Reder, H. Rolph, Nick Scholl, James Spanier, C. R. Stanton, U. G. Swartz, Charles E. Thompson, R. R. Tilton, Andy Vargo, R. G. Walker, Harry Wheeler and Art Beaubien.

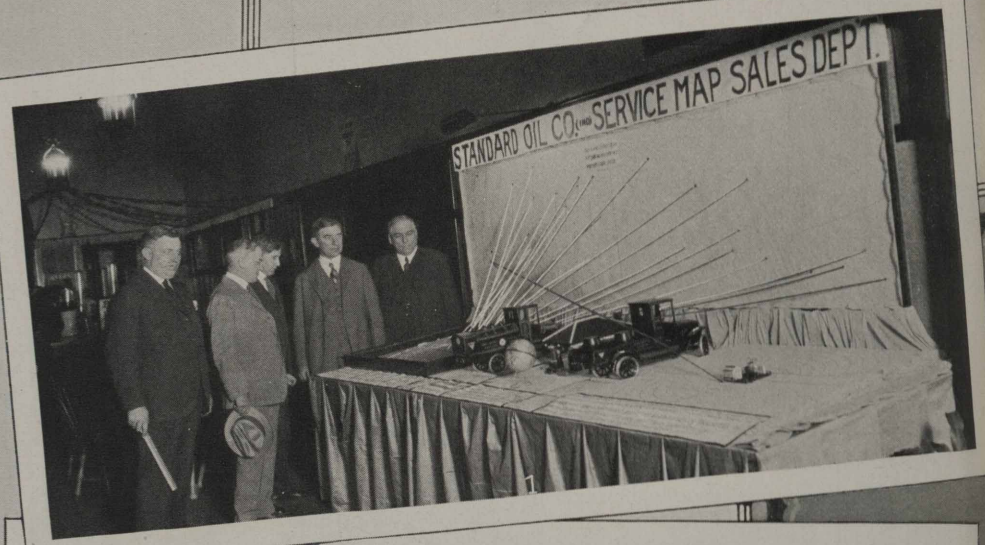
Electrical, Construction and Miscellaneous Help: Messrs. R. F. Storer, Nick Wilson, Charles Naef and Ed. Wonnacott.

Chicago Entertainment Organization: Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, programs and entertainment; Mr. J. W. Wilson, properties and transportation; Mr. Rudd Lowry, stage director; Mr. Eugene Utz, assistant stage director; Mr. Leonard Lawrenz, music director; Mr. N. H. Reed, advertising; Mr. Orson Combs, decorations; Messrs. Leon McGrath and E. F. Walsh, demonstrations.

THE CANDLE AND SEMDAC DISPLAYS

Whiting, Ind.—No. 1—A display, which in its sheer beauty and artistry brought forth the murmur of hundreds of visitors at the Standard Oil Products exhibition, was the exhibit of candles. The two end displays were lighted by amber and green floodlights. The two large candles shown tied with white ribbons are the tallest candles in the world. The candles were streaked with finger marks at the end of the exhibit as the visitors couldn't believe that they were real. The only thing about the candle display that wasn't real was the birthday cake—it was a frosted hat box. No. 2—You rub, and rub, and smile. The smile is for the shine you get when you rub, and rub, with Semdac. Miss Evelyn Weiss (left) and Mrs. Eleanor Alabeck were demonstrators at this booth.

STANDARD OIL PRODUCTS EXHIBITION VISITED BY THOUSANDS



Whiting, Ind.—One of the most artistic exhibitions of petroleum products ever displayed was held at the Whiting Community Center building, October 16, 17 and 18. No. 1—The Chicago sales department exhibit. Besides relief and flat maps, a model service station, trucks, etc., were shown. (Left to right) J. W. Wilson, assistant manager of Chicago Sales Department; N. H. Reed, manager of Advertising Department; C. F. Hatmaker, manager of Chicago Sales Department; Allan Jackson, vice-president, and T. J. Thompson, general manager, showed great interest in this display. No. 2—The miniature refinery—showing the progress of crude petroleum from the well to the tank car. This was one of the highlights of the exhibition. No. 3—Dr. O. E. Bransky, head of the Whiting Works Paraffine Department, gave much time and attention to technical phases of the exhibition. Here he is shown testing the temperature of paraffin coloring, to be used on souvenir candles. No. 4—The Advertising Department exhibit. Orson Combs, who had charge of all decorations for the exhibition, is shown putting the final touches on this display.

WHITING, IND.

Agitators

"To those of the thirteenth division who stood by me in my hour of need, I want to thank and let you know that I really appreciate your help in electing me as representative. To those that were against me I bear no malice and I promise you that I shall fight just as hard for you as I would for my closest friend." (Extract taken from Grant Spurrier's victory speech which was broadcasted over W. G. N., Chicago.) To those who do not know our new representative very well let me say a few words. Grant has been with the S. O. Company for the past thirty-three years. He is of a jovial disposition, and never lets petty grievances stand in the way of making new friends. One will find in him a man who will stand by and speak up for the convictions in which he believes.

John Moore has matriculated in the Armour Tech Night School and is taking a course in chemical engineering.

Ray Durbin has been transferred to the crude station pump house. Ray was a good fellow and we hated to see him go.

Joe Rausch has been transferred to the gas absorption plant as helper.

Chris Etter celebrated his first wedding anniversary on October 22. Chris says to those who are about to become benedicts he will gladly give any information.

Fred Johnson, "clay plant," is back at work after a pleasant two weeks' vacation.

Harry Etter sure feels chesty these days and why shouldn't he. Harry has just finished serving on the jury in the Circuit Court.

Oren Mackey has assumed a new role, namely, that of looking after all the pipe and repair work in the treating department.

Dr. Myrick has had "Willie" all dolled up. New paint job, new top and everything.

John Moore is back on the agitators having been transferred from the crude station pump house.

Clarence Joost claims he has only washed his Ford once since he got it. For shame, Clarence, to let your Ford run about town looking so dirty.

Joe Duggan says, "Although we did not place in any of the athletic events at the park last Labor Day, were they to run a beauty contest for men it would be the first three places for the agitators?"

Hinie Smith is the proud father of a baby boy born September 7. Both mother and son are getting along well.

Lyle Dunning has returned to work after a two weeks' motor trip through Northern Michigan and Canada.

Paraffine Department

The paraffine department suffered the loss of one of their fellow men, Frederick Schmandt, who passed away at his home on September 10. He was 47 years of age and was an employee of the SOCO about eight years, during which time he made many friends who deeply grieve his absence. The department extends its deepest sympathy to the family of the deceased.

Now that everyone is back from their vacation, (and a good time was had by all), plans for next year's vacations are most enthusiastically being discussed—It's a long wait, boys!

George Jefchak, shiek of the paraffine laboratory, quite frequently goes to Hegewisch—on an average of six or seven times a week. Who is she, and when will congratulations be in order, George?

Hurrah for the Paraffine Bowling Team No. 1! It is going 100 per cent strong. George Wilt is captain. Why shouldn't it be a good team?

Have you seen the snappy looking beaded Indian charm "Bill" Haman Sr. is wearing? He vacationed in Wisconsin. Those Indian maidens must be mean vamps!

Frank Lauer, the only rival of the Prince of Wales, passed the cigars and accepted congratulations the latter part of August, all due to the fact that he took unto himself a bride, Miss Hilda Poppen, formerly employed as chief operator at the SOCO telephone office. The paraffine department all join in wishing the newlyweds a very bright future and much happiness.

Ralph Eberly had the misfortune of turning his Ford over while vacationing in Pine Village, Ind. "Tim" Ryan has given the Ford a new name—he says its "The Covered Wagon"—you see, a few windows were broken and temporary windows (cheesecloth) now adorn the vehicle.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

General News

J. W. Curry was at the Sugar Creek refinery nomination day, Oct. 15th.

The election at the Sugar Creek refinery this year was a more or less tame affair. H. O. Roth of division No. 6 was the only candidate to inject much publicity into the campaign and he was defeated by the inspection department political machine in a neck and neck race. James O'Hara in No. 2 won over Luther Lee by one vote.

Earl Kresge, Carrie Rice, Phillip Fraher, Frank Brown and Johnny Sullivan are working at the Ford Motor Company plant, Kansas City, Mo.

Mechanical Department

Among those who threw Jack O'Lantern parties October 31 was none other than case-hardened, rarin' to go, hot and bother Clarence Miller. Everything was lovely even to the "looney" cider (Sugar Creek brand) and everyone went home pledging giant satisfaction. Clarence threw the party to raise his spirits to heights where he can coast through the long, hard, rough, foul and ruthless winter he predicts.

Raymond Blake, brother of the three Blake brothers employed at the UTL shops, won the first prize at the Masked Ball of the Priest of Pallas reign in Kansas City this year. His make-up was a portrayal of Lon Chaney in the photoplay, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Elmer Baker took two days off in order to help a team from the Independence Chapter of the K. of P. do some work at Ottawa, Kan.

Larry Lynch has the sympathy of all in the death of his brother, Oct. 25.

Bill Milliron and Drane are still crossing swords over the Star-Ford question. They agree on only one point. Bill says his Star car deserves a place in the firmament and Tom favors the same position for it.

Someone stole Emmett Ewing's Jewett Six October 5, but failed to get very far and Emmett recovered it the next day.

Stolen Oct. 8, one 1916 Ford touring car.

"Thanks," says Mike Cauley, owner. Mike says he bets the poor sucker will never steal anything more in the dark.

The sales department has returned boilermaker, John Bishop, to us after using him four months on repair work in South Dakota, Iowa and Kansas.

Frank Lee spent a week of his vacation working on his house, but managed to get over to a few matinees and lay in another year's supply of jokes.

Wonder why Frank Chandler motors to Lexington so much? Must be a sweet mama down there. How about it, Frank?

Kenneth Kleihauer has the sympathy of all in the death of his little brother.

Refinery Department

C. O. "Speed" Taylor of the paraffine works whose Ford car always gets a cold when Winter sets in has cured it this Winter by a good dose of Polarine Cough Syrup.

"Professor" Al Shondell of the paraffine works has discovered a new way to kill cockroaches and all who wish to try it follow the following instructions carefully: First, get a five cent box of 20 Mule Team Borax. Second, buy a fifty gallon barrel of heavy Polarine. Third, mix the Borax into the Polarine and let stand twenty-four hours to form the Bloozie Paste. Fourth, catch your cockroach and feed it one tablespoon full of Bloozie Paste.

Fritz Long had no trouble cashing his warrant after a weeks jury service in Judge Johnson's Court.

Johnny Burke came drifting home at 2 A. M. from a Hallowe'en dance. Pretty good for an old man.

John Tuepker of the boiler-house is a proud father after twenty-three years of married life.

Frank McInturff, Radio station P. U. M. P., is remodeling his home in Fairmount; when completed he will have five rooms strictly modern.

The home of John Gates just south of the East Hill tanks burned the evening of October 24, and there was great excitement at the Paraffine works for a while until the fire quit blowing over into the plant.

What should be done with old bucks like Hook Hoffman and Ed Richmond for shouting around at a "looney" cider Hallowe'en party?

Main Office

Charlie Koehler bought a new Chevrolet touring car. Fine. Charlie took the car out. Fine. Charlie tore the front wheel off. Not so good. Garage bill. H——.

John Waller Jr. spent his vacation at home in Kansas City and says never again—it cost too much. M. V. Hancock also spent his vacation at home.

Frank Searcy is now a member of the Main Office building force in F. J. Holzbaur's office. Welcome, Frank.

J. A. Hininger has been seen slipping about with a piece of glass tubing bent after the fashion of a-a-a, well for want of a better name we will have to say syphon. Invite us over, Judge, and we won't tell it all.

Earl S. Cox has traded his new Standard Ford in and got a brand new one with all the extras.

Shebas get down low on your knees! J. Turner, that sheik of sheiks, has bought a new second-hand 1923 Buick Roadster.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Labor Department

H. Rettinhause announced the arrival of a baby boy recently by passing some good cigars to his friends. Thanks for the smokes Slim and best wishes to the future of the lad.

E. Hannold and M. Powell made two trips to the Union Station in St. Louis, Mo., recently to meet Mrs. Hannold on her return from a vacation. The first trip down, Eddie went inside the station, looked around, carefully, but could not find his wife. They returned home and upon their arrival here a message was received stating that Mrs. Hannold had been at the Station since early in the evening waiting for the reception committee which had failed to appear and would be glad to have them come at once, which they did, and the second time, found Mrs. Hannold.

General News

Referring to Buck Blackburn's record of making the trip to Dow with only seven punctures, Buck McDow has that beaten several different ways. He made the trip recently with only four punctures and very little other trouble.

Since Fred Brett has moved to the main office where they work with their hats off, we have been wondering if he has any trouble keeping his pompadour out of his eyes.

Boilermakers

Monk Westbrook was off recently to take the hide from a horse which had passed away. Monk said you can't neglect these things. The boilermakers must have shoes.

George Nelson made a trip to Grafton and got fifty pounds of honey. He also got lost on the way home in the vicinity of Jerseyville, which is a long distance from Grafton.

Johnny Crow is grandpa now. His son, John Jr. presented the family with a fine baby boy and John Sr. laid off one day to celebrate the happy event.

Louis Rebenack has started in the business of moving real estate, we are told. Louis moves the real estate both ways. He moves it in and then moves it back again, when requested. This is service and that is what people demand these days.

Bill Cook has made his annual trip to Grafton for the Winter supply of walnuts. Bill did not gather the nuts this time. He found it easier to purchase same. Now he has a part interest in a new gun and the boys hope he will not need to get his rabbits like he gets walnuts.

Sid Gent is grandpa. Sid has the congratulations of many friends in this achievement. Sid made a fine start in the grandpa business, getting a fine baby boy the first time.

Jack Hanson was observed in a recent sparring match with a certain promoter. Jack has proven himself the equal to any in the ring and we know, now, that he knows the outside business pretty well. Jack turned down a very flattering offer to box in Collinsville, according to the promoter, which carried a guarantee of about twelve per-cent.

Tinners, Painters and Pipe Coverers

Rudy Moore made a trip to Dorchester to make a purchase of two tires for his auto. He got supper and lodging and claims he saved $7 on the trip. We believe this breaks all previous shopping records.

Fred Balster has won the name of the "Big Duffer" in the painting department.

John Wolf was off recently to attend the wedding of his son, Jack Wolf. We understand the event was properly celebrated.

Capt. Forsting of the Bowling League is fighting hard at the present time, for last place in the league.

Ollie Lemmon, an old friend and a good friend to all of us, has passed away. The death came after a long illness but arrangements had been made so that Ollie was on a sick leave during the past year, and up to a few days before his death he spoke of being back with us again. A large number of his fellow employees from the refinery were present at his funeral and walked to the last resting place with the body of this good friend. Ollie was a member of the band and took part in things that make for more friendly and kindly relations among his fellow employees. The sympathy of a host of friends is extended to Mrs. Lemmon, who carried on so well when Ollie was stricken with the fatal illness about eleven months before his death and made the last days of our friend as happy as human hands could make it.

Main Pump House, Steam Stills, Electricians

Harry Harrod, pumper in the Main Pump House, spent two weeks recently touring Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Having purchased a nice new Columbia touring car, he was making the best use of it. Harry brought the poor thing back, lame, sore and blind, having run into a concrete abutment. This damages any car but a Ford. Harry says that there is a telephone post for everyone, some place in the world. Jake Newman found this to be the truth.

Tirey Harrod is using all available paper, scrap and otherwise, figuring out the plans of a house which he has started. The only trouble he finds is that the lumberman cannot agree with his figures.

The boys at the pump house at the river have become studious recently. Mr. Paul Miller is taking a course with the I. C. S. in electricity. Mr. Schueler is taking a scouting course as master and W. Miller is taking a course in "True Romance".

We are glad to report that Chief Fox and others of the fire department have made a good start on funds for the new fire equipment. They were out on "Corn Night" with the subscription list and one of our fellow workers went to the door to chase corn throwers from the porch and was nicked for $5 before he got back in the house. He stayed in the rest of the evening.

Main Office

We have been informed that Joe Lamm has given up his chase for bowling honors. Losing three games should not be taken so seriously, Joe. We know several who have not won that many to date.

Someone tried to make a snake charmer out of the stationery clerk recently. Miss Mary Hufker found a snake of the garden variety in her desk drawer and called for help immediately. Hearing the cry of distress, our veteran rod-man came gallantly and immediately to the relief, subdued the trouble maker and restored peace.

What we have been trying to say for some time is that Russell Durham has, or had, a new Ford Coupe but the editor was either so surprised that he left it out or it was plain darn orneriness. Anyway it deserves mention.

Bill Garde thought our new photostat machine was a combination hay-baler and moon still.

We musn't fail to announce our new janitor, Corporal Chocolate. He looks and is more efficient than the famous twins of the same color.

Laboratory

On October 15, Opal Savage left our midst to be married on the 17th to Freeland Thompson. We are all wishing them much happiness thru life. After a short honeymoon in the Ozark Mountains, they returned to their home on Madison Avenue. On the 27th the laboratory force were entertained very pleasantly by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson with games, music and refreshments.

One of our girls here is very interested in safety suggestions. We wonder why—and another one talks very much about the Roxana Oil Company. There must be a reason.

Miss Edna Dietz spend one day last week with relatives in Belleville.

The laboratory tests all kinds of oil. The latest has been snake oil. Ask the force upstairs.

Ed Wurtzler was away for a few days attending the funeral of a relative. Mr. Wurtzler is extended the sympathy of the force in his loss.

Acid Works

Arthur Vineyard and Jack White were heard singing the Democratic parody. We will admit they make pretty good lead burners.

Tom Johnson covered all bets on the election being flush from his heavy winnings from the world's serious.

Harvey Sheets has been flitting around with the Red Bird pretty much this Fall, going from here to Indiana and back, just like that.

Lubricating Department

Jim Hester of the clay filter plant made a trip to Mississippi recently with his family to attend the funeral of his father. The sympathy of many friends is extended to Jim and his family in their loss.

McNely, the bee man, came to work the other day claiming he had taken 700 pounds of honey from the hive the previous evening and honey was not all he got. His eyes were mostly shut and his face was mostly puffed up.

Whitie Allen made a trip recently to Missouri and saw part of the Ozark Mountains. Whitie says you can see the old home place from the top of the last hill and it takes three hours to reach the home from that point.

Machine Shop

Smiling Bill Miller, who served as representative for the sixth division the latter part of the past term, was elected for the coming year at last week's election. Miller has been with us about seven years, is young, good looking and unmarried—now. One at a time, girls. The Machine Shop force, one and all, wish him all the success possible.

Herman Wuestenfeld has returned to work after having spent a nice little vacation in Chicago and vicinity, and, like all Lincoln Pup owners, says you can get anywhere with a Ford.

The other night Charley Davidson was cranking his Ford to return home from work and the engine shook loose from the chassis. Joe Schenck, Charley's fishing partner, yelled, "My Gawd,

Charley, shut her off quick, our fishing buggy is going to H——."

The men in the machine shop would like to know why Carol Bandy bought a nice file case to keep receipts for baking and cooking. What, Ho, tell us something, Carol.

Julius Gamer and Ed. Kerwin, the meter twins, having read about a St. Louis firm selling airplanes for $1000, have decided to go in together and get one. We have some high steppers around here, but we are afraid they will look small along side of this pair.

What might have been a hard story to tell the coroner was averted by the waking up quickly of Earl Dudy, ambulance driver, while on a hunting trip the other night. Press Atkinson, a member of the party who were sleeping outside, found the fire burned nearly out. Press quickly reached for a big log near by to fire up with. But the log yelled, "Get to H—— out of here". Taking an excited but better look, Press saw it was Rudy rolled up near the fire in an army blanket.

Pipe Department

Ike Crofton spent October 5 in St. Louis sightseeing. Ike says his neck was stiff for a week.

Ben Weinrich was promoted to repair man at No. 4 Pressure House.

Some of the boys say that Newt Green is getting better looking every day. Naturally since he has been visiting the dentist and crowning his molars with golden glory.

Simon Halloran has just been appointed drainage inspector for Wood River. Simon is sure making good as a politician. Go to it, Simon.

Norve Haven has been promoted to pipefitter. We are all with you, Norve, go to it.

Jack Hickey has moved from Alton to Wood River. Hate to see you leave Alton, Jack.

L. Ritter is sporting a new Ford Sedan. Leonard was driving down the street in Wood River with a sign on the back of his car which read, "Get a Doctor." Everybody ran after him. The crowd thought that maybe he was sick and couldn't stop his car, but, after they caught up to him, they noticed the sign read, "Get a Doctor for Coroner".

Jim Feezel is building a new home. Jim says it is going to be a Baby Grand. It will have three baths and Jim says that he is going to sell baths, hot and cold.

Tom Kinsella and wife attended the big Veiled Prophet Ball in St. Louis and also dined at the Statler Hotel.

Charley Beazley visited an old war friend in West Alton.

Joe Schenck, Rex Craddock and Jerry Kennedy went out in the woods October 26. They went in Joe's wagon and returned with two bushels of walnuts, one quart of pecans and one ton of wild grapes.

Doc Lyons was a visitor in Chesterfield October 26. Doc looked over the old ball diamond where he and the writer played many a good game. Doc says there is a house on the diamond, and the front door is on the home plate.

Fred Sims and Bill Woods attended the big circus in St. Louis last week and while there stopped at the Statler Hotel for a few sandwiches. They made from St. Louis to Alton in seven hours.

Carl Lenhardt is composing a song, entitled, "I like a Grey, but they give me the blues".

The tube cleaners at Nos. 4, 5 and 6 Pressure Houses got together and put on a banquet at the Lincoln Hotel in Alton. They had singing, dancing, jokes and vaudeville acts. Ike Crofton and Mike Grundy put on a little act called Ike and Mike. They also sang. The name of their song was "High-Low". Dr. Henick made the hit with his song, "I am thinking of you". Troy Kessinger played a piece on the organ. T. Noble had a set of chimes made of silver dollars and played, "Money is no Object". It sure had a nice sound. Others sang and danced, towards the last their songs being selected at random and their dances dizzy.

The boys say that Jack Maloney is better equipped than any other foreman in the plant. He has three "Autoes", "Auto" Flack, "Auto" Ratz and "Auto" Tekclenberg—all Fords.

Bill Woods say he is troubled with lumbago. He has seven plasters on his back but never got them in the right place.

There was a big rally in Alton the other night. A large crowd was present and lots of noise, but it got noisier when two shift workers came. Their names were Harvey and Red, that is they were Moore-Schouten.

Tommie Howe, topman at No. 3 Pressure House, went up to Alton to take in the big picture, "The Ten Commandments". Tommie says he never laughed so hard in all his life.

Pressure Stills

John Gerdes has been reported thinking of taking a trip to the old country in the near future to see some old school mates.

The boys wish to extend their heart-felt sympathy to Walter Crocker and other members of the family in their recent bereavement.

Al Ringering took a trip to visit George Pilcher and reports that the roads are the best he ever rode over and he did not have a bit of trouble. That speaks well for those roads.

Don Wagner is thinking of getting an airplane just to take his old pal, Charley Smith, out to some good fishing camp. Charley says he will never forget the *night* he had to walk over the Alton Bridge in the cool of the *morning*.

Jim Dooley and Charley Lee were seen standing on a certain corner last week singing "Comrades, Comrades, Ever Since We Were Born".

McNally, Scouding and Harris play solitaire most of the time now.

Crude Stills

During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson, while visiting in Chicago, recently, George Thompson was left in charge of the house. When "Uncle" Jim Thompson returned from the trip, he stated they were forced to remove great quantities of soup cans from the back porch before anyone could get in the back door. These cans could not have been thrown there by a charivari party and the inference is that George is very fond of soup.

Athletics
Bowling

The regular schedule has been started by the bowling league and eight plant teams have entered the race. The games are being played at the Kocher Alleys which have been improved during the Summer and the bowling room is now the finest in this part of the state. The standing of the teams is as follows: Kocher-666, Tipton-666, Koenneker-666, Durham-583, Adams-583, Christy-500, Forsting-167 and Flick-167. The high single

game was rolled by Fred Brett with a score of 232. Mr. Brett also has the high three games with a score of 558. Adams team has high game with score of 807 and Tipton team has high three game score of 2172. In addition to those on teams in the league, many others have enjoyed this sport in private matches and a good bowling season seems assured.

Tennis

More interest has been shown on the Tennis Courts the past few months than at any time during the season. A tournament was not held last Summer but it is not likely that this will happen again. The courts are in poor condition and this does not encourage much playing. Reports from Casper to the effect their new asphalt courts have proven to be the thing, have been received, and the same surface might prove better here than the clay surface.

Horse Shoe

Not many of the players are staying after work to play this game as they did during the Summer but the courts are busy around the noon hour and a number play occasionally in the evening. Some are playing the game for exercise and we suspicion that others hope to lift the crown of the champion "Next Year."

Baseball

We were not able to get the standing of the teams of the League until this time and this "Standing" certainly puts a crimp in the saying that a start has anything to do with a finish. Our team lost the first seven games and won the last seven games, making a percentage of 500. All players on the team are with the company at this time with the exception of "Buck" Parker who left to attend college this Winter, and prospects are above par for a League winner next year. Roberts Coke and Chemical Company won the championship and received the League trophy. The League had no financial trouble and eligibility rules were so strict that former complaints of professionalism were eliminated entirely; the teams truly represented each of the industries represented in the League and a fine type of sportmanship was the result. F. Fortschneider, R. Parker, L. Parker, D. Maxwell, E. Bennet, K. Volz, H. Ash, W. Blakely and E. Henry played the entire season with the team. Tony Federle and "Buck" Parker played most of the season. The final standing of the teams in the League is as follows, Coke Plant, Commonwealth, Standard Oil, National Lead, Hoyt Metal and American Car and Foundry.

Basketball

Basketball has been added to Standard Oil sports in Wood River this year. Arrangements have been made by the Athletic Association to enter a team in the Industrial League which has been formed recently and which will continue a permanent organization under the rules adopted. A trophy will be given to the winning team which can be retained by them provided they win three successive championships. Each year a gold medal will be given each member of the winning team and a silver medal will be given each member of the second team. The games will be played in the Alton Y. M. C. A. building and will be sponsored by the Y. M C. A. Points in controversy will be settled by a board of control which, this year, is composed of J. Harkless of the Y. M. C. A., member ex-officio, A. Smith of Laclede Steel, C. Bensinger of the Illinois Glass and Mr. W. McDonald of Standard Oil. Rules concerning eligibility of players are strict so that professionalism will be kept out of the league. This district has many former basketball stars who will be seen on the different teams and we have reason to expect the best basketball seen on local courts. The first game will be December 2. Our team will be in the first game. The league at this time includes the Standard, Roxana, Laclede Steel, Illinois Glass and Western Cartridge. Practice is being held in the Community High Building and the following have come out for the team: Stillwell, Hunt, Foster, Lowrey, Geiselman, Halseym, Endicott, Naef, Peterson, Federle, VanDeusen and McDonald.

Carpenter Department

One the evening of October 10, John Mathie, father of Wes Mathie, our saw filer, gave a street dance and entertainment, celebrating the opening of Hawley avenue, Alton, Ill. About 4,000 to 5,000 of the young and old attended the affair and were greatly pleased with the beautiful Japanese decorations which adorned the street and Mr. Mathie's lawn. The young people danced on the street to the strains of a popular jazz orchestra, Mr. Mathie being a skilled musician and helping out. Mr. and Mrs. Mathie served a very delightful lunch to immediate friends of the family, immediately at the close of the entertainment. We want to thank you, Wes, for the delightful time we had at the "pow-wow" and give our compliments to your father and mother and sister, Florence, for promoting the biggest affair of its kind ever held in Alton.

After Pete Corrigan had heard that the game between the Giants and Washington on October 7, was 4 to 1 in the seventh, favoring the Giants, he bet "Slick" Parker 50c the Giants would win. Of course Pete won, but what "Slick" called him after he found out about the deal would not do to be printed here.

Dan Wastler spent Sunday, October 19, at Chesterfield hunting squirrels. He bagged the limit and brought back a picture of the game and the man who bagged it. Dan claimed the squirrels were easily found, which is true, for the proper party.

"Lord" Burgan, accompanied by E. Rudy of the Garage, spent September 28 at Deep Lake. After spending the night in the rain and getting chilled to the marrow, the two tried their fisherman's luck. Accidentally they had left their luck at home, and were seen on the road out of Alton empty-handed.

"Sleepy" Burris, chief cook. That's one for the "book", boys. Also Charlie Cason as cook's assistant. Here's the story: "Sleepy" Burris, Charlie Cason, Tom Kinney and "Lord" Burgan spent October 19 at the Royal Hunting and Fishing Club. Sunday morning "Sleepy" endeavored to make biscuits like "mama" makes. Now "Lord" Burgan is an Englishman of culture, refinement and cultivated taste, very cultivated taste for biscuits, Burgan, Kinney and Cason settled themselves for a good "spread" of biscuits, but "Hully Gee," Burgan broke his false teeth on the first one and threw it out the window, breaking the pane. The biscuit hit an innocent cat and "puff, out went its light." The men are going out again, but it is definitely understood that Burris does not bake the biscuits.

CASPER, WYO.

A rattlesnake hunting party composed of Mr. McKendry, Mr. Prewitt, Mr. Wyman and J. C. Zolnoski, all of No. 3 Plant went out to the rattle snake caves some fourteen miles northwest of Casper armed with one joint two-inch pipe, five gallons of Red Crown and a few shotguns. One end of the pipe was inserted into the cave and the Red Crown poured into the other end. After thoroly saturating the swarm with gasoline they were set on fire. A genuine rattlesnake barbecue was on. Some tried to come out of the cave and they were shotgunned. As a result of this hunting party it is estimated that there are some hundred and fifty rattlesnakes less in Natrona County.

"Kelly" Couch of No. 1 Battery at No. 3 Plant has a smile that won't come off. "Kelly" undertook to manage the campaign of one of the candidates for the joint council. "Kelly's" campaign was clean, he was prepared to meet every question and before the election was over we all knew that "Kelly" was at the bat: "Kelly," you are a success, remember "Big oaks from small acorns grow".

No. 1 Plant

The clerks demonstrated to their own satisfaction and that of the rest of the men of the 5th division that the clerks will never have a representative on the joint general committee. Our Boston Tea Party was just a tea party. However, all we want is to have the company build a 90-foot wall west of the office buildings so the smoke won't blow in and get the Chicago reports dirty. Mr. Stevenson will probably be able to present this matter for us as well as, if not better than, we could.

James Lanouette and Glenn Howland attended the Republican rally at Haygoods Ranch and cheered loudly in and out of season for Coolidge and Dawes. Although Glenn returned happy and unhurt, Jim is still recuperating from a wicked shot somebody took at him with a dill pickle. Jim must have been making a speech at the time.

Mr. Rice of the shipping department announces that he is in the market for a second-hand airplane. Must be cheap. We are unable to assign any reason for this attempt at suicide, except possibly Bob's friendship for the Republican candidate for coroner.

Ed Wilson was out duck hunting the other day when he spied a flock of five mallards. Ed took a pot shot at the bunch and missed them all, but when he got the old flint lock reloaded they were still flying around his head laughing at him, so Ed picked out the one with the loudest voice and brought him down. The other four had just sighted New Orleans when he got his flint steel to spark again so Ed came home with one duck.

Walt Jourgenson went out recently and ran down a couple of Jack Rabbits. Walt always carries his gun as a sporting handicap so the rabbits will have a chance.

F. B. Crone has spent the better part of three weeks helping the judge deal out justice to those who got tangled up with the law.

Rudy got a picture the other day from his Sacramento Sadie; since then he has been trying to save up enough nickels to make another trip to California. After looking at the picture we don't blame him.

Brian says that Doc Reeves, after thoroughly inspecting him and Homer, pronounced them the two finest specimens of the two-fisted, two-gun type of red blooded wild and woolly West manhood he had ever seen.

Ray Turner gave his house a new Winter coat but says he can't get one for himself.

Mose Post, who has been interested in Boy Scout work for some time is now assistant scout master of Casper Troop 19.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Plant No. 1

Don McKinney likes to work Grave Yard Shift so well that he even comes out on his day off.

Wes Stevens and Jake Piercy spent a few days in the Big Horn's pursuit of the elusive deer and came back with some stories about seeing lots of does and bear tracks. Probably after seeing the bear tracks they didn't care to look any further.

The stork left a nine pound girl at the home of N. H. James and Jimmie is stepping 4 feet to a stride.

We are glad to see Albert Meyers back on the job again. He says Greybull looks pretty good to him.

O. J. Bentley took two weeks lay-off to go hunting, but all he got was a bad cold.

Homer Williams tuned in on the radio fans with a five tube set a few nights ago. He says he can get the real dope now.

G. L. Shepardson drove his car down town the other day and some one called his attention to the fact that one side of his garage was attached to the rear fender.

Fred Lockard broke the long distance running record in the Big Horn Mountains when he ran a deer five miles and the deer dropped dead.

Plant No. 2

Lovelady said, "Those little fellows about the big depots, back east, who wear 'Red Crown' caps are as clever and accommodating a bunch as he would care to meet anywhere. They seem to want to help everyone with handgrips. He let one of them have his and he said they never charged him a penny, but when he thanked him, that he said something about 'Hell,' must have had reference to the day, it was awfully hot."

Plant No. 3

"Shorty" Dobbs said for no one to write about his wedding since it hadn't taken place as yet, though he insinuated that t'would be only a few days in the future.

Joey Zednick wants the Stanolind Correspondent to lay-off of him for a couple of issues. Some remark has put Joe in tough, some reference to a date or something. Joe says his wife trusts him, but at times is slow to fall for his explanations.

Election day festivities, in which Andy Hurst played the "leading lady" resulted rather disastrously for Andy. He went south with Harry Ruble's dinner kit, thermos vial and all. Even though he returned it at the earliest possible date, Harry is in conference with the newly elected representatives. "Looks bad for Andy."

The pert north breeze, prematurely sharp has stimulated Fred Koschel's popularity with the boys about the watchman's shack.

Vern Patterson called at the office to see how things are lining up. Vern has suffered a long and very serious period of illness.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Aude Methvin and party has returned from a successful hunt in the big game country and each brought back a nice bull elk head and fine pair of teeth.

Harold Grout has returned from Burns, Neb., where he went to bring back his wife.

L. P. Farrar, J. A. Chamblin and David McCullagh have left the service of the company.

D. G. Hull is absent from duty, as he is having his tonsils removed. We wish him a speedy recovery.

E. R. Brown has moved into his new home in the Midwest addition.

A. S. Winchell has returned from a vacation in Salt Lake, and he says that he enjoyed a wonderful trip. He didn't joint the Morman Church, but has learned several nice points in favor of the religion.

Russel Morris motored to Cheyenne and reported the trip and weather to have been wonderful.

A fur collar was supposed to have been lost in Freddie's car. 'Nuf sed.

Dick Williams predicted wet weather on Armistice Day.

It has been reported that L. Bilyeu is having domestic troubles; we hope the Ford coupe has not got him in bad.

Whitie Stricker and Walt Jackson declare themselves champion duck hunters. They shot away 400 rounds of ammunition and brought in four ducks.

GLENCOCK, WYO.

Roy W. Lowrie, Correspondent

Our basket-ball team is progressing very rapidly. Bud Morgan was elected captain. C. D. Morgan will act as coach of the team. He is a man who knows the game thoroughly and understands how to handle men. The team will be known as the Semdac's. It is generally talked that Casper will not be able to produce a team which will be able to hold the Semdac's. Coach Morgan as well as the members of the team are looking forward to a perfect season.

U. W. Halley and family spent a few days last week, visiting relatives in Nebraska.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Elizabeth M. Harkins, Correspondent

The many friends of Mrs. James Paul were grieved to hear of her death which occurred October 4. Mrs. Paul was about sixty-nine years of age, and was born in England, coming to this country when a young girl. For the past seven years Mr. and Mrs. Paul have lived in Carlinville, where Mr. Paul is employed as night watchman at the No. 1 Mine property. The deceased is survived by her husband, two sons, John Paul of Marion, Ill., and Thomas W. Paul, superintendent of the coal mining department, Carlinville, also one daughter, Miss Anna of Carlinville, and one sister, Mrs. William Graham of Des Moines, Ia., who was with her sister during her last illness. Interment was in Rose Hill Cemetery, Marion, Ill.

Dorothy Baker, daughter of the chief engineer at the power house, who has been confined to her home for several weeks with an infected foot, expects to be out in a short time.

George Phelps is driving a new Studebaker touring car.

Three of our Schoper men have been married during the past month, the first being Phillip Ward, who married Miss Viola Bowyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bowyer of Standard Addition; Mr. John Murphy and Miss Mary Wilson. Henry Gaddo and Miss Margaret Harvey have also announced their marriage.

Walter Magnus has a new "Hup" touring car, and Charles Burroughs a new "Olds," while Frank Malcharcik is driving a Dort.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crosby are the parents of an eleven pound son. Mother and child are doing nicely.

Vincent Kelly, oldest son of R. V. Kelly, hoisting engineers at Mine No. 2, has been awarded the degree of Certified Public Accountant by the Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois.

Tommy Ibberson is a wizard at mine electricity, but has to admit failure above ground because his home-made super hetero-neutrodyne, reflex, regenerative set fails to react according to radio principles. He says it reminds him of a buzz saw.

Andrew Yuscanich Jr. who has been quite ill is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gempp attended the Green County Fair and visited with friends.

Oldsmobiles are quite popular among our men. Pete Kaleda is the latest addition from our ranks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Zimmerman have returned from Alton, Ill., where they visited with relatives.

Roy Ambrose who is employed at the power house has been in two collisions with his Dodge touring car. In both instances the car running into him was an Oldsmobile. There was but little damage done, however.

We are glad to report George Gosnell's daughter who has been so seriously ill this past summer is improving.

Buster Rubush has succeeded "Whitey" Benning as conductor on the Schoper work train.

"Dude" O'Neil recently was hunting with his new pointer pup when said pup treed a honey bee. Upon felling the tree "Dude" recovered a tub of honey. Say "Dude" is that dog a pointer or a bee hound?

It is with the deepest regret that we learn that our jolly clerk, Denby Boring, is leaving us. His pleasant smile and his "athletic" prowess will be sadly missed. Good luck to you, Denby.

There is a rumor that our handsome hoisting engineer, Dick Kelly, has become quite famous by winning a prize at the medicine show on North Broad street against stiff competition. Oh, yes, we nearly forgot to state that he won because he had the biggest feet in the crowd. The prize was a handsome umbrella.

Our city council, which is mostly composed of Democrats went to Springfield recently to hear J. W. Davis explain why he won't be president next year. Our handsome top boss, John Dunn, who *secretly* admits he is a Democrat went up with them. John is one of our city dads. He gets a pass on the C. & A. and that is the main reason he is going. He told us confidentially that otherwise he wouldn't have gone as it wasn't worth the expense.

There are strange sounds emanating nightly from Art Hibbard's residence. After wondering for a long time what they could be we decided to

investigate and discovered that "Hib" was learning to play the "Swinette." He is a member of the Country Club quartet.

Gene Pearson claims that he doesn't have to go but a short distance from his farm house to kill a mess of squirrels. He hunts with a club as he doesn't need a gun since they come right to him. I guess we had better nickname him "Hickory," "Wal" or "Ches."

The man in the moon is John Sturma. It's a new moon and John's face is always bright.

Our erstwhile Safety Director, John Martens, climbed the air shaft stairs to the surface on pay day recently. Since John boasts considerable avoirdupois his breathing soon resembled the exhaust from Berry Hoist Engine.

GENERAL OFFICE, CHICAGO

Cooperage Department

The thread pulling contest between the Misses Collot and Swenson was ended Friday noon, Collot winning by one thread. It was a hard fight, and but for one thread breaking at the psychological moment would have resulted in a tie and the mutilation of another piece of good linen to determine the winner.

By drawing on the imagination strongly we can almost smell the flowers and hear the butterflies churning butter on the new buffet set Mrs. Haycock is making.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle meets each noon and discusses everything except sewing. New members wanted.

Miss Swenson, our champion walker (time twelve minutes from the C. & N. W. depot), says the new tube dresses have a tendency to retard her progress, but then it might be worse, take for instance the hobble skirt.

Mrs. Henley left recently to take up a new line of work. Sorry to lose her, and all join in wishing her the best of luck in the new venture.

Traffic Department

George Nelson is the most obliginest man. He has been purchasing boxes of cheese niblets for the girls and hauling them way in from Logan Square. And not only that. He's even willing to help eat 'em.

Ainsworth Merchant, who presides over File "P" in the traffic department, has reached the nail manicuring stage. First thing you know, he'll be giving the girls the once over.

Frances Thoman is letting her hair grow, but maybe you didn't notice it, since she's been wearing that green flannel dress in the new short length. You know, just betwixt and between.

Fifth Floor

As a dancing instructor, Vic Kahn is irresistible. Make your appointments early girls.

A little baby girl has arrived at the home of our old friend, Mary Packer.

Well, it's all over now! Our friend Joe Hecht was elected as a representative in Division No. 2. Don't be bashful, Joe. Do your stuff.

Anyone interested in good bowling should come up to Bensinger's on Friday nights and see the Finol team of the SOCO Bowling League bowl. They sure are wizards.

Louis Yocum, Beau Brummel of the stock department, left us for two whole weeks. We are just forced to admit that there was at least one honest man on the jury.

On October 13, Miss Foote celebrated her birthday in the fifth floor rest room. Miss Stockley decorated the table very prettily. Ice cream and cake were served. Those that were there are the Misses Stockley, Seeberger, Swenson, Laing, Miller, Seba, Williamson and Morrison of the distribution department, Miss Swenson from the fourth floor and Mrs. Nelson from the iron barrel department, also Miss Hannappel (a guest of Miss Foote's). Miss Foote was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the girls.

Johnny Jordan and Allan Good have had some very narrow escapes while riding home at night with Mr. Dymek and we are just wondering just because he is studying to become an undertaker, if that is the reason he drives so recklessly.

Manufacturing Department

Leroy Frodin is some driver—for speed he is a whiz. Took him nine hours to drive that ice-wagon of his from Benton Harbor, Mich., to Chicago, and the only stop he made was at the police station. We don't know why he doesn't get a Ford, or some other good car.

Bob Bristol invited all the ladies in the general accounting department out the the Whiting Community Building for ice-cream sodas. He's been running the fountain out there for a couple of weeks showing the Whiting Drug Store cowboys how to make money.

Colonel Weiss was all smiles a few days ago for Allan McLeod dropped in from Los Angeles to see him. Didya see the circus, Colonel?

George Johnson is looking for a flat; he wants four rooms, hot water heat, sun parlor, in-a-door bed, for $25. Can anyone help him out; there ought to be plenty of such flats.

Did you see Charlie Heybach's fancy sport vest. The old boy is sure making 'em take notice. Wonder his wife wouldn't get suspicious.

Ernie Vollreide has been going around for days singing "What'll I Do When You Are Far Away, etc." Reason: Gladys is visiting friends in Denver.

Fred Koehler's eating capacity has increased to such an extent that he carries his lunch now in a portfolio. Some class, Fred.

Koehler has bought himself a stronger pair of goggles on the advice of Bill Roberts, as he failed to recognize a general accounting department bell-hop.

Said the repaid man to Miss Greil, our dictaphone operator, "Your diaphragm is blasting and needs new gaskets."

Apologies to Miss Juergensen are in order. We omitted her name from the list of seven young ladies who refused to have their tresses shingled, and Miss J. was very wroth at consequences.

Mrs. Lulu Knight King, Mrs. Nellie McKeon Jacker and Mrs. Grace Iwema Nanninga were hostesses at a luncheon and bunco party given at the residence of Mrs. King in River Forest on October 4. Thirty-five girls attended. Prizes were awarded to Bernice Trost, Anne Mechtersheimer, Ethel Brillhart and Anna Baar. Pearl Philbin received the consolation prize which, we understand, has been put in her hope chest for further use. All reported having a delightful time.

Have you noticed the pretty sparkler Miss Ross has been wearing on the proper finger? Who is the lucky man, Louise?

Purchasing Department

Doc Beamer, radio expert, is now using two head sets since he set sail on the high seas of matrimony. He finds he does not need a loud speaker. Agnes, was the first to congratulate him, after his indictment.

Tom Hough attended the Maroon-Illinois Football Game, and as Tom is an authority on football, he was asked what he thought of the game. He replied, "I think Red Grange is good." James McClaim thought Red Grange was the title of a new opera.

W. P. Cavanaugh claims he saw a Prairie Football Game Sunday, and left after the first quarter on account of it being too tame, and not enough action. He said there was only eleven fights while four players were carried off the field unconscious. There was also two riot calls put in. He further states that from now on he and Stupeck are going "Still Fishing" in Wolf Lake, South Chicago.

Ed. Dwyer, has the prize car of the office. A cream colored Hupmobile. Why the color, Ed? Probably he wants to look like an aristocratic milkman.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

W. G. Steinmeyer, Correspondent; Harry Blix, M. S. Walker and Art Emrath, Associate Correspondents

Advice from Ed. Otth, salesman: "If you ever get arrested for speeding or parking your car, take more than $1.85 along with you when you appear before the judge." Tell us more about it, Ed.

Eleanor Alabeck would like to know how many miles it is from Whiting, Ind., to 7000 North, and how long it would take to drive that distance? Will some kind gentleman inform her.

R. G. MacLeod, who has been with us for some time, has been transferred to the Standard Oil office at Detroit, Mich. The Chicago office wishes him success in his new location.

F. F. Wente, who has been with this company for the last eight years, left on October 1, 1924, to enter into partnership with his brother who has a business in Barrington, Ill. The Chicago office wishes him the best success in his new undertaking, which, no doubt, will thrive under his supervision.

Fred Cassil, our assistant cashier, came down the other morning with the following injuries: Black eye, scratched hands. He claims he was playing football. We wonder? How does the other fellow look, Fred?

We wonder if Rudd Lowry's wife saw him perform at the show which was held at Whiting. Ind., recently.

In the last edition of the STANOLIND RECORD we had reported that Leon McGrath was as yet not married, but we at last got some real information. Although we don't know the exact date, we do know that when you read this, Mac will be a married slave, and his boss will be Miss Loretta Whit, former employee of this office. Mac retains his motto "100 per cent SOCO."

Kedzie Avenue Station

R. C. Weber, formerly a clerk, is now attending the University of Nebraska. We wish Roy the best of luck in his quest for further knowledge.

Ed. Doro, chauffeur, recently received a visitor who decided to make a permanent residence with Ed. Mother and daughter are doing fine.

Mickey O'Hern not to be outdone by Ed. said it was a boy when he passed the cigars.

Kedzie avenue welcomes "Handsome" Art Klecker who was transferred from the Cortland street station.

One morning recently Homer Moore reported to work as usual, but had to explain his identity before allowed on the premises. He had shaved.

Johnnie Varzavski, champion Polarine salesman of the Central League, is highly pleased with his new truck and now bids everybody watch his speed (in selling more Polarine).

A rather new-comer is welcomed to our ranks in the person of Jim Workman who was transferred from the S. S. department.

Charlie Sprengl was unsuccessful in his attempt to commit suicide. Stepping on a nail is too painful anyway, Charlie, so you better be more careful in the future.

We understand Dick Walker, go-getter lubricating salesman, had 100 per cent of the business of the lady buyers in his territory.

Another addition to the Sales Force—nine pound girl born October 19, to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hass. Everybody happy.

It appears the stork made a long stop, presenting a daughter to Lester V. Walsh. Much oblidged for the cigars, Les.

Englewood Station

We do not run want ads in this column, but for the benefit of Mr. Hellum, cashier, we submit the following free of charge: Bargain: One Overland Touring Car, has four wheels, rubber on tires is good (what there is of it) and the tank is full of Ethyl. It is a go-getter.

Englewood misses the smiling countenance of Miss M. Conaghty who is convalescing at her home.

Reports from Englewood to the effect that Mr. John Schramek will take on all comers at playing pool. (Correspondent's note: If he can beat Al Enzenbacher, we do not want to play him).

Want Ads:—This column brings good results. Al Enzenbacher heard we were going to run the Ad and immediately wanted to trade his Chevrolet for Hellum's Overland, but the trade did not go through as he wanted too much Jack besides, so Hellum's ad is still unanswered.

Chris Hoffman when demonstrating the much talked of Overland a peculiar noise persisted in making itself heard. Both Chris and Heddum wondered and worried for considerable time before a passerby called their attention to the cause. It happened that Chris kept his foot on the electric starter thinking it was the foot accelerator.

Captain Leland and his crew at Englewood met Freeman's gang from Fourteenth street on the opening night of the Stanolind Bowling League. It proved to be a walk-away for Leland's bunch.

Jefferson Park Station

We expect another column will tell of Rudd Lowry's part in the Whiting Show, but Jefferson Park wants the folks to know that Rudd comes from their section and besides being a real actor, is the best garage salesman in the Chicago division.

Illian and Kottendorf, attendants at S. S. No. 2, located at the Jefferson Park Plant claim the

station auditor and examiner always give them 100 per cent.

A special Bowling match between the Chauffeurs at Jefferson Park and salesman from the district was staged on October 22. The boys that swing the bucket and sell Polarine showed the salesmen that they could swing the bowling ball as well.

The boys wish Frank Myers would have more than one birthday a year. Frank passed out the cigars while celebrating his 46th.

Harold "Sparkie" H. Paper takes no time to eat at noon. He spends all of his lunch hour talking to the ladies. It is a wonder you wouldn't take them out once in a while Sparkie.

Service Stations

Attendant R. E. Morris of S. S. No. 46, stepped out and grabbed off a good big order of Polarine Transmission Grease this month. "Ata boy," Morris, sell them a carload next time.

Henry Perry, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 134, has been transferred to the position formerly held by J. C. Hyerdall, whose resignation as auditor of the Central division took place some few weeks ago. Perry is a former S. S. auditor, and is holding his new position down in A-1 fashion.

Attendant H. H. Brandenburg of S. S. No. 97 recently became a benedict. Congratulations, Brandenburg.

Attendant J. V. Jamison, known as "Red" at S. S. No. 60 has been setting a whirlwind pace. "Red" hasn't shipped any Polarine to any of the European countries to date, but is expecting an order from Killarney in the near future. Have you shipped any to the North Pole yet, Red?

"Mort" LeValley, the new manager at S. S. No. 162, had the misfortune of smashing his thumb recently. "Mort" was in such a rush to wait on a customer, that he closed the safe door on his finger.

S. S. Attendant, (talking to Ford-owner): "How do you like Polarine "F" in your Ford? Ford owner: "Fine, it's the best Ford Oil I have ever used, and the only trouble I find with it is that it gives me a ravenous appetite when the motor heats up, as it smells like frankfurters cooking."

These days, in some of the stations on the South Side, the attendants are hearing the following question asked quite frequently: "Give us ten cents Coal Oil, Mistuh." The Mellott brothers, both attendants at S. S. No. 502, get blisters on their hands from pumping Perfection oil this time of the year. Marshall and Bill manage to sell a little Polarine occasionally, too.

Attendant Dick Fleming is doing his bit at S. S. No. 27. Dick's wife is with him now, coming to Chicago from Hagerstown, Md. Dick hasn't been with us very long, but is managing to hold his end up at S. S. No. 27 with Attendant R. D. Johnson, champion Polarine salesman of the Eastern division.

J. V. Jamison, attendant at S. S. No. 60, has been promoted to the Chicago sales division. Congratulations, "Red," and lots of luck in your new work.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

The Red Crown Banner in all its glory is too happy for words, now that it has come to live in the Davenport Division of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and as for the Davenport Division itself, that wonderful organization of wonderful people who did their stuff in September and showed the greatest per cent of increase in gasoline sales, why it's simply bubbling over with joy. And is the Banner here to stay? Well, whadda you think?

Main Office

On October 6 a dinner party was held at the Terrace Gardens, Davenport not Chicago, in honor of Miss Dorothy Frances Swan and Miss Florence Wheeler of the Davenport office, both of whom were at that time brides to be. Dorothy has since became Mrs. Harry Petersen, and Harry says that after a few dozen more lessons from him, she will undoubtedly be a wonderful cook. Miss Wheeler, head of the stenographic department, will become the bride of R. R. Kibler, general clerk in the Davenport office. The party was originally intended to honor three young ladies, but one of them changed her mind (not about the man, just the date of the wedding) so she paid her dime and was allowed to participate in the gala affair anyway. The party was very successful and everyone had a lovely time although some of the girls were a little shy in the presence of such celebrities as the Prince of Wales, Miss Billie Burke, Miss Dorothy Gish, and other folks of fame and fortune. The Prince's dancing wasn't up to par. No doubt he had been riding. Miss Wheeler and Miss Swan were presented with silver sandwich trays. At the end of the festivities, Mr. Petersen and Mr. Kibler arrived with their coaches and six and saw to it that all the young ladies reached their homes in safety. Men like that are nice.

On October 11 Miss Viola Rebb, the blonde little girl at the switchboard, and Ralph Dobbs of Davenport and Pleasant Valley, were married. As Vi kept her plans strictly secret, the news of her wedding was certainly a surprise, and to some people, a not very pleasant one. See Mr. Miller. We hope that Mrs. Dobbs doesn't take the cares of married life too seriously. The young ladies of the office presented her with a lovely silver tea set. (It's getting to be a habit.)

Gil Resser, order department sheik, has the most wonderful looking new roadster, low slung, long lined sport model—fob Detroit.

Some sell Semdac, some don't. The Davenport office is staging a big Semdac Campaign, so far Miss Clark's Super Salesmen are providing plenty of dust for Kibler's Crew. We find that Semdac sells fast when recommended as a cocktail ingredient. Ray Ord of the order department sold the barber in Buffalo two gallons of Semdac and then had to spend all his vacation demonstrating on the barber's floors, windows, furniture, as well as the customers' heads, at least that's what he claims. What the inducement was that resulted in H. L. Miller of East Moline buying a half barrel is still a mystery. The slogan adopted by Miss Clark's team is—Every Clerk a Salesman—but just the same we'd hate to see some of these gentlemen have to depend upon their ability to sell as a means of continuing to eat. The girls have all sold their quotas, and most of 'em a lot more. Well, here's hoping we show the salesmen up, anyway.

A new switchboard, and Florence Anderson to operate it. What could be sweeter? Well, that's true too.

The engagement and approaching marriage of

Miss Bernadine Wolters and J. J. Jost, both of Davenport, has been announced. Miss Wolters is a graduate of the art department of the Immaculate Conception Academy. Jack is our combination specialty salesman and head order clerk. The wedding will take place on Thanksgiving day. Congratulations, Jack, and our best wishes.

Alice Ott of the stenographic department was operated on for an abscess of the neck. However, she's back on the job again, and while not quite so fulla pep as usual, she is getting along very well.

Hugh Janney's lady friend was so complimented on a dress which she recently made, that Big Hearted Hughie has decided to start her up in business. He's out soliciting orders now. His intentions must be becoming serious.

Teddie Knaack can't work nights unless he is allowed to park his big black car in the driveway.

Bellevue

H. E. Raab, agent, claims to have made a record in unloading tank cars. Beginning on July 7, he unloaded a tank car every Monday for twelve successive weeks, and on one of these Mondays, September 15, he unloaded two 10,000 gallon cars. Ata boy!

Lone Tree

Leo Walker, agent, has put on a second truck. He is not only getting the business which the former agent enjoyed, but is also copping a lot of new accounts. Mr. Hendrickson, salesman in that territory, is very proud of him.

Brighton

There is no excuse for Maynard Crumley, agent, not making his quotas because his wife says that any time he puts on a second truck, she'll be ready to drive it, and knows that she can secure just as much if not more business than Mr. Crumley does. (Say, Mr. Crumley, why don't you take her up on that?)

Columbus Junction

Ding Marshall, agent, is sure delivering the goods, and holding his own against the five new oil companies which have located in Columbus Junction during the past year.

Burlington

Standard Oil employees of Burlington, Iowa, and their families enjoyed a party at Ober's Hall on October 11. The evening was spent in playing various games and cards, and dancing. Later in the evening, refreshments were served. About fifty people enjoyed the affair.

The Burlington Quota Busters enjoyed a stag party recently. The consequences were that the wives had to take their places the next day.

Mr. Hillary of Burlington had forty-four boils on his right arm. Ye olde quota buster, as his Burlington friends say, "The meanness must come out."

Carl Bergman, S. T. driver, says if the weather stays like this, he is going to don his bvds again.

Kalona

O. O. Stoner, agent, recently put on a little Semdac Liquid Gloss campaign, and in one afternoon sold six gallons. (Aha, Davenporters, competition!)

Ottumwa

S. S. No. 107, the last of three new stations built in Ottumwa this Summer, was opened with a "bang" on October 18, with L. G. Davis in charge. Although it is located directly across the street from a large cemetery, it is far from being a "dead one" as the opening business shows. It has a large and easily accessible driveway and this feature alone has been the source of many compliments from motorists.

Roscoe Marshall, T. T. salesman, knows now how Job felt when he was afflicted with boils.

Belle Plaine

Fred Oliphant, our agent instructor, has been very sick but is much better now, and will be back on the job soon. We are all glad to know that he is improving.

Oelwein

Ira Saunders of S. S. No. 24, Oelwein, died Saturday, September 27, of apoplexy. Mr. Saunders had been S. S. attendant at Oelwein for the past five years. T. W. Moody, assistant S. S. attendant at Independence, was transferred to Oelwein as successor to Mr. Saunders.

Independence

Howard Boise, agent at Independence, has adopted a boy and a girl in the past sixty days. Howard says, "I sure have to put that second truck on now".

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

We noticed in the October number of the Record a picture bearing the caption, "Well, Now! Decatur, are you satisfied"? Yes, we are satisfied that Assistant Manager Phillips is mistaken and we are still of the opinion that it is not necessary for him to go to Peoria to see pretty girls. We will admit, girls, that you are cute and good looking, (you see we know some of you,) but "Our Girls" down at Decatur—well, they are so very good looking that we can't keep the fellows from marrying them and taking them away. We have lost four in the past thirty days and if all reports are true we will lose that many more in the next thirty. We might say more but modesty forbids.

We know now why N. C. Davis has been so generous in passing out the cigars to D. W. Rundell, T. L. and A. clerk. Davis left his car parked too long in one place a short time ago, and the officers of the law took cognizance of the fact and also took Davis. We do not know how he came out, but presume all right, as he immediately sent C. Q. D. to Rundell, the "Silver tongued orator of the Sangamon", to come and help him. Rundell will not tell us any of the particulars, claiming that he always considers his client's business as confidential. We notice, however, he has been smoking some very good cigars lately.

We understand from a reliable source, that I. S. Burkitt, attendant at S. S. No. 39, Centralia, will shortly take unto himself a wife. The surprise in this is that instead of "Burk" picking out one of the Queen City's Beauties, with whom we understand he has been very popular, he chose a young lady who has been attending Brown's Business College at Centralia, and a nonresident of the town. However, we extend congratulations to you and the young lady and hope the Q. C. B.'s will forgive you.

We notice from the Detroit division items, under main office, they report Florence Walthers who, after two years coaxing, allowed the barber to cut her hair. This reminds us that we have a Florence Walthers in our office who also wears her hair bobbed, but we have never heard of any-

one who had to coax her for two years to have it done.

Miss Marie Nalefski of the dictaphone department conceived the idea that pounding a typewriter was too hard work so she decided to try another job and was married to Bernard Schuermann, October 21. The happy couple have already gone to housekeeping in a new home recently completed by the groom. We are informed Mrs. Schuermann made a special request that if anyone gave her a present she hoped it would be a rolling pin. We trust her hopes were realized but we do feel sorry for Mr. Schuermann. The office force all unite in wishing you both a very happy married life.

Coming and Going—Homer E. Butz is the new agent at Potomac, Ill., succeeding Charles Weiser. Henry D. Dewey has been appointed agent at Coffeen, Ill., succeeding A. Elmore. Roger Faucett, agent at Warrensburg, Ill., succeeding C. E. Sharpe. W. A. Williams, agent at Sorento, Ill., succeeding H. L. Miller. James I. Beard, agent at Assumption, Ill., succeeding H. Ellison. C. C. Cochlereas has resigned as general salesman and his territory has been taken over by A. L. Kay.

Our wish to all of you is that you may have the greatest possible success in your new positions.

Miss Mary Wolfington, who for the past six years has been stenographer to the manager and assistant manager, has resigned her position. We are not authorized to make any announcements, but we understand she intends going to Chicago. You may draw your own conclusions but your correspondent refuses to be responsible for them.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Cantoni are the proud parents of a son, born October 21. Here's congratulations and we are all hoping that "Pete" will shortly return to "Normal".

Miss Ruth Bettle is a recent addition to the great S. O. family, taking the position left vacant by the resignation of Miss Wolfington. We welcome you to our midst and trust that you will like us and your position.

Miss Waverly Carroll of the dictaphone department is confined to the hospital with a very severe case of typhoid fever. At the present time her condition is reported as being somewhat serious. However, we are all pulling for you Miss Carroll and are hoping you will soon reach the turning point for the better and soon be back with us again.

Agent Ketchum of Ramsey has taken unto himself, for better or worse, a new Essex Coach. Hope it will be all to the good, Ketchum. We are going down that way some of these days to get a ride in some of those new cars.

If indications count for anything, M. T. W. Driver Hildreth of Belleville is getting ready to "tie up". We haven't any of the details connected with the affair, but we are sure Mr. Hildreth will come across at the proper time.

R. E. "Shorty" Newman, agent at Villa Grove, is sporting a new Ford touring car. Shorty had to get a Ford because he could not reach the pedals on a regular car.

A. J. Snyder, agent at Bushton, has purchased a new Ford Tudor.

We are reliably informed that Salesman Jimmy Holmes was appointed judge at the recent hobo races in Arcola. Wonder why the committee thought Holmes could qualify in an event of that kind.

Agent Rahn of Tuscola who has been on the sick list for a few days has recovered and is again delivering Red Crown and Polarine.

Agent R. S. English of Arcola was very careful to see that Red Crown played a very important part in the hobo races held there October 25.

T. W. Salesman Walter Williams of Vandalia has been promoted to the agency of Sorento station. Also T. W. Salesman "Slim" Lewey of Coffeen has been appointed agent at Coffeen. Here's wishing you success, fellows, in your new positions.

Salesman Wilson has purchased himself a new Olds six. Be sure and don't take it off route two, Wilson, otherwise you might get into trouble.

Agent Long, Kincaid, Ill., unintentionally blocked the road with his truck, down which an auto load of bandits were fleeing after the recent attempt to rob the Kincaid bank of a $90,000 pay roll. The bandits got around him, but it placed him between the devil and the deep sea as the bandits were fighting a running battle with pursuing citizens. Seward and his truck escaped damage, but he says the bullets were whistling close and that he wasn't frightened but pretty badly scared.

L. J. Hanauer, familiarly known as "Les", attendant at S. S. No. 20, Taylorville, is recovering nicely from a recent major operation. Guy Nash is filling Mr. Hanauer's place temporarily.

Cleatus Marshall, T. W. salesman at Morrinsonville, started for Taylorville, in his roadster, on the evening of Oct. 17 to attend an agents' meeting, but he failed to arrive. When quizzed he gave a very disconnected account, but seemed to have a rather hazy recollection of a broken spring, a dark road and a pretty schoolmarm.

T. W. Salesman Floyd McClughan, Taylorville, six feet and a few odd inches tall, says the top of a truck cab should have springs same as the seat even though some of the roads are devoid of bumps.

Agent Roy Bowsher, Raymond, says it sure is a pleasure to fill the barrels that other parties have loaned to his customers.

Bruce Snodgrass, the new agent at Edinburg, has moved into town. Left the farm for good, he says.

We give Johnnie Roth, attendant at S. S. No. 20, Taylorville, credit for originating the idea of the Mexican Fire Bush for S. S. landscape decoration. The idea was quick to spread, as we notice other stations adopted the idea this season.

Not long ago Agent Beshoar of Danville had several trees that had been cut down by the power and light company when they were installing light service in his new house. These trees were all in one place and to overcome this, Agent Beshoar had a weiner roast and invited all the S. O. Co. men at his station to be there and be sure and bring a saw with them. After the trees were cut into convenient lengths, everyone gathered around the fire and had an old time weiner roast. After everyone had eaten plenty of weiners, buns and hot coffee, the music started and dancing was enjoyed by all those present. Mr. Watson was the official musical director and he surely knows good music when he sees it.

One evening an elderly gentleman came walking up the drive at S. S. No. 43, and from all appearances, seemed to be having a rather hard time to keep going in the same direction all the time. He asked W. T. Brown, S. S. attendant,

if he could buy a quart of gasoline and also borrow a small can to carry it to his car. Brown finally persuaded him to take a gallon, which the man did. Just as the man was starting to leave Mr. Brown asked him where his car was. After some hesitation the reply was "Pittsburgh, Penn.".

On October 18 about 8.15 P. M., Assistant Manager Phillips called Agent Beshoar at Danville and asked what kind of a life saver he was. When asked what was troubling him Mr. Phillips said that Urbana was out of Polarine. At just 11:00 P. M., F. H. Coburn, superintendent of motor equipment, and Beshoar pulled up to the platform at the Urbana plant with eight barrels of Polarine. It was worth the trip to see the smile on Agent Jeter's face when he saw that load of Polarine. It was the day of the U. of I. home coming and not a drop of Polarine for the service stations.

Ivan Finfrock and Cecil Hiser of the office force are especially fond of good music and when it was announced that Paul Whiteman's orchestra was to play at one of the local theaters, they decided to hear it. For some reason, they took their station in an alley near the theater and were enjoying the music when there came pouring down an avalanche of water. They are now wondering where that water came from.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

On October 15 at Atlantic, Iowa, occurred the wedding of Miss Hazel Stickel and F. O. Meyer. Mr. Meyer is Standard Oil agent at Casey, Ia. His friends at Casey think he did a fine job picking a wife, and also that Mrs. Meyer is to be congratulated on getting such a respected and hard working young man. We wish you both a long and happy life.

G. H Seger, agent at Slater, is seen in Des Moines very often of late. We don't know just what the attraction is, but we do know that Mr. Seger had to call for assistance to get his car started so that he could get home.

Ben Fuller, tank car order clerk, and E. G. Wright, salesman, have become radio bugs, and purchased new machines and now when they meet there seems to be a lot of "static."

We are sorry to report the sickness of W. E. Varner, agent at Clemons Grove, Iowa. Mr. Varner has a record to be proud of in the fact that he has never had an uncollected ticket at his station. We wish you a speedy recovery, Mr. Varner.

When it comes to giving Service, with a capital S, we believe Jasper Cook, superintendent motor deliveries at Des Moines, stands well at the top of the list. Just recently in order to satisfy a customer, Jasper worked from 6 P. M. Saturday evening until 2 A. M. Sunday morning to get a tank installed and filled with Stano Furnace Oil. Customer satisfied—contract signed. Everything fine, Jasper.

On October 9, Miss Cora Ridenour of the Mason City office surprised the bunch by paying us a visit. Miss Ridenour was formerly at the Des Moines office.

E. J. Drewer, agent instructor of Carroll, has resumed his work after having been absent for eight weeks. The greater part of this time was spent in St. Anthony's Hospital at Carroll, and the remainder at his home. His confinement was caused by neuritis.

Council Bluffs, Ia.

F. H. Raynor was recently transferred from S. S. attendant to agent at Shenandoah. Council Bluffs employees are sorry to lose Mr. Raynor, and wish him success in his new work.

We are glad to see Mr. McClymonds, Oakland salesman, on his feet again after a recent illness.

J. H. O. Kelly feels almost like he is riding in a Packard since his old Ford has been overhauled and repainted. He says that when he gets his new teeth everything will be "jake."

Ames and Boone S. S. attendants have succeeded in beating Council Bluffs attendants in the August and September Polarine Campaign, but Council Bluffs attendants expect to show Ames and Boone up before long.

W. H. Beaman and C. H. Troeger recently visited Council Bluffs station. We were glad to have them, and hope they will come again.

Council Bluffs truck drivers are beginning to look forward to six o'clock each night when they attend the enthusiastic sales meeting held by W. L. Maloy and I. B. Rohrer.

DETROIT

James A. Green, Correspondent

Office

We understand our old friend Edgar Brown has sold his Ford Roadster, much to the regret of the ladies, and is now concentrating his attention on night school where he puts in three evenings a week.

Marie Dillon has changed her abode, having moved from the West Side to Gratiot Highlands. Of course, she has to get up earlier and misses her old chauffeur, but nevertheless she has gained five pounds in weight due to more sleep and exercise and now tips the scale at (?) pounds.

L. W. Anstess is the proud daddy of a seven and one-half pound baby girl, Betty Lou, born October 5. Congratulations, Litch.

Field

Dame Rumor proved right for once and our jolly, good-natured bulk agent at Rockester, Jack Simcock, has taken unto himself a wife. We understand Mrs. Simcock comes from Canada and we welcome her to Michigan. Jack is bearing up well under the congratulations.

Clark Bayes, agent at Jasper, just purchased a black pony for his five year old son "Bob" and "Bob" sure is a regular broncho buster.

Allie Terry, agent at Clinton, is a busy man nowadays selling the full-line in the daytime and keeping busy in the cellar in the evening. Anyway, there aren't many apples around Clinton this year.

George Heeman, agent at Britton, is the proud owner of a new Ford but George says he gets all the riding he wants in his truck so he keeps busy on the radio tuning in for Mars.

Norman Langthorne, 5 year old son of our Tecumseh agent, had the misfortune of breaking his left leg below the hip due to a fall on the way home from school. From latest reports Norman is doing well and expects to be out playing among the boys again in a very short time.

Leo Hendryx, Novi agent, has built himself a new home. Everyone who has seen it says it is a wonderfully comfortable place.

H. Patton, North Adams agent, visited his home in Ohio after an absence of eight years. He says it was good to get back to the old town.

We are glad to report that J. Clark's baby has recovered from its illness. Mr. Clark is agent at Birmingham.

Mrs. Frank Boening, wife of our Warren agent, has returned from the East where she spent a month's vacation.

Garage

Art Teschke, garage machinist, came to work the other day with a blackened eye and a bruised nose. Art says he was held up by three thugs who tried to take his money. He still has it, he says.

Carl Fetner, our battery man, also had some experience with petty thieves. In spite of the fact that he locked his topcoat and umbrella in his sedan, some one pried open the windshield, opened the door and helped himself.

Sam Farmer is on the job again at Clay Avenue Garage, having returned from a visit to England with his family. Sam says he would rather be in the U. S. A. Better stay with us, Sam.

Arthur Teschke, machinist, was presented with a ten-pound baby girl, Marjorie, on October 10.

The Garage and Clay warehouse all wish for the speedy recovery of R. C. Greissel who recently had an operation at Harper Hospital.

Local Plants

Our genial cashier at North Detroit was transferred to Lycaste as route foreman. Good luck to you, Harry, but don't forget that old gang and let us hear from you.

Driver W. A. Pohl resigned September 30. Walter bought a farm near Lexington, Mich. He says, "Come on out boys, hunting is good."

Frank Schloss, yardman at North Detroit, was transferred to driver there. Frank says "now watch the Red Crown sales."

Glenn Bates, Strathmoor, is passing out the cigars—the cause, a seven and one-half pound baby boy. "Atta boy, Bates."

Harry Abbott has bought the new home just across from the Strathmoor plant. We will have to watch our coal pile now.

Strathmoor won the contest for clean motors for September among the minor plants.

C. Barg, tank wagon driver at Strathmoor, has gone north on a hunting trip. We are all going to eat rabbit next week. (Maybe.)

It appears that the drivers of Scotten Avenue are striving hard for a record in the marriage market. Last month Forest Joiner was married and now comes Fred Reinke and Freda Srull this month. Would like to hear if any other branch can beat us.

Addition to the family at Scotten Avenue is: Mr. Van Sickle, order clerk, transferred from S. S. No. 4.

Jackson

We welcome to the fold Ray Bailey, stake truck driver, and D. Campbell, warehouseman. Also Russell Dean who has been transferred from the warehouse to the office. Lots of success, boys.

Mike Carver has returned to his daily duties after an apparently successful trip to Howell. The celebration was along the order of a birthday party. Mike has not elucidated but we are under the impression that he is holding out on us.

We understand that the shopping trip of Mrs. Benson was not very successful as she was unable to secure a tent large enough to cover her husband, Lee. Getting into it was all right, but the first sign of action was disastrous.

General

Wanted: One good anchor man for the Polarine Bowling Team who can make spares in the last frames of the second and third games. How about this, Mac?

Recent additions to the specialty sales are J. A. Russell, E. S. Frey, E. J. Zimmerman and C. Simpson, the latter former shipping clerk at the Clay avenue plant. Charles Shearer and Jim Arthur have been promoted to supervisors of the East and West sides, respectively.

The Bowling League is making great progress since the start of the season, but after making a good start, the Micas of Lycaste avenue plant are now in fifth place. However, the old saying "time will tell" and the Micas are not losing hope. Now that the season is open for hunting, we suggest some good hunter bring them a rabbit foot. Straight, one of the bowlers on the Micas, says, "bring the whole rabbit."

Charles Stimpson, our newly appointed specialty salesman, went out for a day's hunt with Fred Van Every, clerk at Royal Oak, returning with several turkeys. Some turkeys! According to reports, Charley carried them home under his overalls.

Service Station Department

Graham Hurst, S. S. supervisor, has resigned to accept a position as sales manager for the Buchbinder Sales Co.

Leo Anteau, our genial superintendent of equipment, S. S. department, will soon be leaving for the sunny climes where they wear ice cream pants and silk negligees.

Hail, hail!! (Pause for great applause.) Announcement of the birth of a son, Milo Jr., to Milo D. Eastman, S. S. attendant.

Forest D. Bunker, attendant at S. S. No. 138, joined the "newlyweds" on October 11.

DULUTH, MINN.

A. G. Lynott, Correspondent

On October 15, O. P. Sather, lubricating salesman in Duluth, left for Whiting, and D. F. Benton, formerly general salesman at Ironwood, Mich., took over Mr. Sather's duties. F. G. O'Connor, agent at Ironwood, is taking over the field left vacant by Mr. Benton, and Alec Leonard, mechanic at Ironwood, is to act as agent at that point.

Mr. Tell and Mr. Vincent were recent visitors at the Duluth office.

Miss Lill Anderson, who has been assistant in the advertising department, left the employ and her place is being filled by Miss Madeline McLellan, formerly in the ediphone department. A noon luncheon was given in honor of Miss Anderson previous to her departure.

Mr. Cochran and Mr. Grimshaw visited the Duluth office a short time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Maher are the parents of a baby boy born on October 15. Mr. Maher is attendant at S. S. No. 316, Duluth.

Mrs. George Johnson, formerly Doris Korrell, entertained the girls of the ediphone room at a chicken dinner October 13. Apple pie and "everything", prepared by Doris herself, were in evidence, and the girls proclaim her "Queen of Cooks".

On account of illness, P. A. Johnson, cashier, has been granted a leave of absence. We hope you will soon be back with us, Pete.

It is with regret that we report the death of Thor Peterson's mother, who died at Great Falls, Mont., on October 25. His friends take this opportunity of expressing to him their deepest sympathy. Mr. Peterson was with his mother at the time of her death.

Miss Adelaide Anderson entertained the girls in the ediphone room at a card and radio party last week. Gertrude and Doris copped the prizes. The regular "Anderson" lunch was served.

Miss Loken has left on a three months' leave of absence. We have not heard just where she is going, but please don't go any farther than Alaska, Minnie, and come back home feeling like a million!

Mr. Shields is away on a vacation in the "wilds" of northern Michigan.

Miss Hattie Dwyer and Florence Lufholm challenged Esthyre Pomrpy and Anne Lynott to a game of Five Hundred this week at the home of Miss Dwyer, and for the benefit of all who are awaiting the outcome, suffice it to say that the Seventh Floor won.

Bill Bell has a "cute" picture for the RECORD, but so far we have been unsuccessful in our efforts to secure it.

Iron River, Mich.

As T. T. Driver Williams was unloading Red Crown at the service station, a competitive gasoline truck chanced along, and stopped by the station. The driver said, "Where should I unload this gas"? Williams answered, "Unload it in the sewer, it's no good anyhow"!

Iron Mountain, Mich.

John Jensen, salesman here, has the greatest "Ford" town in the Duluth division. If you are ever in need of a few hundred testimonials on Polarine "F", ask John and he will supply you promptly!

Escanaba, Mich.

The latest in society gossip. It's just out, and before this goes to press, they will be married. Who?—Why Miss Moran, one of Escanaba's popular young ladies, and F. L. Weidman, our candle salesman. Congratulations from the Escanaba bunch, Francis.

Ironwood, Mich.

W. E. Carroll, formerly T. T. driver at Ironwood, has been transferred to Minocqua, Wis., as agent.

Minocqua, Wis.

Lloyd Brooker, commission agent at Minocqua, has resigned to enter the tire and accessory business. Best of luck to you, Mr. Brooker.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Irene Deig, Correspondent

Gus Bader is busy preparing his first book, "Fish, and How to Catch Them". It is his intention to have regular classes during the coming Summer and use his text book as a guide.

Overheard the other day in the locker room: Ione to Stadler (putting his coat in locker 13), "Can I get in there with you"?

It was just about this time last year that Buster and Ebbie were giving the girls in the ediphone department a daily treat to Hershey bars.

Frances Childress gave the checking department something more to talk about when she calmly announced that she has been stepping out with her boss. And this just at the time when we heard about Stadler dedicating his latest piece of poetry to his Delaware Rose.

It may be a strange coincidence, but we have noticed for some time that on the morning after pay day, Zaff Rogers will be showing a blue mark of some kind. The last one was a bad eye. (Yes, he's married.)

Fred Haberer, formerly our general supply clerk and now with the Chicago sales division, sent us a remembrance a short time ago but he forgot to give us his address. You aren't timid about it, are you, Fred?

Verla Mundy has made an experiment which might be of interest and help to the rest of the office force. She has a picture pasted on the paper guide of her typewriter, and, according to Verla, it is an inspiration during the day.

We extend to Buster Klein our sympathy in the recent death of his grandmother.

Someone has asked why it is that we don't have those parties at Heinie's any more during noon hour. It must be because Ed Walker has left us without anyone to take his place as our dancing master.

W. A. Herron is the newest addition to our city sales force.

Eberhart came to work in a new suit one morning and he insisted it was just *one* of them and promised us that some day he will really dress up for us girls. When he does, a recess will be declared in the ediphone department.

R. V. Webb, who has been transferred to West Frankfort as agent-salesman, was a visitor in the office recently.

Thelma Jones entertained the girls from the office with a card party on December 7 in honor of Anna Leahy, a January bride-elect. A miscellaneous shower was arranged as a surprise for her.

Vincennes, Ind.

H. M. V. Shackelford, Reporter

We are glad to say that little Polarine Heavy Byers is getting along fine.

James Trueblood wants everyone to know that the reporter has but 99 more miles to go.

The S. S. meetings we have been having in Vincennes are growing more in interest each time. Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Strange are hoping to be able to say that Vincennes is responsible for the interest that is being manifested.

Our sterling S. S. attendant Jimmy Murphy, has been having quite a bit of sickness. We hope that he soon gets well and back on the job.

If a 334 is a long form, is an 042? No, it is generally short when Jimmy Trueblood is driving the Packard. Jimmy is confident he will get the criminal who says this for he has only 99 more miles to go.

We would tell a little story about Bart Morgan having four nice pumpkins if it weren't that we got two of them.

Roy Kaufman, in talking about the purity of our products, said that he had put Mica Axle Grease on a cracker and eaten it. It surely isn't anti-fat, as can be seen.

FARGO, N. D.

H. H. Cook, Correspondent

F. P. Latier, auditor from the Chicago office, is with us. You can't always tell about these "quiet" fellows. "F. P." showed up at the office one morning with a suspicious looking eye. I don't know how he could have gotten his eye

discolored in Fargo. Do you care to tell us about it, Mr. Latier?

And talking about discolored eyes, Einar Bjorge certainly had a good alibi for the one he brought to the office recently. A black eye may be acquired perfectly naturally but it certainly arouses a lot of suspicion.

Shorty Anderson and Fred Rickert recently had occasion to travel together. Understand that Fred tried to get Shorty by on half fare but the conductor said the boy would require a full fare ticket.

Will Mr. Ewald kindly stop his ediphone when he feels it is necessary to cough in the future? He failed to do this a few days ago and when Florence Nelson was transcribing a record, the cough startled her so she swallowed her gum.

We recently enjoyed a visit from our good friend Larry Fischer, S. S. superintendent from the Minneapolis division. Larry is a real live wire and we hope he will drop in to see us often.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

E. C. Frey, Correspondent

The epidemic has reached the Grand Rapids office. On October 18, 1924, Mr. Louis Jager of the record department took unto himself one Kathyrn Boone to travel along Life's Highway.

On October 25, Boyd Arthur was married to Marguerite Beauvais at Muskegon, Mich.

On October 31, Carl De Vries, order clerk, and Ester Davis, ediphone operator, were united in marriage at Hastings, Mich. Jessie Lee, ediphone operator says she "hopes" to be next. We extend our congratulations to the newlyweds and wish them luck and happiness. Among those motoring to Hastings to attend the De Vries-Davis nuptials are the Misses Blanche Warren, Christine Vehyl, Jessie Lee, Peggy Carr and Ethelyn Yost of the ediphone room. Miss Yost will play the wedding march, for 'tis Lohengrin that gets them in.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Arthur De Witt, formerly Janet VanderHout, bill clerk, entertained with a miscellaneous shower honoring Miss Esther Davis. Eighteen of the office girls enjoyed themselves and Miss Davis was the recipient of many useful and beautiful gifts.

Among those who were lucky enough to witness the Michigan-Wisconsin football game were Hugo Pierson, utility clerk; Frank Hyland, tank car clerk; H. C. Ellis, sales manager; Vera Laubscher, coupon clerk; Roma West, payroll clerk; Jack Anderson, etc. We heard a lot about the game 'n everything, mostly everything, as dancing in the evening seemed superb. Ask Roma.

Frank Hyland, tank car clerk, was the first in the Grand Rapids office to have "Ethyl" in his car, and was especially fond of it, right from the beginning.

Miss Blanche Warren of the ediphone room had a wonderful time in Chicago. It was her initial appearance in said town and she said her old "flame" showed her the town. Blanche also visited the Chicago office.

Walter Greb, formerly warehouse clerk, is now occupying a place in the stock department, our friend Carl Ostenson, having resigned to follow another line of work.

Al Terpening, stock clerk, is especially quiet lately. We understand Al is saving his pennies, the purchase of a sparkler being the cause, and the purchase of furniture being the ultimate result.

In spite of all the marriages booked, Old Dan Cupid is not resting, for one bright morning, Jean Gelderloss, comptometer operator in the checking department, came down looking still brighter, the reason being a sparkler on the fourth finger of the left hand. We can get but one thought from the lovesick sighs: "Ain't love grand?"

E. L. Bennett, formerly agent at Niles, Mich., has been transferred to the Grand Rapids office as advertising clerk.

Many a sigh and wish was heard, "Would that I were young and popular", when they heard Ernest Gibbs, file clerk, had eleven invitations to Hallowe'en parties, and didn't know which one to go to. Fate is kind and cruel sometimes. How the girls love Ernie.

Jennie Holmgren, file clerk, still believes the old tricks work. Jennie called up, and said, "I left my umbrella in your car last night, when're you going to bring it over?". Did he bring it, Jennie?

C. G. Jones, auditor, has been spending the last few weeks with us and is a pretty busy man.

Winter is about to arrive. W. O. Troub, has again adorned his upper lip with "underbrush", and it isn't henna'd either.

"Pat" Keating of the sales department is going to get a new coupe. We have a hunch it's mostly for "Duckie".

Howard Dykema, head of the checking department, had a lovely time on the night of October 27, when he attended the burning of the mortgage on the Elks Temple at his hown town, Grand Haven. We'll leave it to the Elks in any town.

Warehouse

John Zoerhoff, truck driver, is back on the job, after a short illness. Glad to have you back, John.

Introducing Phil Junkins, the new warehouse clerk, and John Albert Johnson, fireman. Welcome to the SOCO family, boys.

John Johnson, rural trucker driver, has lost his social standing in Wyoming Park, his home "town". John has been accused of killing his neighbor's cat. That's what we call "catty", John.

When it comes to hunting rabbits, ask Ralph Hall or Dewey Van Belkum. We understand they miss them by a "hare's" breadth.

Lou Mills, warehouseman, is repairing the Franklin again or yet. You should be an experienced mechanic by this time, Lou.

One of Jimmy McCauley's favorite pastimes is getting leaves to decorate for a party. That's one of them.

Garage

C. W. Wagner traded his Ford for a Chevrolet, and L. F. Williams traded his "Hup" for a Ford. "How come LF"? Chas. Soules got a Ford Sedan and discarded the touring. Roy Pease didn't trade at all, he up and got a new Ford Sedan.

Roy Chard is back on the job again hammering away, having recovered from a recent illness.

Cadillac, Mich.

The boys at Cadillac have joined the Y. M. C. A. and entered an indoor baseball team, volley ball team and bowling team. We're ready for the Grand Rapids bowlers.

L. F. Halladay, clerk, motored to Traverse City recently and besides having a wonderful time, succeeded in picking up six nails. It didn't espe-

cially bother Louie though, he merely motored home without tires. Joy in every jar.

Joe Sundstrom, S. S. attendant, sold his old Ford and bought a new one. How we'll miss those two red tires on the "Old Craft".

The SOCO indoor baseball team was nosed out by St. Johns Table Company, 4 to 3, last week. Wait until the boys get going, yes, and wait until Roy Fonger, agent, is able to get his little finger out of the way of fast ones. Out of joint, how many times the last game, Roy?

James Earl Fox, state fruit inspector, will "twirl" for the SOCO indoor team. He formerly pitched for Reo Trucks at Lansing.

For unadulterated nerve, we believe George Alt, S. S. attendant, gets the prize. He had the nerve to bet Roy Fonger, agent, that he would beat him in the bowling league meet this week. (Total pins.) This is George's initial appearance on a bowling alley, while Roy has had a turn in the ABC meet. Go to it, George.

B. Langenberg, T. W. driver, is the proud father of a new daughter. Congratulations. (Evidently names don't mean a thing lately, for we haven't been informed as to what they will call her.)

Clarence Anderson, John Turnblom and Dave Anderson all have steadies now and are looking for someone to bake a wedding cake. We have a few "Svenska" Irishmen in the office here, that might fill the bill.

Manistee, Mich.

E. Benson, giant T. W. driver, and we believe the biggest "stockholder" in our crew, has been transferred to Grand Rapids. We hated to lose him. Best of luck, Emil.

Billy Malenoski, stake truck driver, was seen the other day with his best girl, smiling at each other and then gazing at a window full of furniture. Get out the dress suits, boys, we're going to a wedding.

A. F. Steffens, genial T. W. driver, was made to feel about ten years older the other day, he has joined the realm of grandfathers. Congratulations, August.

We note in the September issue, Cadillac news, in regard to the picnic that they forgot all about the tug of war, in which they were so anxious to participate. The fact is when they saw our boys, they claimed they couldn't find a rope. Cadillac, no game was ever won without trying—it's an honor to play hard and lose, but not even to try, oh——!

A. F. Steffens and F. A. Nelson, self-appointed pinochle champions of Manistee, were taught the fine points of the game in a series played here with two of their Detroit friends. In fact, they were made to look like "minnows" against these two "sharks" from the big city, as the score of the final game would indicate—960 in the hole.

The Manistee reporter evidently overlooked the fact that E. C. Warnes, leaped into the sea of matrimony, or at least didn't advise us. However, our genial S. S. attendant, admits "love is grand" and in reply to a slight error on a report, wrote, "Sorry for this error. Please excuse. Just married, still on honeymoon. Mind is not all my own." It probably won't be from now on, ECW, but recover a bit anyway.

Muskegon, Mich.

Mr. McKelvey, warehouse man, is the proud father of a nine-pound daughter. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. "Mack". Evidently a name had not yet been decided upon for "daughter", for we weren't informed.

The atmosphere around the plant was a bit "fishy", September 11, due to the delicious fish supper the T. W. men had to pay for on account of losing a game of indoor baseball to the office and salesmen. Everyone enjoyed their "Perch".

F. H. Fillingham, assistant manager; H. C. Ellis, sales manager, and R. A. Lilly, chief clerk from the Grand Rapids office, were present to relish the "eats".

Traverse City, Mich.

We did it again, we said we would, kept the Honor Plaque at S. S. No. 58, for September. We have had it two months in succession. Roy Fonger at Cadillac said he was going to get it. You'll have to go some Roy, for we have hustlers at S. S. No. 58 in Oscar Johnson, William Driggett and Irvin Gilbert. We're glad Traverse City kept the Honor Plaque, otherwise they wouldn't even have had a place in the STANOLIND RECORD. That's where you got it over on them this time, Roy.—Corres.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Don't know whether the "book" is full or not—but this office was in receipt of an order from one of the "A" service stations for "two cakes of bananas"—they got Bon Ami—that was what they wanted.

Howell back of the cashier's cage has turned pessimist—a pair of new suspenders.

W. O. "Susie" Lewis, Lebanon agent, has threatened to make a special trip to the Indianapolis office to straighten out one Ferris on coupon muffs; said Ferris ducks every time a stranger hits the top steps.

Lyman Davis, S. S. supervisor, doesn't believe in eating any breakfast. Besides, we suspicion he is a one armed flivver engineer. Who else could run over a black cat and hit a horse all in one evening's tour?

OH, DECATUR!

Well, folks, he came from Decatur over in the Sucker state. His name is Sursa and he actually bit on the old paper stretcher gag. Looked all over the basement for one—them are facts. Decatur papers, please copy.

It is "Pap" Wallace Revel now, girl, ten pounds.

Former Manager W. C. Cheesebro was a welcome visitor at the Indianapolis office recently.

With all due respect for Safety First teachings, accidents will happen—for it seems that J. P. Schobert, North Vernon S. S., has been in harness for twenty years and never had his name in the STANOLIND RECORD.

The Indianapolis office's first attempt at a golf tournament was a bell ringer. It was gotten up on very short notice, in fact, the actual playing took longer than the planning. Conducted on a handicap basis, it appears that Ray Kean who doped out the strokes knew his stuff—at least he topped the field of nineteen other entrants. The duffer foursome would still be playing if it hadn't been for the chicken supper on the card. The only real bright spot for skill came from Bill Reed's card of 82, the others were mingling with century and double century runs. Phil Serrin was the victim of several uphill lies

and Al Mathias not only played every trap on the course but had a very stunning downhill lie—he slid all the way to the bottom. John Marshall became more or less dizzy from watching T. R. ("Skeeter") Dawson's cross-hand drives and played all the bunkers in sight. Peterson doped as a master affirms he was held back and never could play by moonlight. George Ashman, portsider, was noticed fishing in the river—200 yards out of bounds—we wouldn't say that he was looking for his ball. With plenty of dead leaves littering the "roughs" many of the boys ought to qualify for mushroom or field mice hunters. One player was asked in the midst of his digging what he was looking for and he said, "Why, violets, of course." Doc Anderson in a trap pulled one of the famous Kirkwoods—the ball went straight back over his head. Al Mathias was elected president of what will now be known as the Stanolind Golf Club and everyone is urged to join, the dues being "zero." Oh yes, the scores: Kean—Net 65, handicap 40; Baity, 76-30; Anderson, 78-30; Reed, 79-3; Ashman, 82-45; Peterson, 83-35; Dawson, 83-40; Scully, 87-40; Boring, 88-40; Marshall, 89-25; Kester 90-50; Mathias, 91-45; Russom, 93-35; Serrin, 94-50; Bruce, 99-50; Fields, 105-55; Davidson, 111-35; Benjamin, 111-35; Tichenor, 127-35.

Anderson

The safety committee made its rounds the other day and decided that Sam Hudgel, S. S. No. 103, needs a new cap.

S. S. No. 38 lost a real fellow and Union City gained one, account of the transfer of A. A. Harshman.

Charley Nolan, S. S. No. 50, says his new oil pit is not a pit, it's a pity—it wasn't built sooner.

News Reporter A. C. Retz claims that C. Tillman, new attendant at S. S. No. 38, has left the cows and pigs behind to take up his new duties.

C. M. Reed, S. S. No. 103, is building a new bungalow. (Let's have the picture, Mr. Retz.)

Bloomington

O. C. Browne, M. T. driver, is building a house for the Mrs. so she can throw a blow-out to the Red Crown Specials. Brown says the gang will be fed on White River oysters at the house-warming.

The arrival of an eight-pound boy has Driver V. E. McConnell walking on his toes. That's a good idea, Mac, then you will never awaken the baby.

Mrs. Leo Flenner is recovering nicely from her operation. All the Specials hope she will be able to eat weiners soon.

Odus Mitchell is our latest addition. He pilots truck 10867 and looks the part of a champion barrel juggler.

By Second Post

Having passed his prime in the business of bowling and as a baseball umpire, our worthy STANOLIND RECORD scribe—Harsh—has entered the secondary stage of life by purchasing a "Prince of Wales Special" (i. e., Ford Sedan) and taking up golf. This all happened in one day, and nearly resulted in "shell shock" to several around the office, who had known our scribe's antipathy to both above forms of recreation. Starting down to work one morning with Mounsey driving and Harsh, Taffe, Griffin and Paul as passengers they attempted to pass a street car but were flagged by the motorman who "got their number." After which they encountered two blow-outs and left their "special" about one-half mile from the office and proceeded on foot.

JOLIET, ILL.

Miss Agnes Paton (Office) and C. H. Kneip (Field), Correspondents

The Joliet division is very much grieved to learn of the death of James S. Connel, who had been with the company for 22 years, and at the time of his death was agent at Aurora station. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to his wife and son.

Louise Staley of the dictaphone department is recovering from an appendicitis operation. We hope to see her back with the Ol' Gang soon.

"Barney Google" Arthur and "Spark Plug" Sparks, our creditman and assistant creditman, should work together very nicely, don't you think? We fear that Sparks has taught Arthur a bad habit or else Arthur must be cutting down on expenses, by smoking a pipe instead of cigarettes.

Harry Kaufman has been made city salesman, having been transferred from S. S. No. 301 at Mendota.

Roy Prussing—What's the idea of holding out? Why not come across with cigars and candy? It takes the telephone operator to get the dope on you, but we don't believe Swede stories.

Ray Kramer returned Monday morning after an absence of two weeks due to illness.

Hattie Martin has been making regular pilgrimages to Chicago lately. She should worry if her train is late, because she is entertained by some singers while waiting. They are some birds. (Jail-birds).

Bert Ingold has been transferred to the order department, while Bob Fraser has been made assistant to Wally De Groat who is R. and G. correspondent.

We miss our *little* messenger boy "Stokum". "Anything going down—any messages?" He has been transferred to S. S. attendant at No. 13, Joliet.

We understand Kathryn Kane had an accident. The next time you are handed a card, Kanie, we would advise you to read it before arguing. Better cut your speed limit down to twenty miles per, hereafter.

Bill Barrett has been transferred from the sales department to the equipment department, Ray Kramer having taken his place as sales writer.

Mary McMillan blamed her black eye on the dog. We don't believe that, Mary, we would like to see the other fellow.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

J. J. Wilhelm, Correspondent

E. B. Lepp, formerly agent at Schell City, Mo., has resigned. Agent Instructor C. D. Wyatt is taking care of the station.

H. R. Mathias, lubricating salesman, is now at home in Emporia, Kans., and says he has one of the finest apartments in the town.

Mr. Skourop and Percy Green have sure been hitting the ball hard here lately. That Polarine "F" is awful stuff to get mixed up with.

Mr. Gilmore of the T. W. department has been very quiet for a long time, but is getting over it gradually. Wonder why? Dancing with a certain young lady at noon time sure works wonders.

Jack Gephart, I. B. clerk, is now wearing long hose again. Rely on Jack and know when winter is coming.

Ray Horstman, check department, just won't let the boys with autos outdo him. He is now the proud owner of an Overland.

Bill Merrick is also figuring on buying a car. Just as soon as he can sell his horses.

Miss Sarah Cook Berry, for the past five years in the check department, left us on October 15, possibly to get married, but she says not. Well, Sally, we are sorry to see you leave, but come to see us often.

Well, folks, the same old story, Howard Houston has decided to put the hollers under the furniture. He is going to move again, yet.

P. E. Morey has succeeded L. E. Gowin as agent at Nevada, Mo. Welcome, Mr. Morey.

Miss Helen Danback, formerly of the billing department, was married on September 4 at Tulsa, Okla. The office and her friends extend to her their congratulations.

Miss Jeffers of the office has had a very sore shoulder, from the effects of a little hunting and fishing trip. After this be careful how you shoot the gun next time.

Phil Hutchings is now assisting Bill Saeger, as Charles Stillson is now in the credit department.

Harry Staub is now the proud owner of a Suffering Six. Now, boys, watch his smoke.

Bill Williams won a Chevrolet touring car. Bill's first lesson was how to toot the horn. Otto Laaser is Bill's chauffeur.

Charles Camp, the shop humming bird, joined the Giant ship during the World Series. His slogan was, To the last Dollar.

The office has been instructed to purchase one more case of bird seed for L. Christy and Charles Camp. The birds have nothing on these boys.

E. Clevenger, W. H. Pendleton, Charles Shaeffer and Charles Camp spent a week-end at Lake Guyington and Herrington, fishing. The total catch as close as they will tell us was 112 pounds. Some fish!

Well, it seems as though Cupid has had some fine aims here lately the way that the arrows have been going. Harold Halsel of the downstairs office took the fatal step and has forsaken the boys that are still enjoying the life of single bliss. The few that are left in the ranks of bachelors don't seem to feel as steady. The bachelors have formed a new society called the Bachelors Protective Association, with K. T. Wenger, Bill Merrick, George Brownrigg, Grundy Shuck and Joe Wilhelm as honorary members. The entire office wishes to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Halsel their congratulations. The cigars and candy were appreciated.

Mrs. Nadine Vanderham, formerly of the dictaphone department, paid us a recent visit.

Geo. W. Coldsnow, assistant manager at St. Louis, was in K. C. recently to visit his mother. Mr. Coldsnow was formerly distribution superintendent at K. C.

The big Polarine campaign of the sales force has come to a close. The winners so far are C. W. Reno, P. D. Surber, E. G. Neel, O. L. Scott, H. H. Young and E. E. Boston. Carl Nichols also is included in the win column.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

W. O. Pearce, attendant at S. S. No. 15, Menomonie, Wis., has developed a new method of selling Polarine in five-gallon cans. Recently six young men in a car drove into Menomonie, stole a five-gallon can of Polarine from the S. S., drove rapidly away on the road toward Eau Claire. Pearce had effected a sale, but had not collected for it. He telephoned the chief of police at Eau Claire, who was successful in rounding up the men, who paid for the oil and the telephone call. Pearce says he is not particular how they buy Polarine just so they pay for it. He is willing to let anyone else get a can, if they think they can get away with it. Pearce also thinks that this is a good recommendation for Polarine oils.

We wish to welcome the following new agents: O. U. Ostrem, Lanesboro, Minn.; C. J. Winters, Lake City, Minn.; Fred Altman, Arpin, Wis., and R. F. Talbert, Bangor, Wis.

H. W. Mann, agent at St. Charles, Minn., enjoyed (?) a two weeks' vacation in the St. Francis Hospital in La Crosse. It was all Mrs. Mann and the nurses could do to keep Horace in bed for a period of ten days, as H. W. was so anxious to get back on the truck. As a SOCO man, H. W. Mann is 100 percent. You might have been glad to leave, Mr. Mann, but the nurses sure do miss you.

We knew Helen Ferguson was not here, but we didn't know why, until she came back minus her tonsils. She says it's really not half bad having them removed.

Were we surprised? Well, who wasn't? And didn't Romie get the thrills when passing the treat cause everyone thought it was his own. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Groenert, you certainly slipped it over on us, but we return good for ill and wish you all the happiness possible. According to the big smile that is being worn by Mrs. Marguerite Groenert, nee Thrune, we think she is quite happy in her new state. Oh yes, he wears a smile too. The girls of the ediphone department gave a delightful party for Mrs. Groenert, October 25, at the Y. W. C. A. Marguerite was presented with a silver creamer and sugar, sandwich tray and salt and pepper shakers. The evening was spent in playing games.

Mrs. E. J. Kuehl, wife of our agent at Plainview, Minn., had the misfortune to fall and break her ankle. E. J. says that driving a tankwagon and cooking make a poor combination. We wish you a speedy recovery, Mrs. Kuehl.

Austin, Minn.

Jack Wood, agent, says they know the value of Ethyl Fluid in Austin. The following is a conversation between two of our customers: First Man, "Say, have you tried that new stuff that Standard has got?" Second Man, "What is that?" First Man, "All you have to do is to stop at the first pump where you see that little thing and get some of it and, believe me boy, you will see the difference."

Eau Claire, Wis.

R. E. Jones and E. R. Remp spent several days in Eau Claire. What did you do with the governor on that Dodge, E. R.?

T. R. McGough, attendant at S. S. No. 4, has resigned to attend the University of Minnesota. Leo Clancy and Frank Helrick have also yielded

to their thirst for more knowledge and have returned to school. Good luck to you, fellows.

B. J. Rudolph is now in charge of S. S. No. 21.

C. J. Bruck, Fort Wayne, Ind., was the first to fill with Red Crown and also have the crank case drained at our new service station in Eau Claire. Mr. Bruck was so pleased with the service that he stopped on his return from Minnesota.

John Haanstad, attendant at our "Norwegian" service station, can be seen whispering a choice bit of news to every Ford owner, and the result is, that the "Elizabeth 4" ambles over to the drain pit and tries out the suggestion. John's sales on Polarine "F" are bringing new life to the Ford and raising "Ned" with our stock.

An interesting meeting was held with the employees at Eau Claire. The merits of Polarine "F" being explained by E. R. Remp and J. A. Groenert. As a result the Eau Claire station cleaned up a carload in less than three days. Mrs. Towne, wife of our agent at Eau Claire, celebrated Mr. Towne's birthday by serving pop-corn and fudge to the gang. Appreciated? Well I guess.

Charles Rhode is again in charge of his Packard tank truck, which has just been painted. He is so proud of it he will hardly let a fellow look at it lest he mar the paint.

A. H. Behrens, our new T. T. driver, has already acquired the SOCO spirit. Accompanied by Mr. Towne, agent, A. H. went out and sold SOCO products to shareholders in a competitive oil company. We'll say that takes some tall talking.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Sherer, Correspondent

Mrs. C. A. Wendt, wife of the popular "Chawles", salesman on the New Ulm field, wrote a lyric to the tune of "The Gold Digger", which Charlie has been humming with good effect. The poem is entitled "Sell a Little Polarine", and has the necessary snap and pep to put it into the best seller class. Copies of the spirited chorus will be forwarded upon request.

The construction men built new piers for the storage tanks at Balaton and now E. G. Gifford, agent, has one of the best "B" station plants in the division. The nicely kept grounds and buildings indicate Gifford's great pride in the appearance of his plant.

Florabell Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Brown, was married on October 11 to A. Edmund Thro, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thro of Mankato.

An assistant, without pay, for the equipment superintendent arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meyer on October 12. Four lusty lads now make life interesting in the Meyer homestead.

It took W. H. Barnes only five minutes to sell a deaf and dumb customer on the idea that he should have his Ford's crank case drained and refilled with Polarine "F" at S. S. No. 14, St. Peter. Wayland was unable to register his argument by the spoken word but quick action with pencil and pad, coupled with lightning like motions and gestures toward the "F" advertising placards and leaflets convinced the customer.

John Krier, equipment clerk, says that he and the missus made thirteen gallons of sauerkraut, merely to have some on hand in case of sickness. Jack usually makes at least two barrels of the cabbage delicacy but he says he didn't have time this year to make more than enough for the children.

H. H. Smart, Owatonna agent, requested a supply of "Tractor Lubrication" and "Automobile Lubrication" books, stating that Owatonna high school authorities desired to use this material as text books. Needless to say, the books were promptly supplied.

T. P. Jones, assistant manager of the Quincy division, was in Mankato and vicinity renewing old friendships and enjoying Southern Minnesota's share of the ten thousand lakes, recently.

Now that the office girls have organized a bridge club, the winners are seriously considering arranging a tournament with the men auction fiends. We offer a fireproof copy of that sterling treatise "Under the Bridge" to the winners.

George Schaus and Bill Johnson, mechanics, are the proud possessors of a pair of Springfield army rifles with which they are wont to go out to the rifle range and test their prowess. Strange to relate, the armory board which governs the Mankato National Guard rifle range received a complaint that a bullet had penetrated the skull of a farmer's valuable horse grazing nearby and killed the animal. The hour of the deed caused the evidence to shift the blame on George and Bill who declare "It's a horse on us!"

L. H. Morton, erstwhile S. S. attendant and truck salesman, is now propelling about the country in the endeavor to secure enough orders to make a good-looking picture on an 029. Thus far he is succeeding admirably.

A go-getter for business is Mel Clarke, agent at Brewster. He is specializing in new customers and is lining them up under the Red Crown banner at a rapid rate. A visit to the Brewster station is a vivid lesson in enthusiasm.

The young son of Walter Gleason, agent at Currie, had a narrow escape from serious injury when he became lodged between two buildings. A crew of men were unable to extricate the lad until heavy jacks were brought into play to force the buildings apart.

L. E. Thomson, mechanic, (the fish who formerly lived *at* Lake Crystal) passed around the cigars on October 14, announcing the arrival of a daughter at the Thomson home *by* Hickory street *in* Mankato.

The Red Crowns, bowling in the Loyola league, are not faring so well in the comparative standings. The team average looks like a 90 percent loss at the present time but the boys say that they will lead the league before the finals.

F. C. Brown, president of the Red Crown Club, called a business session of the club on October 23, to decide on a time and place for a Hallowe'en party. No one made any motions, therefore Prexy Brown adjourned the meeting without recourse. He says that he's going to have a party of his own and that he isn't going to invite anybody.

MASON CITY, IOWA

Frank H. Doten, Correspondent

When our stationery clerk, Ted Galbreath, arrived back in the city with his bride after their honeymoon, the Des Moines gang, Emil Larson, Hiram Selover, Knute Jersild and Axel Thomas, who were his boarding house partners, armed themselves with a dish pan, trombone, cornet and banjo and serenaded him at the house of the bride. Ted seemed to appreciate it as he invited

the boys in and passed out cigars, ice cream, pie and candy. Good luck, Ted.

Robert E. Porter, our agent at Lehigh, Iowa, sends in report for October 16, with the following notation, "It's a boy, October 16, 1924". Good report, Porter.

We held our first fall dance of the Red Crown Social Club, September 27. It was without question the best time that we have had. Every time we hold a party it is always better than the last one. (Incidentally we wish that those that are behind in their dues would pay up.) We had a little local talent added to our last party. Miss Nolan gave a recitation, Mr. Jersild picked out a tune on the banjo and Mr. and Mrs. Manson sang a duet. Mr. Manson wrote the words and music to this song himself. This entertainment was well received as it deserved to be and we hope that more of our members will add to the evening's entertainment from time to time.

Our congratulations are extended to J. W. Irons, agent at New Albin. On September 30 he completed fourteen years' service with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

To anyone interested in the World's Series, how would this bet look to you? Joe Gasoline bet Dewey Williams that Babe Ruth would not make a homerun in the World's Series. Dewey took him up. Who should have to pay this bet?

Some of the girls in the steno department are complaining about the flies. Harold suggested that Bovinol be used and the girls welcomed the idea warmly.

A. A. Nayes is now a booster of Polarine "F". He is the proud possessor of a Ford Coupe and recently put some Polarine "F" in it. Since then he says he gets out every once in a while to see if the motor is still running as he couldn't hear it.

John R. Roscoe, attendant at S. S. No. 28, Fort Dodge, has set up a mechanical toy advertising Mica Axle Grease as used for hogs. He has an imitation hog going round a post, presumably covered with the hog grease. The spring which operates this device will run for about thirty minutes without rewinding. It has caused considerable favorable comment and has greatly increased sales of Mica Axle Grease at No. 28. Congratulations to you, John. (Apix please—Ed.)

Miss Swigart was heard recently making arrangements (over the phone) for an apartment. We all hope to be invited to the big event which will be June 31, 1944, it is stated.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

C. Henry Austin, Correspondent

The bowling league has been the chief topic of conversation in the Milwaukee office. Both team and individual competition has been very keen, and at the present time the Solites, Ethyls, Semdacs and Finols are leading the league in team averages, in the order mentioned. The "gang" surely has a good time when they get together on Friday evenings.

Our new assistant general manager, H. A. Lewis, visited the Milwaukee field recently and found time to admire the beauty of Milwaukee.

E. R. Marsden, our eagle eyed "A" station agent at Janesville, is always on the job. Recently an airplane flew from Milwaukee to Janesville distributing advertising matter, and old Eagle Eye was on the job waiting for the landing to give them a fill.

LeRoy Kirbey, S. S. attendant at Madison, was married on October 1.

Mike Feiler, T. W. driver at Madison, says it pays to drive slowly. While Mike was working on his route the steering rod on his car broke, but he stopped his truck before any damage was done.

The Madison boys are all wondering how big Bill Nott, S. S. attendant at No. 24, can get into the small house he recently bought.

The Standard Oil Noon Day Club held a dinner dance at the Medford Hotel, Thursday evening, October 16. Eck. Hanson pleaded for an opportunity to give a buck and wing dance. Mr. Kroes rendered a vocal solo, followed by Mr. Sagemiller with a violin solo, with G. T. Dougherty at the piano. Bob Lee did his stuff on his mandolin. The chairman promises several more such affairs during the coming year.

The Madison boys have decided to check golf from their list of recreation exercises, after the treatment received by Mr. Carson, agent, at the hands of Mr. Andrews of the Pennsylvania Oil Company.

Lawrence Hanna, efficiency man from Chicago, who is working in Milwaukee at the present time, changed his opinion of Milwaukee since he learned that it had a sporty golf course.

T. A. Lee, our "hit 'em hard" "A" station agent at Sheboygan, put in his appearance at the Milwaukee office the other day and no one recognized him. The carefully cultivated mustache had disappeared. Tom refuses to give an explanation. The office sleuth is on his trail.

We are authorized to announce that superintendent of equipment, Alex Gross, did not grow a mustache in order to get into the movies. In explaining its reason for existence Alex said, "I just let it grow."

The Standard Oil family has been growing by leaps and bounds. Out at Platteville, Wis., it is recorded that "B" Station Agent E. W. Haug, and T. W. Driver Otis Wates, each have a new baby boy.

A. E. Heldt, "A" station agent at Wausau, has volunteered a bit of information as to how his city received its name. Wausau he says is an Indian name meaning "land far away." The word was also used by the Indian boys to imitate a cub bear as she hunted porcupines and partridges. The English equivalent of Wausau would be "Woof! Woog!"

Among the recent advancements are the following: W. J. Winter advanced from garage salesman to special salesman in charge of garage salesmen. Mr. R. B. Williams, from garage salesman to special salesman in charge of general salesmen, Milwaukee county. Mr. G. T. Dougherty, connected with the real estate department, has been transferred to the Chicago office. Mr. W. J. Duncan will replace Mr. Dougherty.

Culley Thayer, our Sturgeon Bay agent, had his name entered under the roll of immortals by performing the remarkable feat of making a hole in one recently. On the 8th hole which is 125 feet he dropped the ball into a hole from the tee off.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Chester J. Webb, Correspondent

Country S. S. Notes

Milton Thomas, Excelsior, Minn., the boy with the sweet tenor voice, wants to know if he could

sing with the Red Crown quartette. Give him a chance, Eckman.

H. R. Jones, Long Prairie, Minn., no longer has a flower garden since Davidson and Fischer visited there. What did they do with them, Horace? They did.

Pete Pederson, Montevideo, Minn., almost lost his station when the elevator burned down. I'll bet it was a hot place, hey, Pete?

Oscar Lind painted the driveway green at S. S. No. 33.

It was officially made public by the St. Paul Police Department at 9:20 P. M., September 23, 1924, that "Washburn's Darling" will do 30 miles per hour on Red Crown and Polarine, on three cylinders without rear fenders, top and lower half of windshield.

Don Penney must have gotten home early the other night. He noticed that Thompson opens his station at 6:45.

Bersing's wax collar is doomed. A grease rack has been installed at his station.

"Red" Kleinschmidt wants to know why all the extra help comes out on Monday afternoon.

Wallace Keesling, S. S. attendant at Wyzata, is the proud daddy of an eight pound baby girl.

Syverson is our new bulk agent at Excelsior, Minn. Watch those sales pep up. You can if you will, Ken.

F. W. Keesling, Waysata, Minn. Addition in family.

Carl D. Krauth, River Falls, Wis. Addition in family.

Carl Nelson, agent, Ortonville, Minn., says his quota is never tough enough. Be careful what you say, Carl.

We are glad that Chris Eul is back in the S. S. at Morris. Watch the business come now.

Sylvester Rudnicki, Morris, Minn., wants to be transferred. How would you like a small town like Minneapolis, Syl?

S. L. Barsness, Glenwood, Minn., can't talk to Sherman since Brown painted his station. I wonder what would happen if they put a canopy over the driveway.

Since Otto Engesether has entered the fistic game he has exhausted his sparring partners to such an extent that he had to resort to a big black bear. How is the cut over the eye, Otto?

A. F. Fogelstrom, Brainerd, Minn., feels proud now since he is in charge of S. S. No. 26. Put her over the top, Al.

Robert Elder, salesman, Brainerd. Fischer has something on you, Bob, but I guess he forgot. Get you next time.

Otto Heikenen and Roy Krech have entered the big family at Brainerd, Minn., S. S. department. We know they will make good.

Twin City S. S. Notes

Three Standard Oilers, part-time men, who are going to the University of Minnesota had the honor of being chosen for the freshman football squad. They are: Arendsee who comes from South Dakota; Kofflin who is stamped Canada, and McChesney who also resides in the Northland. Keep it up fellows, it's a man sized job you are doing.

H. E. Olson of 34th and Lyndale, when asked why he doesn't wear the Standard Oil cap says, it makes too much dandruff. I think it's due to the perfume he uses on his hair.

Thomas Bergene of 36th and Nicollete announces to the world at large the arrival of a little embryo soup strainer on his upper lip. Tom says he is practising for a circus which usually goes out in spring.

Mr. Davidson was not seen with a new overcoat the other day. As it is rumored, Davidson went on a trip in the country and his old coat disappeared in a fire. Still, it was a pretty good old coat.

Oscar Lind, the St. Paul supervisor, says all his bowling ability is due to his wife. It seems that she always has a certain shirt and outfit ready with which her husband can pick the cherries.

Roy O. Walbom, 36th and Lyndale station. The handsome young man is joining the ranks of matrimony soon.

Jack Petters, 6th and Hoffman, has a new sign on his Ford Coupe. In the front it says "Chickens, here's your coupe"—and on the rear he is displaying "A tin you love to touch." That's all right, Jack, you're working for the Standard Oil Co.

Office

The lid came off with a bang on the night of October 3, opening the 1924-5 Red Crown Social Club season. Everybody was primed for the occasion and in fine spirits. There was plenty of action all the time. Dancing occupied most of the evening. Cider, doughnuts and apples refreshed the participants during the intermission and Hillary's orchestra was highly complimented on their syncopated capers.

McEleney, Robertson and Smithson of the office thought they had a bargain on a sedan car which had only been run for thirty days for a cash price of $300. After much arguing they flipped pennies and McEleney was given all honers. Too bad, Mac, that it turned out to be a flivver.

D. L. McLeod, Portland and Lake, is playing professional football with the Snyder All-Stars. Ma's wife says he sure is a nice looking half back.

HOT DOG! Lots of them, the large juicy kind with mustard. Plenty of fresh buns and hot java—the kind Charley Wolgang knows how to brew so well. That was the piece de resistance on the bill-of-fare the night of October 23, when the annual Red Crown weiner roast was held at Glenwood Golf Club. Sixty members gathered around the big bonfire and satisfied their respective appetites with succulent "hot dog".

We are sorry to have Miss Eva Beck leave us on account of ill health but join in with all good wishes that her health may fully be recovered after a two months' visit in Montana. Before leaving us a pleasant evening was spent by some of the girls at a dinner up town and a gift was presented as a token of remembrance.

Cliff Stenning, where is your salesman instruction book? Flock broadcasting. New Red Crown Blues—Ekman—Jew Harp, Moshier—harmonica and Christianson—Bozo. They're rotten. They admit it. However, somebody must be the life of the party.

Huckenphaler casting—time three hours—place new Richmond, Wis. Catch—2 sunfish and one sore forefinger. Yes, Joey, it's a true fish story.

he will be groomed for a sales writer. He is trying to take Mabel Marske's place. Reports indicate that she is gaining in strength and will soon be with us again. We all hope for a rapid recovery.

Benjamin Franklin, our new office boy, Harold Plowe and Fern Grayson evidently took gymnastics under the same trainer. Ben has acquired a slight stoop, a Safety First measure he adopted when they started building six foot ten inch doors.

Fred Carle, credit man, was recently the guest of William Matteson, our Port Austin agent, and, after he had buried his wheels in the lake sand, was offered the loan of a shovel by an admiring onlooker. Fred brought it back to Saginaw to prove his statement and the good Samaritan is wondering when he is going to get his spade back.

C. F. Dawson has a 1916 model Olympian self propelling vehicle that he would trade for a Rolls Royce 1925, provided the vender will include a license. We don't know what attitude he will take about having the gas tank full, and if any one figures on taking advantage of his charitableness they had better hurry before he makes this stipulation.

Hans Albrecht, our new recruit and decided asset to Dudley Jones' department, ruined a ten cent file when he jumped his trade and tried to pull off a little Mill Wright stuff without the assistance of a blue print. He is a model of punctuality and we understand that his early morning vigil has caused much mental disturbance to our knight of the feather duster and it is many a dark look our enterprising statistician has noted when greetings were exchanged.

Albert Linberg has more worries than a spindle legged girl in the cave of the winds and we learn from his "Pol" Parrot that he recently lost a lot of slumber trying to figure how much longer it would take Harold Plowe to get beneficial results from an internal remedy for fallen arches than Bernie Hoerauf.

L. M. Howell our Ashley agent, was a recent visitor to the Saginaw office. His pleasant personality is a relief to any one afflicted with the "willies."

Robert Allardyce, our radio shark, says that all the kicks he heretofore received from his Kresge outfit have lost their pep and that from now on he will seek something more interesting. We amicably suggest a woman. He'll get a longer program than he ever expected from the radio and likewise his back talk will be just as effective.

Our auburn haired office boy Harold Willert seems to get all fussed up when he brings down the second mail. He curses the late day he was entered into this game of life as he will have to acquire a scrub brush chin before he can compete with some of his older contenders for the winsome smiles of the little French stenographer. Harold says he always did like French people and he likes them better now.

Bill Sodeman and Clembert Kolb of the stock department, figure stock losses with their cerebrum and work their cerebellum overtime planning hunting trips. Clemb has hung his bike on the back porch until after the April showers and will regulate his alarm clock so it will cooperate with the buss schedules.

Miss Otillie Holl, boss stenographer of the Harem, has left our midst to bolster up the stenographic force at the Consumers Power Company. We were sorry to have her leave us and wish her well.

Miss Fern Grayson, the girl who showed us a few artistic tricks with Tudor Square Candles, has a new one this year. She transforms Christmas cards into works of art. Any one interested can by placing their order now avoid the rush.

Miss Ruth Zander, the Credit department stenographer, felt pretty bad the day she read the account in the Flint News about the way Mr. Jones has conducted himself since he got outside her environment. She says strange to say she crosses the Saginaw River from four to six times a day and while it may be hard for him to believe she hasn't had the least desire to jump off the bridge.

Miss Harriet Zwerk was a Detroit visitor during October. She says next to Saginaw that is the best place on earth. It was a little early for Santa Claus but she saw a lot of nice policemen and after all who could ask for more.

"Ace" Pringle one of the best sign painters that ever got egg on his shirt thinks or rather thought he carried a pretty high rating in the manly art of horseshoe pitching. Instead of saying, "Hello," to any one he would say, "I can beat you pitching horseshoes for a quarter." Now one would think he had never heard of the game the way he dropped the word from his vocabulary. It appears that when he was in Perry last September he played twenty-four game tournament with a child who's mother was looking all over town for him. Considering the kid's age, Ace let him win two dozen of them. It seems that who ever taught the kid the game only showed him how to throw ringers and the only time Ace ever saw anything to compare with it for accuracy was the time he seen the animal trainer hit the seal's mouth every time he tossed a fish at it. Ace is going to take up needlework.

Harry Joseph, smoke stack salesman at Flint, is working on a literary achievement that may prove that a wrinkle is not to be scorned. This great work may be soon released under the title, "HIYELLA," or, "The Vacant Chair."

Modesty is your correspondent's weak point and he hates to bring this point up but it will be remembered that he predicted that Glen Niendorf would be made the recipient of a bridge lamp. He now exhibits that careworn look that is the proverbial scarlet letter on every married man's head.

Miss Harriet Zwerk, marketing department stenographer, knows more tricks with four sticks of Black Jack chewing gum, than a counterfeiter does with three feet of lead pipe and to see her look out the window, write twenty-two words a minute, remember a date, powder her nose and put the gum through all the latest steps would be a treat for a blind man.

Albert Linberg is a devout lover of nature which accounts for the flock of canaries, gold fish and trained mouse hounds he has in his home. During the Autumnal days he favored several of our matrimonial suspects with nosegays of gladolii, petunia, daisies and what-nots; then played on their sympathies when he came in the office with a goose egg knot on the apex of his head caused when he slipped on a bar of soap in the family bath tub. All the world loves

a martyr and he played the game until the adhesive plaster dropped off. For several days he looked like the Sheik of Anti Toxin.

W. H. Coleman, Saginaw agent, wants the world to know that he is not the party who had forty pounds taken off his balcony. He figures he is just a nice lap full, all of which may be true considering that his knowledge of laps is limited since his was eliminated years ago.

James Fillion, cashier of the warehouse, is so provoked he has a mind to grow another Luke McLuke Moustache. He had his arm all scarred up when he was vaccinated and never got the small pox at all. He says it's a darned good thing bald knobs are not contagious as he sure gets exposed every day.

Glen Zuver, formerly of the record department, has been assigned to the S. S. department to fill the vacancy created when W. R. Vanderbeck was promoted to supervisor of the Saginaw and Bay City service stations. F. C. Henderson is working in the record department. Considerable disappointment was manifested when it was learned that he had been to the altar.

Ollie Richards, refined oil correspondent, recently took in a lead disk with the legend, "In God We Trust," on one side and "Fifty Cents" on the other. A block away one would easily be deceived into thinking it was a half dollar. The only way Ollie can account for its acceptance was that it was so close to pay day that a United Cigar Certificate would look like a Federal Reserve Note.

Effective September 30, S. S. No. 72, Bay City, was opened for business.

E. A. Bruder is the attendant in charge of S. S. No. 42, Roger City. We suspect that the motoring public will get a particular brand of service from now on.

O. H. Lowish succeeds B. G. McAra as agent at Davison. He is a go-getter and great things are expected of him.

Fred Dettenthaller has learned a trick with a pumpkin pie and five pounds of brown sugar that would make a quart of Old Crow look like a jay bird with fallen arches. All you got to do is hide the sugar in the pumpkin and when you go to look for it in about thirty days all you find is about a quart of silly soup that will make you walk off a draw bridge.

Several members of the office were auditors of Paul Whiteman's remarkable performance last October. Arrangements may be made to secure his services for our annual party in May and then again they may not. The Red Crown Orchestra is working on the Hungarian Rhapsody in Indigo but progress has been impeded through an argument as to whether it is a waltz or a fantasy.

Harry Snyder recently registered another milestone to his happy career and on this joyful occasion some of his admiring friends rushed in on him after he has hung his suspenders on the piano and brought lots of good things to eat and a raft of presents that forced an extra dividend on Woolworth common. Harry says he laughed so much that he shook off exactly ten years.

Aaron Breiter, stock chaser at the garage, certainly fills the bill. He is thinking of employing his leisure hours on the caliope in competition with James Baird, benedict.

Welcome Glover Oliver, sales writer, has located a special buy in cigars. For the insignificant outlay of thirty-five cents he gets a handful that will attract more attention in a smoking parlor than a pole cat in a beauty parlor. When he gets through reducing one of those perfectos to cinders he has a color like a jar of Cico paste and a breath like a horse. Any one making a practice of giving torches like that to his friends would soon be as friendless as a landlord with the bubonic plague. H. E. Zuber has indorsed them too, but not for ye scribe. When they have invented a combustible garden hose with a lower sulphur content, then he will if his finances dictate this rigid economy switch over.

Cheboygan

Russell Smith, our warehouseman, was transferred to the Saginaw office and we will miss his smile and snappy ways. We know he will like his associates in Saginaw and ask that the "Harem" treat him nicely but bear in mind that he is taken.

"Johnny" Phillips and "Heinie" Metz at S. S. No. 12 are still driving a good business at the old stand and are trying to sell as many five gallon bulk deliveries of Polarine "F" as they can without getting away from the regular line.

Sam Bonscours has been laid up for a few days with a sore throat. From the way that boy was chattering the merits of Perfection and Red Crown with the sole idea of dispensing his two loads per day we don't wonder that it would be in an inflamed condition.

Our Old Friend Lew Berry, our next judge of probate, is busy getting votes and we predict that his regime will be a new era of equity that will give him a permanent job.

We note in the Flint News that one Tommie Russell left a trace of his winning ways in the Saginaw office. We think that boy is endowed with the art of winning favor with weaker sex and we predict that if he is around this section much the young girls are going to angle for him.

By the way, "Chum" is back on the job again since Bill Schmidt got back from his vacation. "Chum" is the Schmidt's family and he is some dog. He keeps the office in order.

Bill McClelland, T. W. salesman, is busy keeping the competitor's trucks out of his territory about all they get in his circuit is panoramic view of his domain.

L. C. Reip was a recent visitor of our plant and was highly complimentary of his praise to the boys of S. S. No. 12. They have their station in first class condition and have a very good sales record for the past year.

Cheboygan employees extend their heartfelt sympathy to J. H. Mertz who's father passed away September 22.

Walter Peppler erstwhile agents of Cheboygan and now in business at Mackinaw City reports good business and a family of five.

Owosso

The following was printed in the local newspaper.

"Among the many nice things said about Corunna's live and accommodating business men this year, was one paid to the employes of the Standard Oil Station here—Walter Street and Walter O'Dell—by a travelling man, who said 'Corunna has the most courteous and accommodating young men in charge that I have encountered in any Standard Oil Station in the state of Michigan.' "

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

T. R. Ridge, Correspondent

Junior Saunders seems to be taking plenty of mental exercise, studying law and ladies, but from what Doc White says the books that he is using have no effect on his actions. How come, Junior, is it the teacher?

The warehouse employees and A. B. Reichmann of the machine shop were taken on a 'coon hunt by H. C. Reichard, chief huntsman. They caught one 'coon and three opossums. Fred Kenney of the warehouse was unable to tell the difference between the opossum and the raccoons.

L. Arthur of the iron barrel department, is very fond of 12th street as a certain young lady friend lives on this street and he has worn a path across the vacant lot leading to a certain house. We are for you Arthur and hope to be able to present you with a nice present in the near future.

John Crotty's Ford car would run better if he would not try and out-do Henry Ford. John has so many different attachments and accessories on his Ford sedan that it is weighted down and will not make the grade. He recently got lost when returning to St. Joseph, Mo., from Hiawatha, Kans., his old home.

Harry Pullen, warehouse superintendent, is very fond of making trips to the freight houses to check up on iron barrel shipments. We are wondering if Harry spends his time checking barrels or some of his time talking with the pretty cashier. How about it, Harry?

E. F. Engle of the equipment department, recently visited this station and gave us some very useful information. Mr. Engel with Mr. Young took a trip into the Kansas field and afterward Mr. Engel took the train at Marysville, Kans., for Salina, Kans., as we were informed there was a new station being constructed at that point.

Lloyd Walker, T. T. driver, and Joe Harmon of the machine shope in St. Joseph were both recently arrested for speeding while in their personal cars. Too much Ethyl.

Bill O'Neil, who was recently married, asked a barber to come to his house the night before he was married, but the barber refused. The next morning, the morning of the wedding, the barber upon going to work found Bill standing in the front door of the shop at 6 A. M.

T. W. Driver Payne says the roads down around Bayou at Lake Contrary are regular Chinese streets for crookedness. He sold a customer some coal oil and gas, and after driving fifteen minutes after leaving customer's place he again came to a house, and found that it was the same one he had left.

On September 23, Mr. and Mrs. John Ewing entertained at a birthday dinner for Donald Wells, second man at the Blue Rapids station.

The record department in the St. Joseph office is living up to its name in regard to making records. Two of its members have become fathers inside of two weeks (they are both boys).

Grace Veregge gave us all the surprise of our life when she returned from her vacation wearing a "sparkler" on the proper finger. We understand he is a "horse and cow doctor" and we know he is sure strong for "Red Crown" judging from his choice.

Oh, Boy! Young is organizing a band among the employees.

Rudy Burner of Hiawatha station was recently a visitor at the St. Joseph office. His wife underwent an operation in the St. Joseph Hospital and we are glad to know that she is making a nice recovery.

While Clay Waddill is eating prairie chicken, Bill Wrensberg is eating black bird pie.

The inhabitants of Seneca, Kans., were somewhat surprised when Dan Patton made a trip recently to that point during warm weather wearing a large Polar overcoat. Many persons have asked "Initial Boiling Point" Carlson, what Dan wears in the Winter time.

Bill Arensberg had chains on his coupe for the first time in two years. He is now located where some real mud is produced by rain.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

The Ace of Clubs' Hallowe'en Party proved to be one of the most enjoyable events the club has given. Those who missed it missed a good time. First prize in the apple-ducking contest was won by Al Bergland and second prize by D. O. Snyder; the prizes also being suitable to the occasion.

Doc Scholl was seen observing the dancers very closely, especially a young lady with a striped costume. When asked who the gentleman was with whom she was dancing Doc replied that he didn't know—he didn't see the man. Ray Hotto also was very much interested—said he didn't know her name but he knew he was going to dance with her. The music was furnished by one of our ex-co-workers, and we found that Bill could handle the ivory keys as well as he used to finger the Underwood. Come what may, Archie Cameron is going to have his beauty sleep. However, he is willing to admit that he needs a lot of it, as the night of the party he thought to take a little nap before starting and didn't wake up until 11:40. However, he came to the party and was consequently a little more wideawake than the rest at going home time.

At present the Perfection Team is leading in the Bowling by a scant margin of one game, having won ten and lost eight.

Al Bergland broke his arm recently while he and his fellow club members were attempting to build a human pyramid. Al now agrees with everybody that the pyramids belong on the Sahara Desert and not on the banks of the Merrimac.

Brother Hotto has been afflicted with a serious illness that may keep him in bed for a considerable length of time. The Ace of Clubs sent Ray a large basket of fruit with the best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Jos. Liberton, T. T. driver at South Broadway Plant is the proud father of a baby boy. Coal Oil Joe has his half dozen full now.

Joe Selle, salesman in Southeast Missouri, had a hard time becoming accustomed to married life. About a week after he was married, he drove into Farmington in the evening and went to his old time restaurant and started eating. While he was eating a friend came by and congratulated him on being married; this reminded Joe that he had a wife at home with supper waiting for him so he dashed home. We are printing this so Mrs. Selle will honor Joe's alibi as to why he was late.

South Side Service Stations

One of Moessmer's recent 083s called for "some coal for heating." That's a hot one, Moessmer, but say, what else do you use coal for?

E. J. Duncan, Jefferson and LaSalle Station, is sporting a new Chalmer's touring car.

Turner at Tower Grove and McRee says "Life is surely a drain at my station." Turner's station is top station on crankcase drainings.

T. D. Miller had to be relieved the other evening because of tooth trouble. Was it one of your "eye" teeth, Miller?

Hightower of S. S. No. 51 wants to know why the leaves must fall in the fall. There are a few more rakes at the Warehouse Hightower.

T. D. Mills is located at the new canopy station at California and Lafayette. Too bad there is no telephone, Tom.

R. J. Rapman of S. S. No. 31 has not been shot since the Fouth of July.

West Side Service Stations

Reliefman Haffey recently attended "Homecoming week" at Illinois University and had the pleasure of seeing his Alma Mater trounce Michigan.

D. F. Conrad, attendant in charge of our new S. S. at Manchester and McCausland, was recently called to the bedside of his mother in Louisville. We sincerely hope he found her condition improved.

C. F. Bracken, Delmar and Eastgate, and J. W. Wright, Delmar and Goodfellow, recently penetrated some two or three miles into the wilds around Valley Park via canoe. Bracken says Wright insisted on doing all the sleeping for the party, so he was left with nothing to do but paddle. Pretty soft.

G. E. Moore, reliefman, took a flying trip to Fulton, Mo., the other day accompanied by a certain fair lady, whose family resides there. Shouldn't wonder if G. E. did a bit of personal selling on the trip.

S. W. McMurtrey recently attended a reunion of his family at Salem, Mo. Mac says it was the first time the whole family had been together in over fifteen years.

Glenn Stinson, Skinker and Clayton's Perfect Lover, herded his flivver through a safety bar at the Missouri Pacific Tracks on Kingshighway. Stinson says Ethyl is a good girl, but you sure have to hold her down.

Salesman Luebbers' Territory

C. A. Rau, agent at Pacific, recently visited his niece who is sick in a St. Louis Hospital. We hope by the time this is printed, she will have entirely recovered.

Charles Krommer is seriously thinking about entering his name as a candidate for matrimony. He has selected his running mate and I think the stage is all set for the big show to come off on Thanksgiving Day or around that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Will, Berger, Mo., are the proud parents of a new Standard Oiler, who arrived in due time to assist Hy. in putting Polarine "F" on the map at Berger.

Messrs. Coldsnow and Smock are the champion persimmon eaters of these parts. On a recent trip through Union they both got their fill and picked an abundant supply for future use. We are informed that persimmons make an excellent —— stronger than 2¾ per cent. Heimgemacht or something of that sort, and we now know why the persimmon is so popular.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

J. M. James, Correspondent

Mr. Cochran paid us his first visit as our assistant general manager on October 30.

W. O. Dixon, equipment superintendent, was with us on October 22.

H. D. Denig, our salesman on the Centerville territory, has lost a brave fight, but he won in losing—Herb is giving up single salesmanship and plans to be married January 1. The fair one is in Madison now and is wearing a carat of Herb's "ice."

Robert Garretson, our new office boy is a regular "sheik"; he not only stampedes at the office during lunch hour, but he takes the other young hopefuls out for their airings, they say five at a time too, and none of them is his sister. Running for office, Bob?

Misses Harrington and Barnable and Harry Wilson occupy the distinction as our upstairs receiving committee and they delight in making things miserable for the girls, especially Virgil Link. Dirty work!

Attendants C. R. Cook and Thomas Egeland at No. 2 sold a record number of 5-gallon Lithos on a recent Sunday. The better the day, you know——!

The Sioux Falls stake truck driver, W. E. Dagger, is contemplating opening a company barber shop. "Dag" says that he will give the Sioux Falls Oilers "close shaves at reasonable prices." We hope that the radio bug will not upset Mr. Dagger's plan.

T. W. Driver J. R. Scriven reports rapid progress on his new suburban home, and he expects to lay the cornerstone before snow flies. Speed up, James, we want to attend the housewarming.

The Sioux Falls office was favored on October 30 with a short visit from Assistant General Manager Cochran and Manager Bemis.

Arthur Rossum is doing relief work at Canton S. S. No. 8.

William Hyink, Alton, Ia., agent, better known as "Lefty," had the opportunity to play ball against St. Louis Cards at Alton when the Cards were barnstorming through Iowa. "Left" played a perfect game at first and hit the ball at a .500 clip, getting two safeties in four trips to the plate. Alton lost, 1-3.

Leo Parks is our new agent at Sutherland and is driving a Ford truck.

Mr. Elkert was holding a meeting of our warehousemen when Zimmerman wanted to put his fire team through their "daily dozen" to see if they had gained any speed. Fire whistle—meeting over.

Loren Means, Castana agent, found workmen erecting a grounding device at his station and was "just sure it was a radio."

Cal Henry, Blencoe agent, can't find anything around the house since friend wife conducted a recent housecleaning.

Swede Stratton, Smithland agent, donates a good part of his cartage checks to the Orpheum in Sioux City. Why don't you marry her, Swede?

On October 27, William Jahn, Hinton agent, was transferred to Merrill and Ed Early, a Hinton native, assumed duties of agent. Jahn likes his new station, having lately made his home at Merrill, anyway. Step out, Eddie, you're following a good man.

J. W. Baker, Hornick agent, has moved into his new stucco home—one of the prettiest in Hornick. Jim has reason to be proud. (Pix—Ed.)

Here's one on me, Ed,—the first one I've let through. It's from Peterson, "We were pleased and surprised to recognize our advertising man as a member of the First Presbyterian Church choir the other Sunday."Well, Pete, we're not assuming anything, but you have, no doubt, heard that all angels sing.

J. Robbins, Garretson agent, challenges any team to play kitten ball with the team that he is managing.

E. Kriens, newly married Hartford agent, says that it sure beats the single life.

R. D. Odell, Montrose agent, carries "Copenhagen" for his customers. You should be able to guess their nationality.

With Driver Bott of Sioux Falls in the cab of the big Hawkeye, people wonder where the big truck is going with the little fellow.

Sioux Falls, West, has a new driver, M. O. Borneman; he's only six feet, three and a half tall, while Driver Bott is all of five feet three. Mutt and Jeff are with us.

A. W. Peterson made a trip to the northern part of the division late in October and stopped for a short while at Humboldt with Agent Bowden and Salesman DeWald.

Our "Jeems" Larmer extends greetings to the "Hieland Lassie" down at Quincy—all he asks for is the fair one's name and the battle will be waging.

Howard Johnson has succeeded Aug. Oelrich as agent at Little Rock.

Garrett Kaminga has taken the agency at Sioux Center, succeeding Dick Jansma, who has entered business for himself.

We have these new S. S. attendants: A. Berge, relief at No. 26, Dell Rapids; H. Gorf, relief at No. 4, Rock Rapids; and C. E. Murphy at No. 303, Madison.

G. W. Hays has been transferred from the machine shop to take W. J. Willoughby's place as traffic man.

Del Dyer has been transferred from the warehouse to S. S. work.

F. K. McVicker has been transferred from salesman on the Sheldon territory to agent-salesman in Sioux City.

To those others of the Standard Oil Company, Ind., the management and employees of the Sioux City division extend a most hearty well-wishing for the Christmas season, and for nineteen-hundred-twenty-five, we wish you unparalled prosperity.

G. A. Winters of the auditing department is in the Sioux City office conducting the annual audit.

H. Mason, shop painter, spent a week in the field on the advertising truck with Bruce Allingham, and has been replaced by Charlie Blanchard who will finish the season with Bruce.

TUNE IN HUT!

Now, Terre Haute, here come a liner—Paul Summy, agent at Elk Point is busy these days supplying Red Crown and Polarine to sixty trucks on a gravel job near Elk Point, besides doing the regular stint; this requires Mr. Summy to be "up and about" not a minute later than 3:30 a. m. seven days a week. This boy gives real SOCO service.

M. R. Booker, warehouseman, has recently been the victim of blood-poisoning from which he is recovering nicely.

Harry Stewart, S. S. attendant at Ida Grove, was injured while on duty, by a woman motorist whose car didn't hear her say, "Whoa." Harry's ribs are mending nicely.

Agent Kriens of Hartford was married September 14. Business is so good that he couldn't spart any other time, but when the snow flies, the newlyweds will enjoy their honeymoon. The entire organization extends sincere best wishes.

L. A. Carr is a new T. W. driver out of Sioux Falls.

Andy Bott, Sioux Falls T. W. driver, has a wonderful Polarine record during the last sixty days.

Agent Odell of Montrose has been busy supplying fourteen threshing rigs this fall, and has rendered fine service to these rigs beside doing the regular business.

B. G. Bruass, agent at Crooks, is still a duck hunter and he is disappointed at the increasing wildness of the ducks—pour oil on the water, Bruass,—that will smooth the water and the rest is easy.

J. G. Orr, S. S. attendant at No. 20, Sioux Falls, left the service on September 15 to attend Columbia University, to which he had been awarded a scholarship.

Jim McKee, S. S. attendant, is a bachelor while his wife is visiting her mother—Jim is complaining of the restaurant grub.

Our 245 pound agent at Merrill has a big advantage over most of us—he never has to begin a conversation with a farmer. Before he gets near his man, the farmer will yell, "Here comes Oscar. Now we can give the horses a rest." or, "Pull this stump for me, Oscar." 'Tis said that Oscar used to bend horse-shoes out of shape and make playthings out of iron rods before he resumed the responsibilities of having a family.

We welcome the following into our organization—Salesmen P. E. Jones, B. C. Nash and W. B. Dale. Agents John Trefz, Marian Jct., S. D.; W. Honsbruch, Aurelia, Ia.; W. J. Blackink, Tabor, S. D.; E. Den Herder, Sioux Center, Ia., and H. Luden, Davis, S. D. M. T. Driver B. H. McKenzie, winner, S. D. S. S. attendants H. W. Grosvenor, Logan, Ia.; Clay Axtell, Missouri Valley, Ia.; H. W. Hicks, Yankton, S. D.; Geo. Spear, Dell Rapids, Ia.; W. R. Orthberg, Tyndall, S. D.; F. M. Hewitt, Winner, S. D., and L. A. Carr, Sioux Falls, S. D. Cook, Mrs. E. Coder, Sioux City, Ia.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

Kids will be kids, but gosh, whodathunk Gena Murphy would have went barefooted in October?

Did you notice that J. J. Marcus didn't break into print in October? Reason—No picnics!

George Gale says that if our young ladies weren't so modest that Peoria and Decatur would have never acquired fame! (Sounds like an alibi.—Ed.)

That picture of Peoria's beauties in the October issue has caused some little scandal. 'Tis reported Leo Wothke has asked for a transfer to the Peoria division. Naughty, naughty, Leo!

S. H. Dungee of S. S. No. 28, South Bend, is the proud Papa of a six pound baby boy. Congratulations, folks.

Another S. O. Co. man! M. C. Grable, Twelve Mile agent, is daddy to Mac C. Jr. Weight, eight and one-half pounds. Born, October 13, 1924.

B. O. Harmon, Monroeville agent, has purchased a new International Truck—watch B. O.'s quota now!

Fred Irwine wanted to know: Is indoor golf the same as African golf? No, Fred, our highly esteemed authority on indoor golf, Prof. Frank Blake, says indoor golf is on a higher plane than African golf!

John McLaughlin is back with us again after a period of severe illness. Glad to see you, Mac!

Dewey Gartee of S. S. No. 4, also is reported as answering to papa. More congratulations.

Hey, Cy Kilter, was that Red Crown you filled with the day you ran out of "Pep" near the office?

Oh, Charley Maggert, have you looked in the ragpile lately?

Ed Roberts, Buck Creek agent, and J. M. Hatch can work more hours than any three men. Ask E. J.!

C. A. Anderson, Romney agent, drives a Ford and then asked what the "F" in Polarine "F" was for!

Another one! W. S. Beigh, Ashley-Hudson agent, and wife are in line for congratulations. They haven't found a suitable name for him, however, at this writing.

P. A. Duncan, Fremont agent, is claiming championship as Polarine agent salesman!

Clyde Reese, agent at Orland, was stopped by the State Highway cop. We wonder if the fact that Clyde's "Dad" is County "Commish," had anything to do with his not being held?

Roy Schall is small in stature but mighty in sales ability. Whenever his customers think of oil its Polarine? Atta boy, Roy!

Muh gosh! Another one! James Draper, agent at Fairmount, says the other fellows don't need to turn up their nose at him as you can call him "papa," too. Name, Charles Edward. More congrats!

Loy Keister, agent at Swayzee, says it makes no difference and notwithstanding, etc., Polarine "F" is the real oil for Fords and he sells it! Eh, what, Loy?

L. McClurg says he's going to have the best looking tankwagon in the South Bend division. Be careful, R. Mac, that's a lot of space!

Elkhart

G. D. Beisel, drayman at Elkhart, says, "Too much Polarine "F"—everybody wants it at once, can't get to them fast enough."

H. Kramer, S. S. salesman at No. 78, tells 'em to get on their toes because No. 78 is out to win first place on Polarine oils—you tell 'em, Harry!

C. J. Thursby says you couldn't tell he worked for S. O. Co. by reading the RECORD. Here you are, Thursby!

Fort Wayne

The employees in Fort Wayne honored R. W. Carington, agent, Wednesday evening, October 22, the occasion being his first anniversary as agent at Fort Wayne. The affair was held at the club rooms. The evening was ushered in with card games by some of the local pinochle and poker sharks, after which a token was presented by H. J. Meyer, who has the distinction of being the oldest man in service here to Mr. Carington, from the sixty-five employees. Mr. Fruit entertained with a few vocal selections followed by several recitations by R. Redding who brought down the house time and again. A six-round boxing match then held the spotlight, between R. Gappinger of the T. W. department and R. Iverson of the S. S. department, the decision being awarded the former. The program was then completed with an oyster stew and general "feed". A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Competition is getting rather keen! John Benninghoff Jr., salesman, reports the arrival of a baby boy. Also George D. Runyan, salesman, wears a smile on his face, as his family has also been increased with the arrival of a baby boy. Gentlemen, don't forget to send 030's for *one silver spoon.*

H. L. Sell, clerk, has resigned, due to the fact he desires the acquaintances of movie actresses in Los Angeles, Cal. Good luck, H. L., hope you are fortunate enough to secure Polarine "F" and Ethylized Red Crown gasoline during the trip.

The sympathy of the entire organization is extended E. E. Penn, T. W. salesman, due to the death of his wife.

And now it's Chauffeur George Gale, our worthy president of the Stanoco Club who says he's never too busy to accommodate a lady in distress. He assumed the responsibility of acting chauffeur to Miss Van Aiken.

Friday night, October 31, marked the biggest and best party ever given by the Stanoco Club. It was a knockout—a riot of fun, laughter and good times. The party was held in the Tribune Building Hall and we packed the place. The party started at 8:00 p. m. promptly and lasted until 12:30 a. m. Several games and contests were held and dancing was enjoyed throughout the evening. Cider, apples and popcorn balls and doughnuts were served. Wayne Baer made a campaign speech for the Hon. Andy Gump and the Hon. Moon Mullins which was considered by the prominent politicians present, to be a "knockout". At least three converts were gained for the cause, stated Mr. Baer. J. P. Murphy sang two solos accompanied by R. W. Carington which were enthusiastically received. Mr. Lovell, related a gruesome tale while the lights were out that was "blood chilling". F. Blake and Billy Condon gave a presentation of a Jew and Dutchman, we don't know what they were trying to sell but the combination was rare. John Marshall, manager of the Indianapolis division, was a guest and we hope he enjoyed our party. Come again, Mr. Marshall. With such a successful start for the winter activities it is certain that the club will have many exceptionally fine affairs this season.

WICHITA, KANS.

J. A. White, Correspondent

Kansas raises the best wheat in the world.

The annual Hallowe'en Party was held on October 23 and was a much enjoyed success. About the only spooky things were the decorations. Snappy music was furnished by Dirkins four-piece band imported from East Douglas avenue for the occasion. The guests, numbering approximately 100, devoured countless doughnuts, holes and all, several gallons of cider. One of the features of the party was a special dance by John Haas. It was an artistic interpretation of the old colored levee dances

down in New Orleans during Civil War days. John says if his memory serves him, it is an accurate presentation of that quaint old dance of long ago. Laura Ogle was a very capable assistant to John in his dance. Cards, checkers and maybe tiddle de winks games were in progress and Abe Martin chaperoned those card players who desired to flirt with Lady Luck by bringing his youngest into the room. Naturally no bad habits were taught the child.

Tom Taylor was on the reception committee during the recent Mid-Continent Golf Tourney. Tom met all the stars of the golf world. He says Chick Evans didn't impress him. Joe Kirkwood didn't handle his clubs to suit him, but Walter Hagen—My, word, how he could bat the bally old ball!—My word! (Explanation. Tom and Walter both come from dear old Blighty—Tom hails from Durham County, Land of John Bull).

Christine Oliphant recently resigned and is to enter the portals of nuptial bliss soon. Her successor is Miss Idris Cahal, who is a fast worker —in more ways than filing.

Frank Sheppard nearly had his car stolen recently, but thanks to Mrs. Parker, George Oldson and Lacy Black, the thief was apprehended and is now "standin' on the inside lookin' on the outside" through nice thick bars.

Miss Peggy Stokely, former employee, now of Phoenix, Ari., has been visiting friends in Wichita, and has called upon us several times.

Harry Magee was married recently. We heard a steno's wail not long ago that "nearly all these good-looking men are going and getting tied." Well, the usual, Magee, and many happy returns.

S. S. Attendant Ira Doyle at Peabody took unto himself a wife, October 25. She was formerly Miss Edith Garwood of Marion.

Salesman F. C. Morehouse is so busy running down collections these days that he has forgotten all about playing golf. Poor Carl!

Extra! L. J. Mossman, agent at Caldwell, announces the birth of a daughter, Erma Dora on October 16. She tipped the scales at nine and one-half pounds. Everything O. K., and Lewis says her first words will be Red Crown.

Hutchison Hokum

As spread by F. W. Bull.

Ira Flick, agent at S. S. No. 16, has resigned to move to California on account of his wife's health. Our best wishes go with you, Ira.

George Shaffer is the new agent at S. S. No 16. He is a go-getter.

M. W. Woods, salesman, is on duty again after a long illness. We sure welcome you back, Mack.

H. S. Taylor, warehouseman at Hutchinson, is the proud father of a ten pound baby girl.

Born to Agent and Mrs. Wesley Dewhirst of Marquette, on September 28, a son weighing nine pounds, named Leonard Wesley. Mother and child are doing finely.

J. A. Schoeneman, agent at St. John, we are informed is seriously contemplating matrimony. The writer is in sincere sympathy with his ambitions, but if he were receiving the cartage checks the offender is he would be tempted to go to Salt Lake City and take on a full Mormon line, knowing full well he could exist in health, wealth and happiness.

William Kellogg of the Pretty Prairie Tire & Battery Station was quite tickled over the embarrassment shown by our Salesman C. F. Simsons over his marriage. Mr. Kellogg who is one of our best customers, writes us that Simmons was so embarressed while absorbing a little kidding that he poured water intended for the radiator all over the front tire.

Agent J. L. Farres reports that sales of Perfection have been cut almost in half by tractors using distillate during the threshing period in his territory. He also reports the health of his community fine and says that everyone is wearing a broad smile as the price of grains and live stock advances.

Agent Sandifer of El Dorado was asked how many carloads of Polarine "F" he was going to get. "As many as any other territory in the field," Agent Jim flung over his shoulder on his way out.

W. H. Foos, new agent at Bazine, purchased a new Chevrolet truck. While the Bazine station was somewhat in the red when Mr. Foos was checked in you can bet on Foos and the "Chevy" to put the Bazine station on the map.

Agent C. W. Slaughter of Brownell is the proud papa of a ten pound girl and incidentally the possessor of a new Ford truck with Tuxtell Axles as a result. The grandpa of the youngster donated the truck in honor of the event.

News From the South

P. E. Elliott, Reporter.

Joe Snerringer got in for a touchdown at Conway Springs October 16 and 17. Conway had a trip and Joe did a lot of advertising through the booklet form.

Agent Burscough at Wellington is pushing Polarine "F" over in his town and says he is sorry he can't afford a Ford and enjoy the Packard movement with "F" in his crank case.

We now have a concrete road from Wichita to Caldwell and would like to see some of the Wichita office men occasionally, says Ben Niebaum, S. S. No. 37. Ben must have his quota sheet up to date.

General News

Tank Wagon Driver W. S. Montgomery at Grainfield is enjoying a visit with friends in Kansas City, Mo., and Pitcher, Okla. Bill said it would take a Summer's wages, but—why worry —he'll get to see a trolley car.

Sam J. Heckman is now our agent at Galatia. We're for you, Mr. Heckman and will always stay with you, so make Galatia the leading Standard Oil Company Station.

One salesman who refused to give his name writes that Polarine "F" has taken all the "jazz" out of the lowly flivvers.

Joe Witry is an honest man. He lives at 1316 University avenue, N. E., Minneapolis, Minn. He found a Standard Oil Company Coupon Book in a car of wheat spotted on the Great Northern Tracks. This book had been lost in Dodge City, Kans., where the car was loaded with that fine Kansas wheat. But $2.71 had been used from the book. Mr. Witry took it to our headquarters in Minneapolis, where it was returned to Wichita. The Wichita division and the Dodge City Cooperative Union, owner of the book, wish to thank Mr. Witry for his trouble and for his honesty.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Western Division
AMOS BALL, Eastern Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Northern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Central Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
J. H. BUDDE, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
A. E. RALSTON, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MASON CITY, IOWA
R. H. THOMAS, *Manager*
H. E. HANSON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Ass't Manager* (Operation)
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

MINOT, N. D.
JOHN BEATON, *Manager*
H. H. HATHAWAY, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
A. R. MAULSBY, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
C. H. WAGNER, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
G. W. COLDSNOW, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
H. J. BEMIS, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Manager*
W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

Hewing to the Line

With the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) industry begins with service and ends with profits. Service and profits are fundamentally two aspects of the same thing. The one contains the other.

A fair profit to the stockholders, a fair price to the consumer, a just industrial program for the workers, a clean attitude toward competitors and service for everybody, all the time, are merely different ways of saying: here is an industrial corporation which is successful.

Distinguished service medals are not awarded bankrupts. If an organization cannot make a profit, it cannot remain in business. If industry is made to suffer the wrongs of unnecessary investigations, fixed profits, fixed wages or any other fixed workings of business, the business will eventually be forced into bankruptcy, and the result will be a summary ending of its service to society.

Business is a living, growing, changing organism. It cannot be "fixed." You cannot animate by law. You can only restrain. And unwise restraint tends to lessen and limit production.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is carrying on with scientific efficiency. Its service to society, as a whole, is an inseparable part of its successful existence.

The Lamar, Missouri, Democrat says: "Every great and successful business does more to make happy homes, raise living standards, and place comforts and even luxuries at the doors of myriads, then all of the spouting declaimers that ever dwelt in the irridescent realms of fancy.

"Good wages could never be paid without creative genius to organize and carry on a successful business. And the secret of every big business success is to be able to sell things cheaper instead of higher.

"Our greatest benefactors are seldom recognized for what they are. If you'd tell the average man, for example, that the Standard Oil Company had done more for the human race than all of the ripsnorting sorts of discontent that ever tortured the air with their raucous clamor, he'd probably say you were joking."

The success of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is enduring only because its existence is profitable and serviceable to all with whom it comes in contact.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
General Office: Standard Oil Building
910 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO